FOR SPEED
In returns nothing equals the afternoon unclassified want ad., if you are in a hurry.

The Boston Daily Globe.

ALL THINGS COME
To him who waits, but a Globe want ad. will shorten the wait by a year or two.

VOL. XL.—NO. 140. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1891.—TEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

FIRE! FIRE!

$20,000 STOCK OF
Furniture, Carpets & Ranges
DAMAGED SLIGHTLY BY SMOKE AND WATER,
TO BE SOLD AT A
TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.
COME EARLY AND GET THE BEST
THE STANDARD FURNITURE CO.,
(BRANCH),
727 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW ORLEANS IN ITS GRASP.

Lottery Company Alleged to Have Prostituted the Entire City and to Own the Ward Bosses, Body and Soul.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 16.—Every ward in this city was carried last week at the white primary elections by the McEnery or lottery faction.

This means that the money of the lottery company has prostituted the entire city of New Orleans, and that the company owns the ward bosses, body and soul.

The anti-lottery men hope to carry the parishes, but they will find that they are reckoning without their host.

In every parish the lottery company has its emissaries, who are securing votes. Money is no object to them; the lottery coffers are full.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances. Its success in quickly and permanently curing all forms of
Female Complaints
Is unparalleled in the history of medicine. Is almost infallible. Use it with confidence in cases of
Leucorrhœa, Bearing-down Feeling, Weak Back, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, and all Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb. It is invaluable to the Change of Life.
Dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus at an early stage and checks any tendency to Cancerous Humor.
Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, Kidney Complaints and tones the Stomach.
All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

$5.00 HAND SEWED $4.00 HAND WELT $3.50 POLICE $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN.
$3.00 HAND SEWED, $2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES $2.00 $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES.
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
The BEST SHOE in the World for the Money.
GENTLEMEN and LADIES, do you want a shoe that will WEAR WELL, LOOK WELL and give the best satisfaction? If you do, insist on having the W. L. Douglas Shoes at any of the prices named above. Every pair warranted, and name and price stamped on bottom, so you know just what you are getting.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you.
EXCLUSIVE BOSTON STORES.
51 HANOVER ST.,
420 WASHINGTON ST.,
2280 WASHINGTON ST.,
37 MAIN ST., Charlestown,
389 BROADWAY, S. Boston.
FACTORY, BROCKTON, MASS.
[1] TuThSu ±10

Elks' Benefit Tickets
AT AUCTION
TODAY
AT 2 O'CLOCK,
Hollis Street Theatre.

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa
Sell Knox's Sparkling Gelatine *at* 12 cents *per package. Please note the extremely low price and the guarantee of the maker that it is* "stronger than any other, and without that disagreeable odor so often found in Gelatine.
COBB, BATES & YERXA.
BOSTON, MASS.

LOYAL TO FONSECA.

Reports of Secession in Brazil Denied.

Mendonca Informed That the Idea is Condemned by His Countrymen.

Conflicts in Rio Grande Pertained Alone to Local Politics.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Senhor Mendonca, the Brazilian minister here, has received the following cablegram from the Brazilian minister of foreign relations:

Rio, Nov. 14.—Affirm that complete tranquility reigns in all the States except Rio Grande, where conflicts provoked by questions pertaining to local politics occurred, with which, in virtue of the Constitution, the Federal government could not interfere.

Deny rumors of secession; the idea is condemned by all Brazilians.

Affirm that no State thinks of seceding; deny that members of the dissolved Congress are in foreign legations as refugees. Nearly all the members of Congress returned to their States; those who remain here go about the city at liberty.

Thus far the government has taken no violent measure. A day will be set for the next election, and Congress convoked to meet immediately after. Gen. Deodoro will review the troops tomorrow, the anniversary of the proclamation of the republic.
(Signed), CLEMONT.

As confirmatory evidence of the truth of the statement that the troubles in Rio Grande are purely internal and have no bearing on national affairs, Minister Mendonca says that he has discovered that the Junta in that State is composed of four persons instead of three as first reported.

It was at first supposed that Cassal Ribeiro was the name of one of the number, whereas it appears that two persons were referred to, Senhor Cassal and Senhor Ribeiro. Both of these men are prominent Republican leaders in the State, so that the Junta stands three Republicans to one old Liberal. The latter, Gen. Rosario, however, is not believed to cherish any monarchical principles.

The minister has also received private information to the effect that the length to which the reported revolutionary movement in the State of Para went was the adoption by the State assembly of a set of resolutions, condemning the action of the president, and approving the course pursued by the Congress.

He also says ironically that instead of feeling anxiety for the welfare of the Brazilian republic he is inclined to sympathize with the unfortunate owners of Brazilian bonds in England, whose holdings appear to be the work of unscrupulous speculators.

MELLIN'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
TRADE MARK.
THE ONLY
Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk.
INVALUABLE
IN CHOLERA INFANTUM AND TEETHING
A quickly assimilated Food for DYSPEPTICS, CONSUMPTIVES, CONVALESCENTS.
A PERFECT NUTRIENT in all wasting diseases
REQUIRES NO COOKING. KEEPS IN ALL CLIMATES.
SEND for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed free to any address.
DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

9th Annual Offer.

Thousands of our patrons stand ready to indorse the Reliability of our special offer.

AN ODD THING.

For the next 9 days we give a selected Vermont turkey with every range sold, together with a large package of Wm. G. Bell Company's celebrated poultry seasoning, that is guaranteed to make the best dressing in the world, to test the fine baking qualities of our ranges.

Order us to take your old stove in exchange for a modern range. We accept $1.00 per week thereafter until the balance is paid.

All kinds to choose from at lowest cash prices. Parlor stoves on the same terms and prices.

Economical housekeepers will appreciate the genuine bargains we are offering in Furniture and Carpets. To every one purchasing $100 worth or more we give a Cooking Range, or credit its value to their account. Old customers are not required to pay down any money in opening new accounts.

Send for illustrated catalogues, price list and descriptive circular of Robinson's Plan.

C. H. ROBINSON & CO.,
1 and 2 Dock Sq. and 140 Washington St.
The only equitable and co-operative house furnishers in New England.

Columbia Flour
The very best made.

MAGIC NAME.

Democrats Unanimous for Matthews.

Mayor Renominated by Acclamation.

Name Presented by Hon. E. J. Donovan.

Seconded by H. M. Swift and J. H. Lee.

Administration Eulogized by Each Speaker.

"An Ideal Mayor"—"True to Every Pledge."

Dore and Duane Named for Street Commissioners.

With that degree of unanimity born of success and loyal, earnest enthusiasm, the Democratic city committee of Boston met in the Meionaon last evening and renominated by acclamation Nathan Matthews, Jr., for mayor.

The splendid indorsement which Mayor Matthews received at the hands of his party last night should silence the petty talk of his political opponents, and set at rest his reported unpopularity in the ranks of the Democracy.

He was nominated without a murmur of disapproval and whenever his name was mentioned it was cheered to the echo.

The convention proceedings were short, the whole business of renominating Mayor Matthews, Messrs. Dore and Duane for street commissioners, and providing for a committee of 25, one from each ward, to nominate 10 candidates for the school board, occupying less than 30 minutes.

At 8.35 o'clock Chairman McDonough, Secretaries Delehanty and Rielly ascended the platform, and, without any ceremony, Mr. McDonough called the meeting to order.

On motion of Thomas F. Strange of ward 20, the minutes of the last meeting and the roll-call were dispensed with.

The chairman then said that the nomination of a candidate for mayor was in order, whereupon Hon. Edward J. Donovan arose, and, taking the platform in response to loud calls, moved the nomination of Mayor Matthews by acclamation.

The motion was seconded in an able and eloquent manner by Henry W. Swift of ward 9 and Alderman John H. Lee of ward 25.

Hon. John A. Collins then moved the renomination of John P. Dore for street commissioner for three years and J. H. Duane for two years, and they were unanimously renominated by acclamation.

Hon. Patrick Maguire of ward 21 then moved the appointment of a committee of 25, one from each ward, whose duty shall be to nominate members for the school board.

He further moved that the president and secretaries of the convention be empowered to fill any vacancies that might occur in the nominations made, and both motions were passed without a murmur.

After Alderman Flood of ward 14 had offered a vote of thanks to the officers of the convention and to the delegates, and it had been adopted without a dissenting voice, Mr. Strange moved that the convention adjourn, and at 9.05 o'clock the delegates filed out of the hall, having completed the programme of the evening.

Chairman M'Donough will announce the committee of 25 to nominate the members of the school committee at an early date.

"TRUE TO EVERY PLEDGE."

Speech of Hon. E. J. Donovan, Making the Nomination.

In nominating Mayor Matthews, Hon. E. J. Donovan said:

MR. PRESIDENT—With the flush of triumph not yet faded, with victory still ringing in our ears, the loyal and responsive Democracy of Boston meets, through its delegates, in convention tonight.

"In the victory just gained Boston played a most important part. It has established itself the citadel of Democracy. (Applause.) Here the Republican party met its well-deserved fate.

"It was Boston's more than 13,000 plurality which proclaimed to the Commonwealth the election of a Democratic governor, and to the nation the ascendancy of Democratic principles. (Applause.)

"In the hour of victory we are neither ungrateful nor forgetful. We accord full measure of credit and gratitude to that large body of independent voting citizens who have in recent years associated themselves with the Democratic party. (Applause.)

"Without them we would hardly have elected a Democratic president in 1884, an event which marked the dawn of a new political era. Without them the Democratic party could not today point with pride to the honest and statesmanlike administration of Grover Cleveland. (Applause.) In State and city their co operation has been most valuable.

"With all our successes they are inseparably linked. Though they may not be yet fully disposed to embrace in its entirety that political faith which we have almost from childhood proclaimed, and to which we will in all human probability adhere through life, the readiness with which they have taken the specific articles makes firm the belief and confident the hope that ere

Continued on the Fourth Page

(TRADE MARK.)
Two Hands
Are better than one, even on a bar of
Welcome Soap.
BUT, ONE bar of soap with the
Clasped Hands
On it is equal to TWO bars of cheap soap.

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SUICIDE OF ALPHA KEENE.

Well-Known Farmer Found In His Haymow with Blood Gushing in Torrents From His Throat.

WHITMAN, Nov. 17.—The Keene homestead on Harvard st., near the East Bridgewater line, was the scene of a suicide this afternoon.

Alpha Keene, a man well known in this place and East Bridgewater, was found soon after noon on the haymow of the barn with the blood gushing in torrents from his throat.

His right hand grasped a large butcher knife, with which the deed was committed.

He was discovered by one of the men about the place, but before medical aid could be summoned he was dead.

The remains were taken in charge by Medical Examiner Paine of Brockton, who deemed an inquest unnecessary.

Mr. Keene was 64 years of age and leaves several brothers and sisters, two residing in Maine.

He was engaged in farming, and it is said that he left considerable property.

WANTED TO BE HANGED.

Cadet Wise Pushes a Companion Over a Seventy-Foot Precipice.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—John Wise, aged 15; Lawrenee Salter, aged 14, and George Groom, aged 15, all cadets on the training-ship Boscawen, stationed at Portland, went berrying yesterday on the cliffs near that place.

Groom became momentarily separated from his two companions, and on returning saw Wise lying prone, with his head projecting over the cliff, and looking at something below. Groom leaned over and was horrified to see Salter writhing in agony below on the stones.

Wise had taken advantage of Groom's attention being diverted, to pounce upon the unsuspecting Salter and throw him over the precipice, 70 feet high. Wise was enjoying himself hugely, laughing and mocking at his late companion's contortions.

Wise and Groom returned to the ship, where Wise himself told the commander when asked where Salter was, that he had killed him. The boy laughed heartily as he told the horrified officer how the crime was committed.

Groom confirmed the story of Salter's fate, and a party was at once sent in search of the missing lad. They found him not yet dead, as had been thought by Wise and Groom, but while he was being conveyed to the Portland prison Infirmary he died. Wise declared that he killed Salter because he wanted to be hanged. It was the ambition of his life, he said, to be executed.

He had pushed a boy into the water sometime in the early part of this year and held him under until he was drowned, but the body floated away and though he told of the deed nobody would believe his story.

His parents, he said, were Americans and his father had died in an American asylum.

RENOUNCES ALL HIS RIGHTS.

Ex-King Milan has no Longer any Control in Servia.

BELGRADE, Nov. 16.—Ex-King Milan has signed a renunciation of all his legal and constitutional rights in Servia.

No Letter Received from Henry George.

ROME, Nov. 16.—Contrary to the reports published in many continental and English papers, it is authoritatively said that no letter of felicitation from Mr. Henry George to the pope on the subject of his recent encyclical, has been received at the Vatican.

Bark Johanna Abandoned at Sea.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The bark Johanna (Nor.), Capt. Gabrielsen, from Garston Sept. 5, for Halifax, has been abandoned at sea. The crew have arrived at Granville.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16—8 p. m.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Tuesday:

For eastern New York, continued warm, south winds, cloudy weather and rain; colder Tuesday night; probably rain or snow Wednesday.

For New England, southerly winds; continued warm, threatening weather and rain; colder Tuesday night and Wednesday; probably rain or snow Wednesday.

The Globe's Forecast.

For New England, Tuesday, rain; stationary temperature; south-southeast winds. For Wednesday, fair; much colder, northwest wind.

Temperature Yesterday

as indicated by the thermometer at Thompson's Spa: 3 a. m., 40°; 6 a. m., 40°; 9 a. m., 42°; 12 m., 52°; 3.30 p. m., 55°; 6 p. m., 56°; 9 p. m., 57°; 12 midnight, 58°. Average temperature, 50°.

Lottery Cases at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Argument in the cases involving the constitutionality of the anti-lottery law began in the Supreme Court of the United States this afternoon, and will be concluded tomorrow. The cases are those of John L. Rapier of the Mobile Register, and George W. Dupre of the New Orleans States, who were arrested on the charge of depositing in the mails newspapers containing lottery advertisements, and Dupre was charged also with depositing in the mails a letter about a lottery.

LADIES' solid gold Victoria watch chain, with charm, for 100 Savena face wrappers.

ROPE OR CELL?

In Judges' Hands Rests Fate of Almy.

Before the Court He Pleaded Guilty.

Degree of Crime Must Now be Found.

If First be Proven, He Must Hang.

If the Second, 30 Years is Maximum Penalty.

Trial Will Go On Today as Before a Jury.

Murderer Hanged in Effigy by Plymouth Citizens.

LYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—"Frank C. Almy, you pleaded not guilty to the indictment for the murder of Christie Warden; do you wish now to retract that plea?"

"I do, sir."

"What do you now say, are you guilty of the crime with which you stand charged? or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

The scene was the little brick court house with its tiny court room.

The time was 2.40 o'clock this afternoon.

The man of questions was Clerk Griswold.

The man who, amid a silence as awful as that of death, admitted in one breath, one convulsive gasp, that he had committed the wickedest of crimes, was none other than the brutal murderer of Christie Warden, known to infamy as Frank C. Almy.

Seated in the dock with his game foot laid carefully in an arm chair before him, the murderer was as cool as ice until he tried to say that ominous word "guilty." Even his nerve was then shaken.

His clasped fingers twitched. His eyes snapped.

He swallowed a big lump in his throat and out it came, "guilty," clear and loud.

The hearing proceeds tomorrow.

Almy's fate, imprisonment or death, will be known within three days.

There were two surprises today. First, the removal of Almy from Manchester jail to Plymouth at such an early hour, although it had been suspected that he might be removed some time during the day or night.

Second, the taking of Almy into the court house Monday, not waiting for Tuesday, the time set for the trial.

But when he got into court there was no further surprise, for he said just what THE GLOBE said he would say—"Guilty."

ALMY AS HE HOBBLED TO HIS WAGON AT THE DOOR OF THE MANCHESTER JAIL.

The "woman-slayer" slept apparently at peace with his God and all the world in Manchester jail last night. He arose at an early hour, ate a hearty breakfast, had a clean shave, and was then turned over by Capt. Wadsworth into the hands of Silas Brigham, high sheriff of Grafton county, and his deputies.

Outwitted were the thousands of people in the city who were eager to catch a sight of the wretch who, whether in jealousy or anger, or both, had the heart to kill the fair and lovely girl of Hanover.

A side track runs down near the jail. That was the key to the scheme. On that track early this morning stood a locomotive with steam up, and attached thereto was a special car chartered by the State for Almy's special use.

The murderer emerged from the jail about 10.30 o'clock, walking on crutches, and surrounded by the sheriff and his deputies he was lifted into the tail end of a long-bodied, one-seated wagon and braced his back against the seat for his first ride of the eventful day. Down to the "one-horse" train on the side track moved the brief but quiet procession, a gentleman in overalls and blue jumper, carrying a blanket on his arm, leading the horse which led the way and drew the prisoner.

No one was there to see sights save half a hundred men from the railroad yard, who, attracted by the strange procession, had left their work and hurried to the spot.

An express train from Boston whizzed by the Almy train. With a little shriek the little train began to move on; it rolled even into the station in the heart of Manchester, and the special car with its criminal passenger was shunted up against and hooked on to the express which had just come from Boston, and which was just leaving for Plymouth.

Just an instant there was a pause. For just that instant the five-score people who happened to be in the station and had their eyes open caught a glimpse of the murderer's features through the car windows, and then he was whirled away onward toward the north.

Thousands of people in the city were grievously disappointed when, within the next 60 minutes after the departure of the 10.45 express, they learned that the bird had flown.

FRANK C. ALMY.

Stand as did a score on the platform and gaze within that car.

There sits Almy halfway down the aisle, and over against a window.

He is a picture of health.

Able to run away if given a show?

Well, I guess!

A little, round, soft travelling hat sits jauntily on his head. A new suit of jet-black is set off by a shimmering shirt and a red necktie. A white handkerchief, pure and spotless as the character of the girl he slew, peeps from the outside pocket of his coat.

His crutches lie by his side.

One foot is encased in a slipper, the other foot, and it is on the wounded leg, is protected by nothing but a stocking.

Beside the murderer, who looked as pretty as if going to a wedding instead of to a trial for his life, sits big Deputy Sheriff McCoy, under a broad-brimmed slouch hat. Behind is Deputy Sheriff Corning and others.

Under another soft slouch hat, down near the front door, sits High Sheriff Brigham, looking unconcerned, but on the alert just the same.

Almy never speaks.

He gazes stolidly in front and hardly seems to see the faces peering in through the windows.

Now and then he glances out and up at the smoke floating by in the air, or his eye catches a picturesque bit of scenery and he seems pleased. Then that stare returns, not of the vacant sort, but a stare which is a cool determination not to see his watchers.

Still he doesn't speak.

And so it is all the way to Plymouth.

How pretty and prim and slick Almy looked!

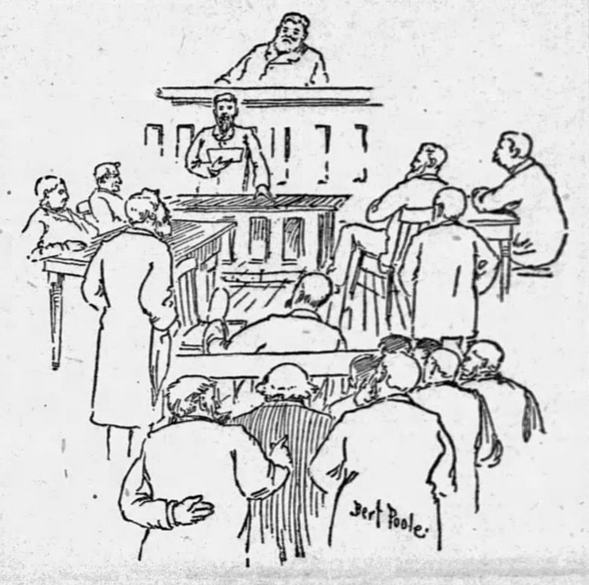
Yes, how much prettier and primmer and slicker than three months ago when he was captured. Then he had been hunted for weeks by officers of the law; then he had been surrounded by a howling mob, and for hours, with cocked revolvers in both hands, had held at bay the friends and neighbors of Christie Warden crying for vengeance; then he had been wounded and was weak, and he was literally bathed in his own blood; then he was hungry and dirty and faint.

But now—now how different!

HON. DANIEL BARNARD, Attorney-General.

Why, today he was no longer the hunted murderer, but the notorious hero of a ride from Manchester to Plymouth, from jail to court, the cynosure of all eyes.

Yet Almy must have felt the grip of conscience a bit, and he must have felt the tightening grasp of the hand of the law a little bit more.



ALMY, SITTING WITH HIS SWATHED LEG UPON THE TABLE, PLEADS "GUILTY."

The trip was uneventful after leaving Concord and Laconia until the destination was reached. At these places several hundred excited, gesticulating men, women and children climbed all over the special car, mounted the platforms, ascended wood piles and took every vantage spot from which they could gaze at the refined features of a brutal murderer.

When Almy went up to be arraigned, he was fed at almost every station. No such luck this time.

He had to wait for dinner until the dinner bell rang in Plymouth.

He had to wait for dinner until the dinner bell rang in Plymouth.

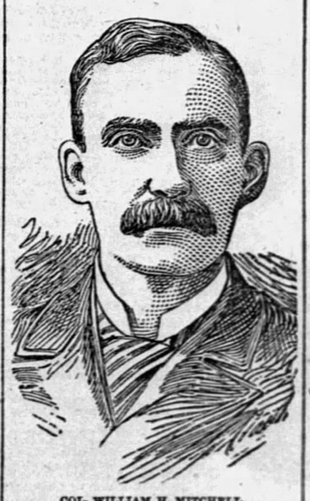
"Plym—," shouted a brakeman, and swallowed the "mouth," so you didn't hear it.

The whizzing, whirling, swaying express train came to a dead stop in the centre of this mountain town.

Off stepped Attorney-General Barnard.

Next appeared Chief Justice Doe.

Then came the longed-for but hardly expected at this early hour Almy, and there were, perhaps, 500 people there to receive him.



COL. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL, County solicitor, assistant in the prosecution, and the man to whom Almy surrendered at the Warden barn.
[From photograph by H. S. Heath.]

Out on the platform, crutches under arms and one foot in the air, he hobbled under the guidance of sheriff and deputies.

A mountain wagon with straw strewn over the bottom was backed up, and on this straw he was laid half reclining.

It had been intended to place him under guard, at the hotel, but a change in the plans sent the two black horses to dragging cart and prisoner toward the court house.

It looked like a funeral.

By the side of the prostrate form of Almy on wheels strode the deputy sheriffs like pall-bearers.

Slowly around and up the slight hill the cortege moved. Behind, strung out like mourners, and just as sad and silent in appearance, marched 200 citizens of Plymouth.

At the court house door Murderer Almy was drawn carefully from the tail end of the wagon and set on his feet. He appeared lame, but was he?

Can he throw away those crutches, put down that foot and run like a deer?

He'll bear watching.

He seemed to be trembling, but he wasn't. It was only Almy's arm being shaken by a somewhat nervous deputy sheriff, who held that arm in his grasp.

Out of sight.

Into the court house Almy went and disappeared. He was conducted to his quarters above stairs, just over the entrance, which is the sheriff's room, and there he lay down upon a cot to rest.

The quarters of the murderer are plainly furnished—only that cot and a few chairs and a lamp. Within deputy sheriffs keep watch. Quite suggestive is the rope which

HON. ALVIN BURLEIGH, Almy's counsel.

drops from the bell in the tower, and hangs almost over Almy's head as he sleeps tonight.

It must be to him.

From these quarters Almy was taken to the court room below to plead guilty, and to these quarters he returned after the plea.

Tonight the corridors of the Pemigewasset House are buzzing with the conversation of distinguished judges and lawyers, court officers and private citizens.

Chief Justice Doe is a conspicuous figure, as with Scotch cap drawn over his head he promenades with his two daughters.

White-haired Judge Allen, over against a pillar there, is telling a group of newspaper men that every accommodation possible in the small court room will be given them.

COL. JOSEPH G. STORY, Assistant Counsel for Almy.

Attorney-General Barnard is here and there, everywhere, his smooth-shaven face and kindly eye known to all.

County Solicitor Mitchell, bright as a dollar, is with him.

Burleigh and Story, counsel for the defence, stroll in.

A phonograph on a table is saying funny things at five cents a say.

The impression abroad through the town that Almy will save his neck and get not over 30 years' imprisonment is creating

Continued on the Fifth Page.

COLOR STUDIES.

The 16th century was pre-eminently the "Age of Painting." It produced the four greatest painters—that is, managers of color—that the world has ever seen, to wit, Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio and Paul Veronese.

Named from the artist, Titian, because of its wonderful effects of light and shadow, our new Titian Velours in 18 different colors is a most splendid piece of inexpensive decorative fabric.

The material is pure linen, and it is admirably adapted for portieres. Among the new color-tones are Chamois, Fawn, Capucine, Ivory, Old Bronze, etc. We mention again that it is inexpensive.

This week we start Irish Point Curtains at $5 a pair. We have the most carefully selected line in Boston, advancing by easy gradations to $50 a pair. Some of these are of coffee color, with white flock flowers. We have them backed with lace or with Etamine, as preferred.

Customers of our Drapery Department can have our new Furniture Catalogue free of charge. If it is to be sent by mail enclose 10 cents for postage.

Paine's Furniture Co.
48 CANAL ST. { South Side Boston & Maine Depot.

"Swells in your mouth."
Ask for
B-L
Tobaccos.
Cheapest in the long run.
Take No Other.

"Improvement the order of the age."
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.
Embodying New Devices and Improvements.

VERY DURABLE
PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.
POWERFUL MANIFOLDER

The SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER has been ADOPTED by the ASSOCIATED PRESS of the STATE of NEW YORK, to the exclusion of all other writing machines, to be used in their telegraphic service to take despatches direct from the wire.
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,
Syracuse, New York.
NEW ENGLAND BRANCH,
25 School St., Boston, Mass.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Columbia Flour
The Ideal Bread Flour.

Lost

My taste for all ordinary brands of chewing tobacco. I have tried Five Brothers Plug and now have no use for any other.

A lone hand is a weak one, when it comes to scouring and scrubbing. With *Pearline*, it can do the work of three or four hands—easier, cheaper, and better. The finer your laces and linens, the finer is *Pearline* for washing them. Nothing takes out dirt so quickly; nothing takes its place when it has been once tried.

Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

POWDERLY EXPLAINS.

There Was Nothing Wrong in Slighest Degree.

Reply of Grand Master Workman to Charges of Ex-Treasurer Turner.

Opening of Second Annual Convention of United Garment Workers.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 16.—The General Assembly, K. of L., met this morning and proceeded with the report of the committee on finance without finally disposing of it.

Pending its consideration the resolutions from the W. C. T. U. were considered and indorsed, with verbal modifications, the General Assembly declaring in relation to the World's fair that the laborers employed there should be worked not more than 48 hours in each week, equivalent to six days of eight hours.

Upon the other resolutions in relation to prohibiting the sale of liquors at the fair, the matter was referred to the committee on resolutions to frame a resolution expressing the sentiments of the General Assembly on the matter without committing the order to prohibition or free rum.

At the opening of the afternoon session General Master Workman Powderly was accorded the floor for a personal explanation in relation to the publication by ex-General Treasurer Turner about two checks paid the general master workman and retained by Turner, he said in substance that the matter of the special investigation was proposed at Denver in 1890, by a reputed friend of Turner.

It was asserted that a certain representative there was unfriendly to the general master workman, and for that reason he had appointed said representative so that at least one man on the committee might justly be claimed to be impartial.

It may be true that Turner has two checks, all the money that passed between Turner and him was by check, previous to the Richmond session. Substantially all the salary he had received had been turned back in one way and another to the order and for its work.

He strenuously opposed the increase in salary at Richmond, and in spite of his opposition there the increase was passed in April, 1886.

Offers to write a book were made to him by various publishers in sums varying from $15,000 to $30,000. By reason of the Southwest strike he had become famous more or less, and hence the offers.

In the meantime he had made plans of a house that might cost from $1500 to $2500. He asked the general executive board for a leave of absence for three months to write the book, hoping from the proceeds to build the house. The board refused the leave of absence, but unanimously voted to allow him the use of the money desired in consideration of the large sums of money he had voluntarily contributed to the order. He felt that he might justly and properly accept the offer of the board, particularly as he arranged for the immediate repayment of the amount on demand.

The money was just as safe in his hands as in those of any other member. The order has had the use of his money, and there was nothing wrong in the slight degree in the transaction.

A ripple of applause greeted the statement of the general master workman, and the General Assembly proceeded to regular business.

The finance committee reported favorably upon a proposition to put the general secretary-treasurer under bonds.

It was recommended and voted to request the President in his forthcoming message to Congress to recommend the abolition of trusts and syndicates.

Upon the matter of immigration the strict enforcement of the law and the exclusion of undesirable immigrants was recommended. The General Assembly adjourned until Tuesday morning. The session will probably conclude tomorrow.

GARMENT WORKERS' UNION.

Second Annual Convention Opened in Grand Army Hall.

The second annual convention of the United Garment Workers' Union of America began its sessions yesterday at Grand Army Hall, 616 Washington st.

National Secretary Charles F. Reichers called the meeting to order, and after a temporary chairman was elected, the following were appointed as a committee on credentials: L. Schwartz, New York; A. J. Fetz, Boston, and Henry White, New York. The committee reported that there were 24 local unions represented by 50 delegates, 10 of these unions being located in New York city.

After an adjournment for dinner the convention came to order again at 2 o'clock, when F. A. Hoysradt of Newburg was elected permanent chairman.

He appointed the following committees: On law, Rotter of New York, Dodge of Boston, Moses of Pittsburg; press, Shaffren of Brooklyn, White of New York, Harris of Boston; resolutions, White of New York, Shaffren of Brooklyn, Bergmann of New York, Dodge of Boston, Rotter of New York; finance, Davis of New York, Moses of Pittsburg, Schwartz of New York, Harris of Boston, Hoffman of New York; ways and means, Rotter of New York, Harris of Boston, Mullen of New York.

National Secretary Reichers and other officers submitted their reports, after which the roll was called and the local unions reported condition of union and trade. Only four unions were reached when the hour for adjournment arrived.

It had been decided before adjournment to accept the invitation of Clothing Pressmen's Assembly, 3528, K. of L., to attend their ball in Turn Hall in a body.

Spreading Ath-lo-pho-ros, Conqueror of Rheumatism, Down in Maine.

NORWAY, Me., Aug. 1, 1891.

Dear Sirs: I have taken the Ath-lo-pho-ros for Rheumatism, and it has been the means of selling more than 50 bottles of the same. Yours respectfully, B. C. A. PINGREE.

$1 Per Bottle; 6 for $5. All Druggists.

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.

ROPE OR CELL?

Continued from the First Page.

considerable of a tumult among the naturally quiet citizens of the New Hampshire hills.

You hear some wishes expressed which would make the prisoner up in the little court house quail if he should hear them.

Lucky this isn't Texas!

FRANK H. STANYAN.

IN JUDGES' HANDS.

They Must Find on Evidence the Degree of the Murder.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—THE GLOBE was right.

Almy has pleaded "guilty" to the indictment charging him with the murder of Christie Warden, thus confirming the inferences drawn by THE GLOBE from the excusal of special jurors, as told exclusively so far as Boston was concerned in the morning edition of Saturday last.

In open court this afternoon Almy retracted the plea of "not guilty" made by him at the time of his arraignment at Woodsville, and by so doing has placed his case in the hands of the judges instead of the hands of a jury.

CHRISTIE WARDEN.

The question of whether or not he can escape the gallows by his plea will be decided by the judges upon evidence submitted to them concerning the crime.

There will be a trial, but it will be before the judges instead of before a jury, and the question will be wholly as to the degree of guilt.

If upon the evidence presented the judges find him guilty of murder in the first degree, he must hang.

If they find him guilty of murder in the second degree, it rests with them as to the term of imprisonment he must serve.

The judges cannot give him over 30 years, and may give him less if the evidence so warrants.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE, WHERE ABBOTT WAS SENTENCED 17 YEARS AGO FOR BURGLARY.

[By photograph by H. S. Heath.]

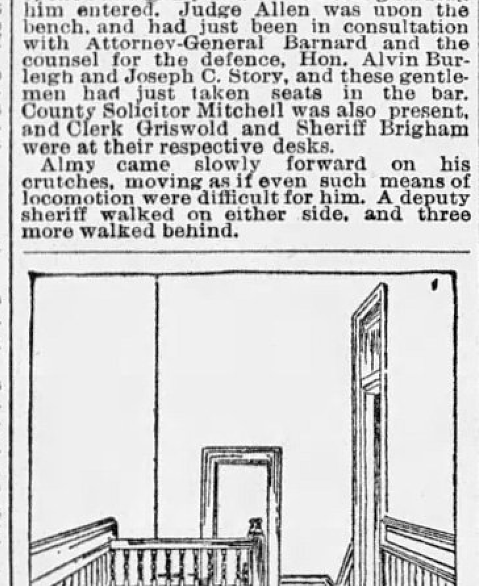
The scene in the court room this afternoon when the new plea was made was a most dramatic one. It was witnessed by very few people, however, for the fact that Almy was to be taken into court was known only by the officials interested in the case, and, of course, by the newspaper men.

The court room held, perhaps, 100, or, at the outside, 150 people.

Those in the spectators' seats had "caught on" to the fact that something unusual was in the wind. Anything unusual in this town at the present time must relate to Almy, and so by twos and threes the citizens who happened to see Judge Allen, Attorney-General Barnard and the others of the party enter the court house followed on the chance of seeing Almy, and were lucky enough to draw a prize.

It was just 2.40 o'clock when the big double doors in the rear of the court room opened and Almy and the officers guarding him entered. Judge Allen was upon the bench, and had just been in consultation with Attorney-General Barnard and the counsel for the defence, Hon. Alvin Burleigh and Joseph C. Story, and these gentlemen had just taken seats in the bar. County Solicitor Mitchell was also present, and Clerk Griswold and Sheriff Brigham were at their respective desks.

Almy came slowly forward on his crutches, moving as if even such means of locomotion were difficult for him. A deputy sheriff walked on either side, and three more walked behind.



THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE ROOM IN THE COURT HOUSE WHERE ALMY IS CONFINED.

[From photograph by H. S. Heath.]

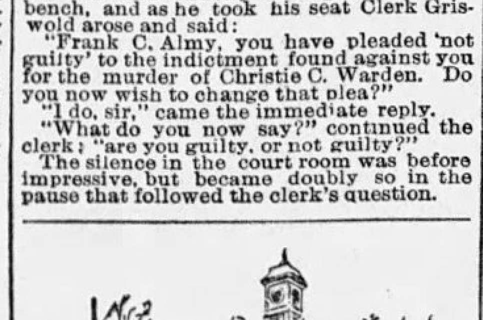
The prisoner was given a place just within the bar and exactly facing the judges' bench, and as he took his seat Clerk Griswold arose and said:

"Frank C. Almy, you have pleaded 'not guilty' to the indictment found against you for the murder of Christie C. Warden. Do you now wish to change that plea?"

"I do, sir," came the immediate reply.

"What do you now say?" continued the clerk; "are you guilty, or not guilty?"

The silence in the court room was before impressive, but became doubly so in the pause that followed the clerk's question.



THE OLD NORMAL SCHOOL WHERE CHRISTIE WARDEN WENT TO SCHOOL.

[From photograph by H. S. Heath.]

Every one looked at the prisoner, whose pale face grew even paler as he realized the full import of the answer he must make.

Something seemed to rise in his throat and stop his utterance. Twice he essayed to speak and twice he failed, glancing aside as he did so, as if for external help.

It seemed for an instant as though the man, who up to this time had appeared to have almost an iron nerve, might break down. It was only for an instant, however, for by an effort he recovered himself and, looking steadily at the clerk, pronounced the word, "Guilty."

The effort was clearly evident in the pronunciation, for it was not clear and distinct, but faltering and broken by what was almost a sob.

As the word left his lips, Almy sank back in his seat, while through the court room spread that sensation of relief which is felt rather than seen or heard when a crisis is past.

The voice of Judge Allen broke the silence.

"You may record the plea now made in open court," he said to the clerk. "The degree of murder will be found by the court upon examination. You may notify the special jurors that their services will not be needed."

The prisoner was then withdrawn from the court room in the same way that he had been brought in, and the drama of the afternoon was finished.

ALMY ON HIS COT, SURROUNDED BY HIS GUARDS IN THE SHERIFF'S ROOM.

Almy's plea brings up many questions. Perhaps the most important one is, Will he escape the gallows?

That he hopes so to escape is shown by his plea, and it is equally true that he would not make the plea, and thus throw himself somewhat on the mercy of the judges, did he not believe that a jury would surely convict him of murder in the first degree. The chance that the judges may find him guilty of murder in the second degree is his only hope.

He has taken this chance, grasping at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw, and now must cling to this hope as the last plank between him and the ignominous death which, if public opinion were consulted, he would speedily meet.

Will he succeed? That is the question to which time alone can bring an answer, but if careful preparation on the part of the government to prove wilful and premeditated murder can avail anything the answer will be in the negative.

The law of the State governing Almy's case is a peculiar one, and leaves little discretionary power with the judges after they have once made their finding on the evidence presented.

It says that in case a man pleading "guilty" shall be found to have committed murder in the first degree he shall be hanged. If, however, he be convicted of murder in the second degree he may be sentenced to imprisonment for not over 30 years, and for as much less as the presiding justice may see fit.

In the judges' hands, therefore, rests Almy's case entirely. If the prosecution can show murder in the first degree, and if such is the finding of the judges, Almy will hang.

If the defence can so offset the government's case as to secure a finding of murder in the second degree, the question of mercy comes in.

The trial will open at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning in the court house, which though new and not historic itself, still has historic associations from standing in the place where Daniel Webster made his first plea.

Chief Justice Doe and Justice Allen will be upon the bench. County Solicitor Mitchell will open the case for the government, and will make a very comprehensive statement of it, occupying probably more than an hour.

The government witnesses will then be called, and the trial proceed exactly as before a jury except that perhaps there will not be so much legal sparring.

The government has summoned some 50 witnesses, and most of them will be called. The defence will be heard from at the close of the government's case, and will call witnesses, and then will come the closing arguments.

The trial is likely, therefore, to last several days, and no one believes that the end will be reached before Thursday or, possibly, Friday.

The case the government will present can be briefly stated. It will be an effort to show not only that a murder was committed, but that it was done wilfully and deliberately. Almy's act will be followed step by step from the time he entered the employ of Mr. Warden until he was found hiding in the Warden barn, and, unless indications fail, will weave a chain of evidence, both direct and circumstantial, which will be hard to break.

The defence, on the other hand, is not so easy to outline. Counsel are, of course, reticent, but it would seem that the only course open to them is to show that the murder was not premeditated. What evidence they can produce on this point, except that of the prisoner himself, it is hard to see. They have summoned witnesses, however, and may or not deem it necessary to have the prisoner take the stand.

The indications are, however, that he must. Should he do so, the government will have a chance to show, as bearing on his character, that he is George H. Abbott, with a record of crimes about as bad as those credited to Almy.

The case has been one of surprises from the beginning, and more may be looked for.

The theory that insanity alone could account for Almy's acts has some supporters.

"I find lawyers, business men and thinking men in all classes saying that this man must be insane," said a prominent lawyer today.

"I cannot agree with them, however, for if you follow Almy's career carefully you find no trace of insane acts. In fact, there is too much premeditation and careful planning shown to admit a belief in insanity.

"Infatuated with the girl and with a total lack of responsibility the man might have been, but insane, never."

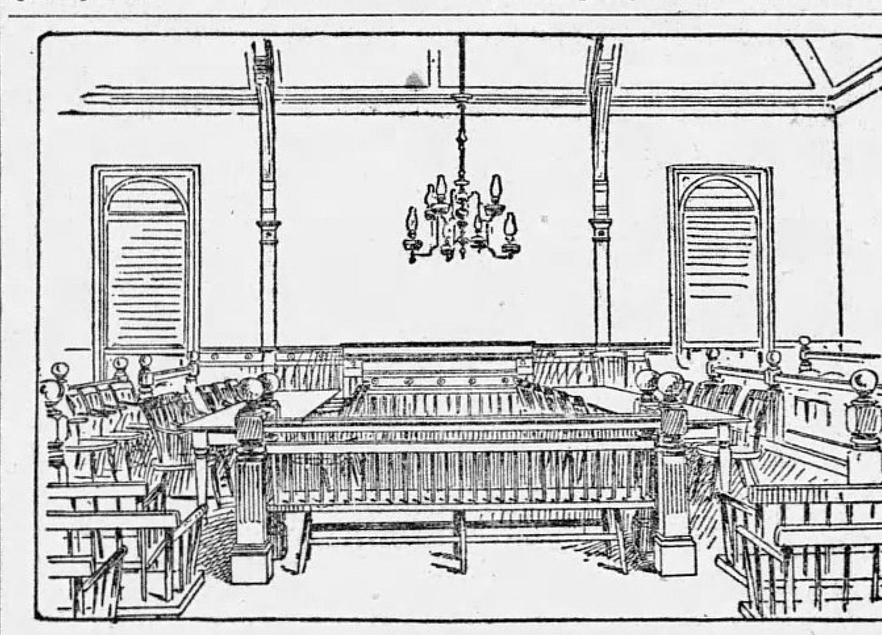
W. E. ROBINSON.

ALMY'S CRIME.

Details of One of the Most Brutal Murders Ever Committed.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—The crime to which Frank C. Almy, alias Abbott, has pleaded guilty, will never be forgotten in the long list of bloody deeds that have reddened the soil of New Hampshire.

If the reader pictures to himself just outside the pretty village where Dartmouth



THE COURT ROOM WHERE ALMY PLEADED GUILTY.

[From a photograph by H. S. Heath.]

College overlooks the country a winding road that creeps in between hills dotted with farms, and then winds down a steep hill into a meadow fringed by underbrush, he will gather some idea of the scene of this thrilling tragedy.

About 9.30 o'clock on the evening of July 17, Mrs. Andrew J. Warden, accompanied by her two daughters and a friend, was slowly making her way homeward along this deserted road.

Mrs. Warden had lived in this very locality for nearly 40 years, and just a half mile beyond, on her husband's acres, her family had grown up around her in peace and contentment.

The women passed on through an archway of trees, up a little hill, then walked on down toward the meadow road. Their course ahead was plainly discernible, and no sound gave warning that death was lurking about them.

A stump fence at this point separated a recently cut woodland from the street, and a little way ahead was a pair of bars which were used to keep stray stock and trespassers off the enclosure.

Close to this gateway was a large tree that cast a deep shadow upon the ground beneath it. The ladies approached, Mrs. Warden and Miss Louisa F. Goodell, a neighbor, leading, and Christie Warden with her younger sister Fannie bringing up the rear.

Suddenly like an apparition gliding out of the shadow appeared the figure of a man, and, as he stood in the roadway and faced them, a chill of terror stole over their hearts.

"Mrs. Warden, you and Fanny may move on with safety. I shall not harm you unless you interfere with me, and if you do I will shoot you like dogs."

Then, turning to the sisters behind, the younger of whom he apparently did not recognize, he exclaimed:

"Christie, I have come 1000 miles to meet you, and now our time is short."

Thereupon the speaker drew from his breast a revolver, which he cocked, and as the weapon clicked the frightened women saw the barrel shining in the moonlight.

It was a moment of horrible suspense. The four women stood petrified and the stillness was only broken by the stranger saying in a harsh, cold voice:

"Mrs. Warden, you know me, I believe. I am Frank Almy, and you have never known me to break my word. Move on, or I will shoot. Move on, I say!"

The man then raised his left arm and covered the aged woman with the army revolver that he carried, again threatening in a low, sharp voice

The Penalty of Delay.

Not a muscle moved. The mother's love was too strong to be cowed down by such dangers. The lady with her, however, ran up the road as fast as she could go for 200 yards, and there waited.

This made the mother falter and when she saw Almy walk up to Christie and seize her by the arm she felt an instinct to hasten for aid, realizing her inability to protect her children from the fiend before them.

Christie, up to this time, had been so overpowered by fear that she was scarcely able to move. She clung to her sister, a bright young girl of 17, who locked her in an embrace that was the desperate effort of loved ones not to be parted.

Almy, however, lost no time in carrying out his design. He seized Christie by the left shoulder, and locking his left arm around her neck he placed the cold muzzle of his weapon against the breast of his victim's young defender and hissed between his teeth: "I have hated you, Fan, and unless you let go of Christie I will blow you into eternity."

The young girl knew he meant all he said, but, thinking only of her sister, she answered, "Shoot, then; I will not let her go."

What inspired the murderer not to fire his revolver into the body of his young opponent can only be explained by the fact that her feet struck uneven ground at this moment, and she fell, nearly carrying her sister with her.

This was Almy's opportunity, and grasping Christie around the waist he dragged her to the bars which he had lowered and pulled her over into the woodland beyond.

At this point the ground was cleared, and, save occasional large rocks, was smooth.

When once inside he threw his victim to the ground, and then, grasping her firmly by the feet and skirts, he began dragging her inland towards a small brook that was situated about 200 yards from the highway.

As he advanced with his burden he kept exclaiming, "Stand back, or I will sh ot!" This threat overawed the mother and friend, but did not frighten Fanny.

Telling her mother and Miss Goodell to hurry on to Emmet Marshall's farm, about a quarter of a mile away, and summon help, the young heroine climed the fence and dashed on towards her sister, who now shouted with desperation and despair: "Oh, Fanny, help, or he will kill me!"

Not a word now escaped Almy.

He continued to drag his burden towards the underbrush, which he presently gained, after Christie's outer clothing had been literally torn from her body.

Holding her there in his embrace with a background of darkness to shield him, he turned and saw the oncoming sister, who was now but a few rods away.

Taking Deliberate Aim

he fired, but the girl faltered not. She heard the report ring out, heard her sister's enfeebled moan and her mother's pitiful cry, "Oh, God, have mercy!" but facing death she strode on.

Again the revolver spoke, and she felt a strange whizzing noise at her shoulder.

She knew the ball had almost singed her dress, but still she was unterrified.

Suddenly a thought struck her. Perhaps if she should remain quiet for a time Almy would act on the defensive, and spare her sister until help could come to hand.

So, concealing herself near by, she paused. The minutes passed like hours.

Suddenly another shot was fired. Almy evidently had not noticed that she had moved, and was still aiming in the direction where he had last seen her.

Perhaps five minutes passed, and then far up the side of a distant hill were heard footsteps.

A man was hurrying down evidently in response to the alarm for help, and Fannie thought only of guiding him to the place where her sister lay prostrate now on the earth from blows of her assailant.

Gathering her skirts tight around her, the young girl rushed up a gradual incline towards the road, again coming in range of Almy's revolver, which he fired twice after her.

Like a frightened fawn she ran down the hill through a brook where the water came up to her knees and breathlessly intercepted the new recruit.

This man was Emmet Marshall, but in leaving home he had brought no weapons, and on learning the recklessness with which Almy used his he displayed a great deal less enthusiasm about advancing in attack than had the young girl at his side.

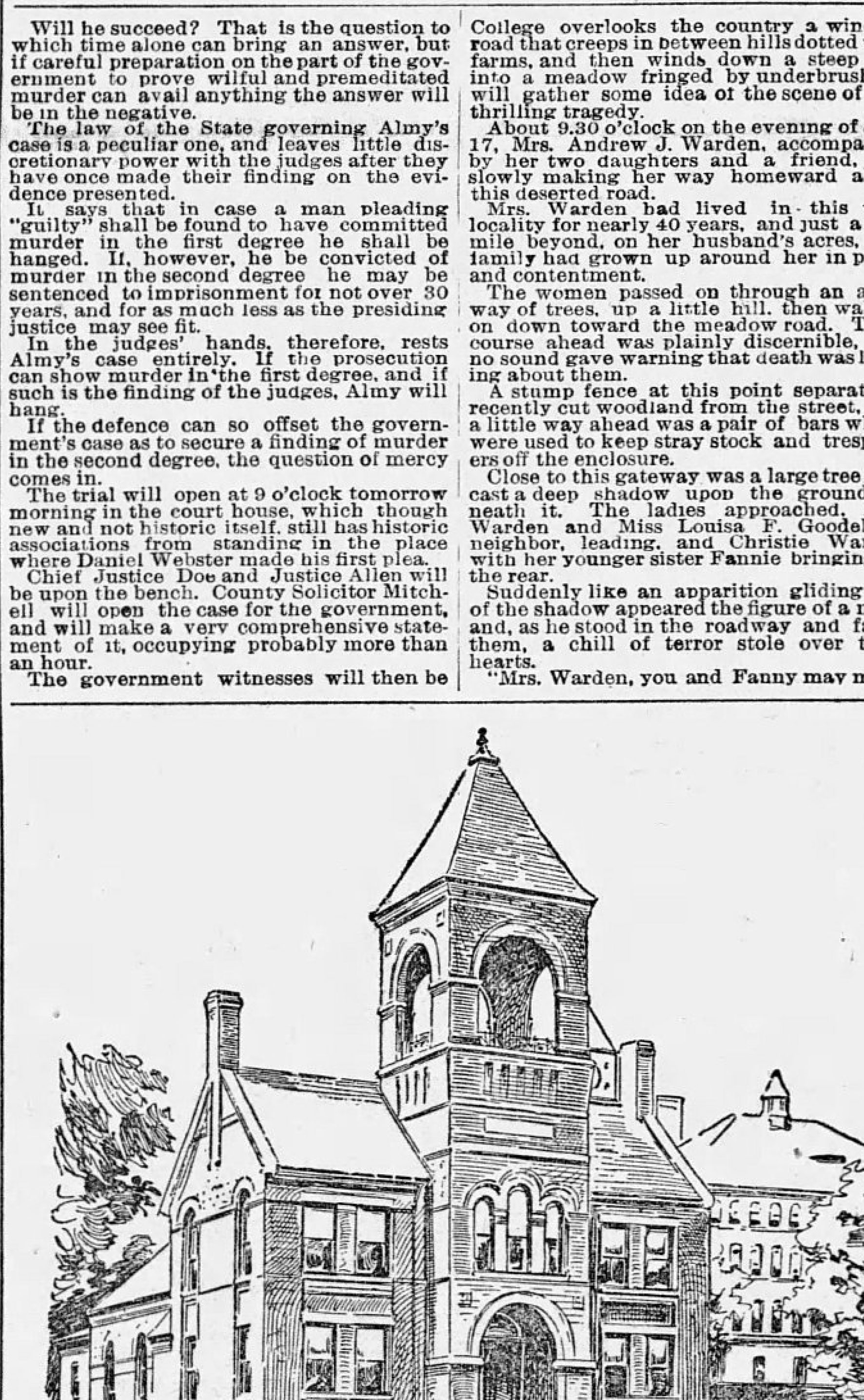
As they stole on the place where Almy was located, which was now situated at a point about 200 yards further up the brook to the left, two shots resounded in quick succession, and a death cry followed.

The final event in the great tragedy was over, and for an instant the two saw the figure of a young man rushing up a hill far back in the enclosure, and evidently making in the direction of the town.

Then all was still and they a little later saw that all was over with the victim.

Christie lay on her left side, her white skirts covered with blood from a wound in the back and another in the head.

As Fanny looked upon her dead sister her highly strung system collapsed, and with a cry she sunk on the ground by the dead girl's side.



THE GRAFTON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, WHERE ALMY IS CONFINED AND WILL BE TRIED.

[From a photograph by H. S. Heath.]

ALMY HUNG IN EFFIGY.

He Can See the Dangling Figure From Window of Temporary Cell.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—At midnight Almy was hung in effigy from a line strung from pole to pole across the principal street by citizens of this town.

The murderer can tomorrow morning, if he is not removed, gaze from the windows of the temporary cell at this stuffed imitation of himself dangling in mid air, with this inscription blazoned forth, partly in red paint:

Almy—This was done by friends of
CHRISTIE WARDEN.
We'll take the orignal next!

The effigy has a framework of wood, neck, arms, body and legs.

A white face is partially concealed beneath a black cap. A full suit of clothes adorns the fine figure.

The boots are nailed on to the feet.

CHIEF JUSTICE DOE.

Biographical Sketch of the Noted Granite State Jurist.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—Chief Justice Charles Doe was born April 11, 1830, and has resided in Rollinsford many years.

He graduated from Dartmouth College and was admitted to the bar soon after. He was solicitor of Strafford county for several years, and in 1859 was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, continuing until that court was abolished when the Democrats obtained control of the State in 1874.

Two years later the Republicans carried both branches of the Legislature and he was appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court, and has continued in that position to the present time.

Judge Doe is a wonderfully good lawyer, and his opinions rank with those of the best-known jurists in this country. For some years he has presided at trial terms only in capital cases, or when some other member of the court has been incapacitated from sitting by sickness.

His name was possibly considered by President Grant for the vacant chief justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States, but for reasons best known to the president, he appointed the late Morrison R. Waite of Ohio to the place.

Judge Doe has presided at nearly all the murder trials held in this State for several years, having been the senior justice at the Sawtell trial in Dover, last year.

HON. DANIEL BARNARD.

Able Jurist Who Figures in the Case as Attorney-General.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—Hon. Daniel Barnard of Franklin was appointed attorney-general to succeed the late Mason W. Tappan, and has well and faithfully discharged the duties of the position upwards of five years.

He was born Jan. 23, 1827, and has repeatedly represented the towns of Orange and Franklin in the Legislature. He has also been a member of the Senate and of the governor's council, and was solicitor of Merrimac county a full term of five years.

Gen. Barnard is a good lawyer, and one of the best advocates at the bar. He successsully conducted the prosecution of James Palmer, the Portsmouth murderer, and Sawtell, who killed his brother at Rochester.

HON. W. H. H. ALLEN.

Associate Justice Who Will Sit with Chief Justice Doe.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—Hon. W. H. H. Allen of Claremont, who is to preside with Chief Justice Doe at the Almy trial, was born Dec. 20, 1829.

For many years he practiced law at Claremont, and was for a long time judge of probate of Sullivan county.

He was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court, July 22, 1876, and has continued in that position ever since, being now the senior associate justice.

He is a well-read lawyer, courteous and affable, a hard worker and a thoroughly conscientious judge.

JOSEPH C. STORY.

Able Lawyer Who Will Do What He Can to Save Almy.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—Joseph C. Story, associated counsel for Almy, was born in Sutton, N. H., 36 years ago. He spent the first 15 years of his life on a farm, attending two terms each year at district school till he was 16, when he went to Franklin, where he spent two years in the high school.

After a three years' course of study at Kimball Union academy he received his diploma. He studied law in the law offices of Pike & Blodgett and E. B. Sanborn at Franklin, after which he went to Boston law school, where he would have graduated in June, 1880, but did not on account of having taken and successfully passed the examination for admittance to the bar the previous March.

After being admitted to the bar he practiced at Wentworth for three years. He removed to Plymouth in 1883, and purchased the law practice of Hon. Charles A. Jewell. He has been notably successful in a large majority of the many cases in which he has been engaged as counsel, many being important ones. In many instances he has been pitted against Hon. Alvin Thurleigh, his associate in this case, although their personal relations are of the most friendly nature.

He is a Mason, Knight Templar and Odd Fellow, and attends divine worship in the Universalist church. He enjoys the confidence of his fellow-workers in the Republican party and was nominated by them as representative from Plymouth in the Legislature at the last State election, but was defeated by his opponent, Hon. Cyrus Sargeant, the Democrats being in the majority in the town.

As a public speaker he is forcible and convincing. He has a fine voice and probably is farther advanced at the New Hampshire bar than any other lawyer of his age.

He is a "hustler" and has worked indefatigably in the preparation of his client Almy's case.

HON. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL.

Solicitor of Grafton County, Who Will Assist the Attorney-General.

PLYMOUTH, N.H., Nov. 16.—Hon. William H. Mitchell of Littleton, solicitor of Grafton county, who will assist Attorney-General Barnard in the Almy case, was born Sept. 9, 1856.

He was admitted to the bar in 1880, since which time he has been a member of the firm of Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor, one of the leading law firms of northern New Hampshire.

Mr. Mitchell was a member of the New Hampshire Senate in 1889, is a trustee of the State normal school and is now serving his second term as solicitor of Grafton county.

His wife is the daughter of Chief Justice Bingham of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

UNBROKEN RECORD OF CRIME.

Almy's Life, if Indeed He Be as is Supposed, the Notorious Abbott.

The remarkable career of this murderer, if he is Abbott, as now seems certain, affords much food for thought and speculation, says the Boston Transcript in a review last evening of the career of the Hanover murderer.

With an ancestry and surroundings of the highest respectability, with tastes and inclinations that led him to seek the companionship of his superiors socially and intellectually from his earliest boyhood, he led an almost unbroken life of crime.

He seems to have been at all times reckless and debased, but there was something in his manner that won for him the confidence and respect of the most reputable people in the communities where he lived.

Born in the staid old city of Salem 34 years ago, he knew nothing of a mother's tender care or love from the day of his birth, she having died three days after, and while yet an infant he was taken by his father to Fairlee, Vt., where the influences surrounding him were even more promising for a pure and honest boyhood than those he left behind.

Here for several years he lived with his grandparents, under the guardianship of his aunt, his father having returned to Salem, where he married again. The child's evil tendencies early developed themselves, and he was the source of great anxiety to his adopted mother on account of his petty criminal acts.

He would commit small thefts, play mischievous pranks on his school teachers and in similar ways make himself a nuisance to the neighborhood. And yet the people seemed to like him, for he had as a child many winning ways.

Punishment had no effect on him, and he received his whippings with the same stolid indifference that marks his attitude today. So notorious did he become that all the mischief committed in the neighborhood

Was Ascribed to Him

without question.

But even during this period there is nothing to indicate that his associates were bad or that he avoided the society of the good.

He delighted in torturing animals and seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing their sufferings, but in that respect he was nowise different from children who have grown up to be model men and women.

None of his misdemeanors seem to have been of so serious a nature as to call for any more severe punishment than that inflicted by the village schoolmaster, but as he grew older it was thought best to return him to the custody of his father.

His father and stepmother were then living in Salem, and owing to their good social surroundings the boy had all the advantages that such a home life gives. He attended the Browne school and showed much aptitude as a scholar.

But these excellent influences did not deter him from stealing, and his offences of this kind were so many that his father thought it best to send him back to Vermont, where he would be away from the evil tendencies of city life. But there was a bad strain in him that was not to be affected by his surroundings, and he soon made himself a terror to the rural community in which he resided.

This led to his arrest when but 14 years of age for the larceny of a stove from a man in Fairlee. The investigation of this case resulted in the discovery of a shop he had fitted up in an out-of-the-way place on the banks of the river, and stocked with stolen tools and goods. Here he worked making toys and playthings for himself and the boys of his acquaintance.

The case against him was settled by the payment of a small fine; but this experience seemed rather to embolden than deter him.

And Other Crimes

were attributed to him.

All this time every effort was being made to check his evil tendencies and to give him a good education. He was sent for a time to the Orford Academy, where the cruelty of his nature was shown in various ways.

It is said that he would, during the absence of the teacher, compel the small boys to stand with their feet bare on the hot stove, and when they resisted he would inflict other equally barbarous punishments. His only motive for such acts seemed to be a desire to witness the suffering of his victims.

In spite of his evil ways, his brightness, quickness of wit and good education made him quite popular, especially with the girls of the school, who generally manifested a fondness for him.

His career was cut short when he was 17 years of age by his arrest and conviction in 1875 for breaking into Hale's jewelry store at Orford, N. H. He was sentenced to four years in the Concord State prison. He served out his sentence, less the time deducted for good conduct, which was considerable in his case, as he proved a most exemplary prisoner.

On his release he returned to his old Vermont haunts and, so far as known, for two or three years was a respectable member of society. Certain it is that he did not drink—a habit he never acquired—and avoided bad company and sought the society of the best people of the place. He was a welcome guest at their houses and attended parties and dances as the escort of their daughters. In fact, in spite of his criminal career, he was regarded as more sinned against than sinning.

In the early part of the year 1880, the people of Thetford, Fairlee, Lyme and Orford were thrown into a

Great State of Excitement

by the depredations of a burglar, who robbed and destroyed in the most reckless manner. His boldness and adroitness astonished every one, and there was a recklessness and maliciousness shown by the marauder that gave the impression that he robbed for mischief as much as gain.

So frequent and so numerous were these breaks that it was believed that a large gang of thieves were working the neighborhood. A great deal of property that was not carried away was destroyed without any apparent motive.

Several of the passenger stations along the line of the Passumpsic railroad were broken into, money stolen, and the contents of ticket cases and trunks strewed over the floor. Women's dresses and other wearing apparel were cut to pieces and in some instances thrown into the stove.

From a store in Orford a lot of fireworks were taken. Several of the pieces were recklessly set off by the thief before leaving the village, and the others were exploded on the following night, to the wonder and amazement of the people, from the summit of Fairlee mountain, near by.

Abbott was suspected of being the leader of the gang of desperadoes, and it was determined to make an effort to capture him, but he was nowhere to be found. Sheriff Solon K. Berry was one of the most active in this work, and he took many precautions for the arrest of the gang. He kept a loaded rifle of the most approved pattern by his bedside, and expressed his intention of shooting the burglar on sight.

But his rifle mysteriously disappeared one night, together with $800, from the room in which he was sleeping, and he did not see the gun again till Supt. Leggett of Boston found it for him in a North End pawnshop.

It was also learned that the man who pawned the rifle stopped at the old National House in Haymarket sq.,

But Had Left Just Before

the officers arrived. Sheriff Berry secured the services of a well-known firm of detectives of this city, who, unhappily for him, did not disclose their way of doing business. Their method was this:

They sent a man to Thetford to work with the sheriff, and they also sent a woman to work independently of the sheriff and the man, neither of whom knew of her mission or presence. She was ostensibly the seller of small wares from house to house in the village of Thetford, but her instructions were, if possible, to obtain board in the house of Israel Abbott, young Abbott's uncle, and try to learn of the whereabout's of the young man.

After considerable difficulty she prevailed upon the family to entertain her, and the plan promised to turn out well. She would peddle from house to house during the day and at meal time and night, while apparently asleep, listen to the conversation of her entertainers.

But her movements aroused the suspicion of the astute sheriff. He discovered in her presence at the Abbott house a member of the great gang of robbers who were keeping them informed not only of the best way to enter the houses she visited, but of the efforts being made to secure the arrest of the burglars.

He at once arrested her and subjected her to a most rigid examination. She refused to give any information about herself, other than that she was a canvasser. She was threatened with the penalties of the law, which could only be avoided by a full confession and the delivery up of her confederates to justice.

Her mail was seized at the post office and her letters broken open and read. But they revealed nothing, and she remained obdurate. The male detective was so elated over the great capture that had been made that he lost no time in telegraphing to his employers full particulars of the arrest and the hope that she would weaken and give up the whole gang.

The despatch received in reply was short, sharp and decisive. Very humble apologies were made for the grave mistake, and as

By the Blunder

her usefulness there was at an end, she returned to Boston.

On the day following the November election it was determined to make a systematic search of the mountain for the gang of desperadoes. Seventy-five armed men participated, and it resulted in the discovery of Abbott in a rudely built hut among the ledges overlooking Ely, and not more than half a mile from it.

He resisted capture, and was fired upon and seriously wounded. He was arrested and given in charge of Sheriff Berry, who took him to his house for safe-keeping. Here Abbott remained for four days, when finding himself sufficiently recovered from the effect of his wounds to leave his bed, he took French leave of the sheriff by jumping out of the window.

By the snow on the ground he was tracked to a culvert a mile and a half away, in which he had crept and was recaptured. In the following January he pleaded guilty to nine different counts for burglary, and was sentenced to 15 years in the Vermont penitentiary.

Here he again made a fine record for good behavior, and manifested such a disposition to inform his mind and make himself useful that in time he was granted many privileges.

As a result, in October, 1887, he made his escape. Sheriff Berry again took up the search, but with no better results than had attended his previous efforts in this direction, and for years Abbott successfully evaded the pursuit of the officers of the law.

The next known of Abbott was when he reappeared at the farm of Andrew Warden in the town of Hanover, N. H., and in the immediate neighborhood of the crimes which had made him a fugitive from justice.

He now bore the name of Frank C. Almy, and his talk was largely of the South, where it is evident that he had passed much of his time since

His Escape from Prison.

He fell in love with Christie, a daughter of the farmer for whom he worked, but she discouraging him he left and came to Massachusetts last spring. Here he worked for a while in a small factory out in Dorchester, then in a glue factory down at Marblehead, and next on a farm in Danvers, which town adjoins his native city of Salem.

He now talked a good deal about his Vermont sweetheart. He made generally a very favorable impression by his polished manners and gentlemanly behavior. He was active, energetic and a faithful worker. He shunned companionship, his evenings were spent at home, and his spare time was devoted to reading, drawing and playing with the children. He was scrupulously neat, taking great care of his hands, and in the words of Mrs. Howe, the wife of his Danvers employer, "having a room full of combs, brushes and pomades." He was reticent about his past, his people and his home, but on matters of politics, religion and current events he talked volubly and intelligently.

Leaving Massachusetts he is next heard of as the murderer of Christie Warden by the roadside leading to her home, whither she was going with her mother and younger sister, when seized by Almy and dragged to a clump of trees, in the shadow of which he shot her to death.

But the strangest chapter in this strange life is that which succeeds the murder, when, through the weeks while he was being hunted in both Canada and the United States by the most expert Pinkertons and by every village constable in New England, all stirred by a reward of nearly $5000, he lay by day on the haymow in Andrew Warden's barn, watching through the cracks the funeral of his victim and every movement of the bereaved family, and strewing by night wild flowers on the grave of the dead girl.

Finally came his detection at 2 o'clock one morning while eating apples in the Wardens' orchard, the rush of the townspeople to the barn, his successful defiance of his howling pursuers for half a day and at last his deliberate capitulation with the officers of the law and the mob.

SNOW—ANTHONY.

Society People Attend a Charming Wedding in Emmanuel Church.

The wedding of Miss Clara Anthony, daughter of Mrs. Nathan Anthony of 285 Marlboro st., and Mr. Daniel Kimball Snow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Snow of Newbury st., took place last evening at the Emmanuel church, Newbury st.

It was a chrysanthemum wedding. Beautiful specimens of pink and white flowers adorned the pews, and back of the chancel rail huge pots of tropical plants and growing chrysanthemums were arranged artistically.

At 8 o'clock the organ pealed forth the wedding march and the procession filed through the main aisle.

The bridesmaids, Miss Bessie French and Miss Henrietta Anthony, sister of the bride, headed the procession and were dressed in heliotrope crepe. They were followed by the bride and groom.

The bride wore a charming white satin gown, pearl trimmings, and long veil.

The ceremony was performed according to the Episcopal rites by the pastor, Rev. Leighton Parks, and Mr. S. Reed Anthony gave the bride away.

The ushers were Mr. George A. Hopkins, Mr. Charles M. Cabot, Mr. John Dennison, Mr. H. M. Clark, Jr., and Mr. Howard Winslow of Buffalo.

The reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, where the couple received under a canopy of chrysanthemums.

Those who attended at the church and afterwards did honor to the newly-married couple at the reception were:

Mr and Mrs H C Snow	Mr and Mrs H Kimball
Miss Snow	Miss Evelyn Kimball
Mrs A S Kimball	Mr and Mrs H Clement
Miss Kimball	Mr and Mrs G Kimball
Mr Daniel Kimball	Mr Joseph Keith
Mr and Mrs W P Wilson	Mr and Mrs A Kimball
Mr and Mrs Harry Hall	Mr and Mrs W Kimball
Mr Theodore Hall	Mrs Charles Kimball
Mrs Plympton	Miss Kimball
Miss Plympton	Mr and Mrs E Emerson
Mr and Mrs T Wales	Mr and Mrs Shedd
Mr and Mrs T Wales, Jr	Mr Edward Taft
Misses Wales	Mr Jabez Knight
Mr and Mrs Joseph Cox	Mr Isaac Southwick
Miss E C Snow	Mr Sherman
Miss Georgie Snow	Mr and Mrs N Anthony
Mrs H M Reed	Messrs Cotton
Mr and Mrs S R Anthony	Mr and Mrs C Prince
Mr and Mrs E Anthony	Mr and Mrs A Weeks
Mr and Mrs F Macomber	Mr and Mrs A Weeks, Jr
Mr and Mrs B Anthony	Mr and Mrs W Weeks
Miss Anthony	Mr and Mrs H Hutchins
Mr B H Anthony	Mr and Mrs W French
Mr and Mrs W Brooks	Miss French
Mr John Thomas	Master French
Mr and Mrs Henry Rogers	Miss Endicott
Miss Soper	Mr and Mrs M Endicott
Miss Brayton	Mr and Mrs R D Evans
Mr and Mrs G Cotton	Mr and Mrs R U Johnson
Miss Cotton	Mr and Mrs John Hicks
Mr John D Williams	

Death of John C. Jay.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Dr. John C. Jay died at his home in Rye, N. Y., yesterday. He was born in 1808.

ADAMSON'S Balsam cures coughs and colds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SHE CHARGES BIG FRAUDS.

Mrs. Hefler Wants One Year Order Declared Insolvent—Sentences in Superior Criminal Court.

The relief accorded by the Insolvency Court to creditors who are unable to satisfy their claims against their debtors has been asked for by Mrs. Alexina Hefler, a matured certificate holder in the Mutual One Year Benefit order.

A petition was filed in the Suffolk County Insolvency Court yesterday by Mrs. Hefler, and Judge McKim issued a notice to the order to appear in court Dec. 18 at 2 o'clock p. m., besides granting an injunction restraining the order from paying out or disposing of its property.

This is the first proceeding in insolvency taken against an endowment company of the short term order.

It is alleged by the petitioner that the corporation fraudulently paid $25,000 to holders of fictitious certificates.

It is also alleged by her that the order paid $50,000 within 90 days of the date of her petition, to 500 holders of unmatured and matured certificates, who had not paid the assessments levied upon them.

All these payments she claims to be in fraud of her rights as a certificate holder in the order, and asks that the order be wound up according to the insolvent laws.

SUPERIOR CRIMINAL COURT.

Sentences Imposed by Judge Sherman at Yesterday's Session.

Judge Sherman, in the Superior Criminal Court yesterday, passed the following sentences:

Mary Rafferty, illegal liquor selling, fined $75; Richard Welch, house of correction, three months; John R. Connelly, drunkenness, house of industry, five months; James A. Connelly, house of industry, 10 months; Charles W. Baxter and James H. Coffey, escaping from State prison, six months; Timothy Sweeney, idle and disorderly, house of industry, six months, drunkenness, one week; Jeremiah F. Horgan, idle and disorderly, house of industry, three months; William Chisholm, larceny, house of correction, six months; Jeremiah Buckley, drunkenness, house of industry, 30 days.

BAY STATE LEAGUE ENJOINED.

The Four Hundred Have Brought Suit in the Superior Court.

The Bay State League was enjoined by Justice Dewey in the fifth session of the Superior Court yesterday from paying or disposing of its property, and from collecting assessments on a suit brought by George A. Davis and 400 other matured certificate holders in the order.

It is alleged that the officers are not the legal officers of the corporation.

Ordered Verdict for Defendant.

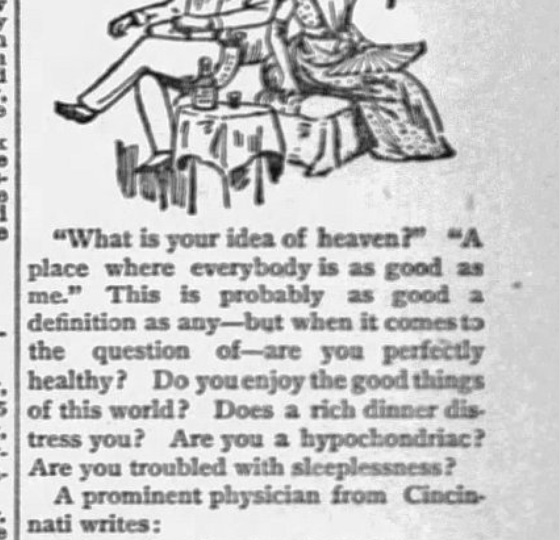
Judge Mason, in the fourth session of the Superior Court, yesterday, ordered a verdict for the defendant in the case of Charles Sullivan, administrator, vs. the Boston & Albany Railroad Company. The plaintiff sued to recover for fatal injuries to his 12-year-old son, who, when on one of defendant's sheds on Lehigh st., in search of a lost ball, had come in contact with an electric light wire, sustaining a shock that resulted in his death an hour later. It was alleged that an employe of the defendant permitted the boy to go on to the shed and that the company should have protected its wires.

Sent Back to Canada.

S. C. Wrightington, who is agent of the United States in the matter of returning emigrants not entitled to land, called at the office of United States Marshal Doherty yesterday and took away with him six of the French Canadians who were imported by Joseph M. Loucraft to work in the latter's brickyard at Bridgewater. They will be sent back to Canada today. The men were held by the marshal as witnesses.

Hodcarriers Strike.

WEYMOUTH, Mass., Nov. 16.—The hodcarriers on the new library building quit work this afternoon, owing to the employment of non-union men in putting up the staging. It is thought that the matter will be speedily adjusted and that the men will resume work tomorrow.



"What is your idea of heaven?" "A place where everybody is as good as me." This is probably as good a definition as any—but when it comes to the question of—are you perfectly healthy? Do you enjoy the good things of this world? Does a rich dinner distress you? Are you a hypochondriac? Are you troubled with sleeplessness?

A prominent physician from Cincinnati writes:

"My patient has just finished the last bottle of the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract with marked improvement. I can cheerfully say, it is all and more than you claim for it, for in my patient's case of dyspepsia nothing would remain on her stomach; hence there was extreme debility, she certainly could not have survived much longer.

"After taking the second bottle we could see quite an improvement. Her appetite became better, and she could retain food without distressing her. She feels—for the first time in six months that she has been in bed—that she will recover. It has certainly proved in her case a great boon. I can cheerfully endorse the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for all you claim, both in dyspepsia, anæmia, and kindred diseases. I will take great pleasure in recommending it to other practitioners and to my patients." Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, 6 Barclay St., New York. Look out for counterfeits. The genuine must have the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle.

Columbia Flour

Makes the DAILY BREAD of thousands of our best families. Every barrel warranted by

COBB, ALDRICH & CO.

FOR SPEED
In returns nothing equals the afternoon unclassified want ad., if you are in a hurry.

The Boston Daily Globe.

ALL THINGS COME
To him who waits, but a Globe want ad. will shorten the wait by a year or two.

VOL. XL.—NO. 140. BOSTON, TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, 1891.—TEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

COLOR STUDIES.

The 16th century was pre-eminently the "Age of Painting." It produced the four greatest painters—that is, managers of color — that the world has ever seen, to wit, Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio and Paul Veronese.

Named from the artist, Titian, because of its wonderful effects of light and shadow, our new Titian Velours in 18 different colors is a most splendid piece of inexpensive decorative fabric.

The material is pure linen, and it is admirably adapted for portieres. Among the new color-tones are Chamois, Fawn, Capucine, Ivory, Old Bronze, etc. We mention again that it is inexpensive.

This week we start Irish Point Curtains at $5 a pair. We have the most carefully selected line in Boston, advancing by easy gradations to $50 a pair. Some of these are of coffee color, with white flock flowers. We have them backed with lace or with Etamine, as preferred.

Customers of our Drapery Department can have our new Furniture Catalogue free of charge. If it is to be sent by mail enclose 10 cents for postage.

Paine's Furniture Co.
48 CANAL ST. { South Side Boston & Maine Depot.

REPUBLICANS AT SEA.

Hart May be Nominated in Union Hall Tonight—No Chairman Yet.

The Republican mayoralty convention will be held tonight in Union Hall, Boylston st., and by leading Republicans it is believed that Postmaster Hart will be nominated, although many are counting on Horace G. Allen of ward 21.

Bennett, say the local political wire pullers, is not in it, and of the two Brighton candidates Homer Rogers has the largest following.

Chairman Wilson, who has been running about seeking a candidate for chairman of the convention, has given up his chase.

"This will be the first Republican municipal convention held in Boston for years that has not been cut and dried beforehand," declared a well-known Republican politician to a GLOBE man today, "and nobody knows what will be the outcome."

(TRADE MARK.)

Two Hands
Are better than one, even on a bar of
Welcome Soap.
BUT, ONE bar of soap with the
Clasped Hands
On it is equal to TWO bars of cheap soap.

9th Annual Offer.

Thousands of our patrons stand ready to indorse the Reliability of our special offer.

AN ODD THING.

For the next 9 days we give a selected Vermont turkey with every range sold, together with a large package of Wm. G. Bell Company's celebrated poultry seasoning, that is guaranteed to make the best dressing in the world, to test the fine baking qualities of our ranges.

Order us to take your old stove in exchange for a modern range. We accept $1.00 per week thereafter until the balance is paid.

All kinds to choose from at lowest cash prices. Parlor stoves on the same terms and prices.

Economical housekeepers will appreciate the genuine bargains we are offering in Furniture and Carpets. To every one purchasing $100 worth or more we give a Cooking Range, or credit its value to their account. Old customers are not required to pay down any money in opening new accounts.

Send for illustrated catalogues, price list and descriptive circular of Robinson's Plan.

C. H. ROBINSON & CO.,
1 and 2 Dock Sq. and 140 Washington St.
The only equitable and co-operative house furnishers in New England.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

The BEST SHOE in the World for the Money.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, do you want a shoe that will WEAR WELL, LOOK WELL and give the best satisfaction? If you do, insist on having the W. L. Douglas Shoes at any of the prices named above. Every pair warranted, and name and price stamped on bottom, so you know just what you are getting.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you.

EXCLUSIVE BOSTON STORES.
51 HANOVER ST.,
420 WASHINGTON ST.,
2280 WASHINGTON ST.,
37 MAIN ST., Charlestown.
889 BROADWAY, S. Boston.
FACTORY, BROCKTON, MASS.
(1) ThStu a10

THE GLOBE EXTRA! 5 O'CLOCK.

MANTLE OF SHAME

Pathetic Tale of a High-Born Boston Tippler.

Curse to Family and Self, He Tries the Gold Cure.

Three Weeks Makes Him Indifferent to Whiskey.

Flask Stands on Dressing Table Untouched.

Keeley's Efforts for Weeping Wives and Wailing Babes.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Three weeks ago I came into this little village a hopeless, despairing drunkard.

Shame rested on me as a mantle.

I was the black sheep of an old and honorable Boston family.

For eight years I had been a confirmed inebriate, and nothing that I could do—for I was willing to reform, and keenly felt the reproach which I was bringing upon my family—seemed to touch my case or reach to the heart of my disease.

Three times I have gone voluntarily to the Worcester Lunatic Hospital, and once to the Westboro Insane Hospital.

Twice I have been an inmate of the Christian Home, in New York, and have vainly tried the "prayer cure," embraced in the so-called Bunting system at that place.

I have dallied with the influences of the Washingtonian Home in Boston and enjoyed the hospitalities of that quasi summer resort, the Fort Hamilton Home.

But all in vain.

The thirst, the allurement, the wild insanity of a drunkard's appetite never left me.

I have been safe behind high fences and grated windows for a time, but as soon as I have come out into the free world again it has been but to fall deeper into the mire of intoxication.

In a condition of body and in a frame of mind which it would take the pen of an Edgar Allan Poe to describe, I consented to come to White Plains and try the Keeley cure as a last resort.

It was a forlorn hope at best.

I had no faith that anything this side of suicide—a cure which I have also tried three times without success—would rid the world of that dark and miserable and

Worthless Identity Called Me.

The future loomed up before me as black and hopeless as if the decree of the day of judgment had been spoken against me.

I turned my back upon the mother, the sister and the wife whom I loved so dearly, yet was so powerless to honor, and I said to myself, "If this thing fails, I will never, as there is a God in heaven, darken their pathway again."

The rain was falling pitilessly as I stepped from the train into the darkness which enveloped the little railway station.

I had been seven hours without liquor and I was suffering an anguish unspeakable, for that morning had marked the end of a wild 48-hours' spree.

My companion hurried me into a carriage, and we drove post haste to the office of the Keeley institute, which is situated in a large, old-fashioned country mansion, once the property of the descendants of Alexander Hamilton.

I remember the lights in the village stores as they danced past the carriage windows, streaked with raindrops; they had a weird, elfin look, and it seemed to my bewildered brain as if I were in some infernal hobgoblin region, the inhabitants of which were having a wild saturnalia at my expense.

Horrid sounds roared in my ears.

I was almost in a delirium.

My one thought was to get liquor and drown in insensibility the madness which threatened to overwhelm me, as well as slake the raging thirst for alcohol which was gnawing at my throat.

I remember the quiet, self-possessed man of business who met me in the office.

He was evidently accustomed to meeting men in all stages of drunkenness.

"For God's sake," said I, "give me some whiskey!"

"Certainly," said he, with the utmost alacrity filling a graduating glass from a well-stocked cabinet,

Which I Drank at a Gulp.

It was good bourbon whiskey, and it ran through my racked and nerve-shattered system like a pleasant fire, and brought me temporary peace.

"I shall want some more pretty soon," I said.

"Very well, said my interlocutor, handing me a four ounce vial of the precious fluid.

"Understand one thing," said he, "we give our patients all the whiskey that they require, but they are not permitted to buy it at any of the village bars.

"We cannot treat a case intelligently unless we know just how much liquor he is drinking."

Well, the remembrance of that night is rather vague with me.

I drank the contents of the four-ounce phial soon after reaching my hotel and fell into a troubled sleep, full of vague visions that had no vivid meaning, but were full of woe and terror.

The whiskey had saved me from delirium, but I have since seen men and women, too, who got off less easily.

I was up betimes next morning and hurried to the institute to get my morning dram.

At 9 o'clock I went again and got another drink of whiskey.

At 11 I fell into the living line of patients which forms four times a day to take the hypodermic treatment, and felt that I was well rewarded when the doctor, without a word, passed me out another four-ounce bottle.

A strange road, indeed, to take for the haven of sobriety!

I was not a little surprised as I looked into the faces of the men, who, with their left arms bared, awaited the prick of the surgeon's needle, to see two men whom I well knew by sight.

One was a well-known member of the Massachusetts bar, a man of proud old puritan stock, who has achieved high fame as a pleader of rare ability; the other was a clergyman whose voice 10 years ago was heard in one of the proudest pulpits of Boston, but who has since been swept out of sight.

The Mad Passion of Drink.

The former had not yet lost caste, but had come to a realizing sense of his own danger in time to avert his fall. He was here under a fictitious name.

The latter had fallen so low that he seemed to be lost to all sense of shame, and he trailed his cloth in the mire of revolting confession with a delight that was almost a mania.

He loved to tell how he, a clergyman of the gospel, had rolled in the gutters, had appeared in the besotted ranks of the Police Court outcasts, and had drank cologne, bay rum, Jamaica ginger, and even raw spirits and wood alcohol, when he could get no more honest tipple.

He was as firm in the belief as I that he was past all human succor, but even he had not fallen so low as to be without friends, and they had brought him here, a not unwilling captive, because he had been told that whiskey was a part of the treatment.

In that long and patient line were men of goodly reputation, merchants and bankers, frisky young blades from the Wall st. brokers' offices, dissipated young collegians, the unfortunate sons of rich fathers, and men with whitened heads and bent with years and sorrow.

Here was a physician with a shining name, who for years had been a victim to morphia's curse.

Yonder stood a man of gigantic frame, well known to the habitues of the Hoffman House; chatting with him in gay spirits was a bright light in journalism.

And so they ran throughout the gamut of human life and enterprise, all bowed by a common burden, all seeking emancipation through Dr. Keeley's famous discovery.

It was easy to pick out the "graduating class" from the new-comers.

The former were in high spirits, the

Latter Brooded in Desperation.

Lines of suffering were deeply graven upon their faces—lines which sooner or later faded away as the fetters of appetite were stricken by the potent hand of the overmastering drug.

One could fairly see the transformation going on, it was so rapid and so certain.

With those who left off drinking within a day or two it came more quickly than to those who clung fondly to the bottle for a week or more.

I was of the latter kind.

It was not that I wished to drink, and clung to liquor as some men did, from sheer perversity of spirit, but because my system, not too strong in the beginning, had been weakened by excess, and claimed the artificial stimulus furnished by whiskey, and so it came to pass that for a week or more the chief aim of my life seemed to be to get as many of the amber-freighted bottles as the doctor would allow.

But there came a time at last when the liquor seemed to lose its power to charm.

Four times a day the modicum of that mysterious liquid known as bichlorate of gold was injected in my arm, and every two hours I drank of the bitter tonic which forms a part of the treatment.

Between the two my whole nature seemed to change.

My vision was impaired as if by belladonna.

The pupils of my eyes became abnormally large, and, when I tried to read or write, the letters danced before my eyes and made me giddy.

My memory grew confused and fits of elation and deep depression seized me alternately in rapid succession.

At times there were strange singings in my ears, and it seemed as if I were growing deaf; then the taste of whiskey began to grow repellant, and when I drank it I found that it had

Lost Its Power to Cheer

or steady me.

Through no virtue of my own—let me be honest in this confession—I suddenly stopped taking it.

The four-ounce bottle which I brought home that night remained untasted on my dressing table.

I have not had the slightest inclination to uncork it.

This is the experience of every "pupil" of the Keeley Institute.

To some it is long coming, but sooner or later the craving gives way to a feeling of utter indifference.

In the hotel where I am stopping we sit about in a room with a bar in it.

Men come in and take their various tipples, but the proceeding in no way interests the Keeleyites.

I never expected to live to see the day.

I cannot understand the subtle change which has come over me, but come it has, and I am filled with a solemn joy to think of it.

I had not got over the giddy blindness which accompanies the first week of treatment, when Dr. Keeley, who had just returned from England, paid us a visit at the White Plains branch of his institute.

He was a tall and kindly old man, full of sympathy and magnetism.

He took each one of us by the hand and gave us words of good cheer, and then he made a pleasant little speech, in the course of which he made clear some of the obscure features of his treatment.

He said that he could not insure success in all cases, for even when he had removed the appetite from some men they would, through weakness or through natural perversity, go back to liquor and again cultivate the craving from which they had been liberated.

He thought that 5 per cent. of all the cases treated would fully cover the proportion of failures.

One rule, he said, had been and always would be strictly adhered to.

No patient who deliberately returned to his sottish habits could ever again return to the protection of the Keeley Institute.

He ran no mere sobering-up establishment, and had sympathy for such a man, though his heart melted toward those who were victims of the dread disease of drunkenness.

The sunlight of publicity is on the Keeley cure.

Men come and go

Unfettered by a Single Chain

save that of good faith and honesty.

They are put upon their honor not to drink any liquor save that furnished by the institute, and to submit themselves to the simple and easy rules necessary to preserve good order in the village.

There are no high walls, nor grated windows, nor ignorant and dishonest keepers waiting with itching palm the bribe of some unruly prisoner.

The patients live in all parts of the village, at the hotels and in private boarding-houses.

They attend the sittings of the county court, take long drives over the beautiful Westchester hills, and often run down to New York unattended.

The stories of successes and of failures are told with equal freedom, and the causes of the latter are discussed intelligently, not only among the patients but with the officers of the institute as well.

There is no attempt at concealment, no glossing over of relapses.

We know that we are here upon a serious business, and no patient is discharged without receiving explicit instructions, which if obeyed will save him from a relapse.

Every day some fresh faced man drops off the train to shake hands with the doctor and give the boys a word of cheer from one who has tried the cure and found it not wanting.

Some of these men look on the institute as college boys do upon their alma mater.

They love it, for it has made them free men.

They speak its praises abroad, and often bring some beloved friend, sometimes a brother or a father, sometimes, alas, a wife or a sister, to share the benefits which have turned their lives from the blackest shadow to bright sunshine.

Among the number there are not a few of the sons of Massachusetts, and by God's grace I shall be one of them.

I have supped my fill of the farce of institutional methods, and I know that they are useless; but the Keeley cure is a genuine thing, and in the cause of a suffering humanity, for the sake of weeping wives and wailing babes, I beseech you to preach the gospel of it.

F. E. H.

MELLIN'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
TRADE MARK.
THE ONLY
Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk.
INVALUABLE
IN CHOLERA INFANTUM AND TEETHING.
A quickly assimilated Food for DYSPEPTICS, CONSUMPTIVES, CONVALESCENTS.
A PERFECT NUTRIENT in all wasting diseases
REQUIRES NO COOKING. KEEPS IN ALL CLIMATES.
SEND for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed free to any address.
DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Law Firm Assigns.

Baker & Curry, lawyers, Boston, have gone into insolvency. Herbert L. Baker and George E. Curry were formerly copartners under that firm name. Mr. Baker is at 146 Franklin st., and Mr. Curry at room 60 Equitable building.

Ten Colorado Prisoners Escaped.

TRINIDAD, Col., Nov. 17.—Ten prisoners escaped from the new county jail yesterday.

The ease with which they removed the west wall of the jail without detection in the night is a surprise to the contractors.

Lost

My taste for all ordinary brands of chewing tobacco. I have tried Five Brothers Plug and now have no use for any other.

FILTHY STREET.

Columbus Avenue Ends in a Dirt Heap.

Twenty-five Years, and Yet It is Not Completed.

Citizens Rise in Might for an Extension.

Future Boston Needs It for Business Use.

Nabobs Get All and Poor Get Left, Says Witness.

The board of street commissioners met in City Hall this morning at 11 o'clock and gave a public hearing to all interested in the extension of Columbus av.

Chairman Dore presided and all the commissioners were present.

J. B. Richardson said: "I have before had the honor to appear before you in the interest of a number of residents in that part of the city.

"Columbus av. runs from Park sq. to Berlin st., and when the project was started, some 25 years ago, it marked an era in Boston building. It is now one of our largest and finest avenues.

"At the inception of the plan it was understood that the road was eventually to be extended to Roxbury, but it never has been, and this breaking of the faith of the city towards the people has been the cause of the decline of the valuation of much property along its sides.

"This avenue is destined to become the greatest business street in the city.

"The extension will take the place to a great extent of Berlin st., and wipe out that alley which the board of health considers the worst street in the city. The extension will reach to Culvert st. and there join Tremont, where the latter is widest. This will relieve the narrow, crooked and totally inadequate Tremont st. of much of its traffic.

"The land in the neighborhood of Coventry and Berlin sts. is low and poorly drained, and, in fact, these streets have never been accepted by the city.

"The buildings there are poor, dilapidated and unfit for human habitation. The vicinity should be put into decent condition and give those householders some incentive to erect substantial buildings. Now is the appropriate time for this improvement, and the people of the city demand it."

Mr. Richardson then read petitions for this work to be done, signed by representative firms and individuals.

He said that this was no new thing. It had been projected 25 years ago and only covered a distance of one-third of a mile.

Among the names on the petition were those of nearly every large firm in the vicinity—C. U. Cotting, Isaac Fenno, the McCormack brewery, Charles H. Allen and P. R. Morse.

Col. T. F. Edmands said:

"One only needs to go to a ball game and try to get out through Berlin st. to see the condition of the ground in that vicinity.

It is Simply Filthy.

"I command a battalion of the State militia and the armory is on Albany st., so I have some sentimental feelings."

J. Otis Weatherbee said:

"We are to celebrate throughout the length and breadth of the land next year the great achievement of Columbus, and what have we here in Boston to commemorate this? Nothing but this great avenue, which begins so magnificently and ends in a dirt heap.

"Why not put a statue of Columbus where Lincoln's now is, and put the latter in Trinity sq.

"I hope to see the avenue completed under your instructions."

Charles A. Snow, who lives on Columbus av., said:

"I think that in justice to those who invested their money in land on this avenue 20 years ago that the improvement should be carried out.

"I think that the extension should be a straight one. We have enough streets in the city formed on the plan of Indian paths now. Whatever the added cost, I think that the city will get it back soon enough."

A Mr. French said: I have no personal interest in the street, but can see the necessity for this improvement. In the near future our greatest business houses will be in that part of the city.

"The growing city demands that the avenue ceases to be a cul de sac and have a broad outlet at Roxbury. Abutting land will immediately rise in value.

"I think that the strongest argument for this extension is the injustice which has been done the people who bought land there on the strength of the implied agreement of the city. I do not see why that should not now be accomplished."

A. H. Soden of base ball fame said:

"My partners have made no end of complaints in regard to the difficulty in getting to Columbus av. and taking the cars there. I know the condition of the land around the ball grounds, and that there is a great demand for the proposed improvement.

G. J. Bloom said:

"The trouble for the last 20 years why the avenue was not completed, I think, is because Commonwealth av. was

The Street of the Nabobs,

and they did not want their street contaminated with the presence of the poorer people from the northern end of it.

"This project should not be delayed five minutes. Take the bull by the horns at once. Save human life by obliterating the single hole of filth at its northern end. Why have you not done this before?"

"We could not," replied the chairman. "We did not have the money. We could not lay out the plans nor take a step in that direction without money. The city government must give us that first."

Councilman Lyons said:

"I knew that if the committee on finance would not report favorably on this matter we could not get money. I have tried to get back to the council for the purpose of getting on to that committee. I was successful, and the last report asked for $200,000 for Columbus av. But when it came to the vote for the money I found it a very different thing. One of the aldermen wanted $200,000 for Commonwealth av., and he got it. Finally they allowed me the same amount. You know the result in the city government, but I hope that what you do will be more successful than what I was able to do."

E. L. Dilloway said:

"My wonder is that this has not been done years ago, but I suppose that you could not get the money. I own $40,000 worth of property on the avenue, and get 6 per cent. on my money. I think with this extension that it would be much enhanced. It would open up the city in a direct line with Brookline, Dorchester and even as far as Dedham.

"It is a

Much Better Thoroughfare

for business than is Tremont st.

"The people along the way would willingly pay added taxes to get this extension.

"The impoverished city government should be arraigned before the people to ascertain why this has not been done."

Charles Murphy said:

"I delegate myself a champion of Roxbury. We want some attention paid to us. We have had little enough of it lately. We demand it now, and say to the city government that they must do at least this for us."

Mr. Eustis of Chester park said that he knew the filthiness of the end of the avenue and believed in the extension.

A Mr. Page knew of no other improvement which was more necessary than this. He wanted to see a straight extension carried out.

Samuel Taylor of Berlin st. and Mr. Casey, living on the same street, said that when they went there they expected the avenue to be put through. This is the reason the property there has been allowed to go to waste.

Horace S. Crowell, representing the Ford and Pope Manufacturing Companies, reiterated the feelings of the others, and said that it was absolutely a necessity.

Jesse Mason, real estate agent, said the district above the avenue was a filth hole, and should be wiped out. People had told him that they would erect four and five story buildings there if the avenue had an outlet. Stores would creep in fast and the whole city would be benefited; the highlands would be opened up and business flow in. He would advise the government to drop some of its other expenses and complete this. He thought $500,000 far too low an estimate of the increased value of property if this plan was carried out.

Mr. Donovan of Berlin st. said that an indignation meeting should be held against the city government and compel it to do this work.

A letter was read from John M. Clark, a large taxpayer, who regretted his inability to be present. He owns considerable property in the neighborhood and wrote that he was ready and willing to pay additional taxes for the

Benefit of the City as a Whole.

Mr. Roach also owns property in the northern neighborhood, first beyond Berlin st. He summarized the advantages under four heads: (1) Justice to those who purchased land there expecting the avenue to be extended: (2) sanitary reasons; (3) the general convenience to the whole of Boston, and (4) the great pecuniary gain to the city through increased taxes.

Miss K. E. Ayers, who owns property on Coventry st., described the bad conditions of things there and her trouble with the board of health which obliged her to expend more money than she could afford, considerably more than the rents she received.

Councilman Charles E. Pratt said that public interests demanded this extension.

Ex-Mayor Hart said:

"As to the question of completing, that should be done immediately. I think that this is the most important project that the city has before it today. If there is any more so, it is the widening of Kneeland st. But the details of how the avenue should be extended I have not considered."

Mr. Shea and Mr. J. W. Riley of Berlin st. spoke of how property there had been allowed to go to ruin in the expectation of soon having the avenue through. The board of health troubled the property holders a good deal. There was no drainage there, and the refuse was dumped in the street. No improvement could or would be made until this avenue was completed.

Jacob Bernhardt has a stable immediately on the line of the proposed extension. He built it but recently, and would of course have to move, but would willingly do this. He agreed with what the other speakers had said in regard to the advantages.

Mr. Richardson, the first speaker, closed the petitioners' presentation of their case by reiterating the advantages above stated.

Henry Aston and Louis Dreevenstedt were among the other speakers.

The chairman, when asked why this extension had never been completed said that he did not know. It all lay with the city government, and that as a rule did not give reasons for what it saw fit to do or not to do.

The informal hearing was then adjourned.

Sewer Contract Awarded.

The contract for building a wooden box outlet sewer in D and Anchor sts., South Boston, has been awarded to Aaron H. Hall for $12,667.50, which includes excavation, three manholes, and piling foundation. There were five other bidders.

GEN. BUTLER ILL

Abscess in His Ear Prevents Appearance in Court—Friends Said to be Alarmed.

Gen. Butler is ill.

He has an abscess in his ear, and his condition is such, it is understood, as to give serious alarm to his friends.

This morning the case of the C. F. Jewett Publishing Company vs. the general was called in the Supreme Court, the plaintiff having set the case down for a hearing upon a motion to amend the bill so that the court may assess damages in case it is found that Gen. Butler is liable for a breach of his contract with the Jewett Publishing Company.

Judge Lowell, who is one of the counsel for the defence, asked for a postponement on the ground that Gen. Butler's condition is such that he cannot appear.

It was stated to a reporter that the general has been confined to his bed for several days, and that his illness is serious at his advanced age.

Gen. Butler is Not Ill.

LOWELL, Mass., Nov. 17.—Paul Butler, Gen. Butler's son, denies the report of his father's illness.

OLD COUPLES' BAZAAR.

"Baby Cleveland Jackets" and Many Other Articles for Sale.

Crowds of visitors are admiring the many beautiful articles on sale at the bazaar in Horticultural Hall today, in aid of the Aged Couples' Home.

Mrs. Helen Crosby, the cashier, is kept busy changing silver and adding to the pile of checks of the hundreds of patrons who dine at the cafe.

Mrs. E. C. Anderson, Mrs. A. B. Wetherell and Mrs. R. D. Cushing are dispensing with a lavish hand rare delicacies that would tempt the most fastidious epicure.

The Misses Pickens, whose confectionery is delicious, are jubilant over the success of their table.

One of the most charming articles to be seen on the Park Street table is the "Baby Cleveland jacket," or, more properly speaking, jackets, as there are a large number of them.

Like their sweet little namesake, Ruth, they are very pretty and much sought after.

A solid silver chalice lined with gold and a silver rose bowl presented by Shreve, Crump & Low, are the chief attractions on trustee's table, No. 1.

On the home tables are woollen garments, aprons, sachet bags, bags for brushes, combs, scraps, slippers, etc., and aprons of every description.

The Misses Wilson and Mansfield preside over the floral stand, on which the gold-crowned chrysanthemum reigns in festal splendor.

There will be a good musical and literary entertainment this evening.

Millions Loss in Argentine.

ROSARIO, Argentina, Nov. 17.—The tornado which swept over Santa Fe province on Friday night, did greater damage to property and crops than was at first reported. It is now said that the number of persons killed is 10, and the number of wounded 70. Besides Arroyo Seco, several other villages in the vicinity of Rosario were destroyed. Wind and hail played havoc with the crops throughout the province. The losses, it is said, will mount up into the millions of dollars.

Street Laborer Run Over.

John Brennan, a laborer in the employ of the city street department, was at work on Beacon st. this morning, when he was struck by a team and knocked down. He received a severe injury to his left hip. He was sent to the City Hospital. He lives in Charlestown, off Sullivan st.

Dominion Wants a Fast Ocean Line.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 17.—The government has decided to offer an annual subsidy of $750,000 to secure a fast line steamship service between Halifax and a port in Great Britain, equal to any of the fast lines now sailing between New York and Great Britain.

Rev. William J. Licking in Town.

Rev. William J. Licking, C. SS. R., prefect of studies at the Redemptorist College at Ilchester, Md., is in Boston, and will remain for a few days as the guest of the Redemptorist Fathers, Roxbury, where he was formerly stationed for seven years.

AFTERNOON Unclassified Small Advs.

COAT FINISHERS wanted, Crystal Rock Pants Co. annex, 1213 Tremont st., Roxbury. 21* n18

PLUMBER wanted to do jobbing. H. B. MACCABEE, 54 Washington av., Chelsea. *

FINISHERS and painters wanted at POND DESK CO., cor. Causeway and Charlestown sts. Apply at Finishing Room. *

LADIES' solid gold Victoria watch chain, with charm, for 100 Savena face wrappers.

LATEST!

For Other Evening News See Second, Third, Fourth Fifth and Eighth Pages.

ALMY SOBS.

Convulsive Effect Tried on Plymouth Court.

Attorney Claims He Meant Murder.

Mrs. Warden Relates the Tragic Story.

Fannie Says Christie Feared the Man.

Victim Guarded Against Being Alone With Him.

New Proof that Almy is the Criminal Abbott.

Town of the Trial Talking of the Hanging in Effigy.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—A more dismal, gloomy and disagreeable day could hardly be imagined than was this the first of the trial of Frank C. Almy to determine the degree of his guilt in the murder of Christie Warden.

A heavy mist clung close to the ground in the early morning hours, and through it came a light rain that added another note of cheerlessness to the scene.

Later in the morning the mist lifted, but there was no break in the clouds which hid the tops of the hills and hung low over the valleys.

Such an outlook of wet and sodden grassland in the square, dripping trees and muddy streets as Almy could obtain from the windows of the room in the court house in which he had passed the night could hardly have had a cheering effect on his spirits.

The prisoner passed a quiet night, so those

FRANK C. ALMY.

guarding him say, and seemed very little troubled over his situation. He slept a good deal, but in this he was not followed to any extent by the officers.

There were few of them on duty, two in his room and two in an adjoining room, and although two of them

Might Have Slept

at any time, there was too much of a responsibility on their minds for them to woo the drowsy god with any flattering success.

It was not a pleasant night for the watchers, but when one is told by his superior officer, as were these men by Sheriff Brigham, that he is held personally responsible for the safe keeping of the prisoner, he is apt to exercise more than ordinary vigilance.

FANNY WARDEN, THE SISTER.

Almy's chances of escape from his guardians are really very small.

His reputation as a dangerous character, and the need of strictly holding so valuable a prize for justice, have caused unusual precautions to be taken, and the sheriff feels confident that he will land his prisoner safely in the State prison at Concord.

The good citizens of the town were early astir, and the first thing which met the eyes of those earliest abroad was the gruesome-looking effigy which swung across the main street in full view of the court, having been raised there as told in THE GLOBE of this morning.

From a line about half way up the two poles on which political banners are flung to the breeze in exciting campaign times, the figure hung dangling some 20 feet in the air.

It was not a bad imitation of the human figure, considering the hasty manner in which it must have been put together, while the placard on the back, with its warning inscriptions, could be plainly read, and left no doubt as to whom it was intended to represent. There was not the slightest clew, however, as to the agency by which it got in place.

The work had been quietly and quickly done, and the town watch were none the wiser for the attempt to show some one's feelings toward the prisoner.

In the court house, only a few hundred feet away, on the street, in private houses and at the hotel breakfast table, the hanging of Almy in effigy was the most absorbing topic of conversation, overshadowing even the interest in the trial itself.

While young people laughed, older people looked grave.

Impressions and opinions as to the affair and its possible outcome were, however, varied.

"I should say it was a pretty good expression of public sentiment," said a gentleman who has been somewhat prominent in the case, and is a friend of the Wardens.

A deputy sheriff who is known to be thoroughly convinced of Almy's guilt of wilful murder, was quite outspoken in his opinion.

"This is Only a Farce.

Had they taken the man out himself and hanged him it would have been better. As long as they were not going to do the real thing they might better have waited until the trial was over."

One gentleman suggested that the act might be construed as contempt of court, but there seems little fear that it will be regarded so seriously by the presiding justices.

What the judges really think would be known only if they should take action.

By some the act has been taken to mean that there is a sentiment behind it which really would hang the original were there a man bold enough to seriously propose a lynching and head a party to carry it out.

It is against probability that New England justice should be marred by importation of the ruder methods used in some Western localities

There are few fears of a miscarriage of justice in Almy's case.

His trial is not to be before a jury, whose personal feeling might enter largely into the result, but before two justices, whose impartiality as well as knowledge of the law is unquestioned, and who will assure to the prisoner that fair dealing to which even the vilest murderer is entitled under the law.

In connection with the suggestion of lynching Almy a good story is being told this morning.

A young man of this goodly town happened, late in the evening, to come across some of his friends, engaged in what seemed to him mysterious preparations.

To his eager inquiries the response was made that the crowd were going to lynch Almy and that now that he had found them out he must take part in the work.

Now the young man's ideas lay in the line of peace, so he suggested that he was fat and not a good runner. He'd better be left at home. To this his friends consented with apparent reluctance, and after being sworn to secrecy, the young man was permitted to return home.

It is almost needless to say that nothing serious was really meditated by the party perpetrating the joke.

Who took the effigy down was the question about 8 o'clock. It had come down

ANDREW H. WARDEN, THE FATHER.

with human assistance, but by just whose hand no one seemed to know. Down it was, however, and late risers heard only the story of what had been

Attorney-General Barnard said to a GLOBE man: "It's in rather bad taste, I think."

"Will it be as serious as contempt of court?" was asked him.

"Probably not so serious as that," was his reply. "I think the court will take no notice of the matter whatever."

In spite of the threatening weather the people gathered from far and near as the time for the trial approached, and the town put on an unwonted air of liveliness for this season of the year.

Never before had the little brick court house had so much attention paid to it, and never before had it seemed so small.

Yet it is large enough for all ordinary purposes, and its well-appointed and arranged court room might well be taken as a model by some Massachusetts court house constructors, against whom much complaint has recently been made.

Of spectators it will not hold a great many, possibly 200, but in other respects it is all right. Its acoustic properties are excellent.

Judge Doe is fond of fresh air. He is noted for avoiding useless delays in the proceedings of a trial. No mere legal quibbles are allowed to stop the wheels of justice while he is in charge, and he goes straight to the bottom of a disputed question with a clearness, quickness and certainty that leaves no room for argument.

He is a model presiding justice in these respects, and compels admiration for his

ALMY ON HIS COT, SURROUNDED BY HIS GUARDS IN THE SHERIFF'S ROOM.

CHRISTIE WARDEN.

abilities in spite of a personal appearance which is not quite the ideal judicial one.

Those looking for a speedy trial may be assured that there will be no delay on the part of Judge Doe. W. E. ROBINSON.

THAT ALMY MEANT MURDER

The Prosecuting Attorney Endeavors to Show the Court.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—The arched doorway of the little court house on the corner was jammed, crammed, packed full at 8 o'clock this morning, a full hour before the time announced for opening.

The crowd, which included in its ranks a Methodist minister and [illegible] completely covered the steps, [illegible] ran out and around the curve in the driveway to the thoroughfare.

In the window above sat Frank C. Almy, the murderer, who had pleaded guilty, his hair carefully brushed, and you could see the bit of white handkerchief sticking from the same coat pocket from whence it stuck yesterday.

He had passed a quiet night, and slept most of the time. So said the deputy sheriffs who guarded him so carefully.

Chief Justice Doe entered the court room at 8.45, carrying the usual green bag. He stopped a minute on his way to the bench

Continued on the Fourth Page

MRS. WARDEN, THE MOTHER.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances. Its success in quickly and permanently curing all forms of
Female Complaints
Is unparalleled in the history of medicine. Is almost infallible. Use it with confidence in cases of
Leucorrhœa, Bearing-down Feeling, Weak Back, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, and all Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb. It is invaluable to the Change of Life.
Dissolves and expels Tumors from the uterus at an early stage and checks any tendency to Cancerous Humor.
Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, Kidney Complaints and tones the Stomach.
All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Jordan, Marsh & Co.

OUR GREATEST SALE OF FUR-TRIMMED GARMENTS

IF YOU WANT ONE GET IT AT ONCE.

KRIMMER FUR.

Reefer Jackets, as per cut, with shawl collar and ornaments....... **$14.50**

BLACK CHEVIOT.

Reefer Jackets, as per cut fur trimmed, with ornaments......... **$8.75**

REEFER JACKET.

Tailor-Made Reefer Jacket, good quality diagonal cloth, full shawl collar and finest Russian Hare.... **$8.25**

COLORED SERGE SUIT.

A good quality Serge Suit, braided skirt and long coat basque........ **$14.00**

BLACK MARTEN

Trimmed Cheviot Reefer, with fur heads, a very stylish Jacket, fully worth $25.00............... **$19.50**

CASHMERE SUIT.

A Good Quality Colored Cashmere, trimmed with brocade silk, in brown, green, blue and gray, in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust.. **$10.50**

NOT FORGETTING
OUR OWN GREAT PRIZE MEDAL
$25.00 SEAL PLUSH SACQUE

UNTIL THE MAYOR INTERFERED.

Deer Island Truant School Matter Seemed Difficult of Settlement—Directors as Injured Innocents.

The board of directors of public institutions came in for some adverse criticism last night at a conference of the child-helping societies of the city, held at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

The commissioners were roundly scored for having, as was alleged, opposed and prevented the removal of the truant school from Deer Island, as contemplated by the Legislature in 1886.

Perhaps the general sentiment of the meeting was best voiced by Samuel Eliot, LL. D., who said that "the commissioners of public institutions are blamable for the delay, and he asked every one in the audience to use their influence either to force these officials to prompt action or to hurl them from their seats.

"The school board should thunder at the doors of City Hall until justice is done. Until this is done, Boston may better hide her head than pose as the leader and model of the universe."

The audience applauded the sentiments of the speaker, and left no doubt on the minds of those present that they were in accord with him on the subject.

The directors of public institutions, however, look on themselves as injured innocents in the matter, and say they are not responsible for the failure of the city government to remove the building to the mainland.

Dr. Jenks, chairman of the board, said today: "I have read the report of the gathering at the Y. M. C. A. rooms last night, and I think a sufficient answer may be found in the official documents relating to the truant school.

Chapter 282 of the acts of 1886, under which alone we can proceed, says in section 1: "The city of Boston shall forthwith, upon being requested thereto by the school committee of said city, establish on the mainland, at some place removed from institutions occupied by criminal or vicious persons, a parental school for the confinement, discipline and instruction of minor children convicted in the county of Suffolk under sections 10 and 12 of chapter 48 of the Public Statutes."

"That, you see," said the doctor, "throws the entire responsibility on the school committee, and the matter does not really come into our hands until the building is completed and ready for use.

Now, to show you that we have not lost sight of the matter, I need only refer you to our report for the year 1889, in which we said: "The removal of truant and reformation scholars from all association with adult criminals is, we believe, imperatively demanded by the dictates of humanity and an enlightened public sentiment, and when such changes are made much-needed room for the house of industry will be obtained."

We followed that up in 1890 by saying: "The recommendation made in the annual report of 1889, relating to the removal of the truant school to the mainland, in compliance with the provisions of chapter 282 of the acts of 1886, is renewed, as well as that concerning the house of reformation, with the hope that the city council will take early action."

"That, I think, shows how we stand on the matter," said Dr. Jenks, "and I don't believe it is necessary for me to say any more on the subject."

A prominent member of the school committee said: "The criticism last night was not meant so much for what the directors of public institutions did not do, as what they did do.

"A little over a year ago they went up to the Legislature and endeavored to have the act of 1886 so amended as to make it only compulsory to have the truant children separated from adult criminals, instead of from those scapegraces of 16 years, or thereabouts, who, we find by experience, are the worst for them to associate with. That is why they were denounced last night.

"We, of the school committee, have been endeavoring for three or four years to get an appropriation from the city government for the building of this school.

"We were unsuccessful until the present mayor made the recommendation that such an appropriation should be made, and a committee was appointed, of which Councilman Casey was one, to consider the matter, so that I think the matter is now in a fair way to be adjusted within a reasonable time.

"For that reason, I think that though the criticism of the board of public institutions at last evening's meeting was well meant, it was somewhat untimely just now."

From this it would appear that the cause of the friction is now in a fair way to be removed with the full concurrence of all the parties concerned.

Ask for Reduction of Taxes.

The State board of appeals gave a hearing at the State House today on petitions for the partial abatement of taxes of the Abbotts Menthol Plaster Company, Athol Machine Company, C. B. Cook Laundry Company, Davis Sulphur Ore Company, Drane Steam Pump Company, Durfee mills, L. M. Harris Manufacturing Company, Milford & Hopedale Steel Railway Company, Robeson mills, Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company, Springfield Printing and Binding Company, Springfield Wood Working Company, Sutton Manufacturing Company, Turner Falls Shoe Company, Union Street Railway Company, Wamsutta mills, Webster Electric Company, West Boylston Manufacturing Company, Whitefield mills, William Skinner Manufacturing Company, Worcester Fire Appliance Company. The board took the cases under advisement.

CASES IN ORDER.

Superior Court.

FIRST SESSION—BLODGETT, J.

1731—Rand vs. North.
2315—Silva vs. Williams.
2330—Kakas vs. Rogers.
2331—Same vs. same.
5347—Same vs. same.
Degnan vs. Stranahan.
806—Zinn vs. Rice.
1605—Colbert vs. Lewis.
1709—Baderschneider vs. West End R.
2513—Brett vs. Winnett.
2515—Reardon vs. Robinson.
2520—Dewar vs. Ingalls.
2522—Murray vs. Howard.
2524—Hill vs. West End R.
2529—Pierce vs. French.
2532—Wakefield vs. Baker.
2601—Cannon vs. Dimock.
2421—Badger vs. Lloyd.
2423—Purdy vs. Boston.
2624—Beauregard vs. Knowlton.
2626—Field vs. Old Colony R.
Highest number in order, 2626.

SECOND SESSION—BISHOP, J.

1065—Richardson vs. Roberts.
1935—Sheehan vs. Old Colony R. R.
1456—O'Connor vs. O'Connor.
2034—Pierce vs. Spofford.
2035—Same vs. Babbidge.
1857—Leydecker vs. Britnall.
1858—Same vs. city of Boston.
2060—Leavitt vs. Leavitt.
2064—Hanrahan vs. Con. & Mon. R.
2141—Kern vs. Lowell & Dracut St. R.
2158—McGowan vs. Old Colony R.
2160—Titcomb vs. Hall.
1850—Cox vs. city of Boston.
1940—Read vs. Foote.
2230—Lee vs. Gould & Watson Co.
2234—Noyes vs. Manning.
2235—Allen vs. city of Boston.
2236—Same vs. same.
2260—Hart vs. Costello.
2261—Fitzpatrick vs. B. & A. R. R.
2262—Wilmarth vs. Morrisey.
2263—Hamilton vs. Lynn & B. R. R.

THIRD SESSION—THOMPSON, J.

600—Hartford vs. Hayes.
1151—Hayes vs. Jackson.
2658—Hilton vs. Drew.
2663—Haverhill Iron Wks. vs. Potter-Lovell Co.
2590—Dean vs. American Legion of Honor.
2490—Nason vs. Black.
2736—Saville vs. Brooks.
2741—Morrison vs. Martin.
2172—Whittier Machine Co. vs. Blaisdell.
2487—Weil vs. Shedd.
2488—Danzig vs. Same.
1652—Pfeiffer vs. Bassett.
1867—Davis vs. West End R.
2642—Hill vs. McSoley.
Highest number in order, 2742.

FOURTH SESSION—MASON, C. J.

2294—Glancy vs. Bost. Gas Lt. Co.
2187—Lunny vs. Dandero.
1474—Skillings vs. Marcus.
2096—Connor vs. Merrill.
1700—Fernald vs. White.
2589—George vs. Pickering.
2595—Artistic Window Dec. Co. vs. Waiss.
2596—Holmes vs. Smith Amer. O. and P. Co.
2668—Boyd vs. George.
2669—Girard vs. Waldron.
1933—Hogan vs. Old Col. R.
2593—Sire vs. De Vito.
1994—Blaisdell vs. Mut. Res. Fund Assoc. of N.Y.
1995—Same vs. same.
391—Hosmer vs. Farmer.
490—DeLue vs. Johnson.
875—Carr vs. Pevear.
594—Butler vs. Fogg.
1168—Boche vs. Driscoll.
2374—Garst vs. Rose.
Highest number in order, 2669.

SOUTH BOSTON.

In the local court this morning, before Judge Burbank, William Harrington, for interfering with a fire alarm box at the corner of 4th and O sts., was fined $10.

Cornelius Ryan, charged with assault and battery on his wife, was sent to the house of industry for two months. He was also given eight months in the same institution for drunkenness.

Mr. William J. Sullivan has again declared himself a candidate for the Common Council from ward 13, and will be in the caucus tonight. Mr. Sullivan was born and has always lived in the banner ward. He has always figured prominently in politics, and has done good work.

The annual coffee party of SS. Peter and Paul's church, for the poor of the parish, will be held tonight in Odd Fellows' Hall. The grand march has been appointed for 9 o'clock and luncheon will be served at midnight. The festivities will continue until later.

Veteran Whaling Captain Dead.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17.—Capt. Joseph Sherman, an old whaling captain, aged 88, died of paralysis last night. He was a veteran of seven cruises, nearly all in the Pacific, and during the late war was captain of Brenton's reef lightship.

THE GLOBE EXTRA! 5 O'CLOCK.

72 HOMES GONE.

300 Persons Turned into the Street.

Four Inmates Overcome by Smoke Narrowly Escape.

Early Tenement House Fire in Brooklyn.

Total Loss Estimated at About $126,000.

Fire Raging in Business Part of St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Seventy-two families, numbering nearly 300 persons, were made homeless this morning by a fire which swept through a row of tall, double-frame tenements on the lower side of Nostrand av., between Park and Myrtle avs., Brooklyn.

Four persons were caught on the top floor of one house and overcome by smoke.

They were saved from death by the firemen, who lowered them to the ground with ropes.

The fire spread with startling rapidity, and in less than 10 minutes after it was discovered every house in the row was on fire.

There were nine houses altogether, beginning at 110 Nostrand av. and extending to 126.

Each house was four stories high and sheltered eight families.

The buildings adjoined each other with nothing between them except thin walls of brick and plaster.

It was 2.05 when the blaze was discovered.

A dozen persons were carried down the ladders in their night clothing.

Firemen went through the buildings in search of people who might have been left behind. None were found.

The fire was under control before 5 o'clock and was extinguished by 7 o'clock.

The loss on buildings and furnishings is placed at $126,000. The buildings were valued at $10,000 each, or $90,000 in all, and were only partly insured.

The loss on furniture is estimated by the police at $500 to each family. As there were 72 families in the buildings the total loss on furniture would be about $36,000, or a grand total of $126,000.

BIG FIRE IN ST. LOUIS.

Several of the Largest Business Houses Burning.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 17.—Sonnefeld's millinery, Penny & Gentle's dry goods, Crawford & Co.'s dry goods, and the Famous dry goods, the largest stores of the kind in the West and perhaps in the country, and those on Market are on fire.

The losses may reach $1,000,000.

Alarm Was Needless.

The alarm from box 8, at 7.53 o'clock this morning, was needless.

It was given by a citizen, who saw either smoke or steam issuing from an upper story of the building 108 and 110 Portland street.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

First Two Colors are John Craig's Whiskers, the Last Himself.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17.—John Craig, a young newspaper man who was recently appointed secretary of the California World's Fair commission, went to bed one day last week with a luxuriant growth of red whiskers and woke up with one side pure white.

He thought some one had played a practical joke on him, and altered the color with dye, but after shaving off the beard, out it came as before, half red and half white.

The only explanation of the curious change of color is Craig's mental worry for seven months over the failure of the State authorities to approve the appropriation for the World's Fair.

DIED IN HIS NATIVE TOWN.

Horace Walcott, Cashier of Concord National Bank, Passes Away.

AYER, Mass., Nov. 17.—Horace Walcott, cashier of the Concord National Bank, died at his residence on Lexington st. last night, after a brief illness, from heart failure.

Mr. Walcott was the son of the late Joel Walcott, and was born in Concord, 35 years ago. He has always lived in his native place. He was a graduate of the Concord high school, and for several years was a bookkeeper for a mercantile house in Boston. About eight years ago he entered the Concord National Bank as clerk, and on the death of Cashier Stone two years ago, he was promoted to fill the vacancy. He had been in failing health for a year past, and his death was not unexpected. Mr. Wolcott was a single man, and had always resided at the old homestead. He was a brother of Hon. Charles H. Wolcott of the State board of arbitration.

The funeral arrangements have not yet been perfected.

PROHIBS' CITY TICKET.

Shapleigh for Mayor and Whitcomb for Street Commissioner.

The Prohibitionists of Boston met at the rooms of the Prohibitory city committee last evening and voted to place a municipal ticket in the field, notwithstanding the probability that is staring them in the face that they may not be able to secure the placing of names of their candidates on the official ballot. This is the ticket:

For mayor—Samuel B. Shapleigh.

For street commissioner—Frederick G. Whitcomb.

For aldermen—District 1, Edwin M. Fales; District 2, Frederick B. Hall; district 3, Ivory M. Blood; District 4, Andrew Howes; district 5, William H. H. Bryant; district 6, no nomination made; district 7, Eben W. Blanchard; district 8, Bertrand R. T. Collins; district 9, George J. Henderson; district 10, Ezra T. McIntire; district 11, Charles L. Farrell; district 12, Rial B. Simonds.

The question of candidates for school committeemen was left to a committee composed of E. I. Aldrich, J. M. Marden, John H. North, Abijah Hall and J. W. Cameron.

Mr. Shapleigh, the mayoralty candidate, is a tea merchant, and was the candidate last year. Mr. Whitcomb, the candidate for street commissioner, is a bridge and wharf builder, living at 390 Meridian st., East Boston. He never has held public office or been a candidate before, and is about 50 years old.

Crushed by Bag of Beans.

While unloading a wagon at the North End this afternoon, Walter Hanford, in the employ of C. D. Cobb Brothers, had his left leg broken by a bag of beans falling on him. It is also feared he received internal injuries. He was removed to the City hospital.

ADAMSON'S Balsam prevents consumption.

ALMY SOBS.

Continued from the First Page.

to ask the newspaper men if they had plenty of room.

Some of the witnesses had already arrived, those for the prosecution sitting on one side, those for the defence on the other.

High Sheriff Brigham came in at 8.50, and directed the arrangements.

At 9 o'clock the little court room is chock full away up to the neck.

Three or four hundred people are sitting and standing outside the rail discussing the murder and subsequent events with animation.

Shortly after the hour named for the assembling of the court Almy came in, a little pale, but cool. He was seated, and again raised his game leg into an easy position in an armchair.

Chief Justice Doe has taken his place on the bench.

Attorney General Barnard turns up smiling after a refreshing sleep and deposits his papers and silk hat on the end of the long table nearest the witness stand.

He is now chatting with that shrewd lawyer, senior counsel for the defence, who must have been up late, though he doesn't show it, for the lights were burning after midnight in his office, near the Court House.

Under the superintendence of County Solicitor Mitchell, a huge map of the

Scene of the Murder,

that lonely road from Hanover town to the Warden residence, showing the bars where Almy dragged Christie from the side of her sister and mother, is put up on a big easel.

Court is called to order at 9.06.

Judge Allen is at the chief justice's side now,

"Keep as quiet as possible," said the sheriff.

In an instant County Solicitor Mitchell was on his feet, and began his statement of the case for the State.

He launched right into the case.

He declared that the indictment against Frank C. Almy was for murder; that the only question to be decided was whether the murder was done deliberately and with premeditation.

He went over the story of the Warden

HON. DANIEL BARNARD,
Attorney-General.

family, of the defendant and of the crime, beginning away back at the time Almy was hired to work on the Warden farm, July 11, 1890.

He pointed out the eminent respectability of the family and the pure character of Christie.

Then he sketched the life of the murdered girl.

The Warden family, including Christie, feared Almy. Christie attempted to avoid him. Almy had a revolver; said it wasn't large enough; wanted one which would kill sure.

The solicitor told how the murderer began to pay attentions to Christie Nov. 8, 1890, at Charlie Hewitt's party; told how when Kellogg was going to the Odd Fellows' party with the girl Almy declared, "Kellogg can go to the devil; if any one is going with Christie I am."

She refused to go with defendant. She told him he was no gentleman to act so.

She told a friend that she was afraid Almy would do something desperate.

Chief Justice Doe interrupted, declaring that on the face of it such a statement was inadmissable, not being made in the presence of the defendant.

The county solicitor continued, saying he would show that at that party Almy wrote on a programme two numbers, which are

The Very Numbers

which are upon the two revolvers which he used to kill Christie.

Almy was, said the speaker, jealous of Prof. Pattee.

"When Christie made the defendant a Christmas present he threw it back, saying he accepted no presents from slaves of others.

"Almy repented later that night, and told Mrs. Warden so. He told her he had gone so far as to threaten Christie.

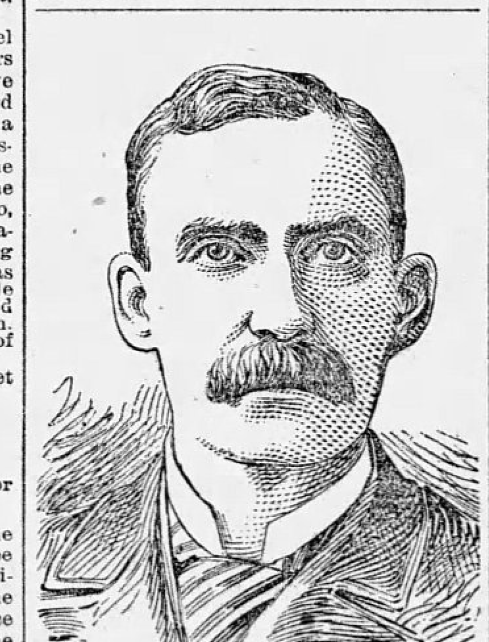
"We shall show threats which were carried out July 17.

"We shall show Almy lurking about the house of Prof. Pattee.

"We shall show that Almy deliberately intended to decoy the girl.

"We find Almy at Springfield, April 4, purchasing revolvers under an assumed name, and saying he wanted them to kill big game.

"June 19 and 21, Myra Warden saw Almy peering into the windows of the homestead.



COL. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL,
County solicitor, assistant in the prosecution, and the man to whom Almy surrendered at the Warden barn.
[From photograph by H. S. Heath.]

He had a full beard. Shaving utensils were found in Almy's nest in the barn."

The scenes of the night of the murder were graphically described.

Christie, when found dead, had a bullet in her brain and a bullet in her back. Her wrists, neck and face were bruised and torn.

The struggle had been a fearful one.

Almy fled; Almy defied the officers of the law.

The State will endeavor to show he is guilty of deliberate, premeditated murder.

Judges and lawyers then examined the map of the scene of the murder.

The witnesses for the State are here, and were sworn in a body.

There were some 50 of them.

Chief Justice Doe then began to examine Mrs. Warden, a little woman in mourning,

NEW Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont.

who sat in the front row of witnesses, next to her husband.

She told her story of the meeting on the road the night of the murder, when Almy

Put His Arm Around Christie

and said: "I have come 1000 miles to see Christie, and I'm going to see her."

He then drew a revolver.

Cross-examined by Mr. Burleigh—Almy didn't seem to be excited; he seemed to be determined.

"I did not take hold of Christie to get her away from Almy. I didn't see Fannie do it.

"Almy said to Fannie, 'I hate you.' Fannie replied, 'I know it, Frank, but don't harm

HON. ALVIN BURLEIGH,
Almy's counsel.

Christie.' Fannie also said, 'Be a gentleman, Frank.'

"Heard three shots after I started to run. I heard two more later.

"Almy seemed to admire Christie. He passed food at the table, and served her first and best. He would wear the flowers she liked.

"They did not weed pansy beds together or go out together to gather flowers—not to my knowledge.

"Showed little courtesies to all. I don't know as he did any more for Christie than for the rest.

"He used to praise her cooking. He did not give her presents.

"I believe when she returned from Manchester there were flowers for Christie from Almy, but they were not received with any gratification. The flowers were on the table, but not beside Christie's plate. Fannie did not in fun cut out paper flowers and place them beside her (Fannie's) plate."

"Almy helped Christie fry griddle cakes a very few times."

The murderer, who sits beside his counsel, has burst into tears as Mrs. Warden tells of Christie, of the flowers and of the griddle cakes. His face is buried in his handkerchief, and you can see his form

Shake Convulsively as He Sobs.

Did he have a sort of passion for the girl, or is he up to his old, old game, that of shamming?

Now he is quieting down, and sadly rests his head on one hand and gazes vacantly at the floor.

Mrs. Warden is still telling her story: "It is the custom of our family to give Christmas presents, so Christie gave one to Almy.

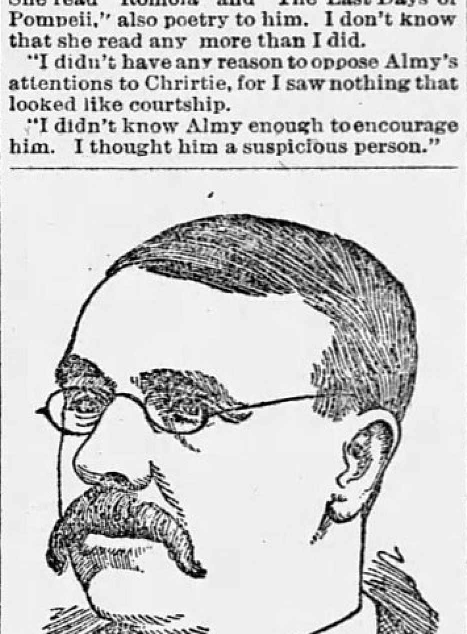
That heavy wedding ring Almy had on his hand he said he got by swapping a revolver.

At Christmas Almy gave Christie an easel and something to turn fritters.

Evenings were spent by Christie and Almy in the presence of the family. There was reading. She read "Romola" and "The Last Days of Pompeii," also poetry to him. I don't know that she read any more than I did.

"I didn't have any reason to oppose Almy's attentions to Chrirtie, for I saw nothing that looked like courtship.

"I didn't know Almy enough to encourage him. I thought him a suspicious person."



COL. JOSEPH G. STORY,
Assistant Counsel for Almy.

Fannie Warden, in plain black, was the next witness.

Fannie went over the story told by her mother concerning the night of the murder.

"I heard five shots; three were fired at me the other two were

Fired at Christie,

as there was no one else present at whom they could have been aimed.

"After Christie was dragged through the bars and cried for help I hastened into the pasture. It was then he fired at me.

"When I found Christie dead in the hollow she was alone. Almy had fled.

"Her clothing was torn, and her head lay in a pool."

County Solicitor Mitchell then held up to view the tattered piece of Christie's white dress, torn from her body at the time of the killing. Fannie identified it.

Cross-examination of Fannie—"I knew when Almy met us he was determined to do something; I was afraid.

"I heard no unkind things said to Almy that night.

"Almy said he'd shoot me if I interfered. I don't know as he was excited, but he said it so I knew he meant it.

"He was pulling her as he went over the brook. Fired two shots at me before he crossed the brook.

"He fired the third at me after crossing.

"There was nobody on the knoll the other side of the water at that time.

"I remember seven shots.

"Almy always praised Christie's cooking. He didn't like mine.

"She used to play everything on the piano. I don't know as she played his favorite airs."

"Yes, he liked 'The Mocking Bird.'"

"Yes, she played it, I guess, but not just because he was around."

"These flowers of Almy's were on the table in the middle, not by Christie's plate?"

"Yes. I had a paper flower which I produced in sarcasm."

"No, I didn't like Almy. I think he always knew what I thought of him. I intended he should.

"I have heard

Christie Express Hostility

to Almy.

"At the last she wanted me to be with her. She didn't want to get him angry.

"Mother didn't go to bed and leave Frank and Christie sitting up.

"By Christie's request, she was never left there alone with him.

"I showed my disgust for Almy. My parents, I thought, disliked him.

"Once he tried to get in favor with the whole family. Then we thought a good deal more of him than afterwards. Then he tried to get into the good graces of Christie.

"He had a revolver. He used to say he came from the South, and they carry revolvers down there. I never saw a revolver under his pillow. I only remember shooting once. We all shot from the porch, just to try it.

"I couldn't tell whether the revolver was self-cocking or not. I don't know anything about firearms."

Rap! rap! rap! went the sheriff's gavel.

The crowd, boxed up, iron bound and nailed all around, squeezed almost to death, are getting a bit uneasy.

The women especially are tired of standing, but they can't get out or fall down; nothing to do but stand just where they are.

The rain is falling outside. Now and then a flash of sunlight breaks through the clouds, and the rays brighten up the gloomy scene, even putting a little color into the murderer's pallid face.

Almy still sits with bowed head, and only raising it to speak to his counsel.

Fannie is now saying that she thinks Almy always intruded himself on her sister Christie.

"I have seen a copy of the letter Christie sent Almy from Manchester. She copied it herself and sent it home.

"Christie Never Gave Him

a picture of herself. Almy never had my picture.

"Yes, I'm sure he didn't.

"What he did have was a picture of Christie and Myra which he stole from the house.

Fannie was done testifying at 11.45.

Miss Goodell, who accompanied the Wardens home on that bloody night, was called, but answered only two or three questions.

Young Marshall told how he reached the scene of the murder.

The body was still warm. Part of the dress, torn off, lay at some distance from the body. No one had touched the remains. He heard two shots in quick succession. Then a third.

"I supposed they were fired at me. When I found the body its feet were crossed. I don't think any one had touched it except Almy.

Cross-examination—"I heard the cries of Mrs. Warden. I heard no talk of killing Almy.

"I don't know whom the shots were fired at, but supposed then they were meant for me.

"Didn't hear Almy speak."

Mr. Scott testified:

"I saw Marshall running and I says, says I, 'What's agoing on?' He says, says he, 'There's a man down there trying to kill two women?'"

Witness went down and met Fannie at the bars.

"She told me Almy was killing her sister down in the ravine. I could not remember Almy at first.

"On I went. First I saw a bit of white, that piece of dress. I said, as I found in the bushes a skirt and a dress, 'She can't be far off.'

"The clothing was 20 feet from the body.

"When I found Christie she was dead. I could see blood and a little mud on the clothing.

David Felton, policeman, told how the body lay. The feet were crossed. They looked as if arranged. The clothing of the limbs was disturbed or off. "I didn't see any clothing not on the body."

The court adjourned until 2 o'clock.

"Let the house be cleared at once," exclaimed Justice Doe, and cleared it was.

"I SAW ABBOTT'S FACE."

Invalid Cried Out at Figure in the Window.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—This strange story has been told a New Hampshire newspaper man, and queer as it is, it is partial proof that Almy is Abbott. Its truth is vouched for:

"Mrs. William Bond lived with her husband in the house in which once resided Israel Abbott. It is located in Ely, formerly known as Fairlee, Vt.

In this same house George H. Abbott lived when a boy with his uncle, and this was the last place he was ever privileged to call home, unless he might thus designate his cave and hut in the mountains or his various cells in different prisons.

Mrs. Bond has been an invalid for many years, and was never acquainted with George H. Abbott, nor did she know of his career as an outlaw about that part of the country except as she had heard it from the people who belonged thereabout.

She had never, up to the date about to be mentioned, in any way been led to connect George H. Abbott with the Frank C. Almy who murdered Christie Warden in Hanover and then entirely disappeared to all intents and purposes.

No one in Vermont had at that time connected the two villians in any way whatsoever.

And therein comes the mystery of what she saw, and thereby, too, hangs proof that Almy is Abbott.

Almy was captured in the Warden barn, Aug. 20.

On the evening of Aug. 17 Mrs. Bond was feeling much worse in her home, 12 miles away from that barn.

Neighbors were there to offer the family any assistance in their power.

As they sat about the comfortable sitting-room at 9 o'clock, Mrs. Bond spoke from her couch and said: "George Abbott is outside this house; I just saw his face at the window."

A noise was heard by the others as of some one walking about the yard, but a short search failed to reveal anything, and the company soon dispersed, after coming to the conclusion that the invalid lady was certainly mistaken, as Abbott had not been heard from since he escaped from Windsor State prison and left that part of the country.

But when, a few days later, Almy was captured in so dramatic a manner, these same people bethought themselves of the words of the sick woman, and from that began the belief that the murderer of the Hanover lady was none other than George H. Abbott, the Vermont outlaw.

Having taken many other trips the fiend, hiding from justice, had at last at this day concluded to visit, under cover of darkness, the scenes of his boyhood days; scenes wherein he figured as the boy terror, the thief, and finally the cave-dwelling outlaw; scenes to which he now returned a blood-stained murderer; scenes which echoed the cry of terror that escaped from the lips of the victims of his fiendish rage; scenes which seemed doomed to echo the death groans of the coward whose last moments on earth are likely to be passed on the scaffold.

IF ALMY TESTIFIES

The Government Will Try to Show That He is Criminal Abbott.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—If Frank C. Almy, the defendant in this murder trial, takes the witness stand to tell his tale of the killing of Christie, with a view to winning the mercy of the court, the attorney-general will undoubtedly call witnesses to prove that the prisoner at the bar is none other than George H. Abbot, thief ever since he was a boy, later convict, then a refugee from justice, and last and blackest a murderer.

That Almy is Abbott has been proven beyond a doubt, it would seem. Two doctors have proved the scars so long looked for, which, it was thought, the original Abbott would bear. An uncle of Abbott told a conductor on the Canadian Pacific only the other day that he identified fully Almy as his nephew. Capt. Wadsworth, the Manchester jailer, says it is a fact.

All these identifications are recent, and to back them up are the statements of officials published in THE GLOBE weeks ago. Officers who had Abbott in custody know him thoroughly.

This thorough identification may have influenced Almy in pleading guilty. He probably feared less the effect of his career as Abbott the criminal upon the judges than he would upon a jury.

DECISION COMING SOON.

Speedy Conclusion Expected of the Almy Murder Trial.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—Just as soon as the noon recess was taken a GLOBE reporter asked Atty.-Gen. Barnard what his plans were for the rest of the day. He replied:

"After dinner we will call the doctors and they are the most important witnesses left. It looks as if the case would be cleared up very quickly."

Judging from the celerity of this forenoon the brevity of the testimony and this statement of the attorney-general, it would not

But isn't it higher in price than the others?

H.-O.

Don't ask the question. There are no others.

be surprising if the case came to an end and a verdict almost any time.

Of course the defence will be heard, but it doesn't seem possible that they will need any extended time.

ONLY FROLICKING ZEPHYRS.

The Wind Bowling Along 40 Miles an Hour—Will Need Mufflers Tomorrow—Charles River Crowned With White Caps.

"Wind," said Sergt. Smith of the weather bureau, "well, I should say so. We can give you all you want of that commodity right up here.

From the other stations we have not heard since morning at 8 o'clock, of course. At that time the wind was not so very heavy, and the heaviest station was New York city, with the wind at 36 miles an hour. Yes, that is a very fair sailing breeze, but nothing alarming.

"Now, at 1 o'clock the wind here is between 36 and 40 miles an hour. It has been rising ever since morning, and now it is as I have told you, a pretty stiff wind."

"How long do you think it will blow this way?"

"Well, it will probably die down this afternoon with the day. It will be much colder tonight, and tomorrow at this time everybody will want to wear the thickest clothing he can get. I don't mean that it will be zero weather or anything of the kind. It will be between 20 and 10 degrees above zero. The cold wave they have been having in the West has gone too far south to reach us with much strength left.

"At Texas, this morning, it was way below the freezing point."

The polling booths on St. Botolph st. and at the corner of Dartmouth and Marlboro sts. were unroofed and several persons barely escaped with their lives.

The high board fence surrounding the Huntington Avenue Amphitheatre, where Pompeii fell every night last summer, came down last night with a mighty crash. A portion of the fence struck a lady who was passing, badly injuring her. The lady's name and the extent of her injuries could not be learned at the time of writing.

A large sign on a high building near the corner of Washington and Dover sts. was blown down, and in its fall it struck an unknown man on the head badly injuring him. He was taken to the City Hospital in the patrol wagon of division 5.

WAVES LASHED INTO FOAM.

Charles River Full of White Caps—Electrics Running on Time.

Along the Charles the wind and waves are having a great frolic today. The gusts of wind are puffing across the land-locked harbor between Boston and Cambridge, and making eddies and whirls with a brisk chop.

The wires for the electric cars are not disturbed as yet, but the wind is whistling through them, and the singing can be heard far away.

It seems as though the wires must come down before long unless the wind abates, and then the people who ride on the cars will begin to appreciate that a gale is blowing.

There are some troubles for the electric cars, however: if the wires have been spared the trees have not, and a dead branch is occasionally dropped on the roof of some passing car.

Then everybody jumps. The motor man jabs the handle around and shuts off the power. The conductor grabs for the line attached to the pole which reaches to the wire, and the passengers move for the door.

Thump, thump goes the branch on the roof, and thump, thump go the hearts of the people on the car until the piece of wood drops to the ground and every one appreciates that he has been frightened at nothing.

But the wind is having the best time with the water. The tide was unusually high this noon, and as the waves sailed towards the West Boston bridge, they were caught by the breeze and dashed into spray.

Pedestrians and riders, too, were compelled to go through a shower of wet, and the sidewalks were muddy and damp.

Down under the bridge, where repairs are being made, the waves are swashing about the new timbers and have compelled the workmen to rest for a time.

A large part of the "dump" near the belt line railroad track has been washed away, and the little hut on it has been tipped over on its side. The street is filled with flying papers, and looks as though a cyclone had just passed along.

He is a lucky man who has not lost his hat at least once, and the marks of mud are being carried about on many heads.

Butchers' and bakers' signs have been blowing about the street, and everything seems demoralized.

Court Street Canyon is a favorite resort for the wind, too; there the smoke is whirling about the high building, and the passers-by are holding on their hats.

The velocity of the wind is between 30 and 40 miles an hour. It seems to blow just as hard as ever, and the chances are that it will bring us cold weather.

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

Inspection of John Goodwin, Jr., Post, 82, G. A. R.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Nov. 17.—Last night the annual inspection of John Goodwin, Jr., Post, 82, took place in their headquarters in Gregory building.

Inspecting Officer A. J. Winchester of Gloucester found the post in excellent condition, and after the usual exercises the members marched to Mugford Hall, where a banquet was in readiness.

Commander Noyes, after the welcoming speech, introduced Adjt. Joseph R. Graves as toastmaster of the evening.

The first toast was, "To the Greatest Country on Earth," and called upon Hon. Samuel Roads, Jr., to respond. When the genial private secretary arose he received a perfect ovation, and after thanking the gathering, spoke for 15 minutes upon the patriotism of Marblehead companies, as shown in Gov. Andrews' letters during the war.

A quartet, composed of Andrew Leavitt, Jr., Arthur Thrasher, T. D. Snow and Isaac Collyer, rendered "Darling Clo." "The State of Massachusetts" was spoken for by Representative H. C. Sparhawk. Comrade Burnham of Essex gave a recitation, "Sherman's March," and to the "Good Old Town of Marblehead" Thomas Swasey responded. "Our flag, the prettiest in the known world," was upheld by Rev. John L. Egbert, who was followed by a musical trio, composed of Andrew N. Stone, Frank Lamson and Frank Lancy. Rev. Frederick Priest answered to the toast, "The ministry—what would the States do without them?" and Frank L. Keith spoke for the free public schools.

Several others responded to toasts, there was some excellent vocal and instrumental music sandwiched in between the speeches, and the entire evening was a most enjoyable one.

The financial standing of the post was found to be very good, and the inspecting officer's report will be entirely favorable to Post 82.

CAMBRIDGE.

In the Superior Civil Court at East Cambridge, before Judge Aldrich, this morning, the case of Bickford vs. Richards was finished and the jury went out.

In the Superior Criminal Court, before Judge Brayley, Thomas Lennon was found guilty of maintaining a liquor nuisance, and his sentence was deferred.

The case of C. C. Buckley of Malden, charged with maintaining a liquor nuisance, was opened before Judge Brayley, in the Superior Criminal Court.

A wedding was solemnized this noon in the Shepherd Memorial church on Garden st. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, potted plants, ferns and palms. Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Roberts, was married to Mr. George Trumbull Hartshorn. Miss Fannie Roberts, a sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. There were many guests present from Boston and the suburbs.

Waiters' Jackets.

Black Alpaca, lined and unlined; Black Serge, lined; Black Broadcloth, White Drill Jackets. All these garments for waiters are from $1.00 to $6.00. Cooks' Jackets, $1.00. All sizes, 35 to 44.

This 17th day of November, for the benefit of our Thanksgiving trade, we offer the best bargains of the season in EVERY DEPARTMENT. If you have Men's or Boys' clothing of any description to purchase, it will give us pleasure to exhibit our stock.

Oak Hall, Boston,
32 to 44 North Street.
G. W. SIMMONS & CO.,

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A Kingly Organist, Poet and Scholar—King Oscar, the Most Talented Monarch in Europe—Unwarranted Titles to English Nobility.

The most talented monarch on any European throne at the present moment is undoubtedly King Oscar of Sweden.

Unlike the ex-Emperor of Brazil, whose knowledge, although embracing a vast amount of different subjects, is of the most superficial nature, that of His Swedish Majesty is of a far more serious and profound character.

He is a singularly graceful poet, and has written quite a number of plays which have been staged with considerable success in Germany and Austria.

Astronomy, ethnography and psychology are among the sciences to which he devotes much of his time and intellect, and he finds relaxation in playing upon the organ, an instrument of which he is a master.

He towers head and shoulders above every other monarch in Europe, being taller than the Czar, and, unlike the latter, is magnificently proportioned, without one ounce of superfluous tissue upon his body.

He is indeed a superb specimen of the stronger sex and a worthy incumbent of the throne of the ancient Vikings who ruled Scandinavia.

Curiously enough, it is the most radical of English aristocrats, namely, Mr. Labouchere, the editor and proprietor of London Truth, who is primarily responsible for the existence of many of these unwarranted titles of nobility.

While in the diplomatic service as attaché and secretary of legation it was his duty to attend to the issue of British passports.

Having already in those days a cynical contempt for titles and nobility distinctions, he readily inscribed on the passports whatever names and titles the applicants requested, without questioning in any way their identity or their rights to the title.

"It gave them pleasure," he explains, "and it hurt no one."

Funeral expenses for the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia amounted to a quarter million dollars.

Lewis V. Bogy, a clerk in the pension office, has been dismissed for having written and published a novel reflecting harshly upon the social and official life of Washington.

Princess Kaiulani will complete her studies at Wellesley College.

Napoleon at 25 commanded the army of Italy. At 30 he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great lawgivers of the world. At 46 he saw Waterloo.

Rumor is again connecting the name of the Princess Stephanie, widow of Prince Rudolph, with that of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It is said that the consent of Francis Joseph is all that is lacking to their betrothal. Princess Stephanie herself thinks that she ought to remain in retirement a while longer for her late husband, who died less than a year ago.

Inspector of Emigration Elliot and Surgeon [illegible] are in Washington in consultation with Supt. [illegible]ner in regard to the proposed quarantine station [illegible] Portland.

Sir James Crichton Brown says a good many men nowadays die of old age between 45 and 50.

Walter Besant declares of dancing: "It is the most innocent of all amusements, and to the young the most delightful."

Many people who stigmatize dancing as immoral lose sight of the fact that it had its origin in the religious festivals of the ancients.

Phillips' Digestible Cocoa. An efficacious drink for dyspeptics.

COUGHS from colds. Consumption and other lung troubles from coughs. Cure yours with Piso's Cure for Consumption. Druggists. 25c.

THE residents of Boston should read the circulars on Ayer's Hygienic substitute for Coffee, which they will receive by mail.

BE SURE and use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

GOOD judges smoke the 7-20-4 cigar.

MAGEE'S Emulsion OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

IN COMBINATION WITH

EXTRACT OF MALT

AND COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, (LIME & SODA.)

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR

PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, and GENERAL DEBILITY.

Easy to take. Does not produce Nausea and is easily assimilated. Thousands of PHYSICIANS use it and say it is the

BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.

Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.

MAGEE EMULSION CO., Manufacturers,
LAWRENCE, MASS.; TORONTO, CANADA.

No Can't About This.

There is no "something for nothing" double in ten days' investment. It is a Life Ins. Co. Forty-two years in business, with an open record, where you can pay a proper sum and have proper security so your family may have proper compensation if your continued life and service is denied them. Will you call and investigate, or investigate then call. NAT'L LIFE INS. CO., J. [illegible], State Agt., 159 Dev., Boston.

FOR SPEED
In returns nothing equals the afternoon unclassified want ad., if you are in a hurry.

The Boston Daily Globe.

ALL THINGS COME
To him who waits, but a Globe want ad. will shorten the wait by a year or two.

VOL. XL.—NO. 141. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1891.—TEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

Chase and Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Java and Mocha—justly called "The Aristocratic Coffee of America." This is the Coffee served in the Japanese Garden at the Pure Food Exhibition. Always packed whole roasted (unground) in 2 lb. air-tight cans. You can get free 24 beautiful photographs of Eastern Life. Address, CHASE & SANBORN, Boston, Mass.

BROKE WORLD'S STALLION RECORD.

Palo Alto Makes a Mile Without a Skip in 2.08 3-4 — His Stable Holds All Records.

STOCKTON, Cal., Nov. 17.—Marvin drove Palo Alto in 2.08¾ today, breaking the world's stallion record and winning for the Palo Alto stable all records of the world. The horse made the mile without a skip, breaking after he passed the finish. His quarters were 31¾, 1.03½, 1.36½, 2.08¾.

Palo Alto is a beautiful bay, foaled in 1882 at the Palo Alto stock farm, Menlo Park, Cal. He is owned by Leland Stanford.

He is by Electioneer, dam Dame Winnie (running breed), by Planet, son of Rosebrunne; grand dam by Liz Mardis, by Glencoe, son of Sultan; great grand dam Fanny G., by Margrave. As early as 1887 Palo Alto had a mark of 2.20½.

New Mark for Four-Year-Olds.

STOCKTON, Cal., Nov. 17.—A. Durfee's 4-year-old stallion McKinney, by Alcyon, trotted against his record of 2.17 here today, and made a record of 2.12½, beating the 4-year-old stallion record.

Florence Holding His Own.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., Nov. 17.—The physicians attending Mr. W. J. Florence issued this bulletin tonight: "10.30 p. m. Mr. Florence is not only holding his own, but his condition has somewhat improved during the day." The doctors say, however, that despite the improvement the condition of the patient is still critical.

Boston Man Married in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 17.—Society circles of Boston and Baltimore were well represented here today at the wedding of Mr. Eben Sutton of Boston and Miss Hannah McAtee, the daughter of Walter B. McAtee of this city.

Bell-Cap-Sic Plasters Are the Best.

All Druggists. 25 Cents.

For sale by Weeks & Potter, Boston.

TWELVE MILLION Blackstones Sold in One Year.

No Other Cigar IN AMERICA Has ever touched this figure.

Be sure you get the WAITT & BOND, As all others are bogus.

WAITT & BOND, Manufacturers. Office, 53 Blackstone St., Boston.

W&Su15t 023

9th Annual Offer.

Thousands of our patrons stand ready to indorse the Reliability of our special offer.

BASTING A TURK.

For the next 8 days we give a selected Vermont turkey with every range sold, together with a large package of Wm. G. Bell Company's celebrated poultry seasoning, that is guaranteed to make the best dressing in the world, to test the fine baking qualities of our ranges.

Order us to take your old stove in exchange for a modern range. We accept $1.00 per week thereafter until the balance is paid.

All kinds to choose from at lowest cash prices. Parlor stoves on the same terms and prices.

Economical housekeepers will appreciate the genuine bargains we are offering in Furniture and Carpets. To every one purchasing $100 worth or more we give a Cooking Range, or credit its value to their account. Old customers are not required to pay down any money in opening new accounts.

Send for illustrated catalogues, price list and descriptive circular of Robinson's Plan.

C. H. ROBINSON & CO.,

1 and 2 Dock Sq. and 140 Washington St.

The only equitable and co-operative house furnishers in New England.

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Boston Democrats in caucus; their selections.

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Five rattling bouts at the B. A. A. sparring exhibition; foot ball gossip.

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Hon. Wilfrid Laurier of Canada welcomed warmly at a banquet; he speaks lovingly of United States; words from Gov. Russell, Hon. P. A. Collins and others.

Damage to wires and other property by yesterday's storm.

Republican Temperance Guard, the new political organization.

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Opening of Episcopal congress in Washington.

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John Bailey's claim for making Charles Pratt, the deceased Standard Oil man, a millionnaire.

Rough experience of a Vermont boy on a whaling voyage.

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Probable political complexion of New York's incoming Legislature.

Russia's treatment of her Jewish subjects.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17—8 p. m.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Wednesday:

For eastern New York, decidedly colder and fair Wednesday, except flurries of snow in the mountain districts; high northwest winds attending a cold wave, colder and fair Thursday.

For New England, clearing, decidedly colder, high west winds, with a cold wave: colder and fair Thursday.

The Globe's Forecast.

The storm which crossed New England from the west on Tuesday will move out to sea on Wednesday. The cold wave and the large area of fair weather which covers the interior of the country will drift eastward and cover the Atlantic coast during Wednesday and Thursday.

For New England the indications are: Clearing and fair in Maine; light snows in Vermont and northern New Hampshire; fair in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut. Decidedly colder and strong westerly winds in all sections.

For Thursday: Fair and colder in all sections.

H. H. CLAYTON, Local Forecast Official.

The Temperature Yesterday

as indicated by the thermometer at Thompson's Spa: 3 a. m., 60°; 6 a. m., 60°; 9 a. m., 62°; 12 m., 66°; 3.30 p. m., 64°; 6 p. m., 60°; 9 p. m., 41°; 12 mid., 37°. Average temperature, 56¼°.

NAVAL CAREER AT AN END.

Death Claims for Its Own Rear Admiral G. H. Cooper.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Rear Admiral G. H. Cooper, U. S. N., died at his home, 650 Halsey st., today, of heart failure. He had been ill but a short time. The dead officer was in his 71st year. He had lived in Brooklyn since 1876.

ONE MILL ON THE DOLLAR.

Offer of T. C. Weeks to Creditors Confirmed by Judge.

Judge Brooks of the Insolvency Court at East Cambridge confirmed the offer made by T. C. Weeks of Stoneham, ordering him to deposit $423.36, being one-tenth of one cent on the dollar, his liabilities being $423,360.

Thought to be a Boston Crook.

LANCASTER, Penn., Nov. 17.—John P. Sherman, a well-dressed man and of good appearance, who gave Attleboro, Mass., as his home, pleaded guilty in the Quarter Sessions Court yesterday to receiving stolen goods. He was arrested in a pawn shop in Harrisburg with goods in his possession which he claimed he bought, but were subsequently identified as the property of a Columbia landlady with whom he boarded. He was sent to jail for six months. He is believed by the authorities to be a Boston crook.

Dubious Outlook for Payment.

NORTHAMPTON, Nov. 17.—The many certificate holders in the Rising Sun Order of Florence and Northampton are much excited over the report that the supreme officers cannot be found in Lowell and that the outlook for full payment of matured certificates is decidedly dubious. More than $25,000 is due here and the loss will be severe on many who can ill afford it if the money is not paid. The treasurer has returned from Boston tonight without the funds.

Our Hands

Come in contact with

Your Hands

More frequently than with others. Why? You use

Welcome Soap

Because you can't find anything else as good.

HORACE G. ALLEN.

He Is Republican Candidate for Mayor.

He Had 144 of the 269 Ballots Cast by the Delegates.

Postmaster Hart Rolled Up Total of 7.

Homer Rogers was Allen's Strongest Rival.

Proposal to Confer with Democrats on School Committee.

Horace G. Allen of ward 21 is the Republican candidate for mayor of Boston.

With characteristic indifference, heaven's welcome rain fell upon the just Democrats when they went to the Melonaon Monday evening and renominated Mayor Matthews and on the unjust followers of McKinley while on their way to Union Hall, Boylston st., last night, where they repaired to nominate a candidate for mayor.

HORACE G. ALLEN,
Republican candidate for Mayor of Boston.

Horace G. Allen was born in Jamaica Plain in 1855. He received his education in the Boston public schools, and is a graduate of Harvard law school. He has been a member of the Suffolk bar since February, 1877, and has always been a Republican in politics. Mr. Allen was a member and president of the Common Council in 1890.

There were 267 delegates present, and among them was "Ned" Curtis of ward 21, who came early and brought with him the Allen boom. Accompanying him were Councilman Burlen, his law partner, W. G. Reed and Councillor Tufts. They put their heads together and, after concluding to push the ward 21 man forward, disappeared in the crowd and commenced to talk him up for all they were worth.

Dripping with peninsula dew, tripping up the marble staircase, came the omnipresent Sam Kelly of ward 14, despondent at the complete flop-over of his idol, Thomas N. Hart. Wily William Campbell of ward 16 was in the throng.

E. Mertain Hatch of ward 13, wearing his characteristic smile, strolled through the corridors, but would not say who he proposed to vote for.

Councilman Ratchesky, heading the ward 18 delegation, stood over near the entrance of the hall and was thankful that he was not as other people were.

Chairman William Power Wilson arrived early on the scene, bringing with him his sackloth and ashes, while upon his strong right arm leaned the long and spare Secretary Sanford of ward 18, laden down with documents to be used in the convention.

Dr. Disbrow of ward 12 found time enough to lay aside his surgical instruments and run down just to see what he could do for his party, and Henry Parkman, flushed with his recent senatorial success, occupied a seat in the hall directly in front of the ward 12 physician.

Of course no gathering of the faithful would be considered complete without the fighting editor of the East Boston Argus, Joe Maccabe. He came in just in time to

Escape Being Tardy.

At 8 o'clock Chairman William Power Wilson rapped the convention to order.

On motion of ex-Alderman Wesley A. Gove, ex-Senator Charles Carleton Coffin was chosen temporary chairman.

On assuming the chair Mr. Coffin thanked the delegates for the honor conferred upon him. He declared that they had met as Republicans. The people of this State, he said, had an abiding faith in the Republican party, and pointed with pride to the recent State election.

He knew that no generous Republican begrudged the Democrats the little crumb of comfort of the re-election of Gov Russell.

The Democratic party was a menace to all good government, he declared. The Democrats of Wisconsin are the enemies of the public school, and in the South and New York they were the enemies of a free ballot.

"It may be that we shall not meet with success," said he, and then Messrs. Sanford of ward 17 and Butler of 23 were chosen secretaries on motion of Mr. Curtis of ward 21.

A committee on credentials was appointed, and after collecting the credentials of the delegates the chairman, J. B. Maccabe of ward 1, reported that the convention was entitled to 303 delegates, and 267 were present.

On motion of Henry Parkman of ward 9, the temporary organization of the convention was made permanent.

Mr. Nichols of ward 15 then moved that the convention take a ballot for a candidate for mayor.

His motion was voted on, but the chair put the motion again, and Mr. Nichols arose and said he was one who did not believe that it was a forlorn hope the party was leading. He was sorry to see any opposition to a ballot, and deprecated the movement to vote it down.

He supposed that that was what the delegates had come together for.

When the chair put the motion the second time there was but one "nay" vote, and arrangements were made to take a ballot.

The motion was amended so as to make the ballot an informal one.

But before the vote was taken a brother delegate on the right of the speaker got in his work by saying:

"I hope somebody in the convention will have the courage to get up and nominate a candidate for mayor."

The chair announced as

Guardians of the Ballot-Box

Messrs. Parkman of ward 9, George W. Carr of ward 11, William G. Reed of ward 21, A. Spaulding Weld of ward 23 and Mitchell of ward 25, and the balloting commenced, resulting as follows:

Horace G. Allen	144
Homer Rogers	95
Joseph Bennett	12
Otis D. Dana	5
Thomas N. Hart	7
Weston Lewis	1
Roger Wolcott	1

The informal ballot was then made formal, and Mr. Allen was declared the nominee of the convention on motion of Charles J. Prescott of ward 11.

Frederick Hammond of ward 25 then moved for the appointment of a committee of 25 to nominate members of the school committee, and two candidates for street commissioner.

Then there was a recess to select the committee, and the following were announced on the reassembling of the convention:

Ward 1—B. F. Campbell.
Ward 2—Andrew P. Fisher.
Ward 3—John Bryant.
Ward 4—Lyman H. Bigelow.
Ward 5—A. S. Morss.
Ward 6—Thomas H. Roberts.
Ward 7—J. F. Malone.
Ward 8—J. F. Attwood.
Ward 9—A. B. Lattimore.
Ward 10—J. A. Dresser.
Ward 11—C. J. Prescott.
Ward 12—Hugh McCulley.
Ward 13—E. M. Hatch.
Ward 14—Samuel Wise.
Ward 15—G. W. Bait.
Ward 16—George Coleman.
Ward 17—C. C. Coffin.
Ward 18—A. G. Perkins.
Ward 19—J. W. Hendricks.
Ward 20—H. P. Reynolds.
Ward 21—A. W. Tufts.
Ward 22—W. A. Folsom.
Ward 23—E. P. Butler.
Ward 24—J. E. Tuttle.
Ward 25—G. A. Nute.

Rev. W. H. Savory of South Boston then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the convention that the committee to nominate 10 persons to be elected to the office of school committee should offer to hold a fraternal conference with the corresponding committee of the Democratic party.

Delegate Thompson of ward 19 said he would just as soon think of conferring with the Democrats on the mayoralty as upon the school committee, and Dr. Eastman of ward 18 shouted that he would much rather confer with the committee of 100 than with the Democrats.

Mr. Nichols, who had created a lively little breeze early in the proceedings, jumped up again and said he was in favor of conferring with the women voters, which statement was greeted with laughter. But he moved that they be conferred with. Finally E. W. Presho of Charlestown moved that both motions be referred to the committee of 25 without debate, and the motion was carried.

The convention then adjourned, and Chairman Coffin asked the committee of 25 to meet upon the platform.

The committee organized with Arthur W. Tufts of ward 21 as chairman and Samuel Wise of ward 14 as secretary, and voted to meet again next Tuesday at the same place.

THEIR HORIZON DARKENED.

Bay State League Officers Charged With Illegal Acts.

Again the horizon of the short term endowment orders has been darkened by the appearance of what promises to be a furious storm, for again the members of an order have called the supreme officers to account for what seems to be illegal proceedings.

This time the cloud has enveloped the Bay State League, and the members of the Beaconsfield, Adler and People's lodges of that order jointly preferred a charge against the supreme officers, which resulted yesterday in the placing of an injunction upon the order by the court.

The charge was signed by P. J. A. Rubinowitz, S. Pinansky and over 350 other members of the order.

A FRENCH TRANSLATION.

When deciding to buy a low-priced Chamber Set, season your economy with prudence and pay the trifling extra sum which substitutes for your ordinary bureau a fine French Dressing Cabinet.

Such a set is shown in the above engraving. In this Dressing Cabinet the full-length Cheval glass is adjustable to any angle; there is a large bonnet closet and two side drawers for toilet accessories.

The top of the bonnet closet makes a most convenient stand for bottles, toilet boxes, etc. Besides this, there is the regular bureau top and two full-width drawers beneath.

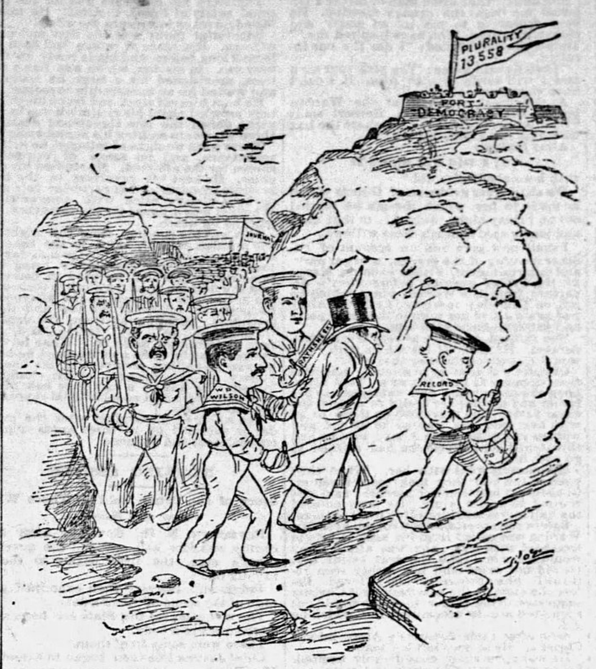
This is a very inexpensive set. The wood is selected Oak in the finish of either the XVIth or XVIIIth centuries, with oxydized brass trimmings. There is a broad band of bold, florid carving at the top, and the panels are unusually deep.

Such a set is sure to please. And that is French for "*Buy it!*"

Paine's Furniture Co.

48 CANAL ST. { South Side Boston & Maine Depot.

DRAFTING A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.



HOW THE REPUBLICANS GOT A LEADER FOR THEIR FORLORN HOPE.

Mr. Horace G. Allen, ruthlessly torn from the profitable pursuits of peace by an unfeeling machine, is drafted for a hopeless war without bounty or glory, and booted and spurred against an impregnable foe.

WATER FOR TWO WEEKS.

New York's Supply Going Down Inch by Inch.

Rain Came, but It Barely Wet the Pavements in Broadway.

Owners of a Lake Offer to Sell Millions of Gallons.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—"Rain!" said Commissioner Gilroy today. "This isn't rain, it's only a drizzle. Of course it will do some good, but very little. What we want is a good old-fashioned down pour of cats and dogs, you know, and a few pitchforks. If it will come like that and keep coming for a day or two it would be a great thing."

By and by a shower came up, and the commissioner rubbed his hands with a semblance of glee. But it was all over in five minutes, and, as the weather cleared, the clouds came back to the commissioner's face again.

"Up to 8 o'clock this morning," he said, "the rainfall in this city was nearly 26-100 of an inch, and at Albany it was only 4-100 of an inch. The measurement in the Croton water shed was 34-100 of an inch. But what does that amount to?"

The water in the Central Park reservoir yesterday morning measured 30 feet 2½ inches, a fall of 2 inches within 24 hours.

In the old park reservoir it measured 5 feet 9 inches, a fall of 1 foot and 3 inches, and in the 42d st. reservoir 8 feet 2 inches, a fall of 13 inches.

The water at Boyd's Corners is now 50 feet 9 inches below the top of the dam, and at middle branch 52 feet. The water from all sources coming to the city does not exceed 40,000,000 gallons a day, or exactly one-half as much as the city is using, even on its present short rations.

The difference has to be made up from the city reservoir. The water in Croton lake fell 1½ inches yesterday.

Commissioner Gilroy sent Chief Engineer Birdsall up into the Croton watershed today to examine at this particular point. At 2 o'clock Mr. Birdsall telegraphed from Purdy's station:

All right for two weeks. Still raining.

Mr. Gilroy explained that it would not be necessary to still further reduce the supply for two weeks.

The owners of Peach lake, in Putnam county, today offered to sell the city 250,000,000 gallons from that source, provided the city would clean the half mile of conduit connecting that lake with the Croton watershed, which has not been used for years and has become filled up with all sorts of rubbish.

The commissioner didn't think well of the project, however.

The delay and expense would be too great.

BOSTON SCHOONER LOST.

Capt. Leo Reports His Crew Took to the Boats—He Was Rescued from the Abandoned William L. Bradley.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—Capt. John R. Leo, who was rescued from the sinking schooner William L. Bradley, which was abandoned Oct. 15 after being at sea 10 days, reports that is crew took to the boats, and since then nothing has been heard of them.

The schooner sailed from Charleston, S. C., Oct. 5, lumber laden, for Boston, and her position when the captain was taken off was latitude 37° north, longitude 62° west.

This vessel was 484 tons register, 137 feet 6 inches over all, 34 feet 6 inches beam, a double decker, with a depth of hold of 15 feet 8 inches.

She was comparatively a new vessel, having been built at Millville, N. J., in June, 1890.

When she sailed from Weymouth she was loaded with fertilizer, and was owned by the Bradley Fertilizer Company.

NINE OF THE CREW DIED.

But Four Men of the Abandoned Kate Sancton Live to Tell the Story.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—News was received here today that the British bark Kate Sancton, Capt. Evans, which sailed from Shields, Nov. 4, for Pensacola, was abandoned in a sinking condition in the North sea on the 11th inst.

The men had a terrible experience, and nine of them died from the effects of their long and exhausting exposure.

Gov. Russell Visits the Prison.

Gov. Russell and council visited the State prison yesterday afternoon on an annual tour of inspection. Workshops, cells and other portions of the great bastile were visited under the direction of Warden Lovering. Several cases of life convicts who are looking for executive clemency were investigated and taken under advisement by the Governor with a view to their pardon on Thanksgiving day.

Christian Endeavor Convention.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 17.—The sixth annual convention of the Massachusetts Christian Endeavor Union attracted several thousand members of the great organization to this city today. Provisions were made to entertain over 3000 delegates, and the hotels and other available quarters are thronged.

No Openers for Champagne Required.

By means of a small seal attached to wire, it can be broken and easily removed by hand on G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry. Immense purchases of the choice vintages of 1884-'87-'89, by G. H. Mumm & Co., guarantee the remarkable quality of their Extra Dry for years to come. Prof. Doremus says: "By chemical analysis the purest and most wholesome champagne."

LIFE AT STAKE.

Woman-Slayer Before a Court of Law.

Witnesses a Tale of Crime Unfold.

Physicians Horrify by Their Words.

Murder Most Foul Was that of Christie.

Prisoner Even Breaks Down and Sheds Tears.

Dramatic Incidents of a Day of Sensations.

Almy Himself to Take the Stand Today and Testify.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—This has been a day of sensations in the trial of Frank C. Almy, the self-confessed slayer of a pure and innocent girl.

Thrice the murderer burst into tears.

Once it was when Mrs. Warden was telling of the present Christie gave him on a happy Christmas morning.

Again it was when Fanny, the sister, was narrating with thrilling effect the incidents near the willows where the murdered girl was found weltering in her own blood; and still again when she described the friendly courtesies, only friendly, which Christie showed to the brute who sent her out of this life, snuffed out like a candle half burned.

"Tell the truth, Mrs. Warden," he exclaimed, right out loud in court, as the mother in mourning was testifying.

"Tell the truth."

'Twas with a struggle that he opened his lips to utter the words.

For several minutes previously his eyes had been moving nervously, his hands twitching; there had been a gurgling at the throat as if he would speak but could not.

"Tell the truth." With a sob his head fell forward and his face sank from sight in the folds of an immaculate handkerchief.

Only for a few minutes at a time during the rest of the day did he regain his wonted don't-care-look-at-me-face.

Those few minutes were when he would move over to the left ear of Hon. Van Burleigh, his counsel, and give him tips on the evidence.

Genuine as are the tears of the murderer, there is ever present a suggestion of the actor who is playing his part on a tragic, but not a mimic, stage.

Then the startling evidence of the two doctors, startling even though the drift of their declarations has before appeared in THE GLOBE, binding as it did about him a web of facts going to prove that he deliberately and with premeditation killed Christie Warden, caused another ripple of excitement to roll over the expectant audience.

Not only did this evidence show deliberation and premeditation, but it disclosed the horrible details of the manner of the killing.

Horrible?

Aye, too horrible to transfer on paper with minuteness.

The prosecution has put in its evidence.

The defense has begun.

Almy will take the witness stand and tell his story of the crime tomorrow.

The trial is going at express-train speed, and will soon be ended.

There are no oratorical fireworks; no nonsensical bedinage of words between counsel; none of those ever-recurring "I object, your Honor," which turn up at the end of every question and answer in an ordinary proceeding; no wearisome taking of irrelevant testimony.

Counsel on both sides get the witnesses down to facts which they know, and don't allow them to keep repeating what they think they remember to have heard somebody else say was told them.

Chief Justice Doe takes a hand at the examination when he sees fit.

Judge Allen sits and listens and digests.

The time that will be saved can hardly be counted in hours; the money of the State kept in the treasury by the dismissal of the extra jurors can't be counted in less than thousands of dollars.

It looks more ominous tonight for the prisoner than it has for a week.

Can he say a thing in his own defence which would even turn an unloaded pair of balances, set on a steel hair, to his side and save him from the gallows?

A dirty, gray light shown through the misty clouds which overhung Plymouth at daybreak.

Sticky rain was falling slowly.

Gazing up the main street you could dimly see the effigy of the murderer, which, under cover of night, had been suspended in mid air.

Occasionally men who had to turn out of bed thus early could be seen coming up or down the streets, and as they approached the swinging, dangling imitation of the woman slayer, they stood stock still and were wrapt in wonder.

Some laughed, others declared that Almy should some time (didn't say when) be elevated likewise.

Judges, lawyers and court officers were astir betimes.

Sheriff Brigham was escorted out to see the sight—the effigy. He looked at it a moment, and then uttering two brief Anglo-Saxon words of surprise, went in to breakfast.

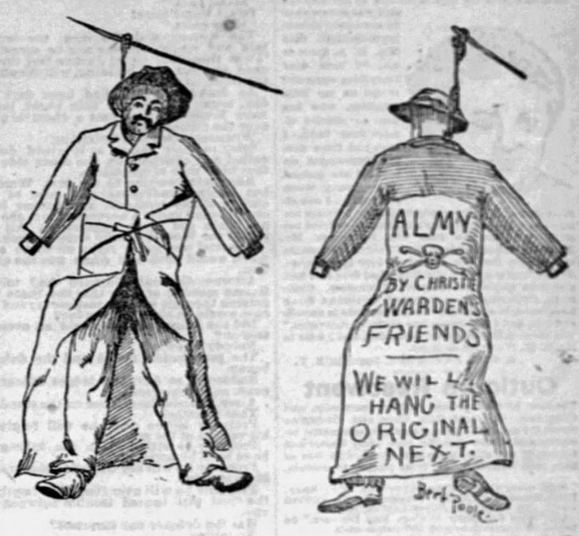
Step in the court house in the early morn, in your imagination, and watch the scenes.

Stay there until the cloud-hidden sun sets, and see those scenes shift, kaleidoscopic even to the colors.

You are inside a court room, one of the smallest on record, with only one entrance. Through that single hole in the wall have to pass officials high and low, reporters, messengers, witnesses and the great general public.

Holding when full about 300 people, when those 300 are in they stop all egress as well as ingress. You would stand just as good a chance of escape through the stone

TRY Upmann's Bouquet Londres 10c. Cigar.



THE EFFIGY HANGING IN SIGHT OF ALMY'S WINDOW AT PLYMOUTH, N. H.

walls and iron bars of a jail as through that arched doorway.

"Perhaps we can prevail upon the county commissioners to give us a back door to this court house now," laconically remarked Chief Justice Doe, after several ladies had almost suffocated while being mangled through the crowd to within the rail.

Just as at the theatre you sit in the pit and look at tiers on tiers of people in the balconies, so you sit within court today and looking backward just like Edward Bellamy, you see tiers on tiers of people rising higher, and yet a little higher until they almost touch the ceiling with their heads.

Men and women from all the mountain and farming towns are perched on settees, on the arms and backs.

The single aisle is a solid mass, solid as masonry.

At one time so thick was the population in that part of the house, and so noisy that the chief justice was obliged to threaten the removal of all spectators.

"Stand back!" yelled deputy sheriffs.

Rap, rap, rap, went the high sheriff at his desk.

Quiet was restored.

You are surprised to find that several of the windows have been taken out of their casing to allow air a free pass through. Boys hanging on the sills and peering in have supplanted glass and sash.

But the chief justice is a stickler on good air. Says the atmosphere is getting tainted.

Rip, tear—and out comes more sash and glass; in rushes more air.

"Gentlemen may keep their hats on if there is too much of a breeze," suggested the chief justice.

Hats went on.

Hats here, there, everywhere.

Silk hats, slouch, derby hats—everything but straw hats, an unusual sight in a court of justice, wasn't it?

Ranged in two rows along the wall on one side are witnesses for the prosecution, summoned to swear away—swearing truly—the life or liberty of defendant at the bar. Half a hundred is their number, but they will not all get on the stand unless an unexpected turn of affairs on the part of the defence make it absolutely necessary.

See that tall man on the end with full, flowing whiskers, tinged with iron gray. His countenance is stolid. To look at him you would hardly think him to have much interest in the trial now progressing. But he has.

He shows the marks of pain in the mind, suffering which tells much quicker than that of body. His has been anxiety and blasted hopes such as turned white in a single night the hair of the prisoner of Chilon.

His name, ask you?

It is Warden, and he is the father of the girl who now lies cold and lifeless in the grave, murdered at the hands of that spruce young man within the rails.

At his side sits a woman in deepest black. The hand of care has graven on her brow lines which time would not have chiselled for many, many a year.

ALMY WEEPS ALOUD AND SAYS: "TELL IT ALL, MRS. WARDEN."

She looks ill, although her cheeks are suffused with red by excitement.

Her name?

It is the wife of Warden and the mother of Christie.

Four young girls, who should be the happiest in all the world, who ought to be decked out in gay colors as befits their years and their beauty, are touching elbows down the line.

Their hearts are sad—their faces show it—their garb, too, is in black, for Almy has slain the loved sister.

They are Fanny, Myra, Lillian and Alice Warden.

Near by sit two doctors, who know all the shameful story of how the girl was killed.

A policeman, unadorned with a uniform, adds variety to the group. So does a Scotchman.

Brave Charlie Hewitt, who, unmindful of Almy's bullets on the hay in Hanover, stood his ground and sent lead into the murderer hidden in his nest, looked as modest as if he were not a sort of hero.

On the opposite side of the court-room is a group of spectators, and among them are witnesses for the defence, but nobody knows who they are, and perhaps nobody will.

Two long tables occupy the space within the rails, one for counsel, the other for the press.

County Solicitor Mitchell is right up near the judges, and is in his chair, never taking his eyes off the witnesses, and jotting down notes.

Keen-eyed, courteous and brainy, there is the attorney-general of the State, mentally drinking in every new point and formulating in his mind the closing arguments against the defendant which he will make.

'Twill be clear-cut and eloquent.

With his flowing, black side whiskers, a man who is an able lawyer and well-known politician, Hon. Alvin Burleigh, is firing questions in cross-examination for the benefit of the criminal, whom it is his duty to protect in all his rights, however low he may have sunk in the scale of humanity.

Glasses on his nose and a smile on his face, Junior Counsel Story is putting it all down on paper.

A baker's dozen of reporters surrounded

LADIES' Brooch Pin, Rubies in Gold setting, very rich, 20 Savena face wrappers.

FANNIE WARDEN IDENTIFIES CHRISTIE'S WAIST.

Quietly but firmly she declared that she disliked Almy, had long disliked him, and meant that he should know it. Proudly she upheld the purity of character of Christie.

Almy's head was bowed, and his face concealed.

Witness succeeded witness in quick succession.

The two physicians who examined the body, and whose testimony goes far to decide the fate of the prisoner, underwent the longest and severest examination and cross-examination.

The trial train, of course, stopped for refreshments—as do all trains in Plymouth—and there was a rest of two hours, beginning shortly after noon.

The court house was cleared.

A grand rush was made for the centre of attraction after lunch.

An hour before the reopening of the doors a crowd surrounded the outside of the building, waiting, squirming, doing anything to get an inch nearer, that they might be one of the 400 who would finally get within.

Outward the doors swing, and when they were swung out those behind were pinned against the walls. Four brawny deputy sheriffs tried to stem the tide of immigration, but it wouldn't stem.

The crowd surged up.

The officers shoved back.

Screams were heard.

Cries rang out as if some one was injured.

There were frail women in that mass of people and they were almost tramped upon.

Continued on the Second Page.

Have You Had A Free Sample

Of the great remedy for indigestion, Peptonix? If not, send a postal to the Allston Co., 143 Federal St., Boston, and receive one by return mail.

Peptonix

AWFUL SKIN DISEASE.

Child a Mass of Raw, Bleeding Sores. Miraculous Cure by the Cuticura Remedies.

A face, from the hair to the neck on both sides, a raw mass of bleeding sores; two little hands and arms in the same condition; a body, around the waist of which was a broad band of bleeding eruptions, and from the hips to the tips of her toes the skin was so raw as to be absolutely sickening to the sight. Said Mrs. H. A. Stout to me: "I have tried everything suggested to me on my little daughter, who has been so afflicted almost from birth. I have had three doctors experiment on her, but she seemed to be getting worse every day. I was almost distracted. Every night I had to bandage her all over, and tie mittens on her hands to prevent her from digging the raw flesh with her fingers. Mr. Faulkner said he believed that CUTICURA REMEDIES would cure her. He offered to bear the expense. At that time she was worse than I had ever seen her, and there seemed no prospects of recovery. CUTICURA, CUTICURA RESOLVENT and CUTICURA SOAP have wrought a miracle. Today her skin is smooth and fair, and I believe she has entirely recovered." The above is true in every particular, and I refer to Mr. C. W. Woolever, druggist.

J. ROSS FAULKNER, Danville, N. Y.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimple to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS,

Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only instantaneous pain-killing plaster. WSSu n18

TAMMANY TAKES A HAND.

Will Use Its Power for the Election of Crisp.

Turner's Appointment as Doorkeeper is the Return it Wants.

New York Holds the Balance of Power in the Speakership Fight.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The latest gossip in connection with the speakership is decidedly interesting.

It is to the effect that Tammany has taken a hand in the contest and proposes to make its power felt in deciding the result.

According to the reports in circulation, the Tammany general committee has resolved that ex-Congressman Turner, better known as "the Iceman," must be made the next doorkeeper, and that in return for this concession all the power and influence of Tammany will be exerted in behalf of Mr. Crisp for the speakership.

This story appears to be at least plausible, and there is a ready answer to the question why Tammany should care who becomes speaker.

When Representative Fitzgerald, a Tammany Hall man, resigned his seat in the 51st Congress, Turner, who was then driving an ice wagon, was selected as his successor. The Republicans picked out Lispenard Stewart, who occupied about the same position in New York that Henry Cabot Lodge does in Boston, but Mr. Stewart was not in it to any considerable extent. Turner made a rattling canvass, and when the polls were closed, it was found that he had won a triumphant victory.

In Congress he did not particularly distinguish himself, although he was regarded as a useful and level-headed man. He was a candidate for renomination to the 52d Congress, but Tammany decided that he must stand to one side so as to make a place for Col. John R. Fellows.

Turner obeyed the commands of the leaders without a murmur. When the nominating convention met he not only declined to be a candidate, but nominated Fellows as his successor.

When Congress adjourned he went back to his ice wagon, but he had the promise of the "Tiger" that he would be taken care of in due season.

While Turner was selling ice, Thomas F. Coakley, another good Tammany man, and who for many years has been one of the assistant doorkeepers of the House, was laying his pipes to capture the caucus nomination for the doorkeepership. Everything looked smiling for Coakley until a few days ago, when he was told by the powers that be in Tammany Hall that he would have to take a back seat and turn in and help Turner secure the doorkeepership.

Coakley has had a long training in Tammany Hall methods and is under perfect discipline. He listened and obeyed without a kick, and is now back in Washington, and tells every one whom he meets that the name of the next speaker is Crisp and the doorkeeper will be Turner.

This is a theory which we hear in Washington and which is generally believed in many quarters.

It has been known that Tammany was anxious to do something for Turner for the promptness with which he relinquished his claims when told to do so, and also for his services in the last campaign, for Turner is a ready speaker on the stump and among a certain class makes a hit.

In explanation of the interest taken by Tammany in the election of speaker, it is said that as New York will be vitally necessary to the success of the Democratic party next year, and it will devolve on Tammany to keep New York straight, the organization should have something to say about the election of a speaker on whom depends, in a very large degree, the success of the party in the presidential campaign.

It has been generally believed that Tammany Hall is friendly to Mr. Crisp and rather opposed to Mills. What effect Tammany's participation in the contest may have cannot be determined upon at this time, but the New York delegation to a large extent holds the balance of power and the man who can control these votes can count with reasonable certainty on being elected.

The scheme now being engineered is to have the New York delegation vote as a unit, and it is said that of the 23 votes not more than three will be lost to Crisp if Tammany should run him as their candidate.

San Francisco Mining Stocks.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17.—Following are today's official closing quotations of mining stocks:

Alta	$1.25	Mexican	$2.55
Best & Belcher	2.70	Ophir	3.65
Chollar	1.05	Potosi	2.15
Con. Cala. & Va.	5.25	Savage	1.66
Crown Point	1.40	S. Nevada	2.65
Gould & Curry	1.60	Union Con	2.30
Hale & Norcross	1.60	Yellow Jacket	1.75

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.

A book on it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th av., New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

LIFE AT STAKE.

Continued from the First Page.

Several almost fainted when they gained admission to the corridor.

The court room filled in the twinkling of an eye.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
"Stand back!"
Buzz! buzz! buzz!
"Keep quiet."

The women—and the men, too—would talk and would squeeze and be squeezed. 'Twas then that Chief Justice Doe threatened to clear the building, which calmed the troubled waters.

As darkness, which had been dark all day, began to blacken into night, lamps were brought in to cast a cheerful glow over the proceedings.

Witnesses were still testifying.

Stick to their places as if glued down, nailed and clinched on the other side did that little mob of spectators.

Many were waiting to see Mrs. Warden, but having undergone the gaze of the curious all the forenoon, and having been on the stand under a nervous strain, she did not again put in an appearance. All the rest of the Warden family were on deck.

The trial was going right on to an end; when would that end come was the question.

Attorney-General Barnard had told a GLOBE reporter at noon that the State was getting through with its testimony, and the case would be closed up ere long.

Did the judges intend to hold an evening session?

Nobody knew.

The prosecution rested and the defence began.

Suddenly, at 5.30, the judges adjourned court until tomorrow.

Almy, the murderer, goes on the stand.

That is settled.

Probably before noon he will be giving his version of the murder.

Probably he will declare the killing to have been by accident.

Probably he will say Christie encouraged his attentions.

Probably he will aver that the family of the dead girl caused trouble between the two.

Has the defence any surprises?

No telling.

But up to the present writing nothing of a surprising nature has been hinted at in the line of defence.

'Twill be interesting to watch the actions of the self-confessed slayer of Christie Warden when he has an opportunity to get before the public to speak.

Will he break down?
Will he appear to ever if he doesn't?
Will he strike an attitude?
Or will he quietly tell his story and retire?

Some tears may be expected, since he has wept today.

If the defence be brief, the trial may close tomorrow night, otherwise some time Friday.

Whether the judges sitting on the case will render a decision at once and immediately sentence Almy is a question.

THE GLOBE reporter's exit from the court house tonight through a window, with a drop of 10 feet to the ground below, was the only way of easy departure without waiting for the crowd to file out.

No effigies hung out up to a late hour.

Lawyers and court officers are gathered around a blazing wood fire in an oven fireplace in the big office of the Pemigewassett House, each asking the other what the harvest will be—imprisonment or death?

FRANK H. STANYAN.

HIS LIFE AT STAKE.

Court Opens and the Trial of Almy is Fairly On.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—The arched doorway of the little court house on the corner was jammed, crammed, packed full at 8 o'clock this morning, a full hour before the time announced for opening.

The crowd, which included in its ranks a Methodist minister and a score of ladies, completely covered the steps, and a trail ran out and around the curve in the driveway to the thoroughfare.

In the window above sat Frank C. Almy, the murderer, who had pleaded guilty, his hair carefully brushed, and you could see the bit of white handkerchief sticking from the same coat pocket from whence it stuck yesterday.

He had passed a quiet night, and slept most of the time. So said the deputy sheriffs who guarded him so carefully.

Chief Justice Doe entered the court room at 8.45, carrying the usual green bag. He stopped a minute on his way to the bench to ask the newspaper men if they had plenty of room.

Some of the witnesses had already arrived, those for the prosecution sitting on one side, those for the defence on the other.

High Sheriff Brigham came in at 8.50, and directed the arrangements.

At 9 o'clock the little court room is chock full away up to the neck.

MRS. WARDEN, THE MOTHER.

Three or four hundred people are sitting and standing outside the rail discussing the murder and subsequent events with animation.

Shortly after the hour named for the assembling of the court Almy came in, a little pale, but cool. He was seated, and again raised his game leg into an easy position in an armchair.

Chief Justice Doe has taken his place on the bench.

Attorney General Barnard turns up smiling after a refreshing sleep and deposits his papers and silk hat on the end of the long table nearest the witness stand.

He is now chatting with that shrewd lawyer, senior counsel for the defence, who must have been up late, though he doesn't show it, for the lights were burning after midnight in his office, near the Court House.

Under the superintendence of County Solicitor Mitchell, a huge map of the scene of the murder, that lonely road from Hanover town to the Warden residence, showing the bars where Almy dragged Christie from the side of her sister and mother, is put up on a big easel.

Court is called to order at 9.06.

Judge Allen is at the chief justice's side now.

"Keep as quiet as possible," said the sheriff.

In an instant County Solicitor Mitchell was on his feet, and began his statement of the case for the State.

CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

County Solicitor Mitchell Outlines Government's Case.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—County Solicitor Mitchell presented his statement to the court in the trial of George E. Abbott, alias Frank C. Almy, for the murder of Christie Warden.

Mr. Mitchell's address to the court was as follows:

May it please your honors, this is an indictment charging one Frank C. Almy with the murder of Christie C. Warden, at Hanover, on the 17th day of July, 1891.

In some capital cases the government has considerable difficulty in showing who committed the homicide. In this case no such question arises.

Here we know that Frank C. Almy was the murderer. We know the place where, the time when, and the means employed by him in committing the crime.

It seems to us that there is but one question in this case to be determined, which is: Was it a deliberate and premeditated murder? If so, it is murder of the first degree.

This man, who came to Andrew H. Warden on Friday afternoon, July 11, 1890, seeking employment in the hayfield, representing himself to be Frank C. Almy, is none other than one George E. Abbott.

Solicitor Mitchell here sketched the life of Abbott, alias Almy, previous to the murder of Christie Warden, beginning with his career in Vermont, his conviction for crimes there committed, his trial, imprisonment, escape, and his subsequent wanderings through the South and Southwest; his return to Marblehead and Danvers, Mass., to the date of his beginning farm work for Andrew H. Warden on Friday, July 11, 1890, and to his discharge by Mr. Warden, April 2, 1891.

After briefly describing

The Happy Family Relations

of the Wardens and the many estimable qualities of Christie C. Warden, the eldest daughter and Almy's victim, Mr. Mitchell continued as follows:

I desire now to call your honor's attention to what our evidence will be as to this man's conduct while he was at Warden's farm from July 11, 1890, to April 2, 1891; as to the relations existing between him and Christie C. Warden after it first became noticeable that he desired to show her attention; the way she treated him; the extent of her receiving his attentions; Christie and the family becoming suspicious of him; trying to earn something of his previous history; his statements that his past life was a mystery and must remain so; Christie's notice to him early in November that she should not have anything more to say to him; that he must not ask her to go with him, that she would not; that he was not honest; that the family became alarmed; that they were anxious to get along with him without difficulty; that they feared him, and so did Christie.

Early in November Christie observed that Almy wanted to show her attention. It was especially noticeable at a birthday party at Charles Hewitt's on Nov. 8, to which the whole family were invited.

He undertook to walk with Christie. After reaching Hewitt's he was very attentive to her during the evening.

She was very much annoyed by it; told him upon their return home she desired him to cease his attentions; she should not go with him anywhere, nor have anything to say or do with him.

He resented it, and was angry. Nothing more of special significance was observed until the 17th of December.

The Odd Fellows were to have an entertainment. He made necessary preparations to attend. Christie was visiting her friend Lottie Kellogg at the time.

In the afternoon of that day Christie and her friend came to Warden's for Christie's dress to wear at the entertainment, saying to her folks that she was going with Miss Kellogg. When Almy learned of that fact

He Became Enraged,

and said to her brother Herbert that "Christie might go to the devil with Lottie Kellogg, but he was going to that entertainment with Christie."

At 6 o'clock that evening we show him calling at the Kellogg house, asking Christie to accompany him, and she refusing, saying she was going with her friend, Miss Kellogg. He left the house angry.

Miss Kellogg, her brother and Christie started for the entertainment about 7.30 o'clock. When they reached the hall door they found the hired man on the steps waiting. They passed Almy and entered the room; he followed them.

Christie took a seat, and he sat beside her and remained there during the evening.

She appeared unhappy, did not dance nor take any part in the exercises. About 11 o'clock she left the dance hall.

He left at the same time, and followed her to Kellogg's, where she was stopping. Christie told her friend Lottie that he followed her; that she told Almy that he was no gentleman.

"If he were one he would not intrude himself upon her in that way." She said she "tried to avoid him, but he stuck by her." He told her "if he did not have her no one else should."

She also told her friend Lottie at another time that she was "afraid that Almy would do something desperate to her." He had said to her if "he did not marry her no other man should."

Next morning he appeared mad, and said if Christie did not go with him he would prevent her going with any one else. This, your honors, was the second time he undertook to show her attention and was rejected.

On the question of premeditation, we shall introduce testimony to show that he made a record on the programme which was used at that entertainment, which is as follows:

No. 3988. 1 death.
3967. 2
Revolvers.

The numbers correspond with the numbers on the revolvers which he used in committing

This Terrible Crime.

We say this has a very significant bearing upon the question of deliberate and premeditated murder, taken in connection with his treatment of her on that occasion and the threats which he made to her.

Christie was a member of the grange, and its secretary. Prof. Charles H. Pettee was its master. Frequently they had literary exercises at the grange.

Christie was called upon to write an essay for the meeting to be held Dec. 19. She wrote one in the form of chronicles, and entitled it "A Worthy Sovereign," referring to Prof. Pettee as the worthy sovereign.

Almy heard of it, and immediately became jealous of Prof. Pettee. He wanted to read the essay. She refused at first to let him read it. She finally passed it to him to read. He read it, and became very much enraged over it. After that he always spoke sarcastically of Prof. Pettee as "the worthy sovereign."

On Monday, Dec. 22, Prof. Pettee, accompanied by his wife, came to Mr. Warden's and asked Christie to take the office of bookkeeper for the Agricultural College.

When Almy learned of this he became very angry again, and said to Mr. Warden, "Christie is not going down to Prof. Pettee's; he doesn't want her to go down there for any good purpose."

Mr. Warden gave him to understand that she would go; that it was none of his business. To this statement Almy took exceptions and used considerable threatening language.

On Dec. 23, Christie sent word to Mrs. Warden that she was going to Lebanon on the 24th and desired her mother to send her a dress. The hired man was going to the creamery. Mrs. Warden asked him to carry the dress to Pettee's. To which he replied: "I will not. I do not know where Prof. Pettee lives."

Mrs. Warden then said: "John will go with you and carry the dress to his sister." John went with him, but Almy refused to stop at Prof. Pettee's, or permit John to do so.

On the evening of Dec. 24 Christie came into the house. Almy was in the sitting room. She said laughingly:

"I have been riding all day with Prof. Pettee." Almy said nothing,

But Appeared Ugly,

and his eyes flashed with rage.

The next day was Chistmas, and in the morning Almy did the milking. After he had finished he came into the kitchen, where Christie was preparing the breakfast, and talked harshly to her about being at Prof. Pettee's; even went so far as to threaten her. She left the room and went up stairs where her mother was, appeared as if she were badly frightened, and said to her mother: "I am afraid to stay down there; Almy has threatened me."

After breakfast Christie had consultation with her mother and sister Fanny, in which she stated that she was afraid Almy would do her harm; said she did not want an interview with him. She wrote him a note and left it in his room, stating that fact.

After dinner the family were seated in the sitting room and the hired man was in the kitchen.

It was the custom among members of the family to make Christmas presents to each other, hired help always included. Presents were brought into the room. Those for Almy were taken to him by one of the boys.

He looked at them and found the one he supposed was from Christie. He came rushing into the room with the present in his hand, threw it toward her, and, with a look of hatred, remarked:

"I accept no presents from one who is a slave to others."

He then left the room and sulked the rest of the day. In the evening he came down and apologized to the family; undertook to smooth over his conduct; stated to Mrs. Warden that he had talked harshly to Christie, and said: "Mrs. Warden, I went so far as to threaten her."

Christie was stopping most of the time at Prof. Pettee's, where her duties as bookkeeper for the college called her, and saw but little of Almy. Jan. 8 she went to Manchester to attend a commercial college, and remained there until Feb. 7, when she returned and resumed her duties as bookkeeper.

She boarded at Prof. Pettee's and spent her Sabbaths at home. She had but very little to say to Almy, and

Endeavored to Avoid Him

on all occasions, so far as it was within her power.

We shall show that in February, soon after Christie's return from Manchester, she sought an interview with Mrs. Pettee, in which she said:

"I am in trouble. I want to confide in you. My father's hired man keeps annoying me. He wants to keep company with me. The other night at my father's, Almy, my grandparents and myself were in the sitting-room together. The rest of the family had retired.

"He said he wanted an opportunity to talk with me. I said to him: 'Say what you have to say to me right here.' 'No,' he said. 'I want a better opportunity to talk with you.'

"I replied: 'This is your opportunity; if you have anything to say to me, say it now.' He said: 'No, I shall come to Prof. Pettee's tomorrow evening and see you.' I replied: 'I shall not see you.' He said: 'I shall come and you will see me.' Then I said: 'I shall not see you.' Then Almy said: 'There will be a scene. Will you see me or have a scene?' I said: 'Then there will be a scene. I shall not see you.'" He spoke in a determined, threatening manner.

On the night of March 20 there was a business meeting and tea party at the grange. Christie attended. Almy turned up at the close of the meeting, and by some means got into the party.

Different ladies prepared boxes filled with food. The boxes were to be sold by auction, each purchaser to invite some lady to share the contents with him. Christie furnished a box and Almy bought it, paying an exorbitant price for it, and asked her to share it with him.

She was very much annoyed by his conduct, and replied in a firm and decided manner: "I shall not share it with you. You shall have nothing to do with you. You go away and don't say any more to me." He stood around and seemed disinclined to go away.

Before the close of the entertainment, she quietly left the hall, unobserved by him, as she supposed.

He immediately followed and overtook her on the way to Prof. Pettee's. When she reached Prof. Pettee's house she was badly frightened. She exclaimed to Mrs. Pettee: "I am so thankful to get into this house alive once more."

She said: "That hired man of father's followed me from the grange meeting. He kept repeating to me in an angry and threatening way, 'You have insulted me.' To this she had replied: "I am the one insulted."

"Then he said to me: 'You pick your man and I will settle it with him. If I can't have you no one else shall.'"

At the breakfast table at the Warden house the next morning, Herbert said: "Well, Almy, Christie did not share the box with you, last night, did she?"

Almy replied:

"If I Did Not Share It

with her nobody else did."

We shall offer evidence of threats which he made to her, which threats he carried out on Friday night, July 17, in that dark and lonely spot beneath those willows.

I shall now give you an account of another meeting of the grange, a sugar party and entertainment, Friday evening, March 27, the Friday evening before Almy's departure from the Warden place, which he left on Thursday morning, April 2. Almy had again asked her to go to the sugar party and entertainment with him.

She refused, and he was very much exasperated. He said, "If I don't go with you I would like to see the man that will."

Christie was anxious to attend. She was then stopping at Prof. Pettee's. That afternoon she came home and expressed to her father and mother her desire to attend the sugar party. She prevailed on them to go with her; said she wanted to attend and wanted protection from Almy; said he had threatened her because she had refused to go with him.

Her parents went with her. When they entered the hall they took seats together. Christie sat between her parents; said she wanted to avoid Almy. He soon entered the hall and seated himself in front of them.

Before the entertainment commenced Mr. Warden was called from his seat. Christie trembled with fear. She was afraid Almy would come and take the seat beside her. He did not come and her father soon returned. She appeared to feel relieved. Before the close of the entertainment Christie suggested to her father that she would go; requested him to accompany her, which he did.

Soon after their departure Almy missed Christie. He at once left his seat.

He was apparently considerably excited. Going out he met Christie's father on the stairs and did not speak to him, but started on toward Pettee's.

We next find Almy roaming about in Danvers, Salem and Peabody, Mass., working some and loafing a good deal. This accounts for his whereabouts until about June 14, when he returned to his cell in the Warden barn, which was prepared by him in February while he was at work for Mr. Warden.

We show him lying in the bushes behind the Warden house; in the old barn below the Warden farm; and later we show him crawling into Miss Amelia S. Thompson's window in Prof. Pettee's house about 1.30 o'clock Tuesday morning, July 15, two days before the murder, expecting to find Christie Warden there.

He was armed with his revolvers and cartridges. Christie was not there. If she had been she would undoubtedly have met the same fate which she did two nights later. This, your honor, brings us down to

The Night of the Murder,

July 17, 1891.

On the night of the murder Almy accosted Lottie Kellogg on Wheelock st., thinking it was Christie Warden.

Soon after supper Christie, with her sisters Fanny and Alice, started for the grange meeting. Christie and Fanny attended the meeting, and at its close Christie, Fanny, Mrs. Marden and Louisa Goodell started for home together, nothing transpiring until they reached Potash hollow, also called the Vale of Tempe. This was about 9.45 o'clock.

When they reached the foot of the hill a man stepped out from the bushes. He overtook them, and said: "I have come a thousand miles to see you, Christie."

Turning to her mother he said: "You know me, Mrs. Warden. I am Frank Almy." "Yes," she said, "I know you." Mrs. Warden replied: "You can't see Christie." Thereupon he drew his revolver, and said: "You see I am armed. If you will go along I will do you no harm." He pointed the revolver at Fanny, and exclaimed: "I hate you, Fan. Stand back or I will shoot."

Christie clutched Fanny's left arm, but he pulled Christie away.

Fanny, while yet in the road, saw Almy pulling Christie along.

It was at this time that Christie cried: "Help, Fan! He is tearing off my clothes." Fanny ran down through the bars, and was only a little way in the pasture, when he cried: "Go back or I'll shoot."

He kept on, and he did shoot at her. He kept pulling Christie along, but she kept on her feet all the way to the brook. A second bullet came so near to Fanny that she felt the current of air from it. She then ran back a few steps toward the bars.

At this time Almy was dragging Christie across the ravine, down the cowpath and round under the willows. Here Fanny heard the sound of the blows upon Christie's head with the revolver, or the pounding of her head on the ground.

At this point Emmitt Marshall, a young man who had been sent up by Miss Goodell to help, came running down, shouting: "Where is he?" Fanny told him the place. He ran to a knoll on the other side of the brook, opposite where Fanny was. Almy then opened fire on Marshall, who stood his ground upon the first shot, and Almy shot at him again.

Marshall then turned back to the road. Fanny went back through the bars, up the road, across the ravine, and, getting over the fence, told Marshall to go for the police as quickly as he could. Marshall went. She ran down by the place where Marshall had stood. Everything was still. She tried to get to Christie.

Almy again cried: "Stand back." She then heard two shots, one following closely after the other; next a crackling noise as though some one was getting over the fence and it was breaking. Hearing help coming she went back to the bars, met John Scott and others, and directed them to the place where

They Found Christie

under the willows.

On his way down Scott found the skirt of her dress and petticoat just beyond the crook in the cow path. Proceeding further on he found Christie lying on her back, her right foot crossed over her left, the lower part of her left leg bare, with the stocking pulled down, but the stocking on her right leg in place.

They found that she was lifeless. Although she was shot through the body, the bullet emerging from the lower part of her back, as I shall hereafter explain more particularly, her limbs had been so placed and her undergarments so adjusted before the discovery of the body that there was at the first view no appearance of this injury.

The deperate struggle that she had is well proven by the condition of her garments. Her arms were almost bare, the right arm had a part of the sleeve on, though torn from the dress; her hat was found near the bars; her shawl a little farther on; her dress, skirt and petticoat were torn from the basque, and her head lay in a pool of blood.

The exact condition of the body of Christie Warden will be shown by the testimony of competent surgeons, who made immediate and thorough examination

The evidence of violence which they found and noted was as follows: Deep mark two inches long on the back of the right hand over the wrist; purple spots on the back of that hand and on all of the fingers; on the back of the left hand there were purple spots also, and on all the fingers.

But, your honors, there were no such marks on her feet.

There were bruises and abrasions of the skin at the base of the neck on the right side two inches long, and an abrasion and bruises in front of the neck, but less than appeared on the right side.

At the junction of the cartilage and nasal bones were bruises and a fracture. There were bruises also under the right eye and bruises on the skin and forehead extending over the right temple.

After all this, your honors, is it strange that Fanny Warden found that all was still before the last two pistol shots were fired in the willows?

On the left side her face was burned with powder, and the bullet had entered her cheek a little in front of the left ear, and was buried in the base of her brain. The other bullet wound was in the back, a little above the upper boundary of the hips. This bullet had been shot through the entrance of the vulva, and the probe traced its course out at the back. There were no wounds of the external lips of the vulva.

This is an Outline

of what will appear in the testimony of the surgeons.

I desire to call your honor's attention to one more feature of this case before closing my statement. The last reference to Frank C. Almy which I have made was when he had finished his bloody work and disappeared.

He had accomplished his purpose, that had been foreshadowed by threats, and substantially in accordance with plans long before deliberately laid.

We search in vain for any evidence of accident or mistake. Every person who attempted to come near enough for interference with this horrible work was warned off, not merely with threats but with bullets; and these were only helpless women and a boy.

While they hovered, panic-stricken, as near as they dared to the lifeless form of the murdered girl, he fled to his lair. He tarried on the scene only long enough to disguise the evidence of guilt, as shown by the condition of her clothing, as best he might.

He was a strong man. He was in the full possession of all his powers. He offered no helping hand to bear the body home. Every faculty of his mind was alert.

He had no voice to call for help. He had no word of pity for the family of the dead girl. No expression of remorse for the deed escaped him. He knew that he had no excuse for his act.

Therefore his only care was for the personal safety of Frank C. Almy. He manifested no other interest in the affair.

Successful flight was his first and only concern. His place of refuge had been selected long before, and made ready for this very use. In his den, which was like a fortress, provisioned for a siege, he watched and waited for an opportunity to escape.

He kept himself sleek and fat on his thievings, prowled about his victim's home in the night, defied the law, threatened death to those who were seeking his apprehension.

There were no signs of remorse, no acts of repentance, and no sense of sympathy shown for the afflicted. He studied his disguise. He kept his revolvers in the best possible condition, his cartridge belt and pockets always filled with ammunition. Whoever was diligent for his discovery, he marked for death.

This was his conduct from the night of the murder, July 17, 1891, to the time of his capture, Aug. 20, 1891. On that day he fought his pursuers desperately, using the same weapons which he used in committing the murder, from 3 o'clock in the morning until about 1 o'clock in the afternoon; he fought the officers of the law and their assistants, shooting at them frequently, threatening to kill them, and, in fact, undertaking to do so. When he was overpowered by them and captured he held his two 44-calibre revolvers in his hands, fingers on the triggers, every chamber loaded. He had on a cartridge belt filled with cartridges, and an additional supply in his coat pockets.

The whole of his conduct after the murder is summed up in three words—flight, concealment and defiance.

MORNING SESSION.

Story of the Crime Told by Those Who Saw and Knew.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—After the county solicitor had outlined the government's case, the trial began to move rapidly on.

Judges and lawyers then examined the map of the scene of the murder.

The witnesses for the State are here, and were sworn in a body.

There were some 50 of them.

Chief Justice Doe then began to examine Mrs. Warden, a little woman in mourning, who sat in the front row of witnesses, next to her husband.

She told her story of the meeting on the road the night of the murder, when Almy put his arm around Christie and said: "I have come 1000 miles to see Christie, and I'm going to see her."

He then drew a revolver.

Cross-examined by Mr. Burleigh—Almy didn't seem to be excited; he seemed to be determined.

"I did not take hold of Christie to get her away from Almy. I didn't see Fannie do it.

"Almy said to Fannie, 'I hate you.' Fannie replied, 'I know it, Frank, but don't harm Christie.' Fannie also said, 'Be a gentleman, Frank.'

"Heard three shots after I started to run. I heard two more later.

"Almy seemed to admire Christie. He passed food at the table, and served her first and best. He would wear the flowers she liked.

"They did not weed pansy beds together or go out together to gather flowers—not to my knowledge.

"Showed little courtesies to all. I don't know as he did any more for Christie than for the rest.

"He used to praise her cooking. He did not give her presents.

"I believe when she returned from Manchester there were flowers for Christie from Almy, but they were not received with any gratification. The flowers were on the table, but not beside Christie's plate. Fannie did not in fun cut out paper flowers and place them beside her (Fannie's) plate.

"Almy helped Christie fry griddle cakes a very few times."

The murderer, who sits beside his counsel, has burst into tears as Mrs. Warden tells of Christie, of the flowers and of the griddle cakes. His face is buried in his handkerchief, and you can see his form

Shake Convulsively as He Sobs.

Did he have a sort of passion for the girl, or is he up to his old, old game, that of shamming?

Now he is quieting down, and sadly rests his head on one hand and gazes vacantly at the floor.

Mrs. Warden is still telling her story: "It is the custom of our family to give Christmas presents, so Christie gave one to Almy.

That heavy wedding ring Almy had on his hand he said he got by swapping a revolver.

At Christmas Almy gave Christie an easel and something to turn fritters.

Evenings were spent by Christie and Almy in the presence of the family. There was reading. She read "Romola" and "The Last Days of Pompeii," also poetry to him. I don't know that she read any more than I did.

"I didn't have any reason to oppose Almy's attentions to Christie, for I saw nothing that looked like courtship.

"I didn't know Almy enough to encourage him. I thought him a suspicious person."

Fannie Warden, in plain black, was the next witness.

Fannie went over the story told by her mother concerning the night of the murder.

"I heard five shots; three were fired at me the other two were

Fired at Christie,

as there was no one else present at whom they could have been aimed.

"After Christie was dragged through the bars and cried for help I hastened into the pasture. It was then he fired at me.

"When I found Christie dead in the hollow she was alone. Almy had fled.

"Her clothing was torn, and her head lay in a pool."

County Solicitor Mitchell then held up to view the tattered piece of Christie's white dress, torn from her body at the time of the killing. Fannie identified it.

Cross-examination of Fannie—"I knew when Almy met us he was determined to do something; I was afraid.

"I heard no unkind things said to Almy that night.

"Almy said he'd shoot me if I interfered. I don't know as he was excited, but he said it so I knew he meant it.

"He was pulling her as he went over the brook. Fired two shots at me before he crossed the brook.

"He fired the third at me after crossing.

"There was nobody on the knoll the other side of the water at that time.

"I remember seven shots.

"Almy always praised Christie's cooking. He didn't like mine.

"She used to play everything on the piano. I don't know as she played his favorite airs."

"Yes, he liked 'The Mocking Bird.'"

"Yes, she played it, I guess, but not just because he was around."

"These flowers of Almy's were on the table in the middle, not by Christie's plate?"

"Yes. I had a paper flower which I produced in sarcasm."

"No, I didn't like Almy. I think he always knew what I thought of him. I intended he should.

"I have heard

Christie Express Hostility

to Almy.

"At the last she wanted me to be with her. She didn't want to get him angry.

"Mother didn't go to bed and leave Frank and Christie sitting up.

"By Christie's request, she was never left there alone with him.

"I showed my disgust for Almy. My parents, I thought, disliked him.

"Once he tried to get in favor with the whole family. Then we thought a good deal more of him than afterwards. Then he tried to get into the good graces of Christie.

"He had a revolver. He used to say he came from the South, and they carry revolvers down there. I never saw a revolver under his pillow. I only remember shooting once. We all shot from the porch, just to try it.

"I couldn't tell whether the revolver was self-cocking or not. I don't know anything about firearms."

Rap! rap! rap! went the sheriff's gavel.

The crowd, boxed up, iron bound and nailed all around, squeezed almost to death, are getting a bit uneasy.

The women especially are tired of standing, but they can't get out or fall down; nothing to do but stand just where they are.

The rain is falling outside. Now and then a flash of sunlight breaks through the clouds, and the rays brighten up the gloomy scene, even putting a little color into the murderer's pallid face.

Almy still sits with bowed head, and only raising it to speak to his counsel.

Fannie is now saying that she thinks Almy always intruded himself on her sister Christie.

"I have seen a copy of the letter Christie sent Almy from Manchester. She copied it herself and sent it home.

"Christie Never Gave Him

a picture of herself. Almy never had my picture.

"Yes, I'm sure he didn't.

"What he did have was a picture of Christie and Myra which he stole from the house.

Fannie was done testifying at 11.45.

Miss Goodell, who accompanied the Wardens home on that bloody night, was called, but answered only two or three questions.

Young Marshall told how he reached the scene of the murder.

The body was still warm. Part of the dress, torn off, lay at some distance from the body. No one had touched the remains. He heard two shots in quick succession. Then a third.

"I supposed they were fired at me. When I found the body its feet were crossed. I don't think any one had touched it except Almy.

Cross-examination—"I heard the cries of Mrs. Warden. I heard no talk of killing Almy.

"I don't know whom the shots were fired at, but supposed then they were meant for me.

"Didn't hear Almy speak."

Mr. Scott testified:

"I saw Marshall running and I says, says I, 'What's agoing on?' He says, says he, 'There's a man down there trying to kill two women?'"

Witness went down and met Fannie at the bars.

"She told me Almy was killing her sister down in the ravine. I could not remember Almy at first.

"On I went. First I saw a bit of white, that piece of dress. I said, as I found in the bushes a skirt and a dress, 'She can't be far off.'

"The clothing was 20 feet from the body.

"When I found Christie she was dead. I could see blood and a little mud on the clothing.

David Felton, policeman, told how the body lay. The feet were crossed. They looked as if arranged. The clothing of the limbs was disturbed or off. "I didn't see any clothing not on the body."

The court adjourned until 2 o'clock.

"Let the house be cleared at once," exclaimed Justice Doe, and cleared it was.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Physicians Give Startling Testimony as to Almy's Brutality.

The crowd which was packed solidly about the closed doors of the court house as the hour for the opening of the afternoon session approached was a patient one, in spite of the rain, and from a point in the street the mosaic of umbrellas was the most striking feature.

Witnesses, court, counsel and the reporters were admitted at a side door, and were seated before the main doors were opened. Almy was also in his seat.

With the opening of the doors, just before 2 o'clock, there was a grand rush and much pushing and crowding. In fact, so great was the crush at the doors for a moment that several women were badly squeezed and added to the excitement a scream or two. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, however, and in a few moments the court room was packed to its utmost capacity.

When the seats in front and on the sides had been filled, men and women climbed upon the seats in the rear, and some of the venturesome even climbed upon the backs of the seats, and were securely held there by the pressure of the crowd around them. Right at the inner door there was a solidly packed mass of people who could neither see nor hear, and among them there was much pushing and crowding and more or less loud talking. In fact, it was almost impossible to hear what was said after the proceedings of the session were opened.

At the opening of the session Mr. Burleigh continued the examination of Miss Fanny Warden and asked her as to some letters of Almy's to Christie, bringing out the fact that there were such letters.

The noise here became so great that Judge Doe cautioned the spectators in the rear of the room that unless the talking was stopped the room would be cleared entirely.

"There are plenty of reporters present," he said, in concluding his remarks, "and if you can't all see or hear, you will have opportunity to see what they see and hear."

The

Cross Examination

was then proceeded with, but was very soon concluded.

As Mr. Burleigh sat down Judge Doe said:

"If you have any more questions to ask of the State's witnesses you may ask them now. If not, we will proceed with the medical testimony in the case."

Mr. Burleigh having no question to ask, Dr. Frost of Hanover was called, and testified to an examination of the body of the murdered girl while it lay in the bushes just after death.

In considerable detail he described the ghastly wound in Christie's head. The revolver had been held so close to the head, he said, as to burn the skin. Near the body was a pool of blood.

"Was she alive when struck by that bullet?" asked Judge Doe.

"She probably was. Death must have been practically instantaneous from this wound," was the answer.

"Some time later," continued the witness, "marks on the face appeared, which showed that bruises had been made by violence. The hands also showed bruises, the violence having been done before death. The only other mark on the body externally was the mark of the bullet on the back, just above the hips."

Dr. Frost testified further as to the result of his examination, his testimony going to show that, after firing the shot which killed Christie, Almy perpetrated a brutal indignity upon her body, using his revolver.

He said: "On examining the genital organs, blood thick and dark escaped. About an inch within the body was a mark of a bullet wound, and this wound was traced to the point of exit on the back."

"Are you sure which way the bullet went?"

"Quite sure from the appearance of both the wound of exit and the wound of entrance.

"The wound began from half to three-quarters of inch beneath the surface. The wound must have been made by separating the legs and placing the muzzle of the pistol just within the genital organs."

Further questions by the chief justice brought out the fact that the wound could have been made either with the girl standing up or lying down. It was witness' belief, however, that it was inflicted while she was lying down. He judged so from the general character of the wound in relation to the position of the body.

"The ball could not have gone in at the back and come out at the front without making an external injury, of which there was no sign."

From the fact that the body showed no signs of having moved, witness concluded that the second wound, the one in the body, must have been inflicted after the other one.

The cross-examination by Mr. Burleigh caused the doctor to emphasize his statement that the weapon was held close to the head when fired. Further questions only made him adhere more closely to his original statement. To a question as to the wound in the body, Dr. Foster said that in his opinion the wound could only have been made while the girl was unconscious. No blood was found outside of the body from this wound, so that he judged that the heart's action must have ceased when it was inflicted. Nothing new was found on further questioning.

All the time the wounds he had inflicted on the body of the girl he claimed to have loved were being described, Almy sat with his head bent forward and resting on his hand, his eyes being completely covered. Under his hand, however, could be seen the quiver of his lips and chin, which showed emotion with difficulty suppressed.

Dr. Bartlett Was Next Called,

but before he was fairly started in his testimony Judge Doe found it necessary to call a halt in the proceedings while the sheriff lowered a few more windows and drove away from the outside a crowd of men and boys who had by some means climbed up from the ground.

Dr. Bartlett's testimony confirmed that of Dr. Frost. Cross-examination failed to shake his position, but did bring out the fact that, like Dr. Frost, the witness had not had special experience with, or made a special study of, gun-shot wounds.

With the conclusion of Dr. Bartlett's testimony, a recess of half an hour was ordered. The case of the government was so nearly finished that the court suggested to Mr. Burleigh that he take the time to prepare to call whatever witnesses he might desire.

Almy was taken from the court room through a little lane made by some mysterious process in the dense crowd, and then Sheriff Brigham invited all those of the spectators who desired to go out to do so at once.

No one seemed disposed to accept the invitation, however, and the crowd stayed. The back of a settee broke down, but no one was hurt, nor did flying glass from a broken window, a little later, do any damage.

Lamps were lighted in the court room, and Sheriff Brigham made glad the hearts of the reporters by placing some small lamps directly on their long table.

It was just 4.30 when the cry "Make way," raised by the sheriffs in the rear of the crowd, announced Almy's return, and after a little difficulty a way was made for him and he was able to resume his chair.

The judges were already on the bench and every one was ready to proceed.

Sheriff Brigham was the first one to give important testimony.

He produced the two revolvers taken from Almy at the time of his capture.

"Are they loaded?" asked Judge Doe.

"No, sir," replied the sheriff as he took the weapons from their cases.

The revolvers are handsome weapons, brightly nickel-plated and with hard rubber handles. They look equally as dangerous as handsome.

After Sheriff Brigham's testimony, Judge Doe said that he desired to hear no more government witnesses at this stage of the case, and so told Mr. Burleigh that he might call any witnesses he might have. Mr. Burleigh, having also the privilege of calling any of the State's witnesses, called Andrew Warden.

"Did he show any attention to Christie?"

"He did."

"And were these attentions marked?"

"He did show her attention after he had been at the house some time."

"Did they read together? Did she read some books to him?"

"They did read together."

"Were they ever alone in the sitting-room?"

"Not to my knowledge."

Asked to name the acts of attention by Almy to Christie, Mr. Warden said he went with her to drive, and appeared to want to be in her company considerable.

He had no recollection of their being in the flower garden together, and did not know that she gave the buttonhole bouquet he wore at the table.

"Did you look with favor on this attachment of Almy for her?"

"I did not."

"Did you look upon him as a desirable son-in-law?"

"I did not."

"Whether or not the family were opposed to any attachment between them?"

"They were all opposed to any."

Continuing, Mr Warden said that Almy and Christie never walked together to churches, as far as he knew. He didn't know that Almy ever went to church while in his employ. He saw Almy's revolver only once, at a time when Almy wanted to lend it to him.

He had no recollection of seeing any

Shooting at a Mark.

"Do you remember that Almy cut his wrist at one time?"

"I was with him when he did it."

"And did not Christie bind it up for him?"

"She did."

Mr. Warden did not know, however, that Christie ever buttoned up Almy's coat for him.

Miss Myra Warden was next called, and testified that the only time she and Christie went to ride with Almy was once when they went to town and took Almy along because they preferred not to drive a rather frisky colt themselves.

She noticed no special attentions of Almy to her sister.

Almy had a revolver and there was some target shooting. Each of the girls fired one shot.

Miss Alice Warden testified that there was no concealment of his revolver on Almy's part while he had it about the house. Almy was always very gentlemanly in his demeanor to all in the house.

Mr. John Fuller was called.

"Were you acquainted with Almy?"

"Not very much."

"Have you seen him at the grange waiting for Christie to come out?"

"I have seen him there."

"Wasn't this quite a frequent occurrence?"

"It was not."

"Didn't he go away with her?"

"I never saw them go away together; I never saw him at the grange more than two or three times."

Deputy Sheriff J. H. Foster testified that he knew Almy and had seen him riding with Christie once. He had seen him at other times when other members of the family were with them.

Miss Lottie Kellogg testified that Almy came often to the grange meeting for the members of the family. She did not know of his coming for Christie alone.

Christie went to a party one night with witness and Almy followed them into the hall.

"Didn't Christie promenade with Almy?"

"She did not."

"Didn't she go to supper with him?"

"She did not."

"With whom did she go?"

"No one."

"Where was she during supper?"

"In the hall."

"Wasn't she with him during supper?"

"He sat beside her."

Mr. Burleigh then spent a few minutes in trying to find a witness who was present when Christie's body was first moved. No such one was present, however, so he asked for and received a copy of a letter sent by Christie to Almy.

This closed the work of the afternoon's session, and at 5.30 o'clock Judge Doe announced adjournment until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

The crowd passed out quietly.

Almy was taken to his room and the first day of the trial was over.

Almy will testify in his own behalf; at least it is the present intention of his counsel that he shall do so.

"We have not begun to put in our case yet," said Mr. Burleigh to THE GLOBE man tonight. "We were just calling a few of the State's witnesses this afternoon, as allowed by the court."

"Then you have other witnesses?"

"Oh, yes; quite a number."

"And will your client testify in his own behalf?"

"It is our present intention to have him do so."

"But that will open the question of identity with Abbott, will it not?" was the next question.

"We are prepared for that issue," said Mr. Burleigh, smiling quietly. "I cannot make public the way in which we shall meet it, but it will surely be met."

From the present outlook Almy is likely to testify tomorrow, and that means that the day will be the most sensational of any since the case was opened.

Attorney-General Barnard feels confident in the strength of the government's case and sees nothing to worry about.

W. E. ROBINSON.

TRIAL MAY END TODAY.

Arguments in the Case Are to be Dispensed With.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17.—There are indications tonight that tomorrow will be the last day of the Almy trial, and that it may

Continued on the Fifth Page.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup is what you need.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

The Sad Results of Neglect.

By the careless neglect of a miner the great Cornwall coal mine was blown up by the explosion of gas. Careless neglect sacrificed hundreds of lives. By similar heedless neglect many lives are sacrificed by disease. All fatal diseases follow neglect of the first symptoms.

You often neglect a little weakness, nervousness, tired brain, sleepless nights from which you wake tired and unrefreshed, weary, languid feeling, headache, confusion of mind, dullness, loss of memory, strange sensations—which mean insanity. Cold feet and limbs, numbness, trembling, prickling sensation, extreme weakness of limbs—mean Paralysis. You often disregard the weakness of Nervous Debility, until the disorder of stomach, liver or kidneys until fatal disease fastens upon you. You neglect these symptoms at your peril, for they may run into incurable disease. Use immediately that wonderful remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, the pure vegetable medicine, which restores vigor to tired brain, strength to weak and shattered nerves, vitality and health to the exhausted body. Druggists, $1.00.

"If it had not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura I should have been dead before this time. I had the Grip, and it left me prostrated, extremely nervous, limbs stiff in the joints, bowels bloated badly and breathing terrible. In fact, I was almost a complete wreck, and could do but little work of any kind. I commenced to take Dr. Greene's Nervura, and at the end of one week was better, and now I am able to do a full day's labor.

CHARLES H. STEVENS, South Effingham, N.H."

☞ Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 34 Temple pl., Boston, Mass., can be consulted free, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease will be returned free.

BRONCHITIS IS CAUSED BY A COLD

Which settles in and inflames the air tubes leading to the lungs. It is the beginning of

Bronchial Consumption

And if neglected leads to that disease very speedily. A sharp, metallic cough accompanies it. Take it in time and you can certainly cure it with

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP

Which is Without an Equal for

BRONCHITIS

And for all diseases leading up to and including Consumption.

Dr. SCHENCK'S New Book on Diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Stomach, should be in every home. Sent free.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

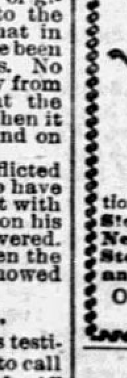
MANHOOD RESTORED.

Before & After Use. Photographed from life.

"SANATIVO," the Wonderful Spanish Remedy, is sold with a Written Guarantee to cure all Nervous Diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs, in either sex, caused by over-exertion, youthful indiscretion, or the excessive use of tobacco, opium, or stimulants, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up in convenient form to carry in the vest pocket. Price $1 a package, or 6 for $5. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sent by mail to any address. Circular free. Mention this paper. Address, MADRID CHEMICAL CO., Branch Office for U.S.A. 358 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL. FOR SALE IN BOSTON, MASS., BY Weeks & Potter, 360 Washington Street. George C. Goodwin, 36 and 38 Hanover Street.

CURE YOURSELF! Ask your Druggist for a bottle of Big G. The only non-poisonous remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men and the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor. The Universal American Cure. Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."



Not Drunk.

Just dizzy! There is a pressure on the brain, owing to a clogging of the system.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will remove the obstruction and permits the vital functions to act naturally. They cure Sick Headache, and all Bilious and Nervous Disorders, arising from Weak Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

5/A BAKER HORSE BLANKET IS THE STRONGEST.

None Genuine without Horse stamped inside. Price of 6 lb. Shaped Blanket, $4.50. " " 8 lb. " " 5.50

Ask to see the 100 other 5/A styles at prices to suit everybody. Sold by all dealers.

BROU'S INJECTION. A PERMANENT CURE

In from 3 to 6 days of the most obstinate cases; guaranteed not to produce stricture; no sickening doses, and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by all druggists. J. Ferre (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

CURE for the DEAF

PECK'S PAT. INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS perfectly cure deafness and noises in the head. Successful when all remedies fail. All conversation heard distinctly. Send for illust'd books of proofs FREE. Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York.

TO WEAK MEN Suffering from the effects of youthful errors early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

PLAYING

Cards were invented in France in 1391 for the amusement of the king and royal family. In 1873, in the State of Kentucky, a far better discovery was made, i. e., that a pure and wholesome alcoholic stimulant could be made for the use of the people as a public blessing, and the G. O. Taylor Bourbon and Rye Whiskey has proved such ever since. Druggists and Grocers sell it and will indorse its excellence. CHESTER H. GRAVES & SONS, Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

Table d'Hote, 12 to 8, 50c.

Rooms, 75c., $1 and $1.50 per day.

PURE LIQUORS. FAMILIES SUPPLIED

With any quantity desired at the lowest wholesale prices.

FANCY GROCERIES, ETC. Send for Price List.

J. W. CALNAN,

321 Tremont, cor. Pleasant st., Boston.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

TEETH

$5 TO $10 a set, guaranteed. No charge for extracting. Anaesthetics administered free. All other dental operations performed at equally low rates. Dr. W. H. DUDDY, 122 Boylston st., Boston, Tremont st. and Park sq., one flight, room 7, in rear.

FREE REMEDY.

A victim of youthful errors causing Lost Manhood, Loss of Vigor and Development, Early Decay, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc., will gladly send free to all sufferers a recipe that cured him after all other remedies failed. Address, with stamp, L. A. BRADLEY, Battle Creek, Mich.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF FREE

a simple means of certain self-cure to sufferers from youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, nervous debility, varicocele, etc. Send stamp. Address L. S. FRANKLIN, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PICTURE FRAMING

done to order at half usual prices. Crayon portraits, life size, $5 to $8; best work $10, worth $25 to $35. Boston's Art Store, 610 Washington st.

YOUR FUTURE in love, business, and marriage. Send date of birth, sex, lock of hair, 10c. Free test, 4c. stamps. Prof. BUFFERT, Astrologer, Box 342, Boston.

CURE YOURSELF.

ZY-MO

DR. RAY'S SPECIFIC.

No Internal Medicine.

The only positive cure known and the only remedy guaranteed or money refunded in all cases of unnatural discharge and private diseases of both sexes and the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. It cures in 1 to 3 days without the aid or publicity of a Physician. All Druggists, $1.

REMEMBER

If ZYMO is used as directed and does not cure your money will be refunded.

It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless.

BEWARE. Take no substitutes. Insist upon having ZYMO. Take nothing else. ☞ Sent by mail, prepaid, upon receipt of price, $1. Manufactured only by NATIONAL DRUG CO., 19 Harrison av., Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

They Need Rain
In New York. Unfortunately they have no Globe "Want" columns there.

The Boston Daily Globe.

WELL, WHAT IS IT?
A Globe want ad. will do the business.

VOL. XL.—NO. 142. BOSTON, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1891.—TEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

It's business to save our cash, and it's sensible to save ourselves. It's doubly fortunate when we can save both.

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER.

is able to do this for you. Are you willing to be helped?

Sold Everywhere. Cleans Everything. Suits Everybody.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, Ill.
OFFICE AND DEPOT, 5 Central Wharf, BOSTON.

FIRE! FIRE!

200 RANGES AND PARLOR STOVES,
$1.50 and upwards; damaged slightly by water.

CARPETS.

We make a clean sweep in this department.

Ingrain.....25 cts. per yard
Tapestry Brussels.....45 cts. per yard
Oil Cloths.....20 cts. per yard

These goods are all warranted as represented.

100 Chamber Sets, worth $20, for $14; Plush Parlor Suits, $27; Mantel Beds, $12.50; Parlor Tables, Desks, Lounges, Rockers, &c.

Come early, as everything goes with a rush.

The Standard Furniture Co.,
BRANCH,
727 WASHINGTON STREET.

Breaking a Continent

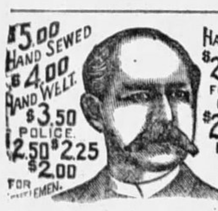
In two was Count De Lesseps' work. He changed Geography. Now an old man, he writes for the Youth's Companion of 1892 a delightfully humorous article, describing how he came to build the Suez Canal.

Special articles every week.

An Illustrated Family Paper
500,000 Subscribers

FREE to new Subscribers for 1892 from the date their Subscription ($1.75) is received until January 1st . .

The Youth's Companion,
BOSTON, MASS.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

The BEST SHOE in the World for the Money.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, do you want a shoe that will WEAR WELL, LOOK WELL and give the best satisfaction? If you do, insist on having the W. L. Douglas Shoes at any of the prices named above. Every pair warranted, and name and price stamped on bottom, so you know just what you are getting.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you.

EXCLUSIVE BOSTON STORES.
51 HANOVER ST.,
420 WASHINGTON ST.,
2280 WASHINGTON ST.,
37 MAIN ST., Charlestown,
389 BROADWAY, S. Boston.
FACTORY, BROCKTON, MASS.
(1) TuSThSU #10

Delegates to Sixth Aldermanic

Convention will assemble at the rooms of the Democratic State Committee, 252 Washington st., on Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.30 p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Alderman in the Sixth District. Per order,
JAMES H. STACK,
JOHN J. TEEVANS, } District
JOHN H. McDONOUGH, } Committee.
n19 2t*

Seventh District Aldermanic Convention.

The delegates to the Seventh District Democratic Aldermanic Convention are requested to assemble at the Municipal Court House, Dorchester st., cor. 4th st., Friday evening, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for alderman and to transact such other business as may properly come before the convention. Per order District Committee.
DENNIS M. CRONIN,
WM. S. McNARY.

FOUND,

At South End, on Saturday last, a watch, which owner can have by paying expense of advertising and proving property. Boston Furniture Co., 700 Washington st.

USE LUNG KURO.
[1] ThS* n19

GEN. BUTLER'S HEALTH.

He Has an Ear Trouble and Must Stay Indoors.

LOWELL, Nov. 18.—Gen. Butler is confined to his house with a local trouble in one of his ears, and his physician desires that he should remain indoors.

Paul Butler, the general's son, made this statement tonight.

Gen. Butler was seen at his home a few days ago, and he seemed in excellent health.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

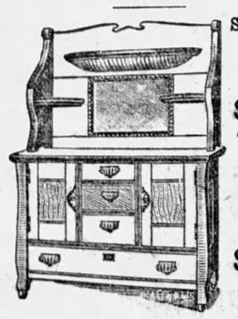
A woman's remedy for woman's diseases, has stood the test of many years, and is today the only successful and harmless cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and

Diseases of Women,

organic diseases of the uterus or womb, inflammation, ovarian troubles, falling or displacement of the womb, faintness, nervous prostration, weak back, aches, etc.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c.
Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

PREPARE —FOR— Thanksgiving



Sideboards $12 To $200.
Tables $5 To $75.
Chairs $1.50 To $25.

This handsome solid ANTIQUE OAK SIDEBOARD, 4 feet long, 6 feet high, with bevelled mirror, strictly first-class workmanship, highly finished.

Price Only $35.00.

H. R. Plimpton and Co.
Reliable House Furnishers,
Plimpton Building,
1077 Washington St.

GILROY SMILES.

Water Famine in New York Postponed.

Not Enough to Permit Waste, but More Than There Was.

Several Large Buildings Shut Off and Baths Closed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Public Works Commissioner Gilroy and Chief Engineer Birdsall of the Croton aqueduct were much more cheerful today than they have been for a week past over the water supply.

Reports received from various points in the Croton water shed showed that on an average one inch of rain had fallen.

"My commissioners estimate," said Commissioner Gilroy, "that this will give us an additional 700,000,000 gallons, but the water in storage is drawn down so close that it would be both unwise and unsafe to increase the pressure until we have more rain.

"The daily supply will therefore have to remain at 80,000,000 gallons for the present, and there is still just as much occasion for economy in the use of water.

"We are by no means out of the woods yet."

The water in the main Central Park reservoir measured 30 feet and one-half inch at 8 a. m. today, a fall of two inches within 24 hours. In the old park reservoir it measured 4 feet 9 inches, a fall of one foot.

The 42d st. reservoir showed no change.

Water was shut off in several buildings today, upon the report of the inspectors that it was being wasted.

The New York and Manhattan Athletic clubs have been compelled to close their swimming baths. All the Turkish and other public baths not supplied from artesian wells were compelled to shut down.

Commissioner Gilroy summarized the situation thus: "The late rain produced an average fall of one inch throughout the Croton water shed. This fall represents about 750,000,000 gallons of water, part of which is received into the storage reservoirs, and the remainder must have been drained into Croton lake. The capacity of Croton lake is 4,000,000,000 gallons of water, and that would be the present supply, presuming that the rain would fill the lake.

"On the other hand we must consider that the lake is not the only source of supply. If the storage reservoirs now in use can be completed and can be filled with water we will have enough water to last the city for 20 years without the building of other dams."

Commissioner Gilroy said that the recent rain had delayed the famine about two weeks. It had been decided to reduce the water supply from the city reservoir to between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000 gallons a day, about the capacity of the old aqueduct. There would, he said, be brought down about 100,000,000 gallons, and the surplus would be stored against further emergency.

BIG OFFER FOR TROTTERS.

The Best in the World Invited to Meet at Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 18.—Don J. Leathers, president of the Grand Rapids Trotting Association, will offer $100,000 for a great week of races at the meeting of the Michigan horse breeders in Grand Rapids the last week in August, 1892.

It was Mr. Leathers who offered $10,000 for the Allerton-Nelson match race, at that time the largest purse offered for a trotting horse race.

He now comes out with a $50,000 purse for a race for the stallion championship of all ages, to be trotted by Palo Alto, Stamboul, Allerton, Nelson, Axtell, Delmarch and Pat Downing.

Mr. Leathers also offers $25,000 for a race for Arion, 2.10¾; Monbars, 2.18; Ralph Wilkes, 2.18, and Bermuda Boy, the great 2-year-olds of 1891.

The other races will be contested for stakes and purses aggregating $25,000.

SO MUCH PER BRICK.

John Brown's Fort Bought by Chicago Men for Fair.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Nov. 18.—Workmen are busily engaged in tearing down John Brown's fort at Harper's Ferry.

One of the contractors stated that a stock company of Chicago capitalists had purchased the fort, and every brick, with all the contraptions, both inside and outside, will be sent to Chicago on a special train of seven cars this evening.

The building will be reconstructed on the world's fair exposition grounds in Chicago.

The building was bought at a certain price per brick, and the smallest fragments of it cannot be obtained at anything near a reasonable price.

Senator Platt's Desire.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 18.—Senator Platt of Connecticut, in an interview in Washington, speaking of the Connecticut quo warranto proceedings, says he hopes "the court will go further than the immediate question and give its opinion on the vital point at issue between the Democrats and the Republicans, to wit: Can the Legislature go back of the returns as sent up by the moderators of elections, or must the returns as sent in by these officials be deemed conclusive?"

Convention's Closing Day.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 18.—The closing day of the Massachusetts Christian Endeavor convention opened with a sunrise meeting and about 200 delegates in attendance. At the subsequent sessions in the City Hall the day's work consisted in hearing reports from officers and societies, addresses by prominent members, the election of officers and the discussion of practical topics.

$1000 for the Murderer of Moore.

WALDOBORO, Me., Nov. 18.—At a largely-attended town meeting today it was unanimously voted to instruct the selectmen to offer a reward of $1000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Edwin E. Moore, whose body was found in the rear of the Waldoboro Exchange Hotel, Sept. 28.

Cutts—Belcher.

RANDOLPH, Oct. 18.—Miss Marion Belcher of this town and Dr. Harry Madison Cutts of Brookline were married this afternoon in the First Congregational church, in the presence of many friends. Rev. J. C. Larrabee performed the ceremony. After a tour they will reside in Brookline.

New Englanders at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—New Englanders in town: R. F. Griggs, Waterbury, Conn.; George W. Johnson and wife, Bath, Me.; Julius H. Ward, Boston, at the Ebbitt; M. R. Richardson of Connecticut at the Arlington.

Rev. Jason Mariner Dead.

LYNN, Nov. 18.—Rev. Jason Mariner, a former pastor of the High Street Free Will Baptist church, died at his residence on Franklin st., this morning, after an illness of nearly eight years.

Recovers $8000 Damages.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 18.—Fred Garside, a jeweller, today recovered $8000 in the Supreme Court against the Ladd Watch Case Company, for injuries received in falling through a trap door.

Great Compliment for McClench.

CHICOPEE, Nov. 18.—Both parties held their mayoralty conventions this evening and paid William W. McClench the compliment of selecting him as their candidate.

Florence Slowly Improving.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18.—Actor Florence shows some signs of exhaustion, but the doctors think he is slowly improving.

Wanted

Every lover of fine chewing tobacco to try the justly celebrated Five Brothers' Plug. There is none that will compare with it.

CONTENTS OF TODAY'S GLOBE.

Page 1.
Water famine in New York postponed.
Insurgents fortifying in Brazil.
Almy's story in his own words.

Page 2.
Women speak on women's education at the Boot and Shoe Club.
Annual shoot and banquet of Company M of Somerville, 8th Infantry.
Thirty-sixth dinner of the Boston Paper Trade Association.

Page 3.
Harvard eleven shows up weak in practice; Yale men offering odds of 5 to 4; sports in general.
Rev. P. W. Sprague announces his position on Socialism to the Episcopal church congress; Gen. Schaff's address.

Page 4.
Republican candidates for the Common Council; Otis Eddy for alderman in ward 24.
Cruiser Newark finally leaves Boston harbor.
Awards at New York Horse Show.
Ill-usage by prison officials said to have caused the death of Pat Nally, an Irish patriot.
President Harrison brings down seven plump ducks.

Page 9.
Witnesses for the Barnaby-Graves trial announced; Conrad and Graves talk.
The speakership contest; Springer stock takes a little boom; Gen. Coit on the door-keepership.
Cambridge ministers prepare for no-license campaign.

Page 10.
W. C. T. U. adopts declaration of principles.
B. A. A. defeats N. Y. A. A. at foot ball.
The Berliner patent explained.
Drexel-Irick wedding at Vincentown, N. J.
Allied organizations meeting at Indianapolis.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Insurgents Fortifying the City of Rio Grande—Government Gives Marching Orders.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 18.—From despatches received here it is learned that the insurgents are fortifying the city of Rio Grande, and are making preparations for repelling any advances made on the place by the forces of President Da Fonseca.

The government has ordered a force of troops to proceed to the city of Desterro, capital of the province of Santa Catharina.

This city is 460 miles southwest of Rio Janeiro. It contains the palace of the president of the province, and an arsenal, and is defended by several forts.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18—8 p. m.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Thursday:

For Maine, slightly colder, westerly winds, fair weather; fair and slightly warmer Friday.

For New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and eastern New York, westerly winds, fair weather; slightly warmer, fair Friday.

Local Forecast.

The fair weather condition central near the middle Atlantic coast Wednesday night will probably move northeast to New England during Thursday, and the storm central in the extreme Northwest will move southeastward to the lake region, and may cause rain on the Atlantic coast during Friday.

For New England the indications are:

Thursday, fair weather, colder, followed during the afternoon and night by rising temperature, west and southwest winds.

Friday, warmer, southwesterly winds.

CLAYTON.

Temperature Yesterday

as indicated by the thermometer at Thompson's Spa: 3 a. m., 34°; 6 a. m., 33°; 9 a. m. 32°; 12 m., 39°; 3.30 p. m., 38°; 6 p. m., 33°; 9 p. m., 29°; 12 mid., 26°. Average temperature, 33°.

Democrats May Run Schaff.

PITTSFIELD, Nov. 18.—The Democrats held their mayoralty convention today and expressed a decided preference for Capt. Morris Schaff. He will probably be nominated tomorrow. The Republican delegates are understood to be solid for Alderman J. L. Peck. Mayor Hibbard fails of renomination by his party but a petition being circulated for his candidacy is getting numerous signers from both sides.

Rising Sun Officers in Trouble.

GREENFIELD, Nov. 18.—It transpires that the officers of Rising Sun, now in hiding, have used from $40,000 to $50,000 of Rising Sun funds to buy up the Fraternal Circle. Denton, one of the officers implicated, has offered to turn State's evidence, and the others may be dragged from their hiding places to a prison.

"MILK for babes"—yes, pure, fresh milk they must have; but cow's milk can never be like mother's milk until Mellin's Food is added to it.

You Should See It.

"All celebrated people," said Napoleon, "lose on a close view." Reverse this and it will apply to celebrated pieces of furniture. They can only be appreciated upon an arm's length examination.

What, for example, can be gathered of this chamber set from this picture; what justice can be meted out to it in two stickfuls of type?

It is a mass of superb carving, twisted posts, fluted pillars and decorative panels. The great head-board is eight feet in height and of proportionate width and thickness.

The wood is a special selection of veined Spanish-American Mahogany, chemically treated, so that it has the appearance of great age. It is the exact color of the mahogany work of one hundred years ago. The set is well worth a special journey to see.

Our 1892 Catalogue is ready for delivery and will be sent to any address on receipt of five 2-cent stamps to cover postage and packing.

Paine's Furniture Co.
48 CANAL ST. { South Side Boston & Maine Depot.

ALMY'S STORY.

On Witness Stand Tells of His Love.

Describes Life at Warden Farm.

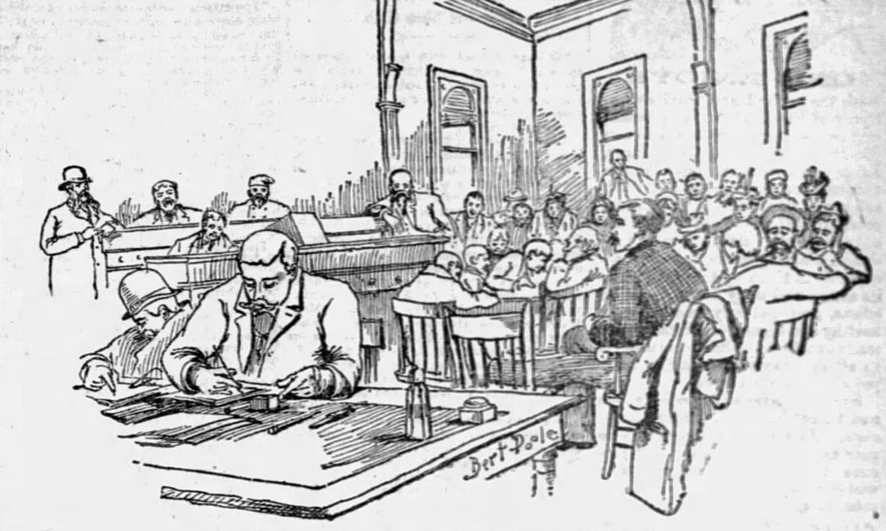
How He and Christie Came and Went.

Gave His Version of the Brutal Murder.

Forgot Very Much When Sharply Cross-Questioned.

Government Not Allowed to Prove Him Abbott.

Testimony All in and the Case Nearing Its End.



THE GENERAL COURT SCENE WHILE ALMY WAS TESTIFYING.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 18.—"Did you intend to kill her?" Quick as a flash from the lips of the chief justice fell the startling question.

"When?"

Almy's answer was an interrogation.

"Ever?"

"Not at the first shot."

The second shot was meant to kill?

'Twas the evening of today and the scene was the court-room, lighted by lamps which threw ghostly shadows on the walls and ceiling.

Frank C. Almy had been on the witness stand for six hours and 30 minutes, telling his story of love for Christie Warden and giving his version of the killing in the willows, off the highway in Hanover.

He sat in a chair right in front of the judges, one leg elevated, as usual.

His voice was clear and distinct when used naturally, but he ran it up and down the scale, now high, now low, with all the skill of an elocutionist.

He was modest.

He was bold.

He was pathetic.

He would have been humorous at times if the surroundings would have allowed that name for his mood.

Perfect actor, he would have made his mark on the stage in tragedy or comedy.

He can affect the emotions so perfectly that they seem to be his—but they are not.

Melodramatic in the extreme was he at one point.

"I believe now if Mrs. Warden had spoken one kind word to me the night of the murder—Oh, how different it might have been!"

As this exclamation in an undertone came from his lips he let his crutches fall, and his healthy foot strike the floor with violence.

His eyes began to roll and his neck to wriggle around as if it were a 16-inch neck inside of a 14-inch collar.

A moment later he was hurrying on with his story in natural tones.

Early in the morning, Almy never mentioned Christie without tears in his eyes and a nervous twitching of the fingers, held up in full view of the judges.

As the day wore on he forgot his part, and failed to weep even when talking of the dead girl.

Toward night, as he got down to the horrible details of the crime, there was no shamming about his nervousness.

MR. WILKINS WAS ALLOWED TO TESTIFY WITHOUT UNCOVERING.

For hours he had been under a heavy mental strain, and it had told upon him. He was shaking all over at times, as he delved into the depths of his black crime.

Those shakes were real shakes.

'Twas the plea of a man in desperate straits—only partially realized, it is true—who was almost on his knees praying for life and liberty, begging to be removed from the shadow of the scaffold and from the mouth-gaping prison doors.

His memory was weak, so weak on some points and strong—oh, so strong, on others.

The former were incriminating; the latter vindicating facts.

You will see it all as clear as day as you come to his tale of the murder in the moonlight on the night of July 17.

The hands of the clock stick out at 10.35 when it is announced by the defence that their sole remaining witness is the prisoner at the bar.

Almy is to testify, as THE GLOBE said he would, today.

A recess.

The murderer hobbles out of the court room on his crutches.

TRY Upmann's Extra 5. Best 5c. cigar.

The crowd, bigger than on any previous day of the trial, divides in the centre to allow him to pass.

The murderer gazes into the scores of faces about him without any sign of fear.

Wonderful nerve, or else remarkable stupidity!

Twenty-five minutes later Almy is again in court, and is ordered to stand up and be sworn.

He strikes an attitude.

Then he begins to unfold his tale.

It comes out in sentences chopped up by pauses, as if it were a recitation committed to memory which he desires to deliver without a mistake! You can almost see the manuscript copy of the story.

A FAIR SPECTATOR—LAWYER PLUMMER.

Now it is that he begins to choke and sob, as he tells the minutest details of his love-making which ended in murder.

Narrates how, on Sunday mornings, he helped Christie fry griddle cakes; sobs after "Christie," and tears after "griddle cakes."

Pulls out a handkerchief and applies it to his nose.

Describes the presents the girl gave him and how they spent hours alone together; how he escorted her to parties.

Black-eyed Fanny Warden sits over among the witnesses, leaning forward to catch every word he utters, and with a sad, sarcastic smile on her pretty face.

Father Warden for the first time during the trial is evincing some emotion; seems interested, appears surprised at some of the statements of the murderer.

Sotto voce, Almy tells how he passed the food at dinner.

Nothing is too trivial for him to describe at length, and no attempt is made to shut him off, to quell his verbosity, not even by the judges and the prosecuting officers.

MISS ZWICKER IDENTIFIES THE CARD.

"I thought the world of Christie. She liked the same flowers as did I, the same literature, the same music."

He pronounces literature as if spelled "literatyure."

Attorney-General Barnard turns half around in his chair and glances sharply at the prisoner.

Crash! Down go a dozen people off the backs of settees.

Quite a disturbance for a minute.

Almy doesn't notice it.

Sweetly he narrates how with Christie he used to harmonize colors for a crazy quilt.

Drops into poetry, and tells how Christie once sang for him his favorite songs:

Farewell, my own, light of my life, farewell;
For crimes unknown I go to a dungeon cell.

Almy weeps no more when he says Christie.

He can't forbear a rap at Fanny, whom he dislikes, and who thoroughly dislikes him.

Says she can't play whist a little bit.

Christie and he beat her and she got mad.

Tenderly, softly, he pictured the scene in the Warden farmhouse when the dead girl—then alive—used to read to him such love verses as "Ramona." Then he advertised the book by a description which savored of the door-to-door agent.

Another crash, and off the settees came the crowd again in the rear of the court room.

Almy then stated that "The Last Days of Pompeii," read to him by Christie, was a book of much literary merit.

An envelope was produced containing a lock of hair, marked by the murderer with this inscription:

Tress of my bonnie Christie's bonnie hair.

Gazing heavenward, the prisoner described in accents low how the ring, which he had obtained by swapping a revolver, had been wished on his finger by the girl he loved and whom he believed loved him if let alone by her parents.

Said she wished it on for a year and a day.

He had worn it until he thought he was dying (deep sighs), and then gave it to John Fuller on the haymow in the barn at Hanover.

Admitting that Christie had been somewhat estranged by a visit he paid to the grange, where she thought he ought not to be, he added that he reproved her for subsequent ill-treatment in public.

A hiss—the first and last of the trial—was heard.

Tears in his eyes he described the parting with Christie in the barn when he was about to leave the farm.

He kissed her.

THE MURDERER TAKING THE OATH.

She kissed him.

She looked like Evangeline in the pictures you see in the stores.

"What did you think of Christie?" asked Mr. Burleigh.

A pause.

To tell the truth, the silence was effective in a dramatic way.

Then came the answer.

"I loved Christie with all my heart, all my soul and my conscience; she alone could inspire me with the ambition which would make me a man and a benefit to the world. She was the only girl I ever loved."

Another pause.

"All my hopes, expectations, aspirations, were centred in her."

At 3.15 p. m., when Almy had been testifying steadily for two hours and a half, and he had only got as far as the buying of the two revolvers, his own counsel told him to hurry up and cut the unimportant short if possible.

Almy grew excited and in awful earnest as he drew himself together to describe his actual deeds at the scene of the murder.

This, in a nutshell, was what he set forth in vivid, broken language—in this lies his only hope of remaining on earth much over a year from this date.

"I remember pulling Christie away from her sister.

"I remember having my arm about her waist.

"I remember that after passing the bars Christie and I fell down.

"I remember that I dragged her on—I must have used much violence, as the result shows—until we reached the brook.

"I remember that we both fell down there.

"I remember that I was stunned and that Christie was senseless.

"I remember carrying or dragging her into the willows.

"I remember being on my hands and

Continued on the Fifth Page.

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LADY'S Gold Brooch Pin, pansy pattern, beautiful, for 90 Savona face wrappers.

ALMY'S STORY.

Continued from the First Page.

knees, one hand on her body and the revolver being fired. It was fired by accident.

"I remember that I could not believe that my loved Christie had been shot. Oh, God! no; that could not be Christie!

"I remember that I fired the second shot to put her out of misery and pain, but oh; that white cold face could not be Christie's face, that of whom I loved dearer than life.

"I remember running toward the river, then to the Warden barn.

"I remember firing the shots to frighten Fanny and the man on the knoll.

"I don't remember how I forced the girl over the bars—not definitely; my mind was not clear.

"I don't remember whether I clutched her by the throat and wrists.

"I don't remember how I got the girl from the brook to the willows. I had fallen down; I was stunned.

"I don't remember how that first shot which wounded darling Christie was fired; I say I was stunned."

These "remembers" and "don't remembers" seem to fairly give the plea of the prisoner for life.

Ah! if he had but remembered.

If he had but controlled the temper which he admits he has, at least by reputation; if he had not pressed his attentions as a suitor upon this girl who, according to all the government witnesses, had spurned him; if he had throttled his jealousy he would not be today weighed in the balance and found wanting, and Christie Warden would be alive, a happy girl in a happy home.

Chief Justice Doe cross-examined the murderer in his curt, incisive style, and gave him no opportunity to be theatrical during the operation.

Question followed question in quick succession.

Almy now talked as naturally and coolly as could be, and very fluently. He showed that his previous experience in criminal courts had taught him a lesson, for he was artful in dodging incriminating answers to queries.

By the way, no evidence was allowed to prove he was the outlaw and thief, George H. Abbott, although the attorney-general once broached the subject by asking where he was born.

The court thought it wasn't necessary to go into that subject.

Yet it is admitted on all sides that Almy is Abbott.

Almy had stated in his testimony that he had informed the Warden family that he had relatives in Savannah, Ga.

"That wasn't true, then?" asked the chief justice.

"True in a general way," replied Almy.

"You didn't have any relatives there, did you?"

"No, sir."

Cute as a witness, but not cute enough.

THE GLOBE's artist ventured into the temporary cell of Almy in the court house this morning and requested, and was granted by the prisoner, the privilege of sketching him, and he will be reproduced as in life. He sat on the morning of this the most eventful day of the trial up to date reading a copy of THE GLOBE which the artist gave him.

'Twas the biggest crowd of the week. The seats were removed from behind the rails, and everybody stood up in the rear of the court room. The spaces on the sides and within the rail were jammed full.

Everybody was accommodated who could be.

'Twas a sight to watch the faces of the spectators as Almy struck the keynote of honest earnestness in his plea for life—and no man desires more to live. He caught and held their attention. One intelligent looking man, if he had his mouth shut, stood all day long with his mouth open gazing at the prisoner, and literally drinking down his words.

Women cried.

And more than one woman, who for some undivulged reason didn't like the looks of the Wardens, could be heard expressing a morbid sympathy for the murderer.

That was the part of the house Almy was playing to.

How stands the case now?

The evidence is all in.

Prosecution and defence have rested.

Attorney-General Barnard and Hon. Alvin Burleigh will make their closing arguments before the court, beginning at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

The arguments are expected to be brevity itself.

Then it only remains for the judges to announce the degree of murder of which Frank C. Almy is guilty and sentence him.

The end will come tomorrow.

Imprisonment or death?

THE GLOBE presents herewith a full stenographic report of what Almy said during 300 minutes.

Read it and guess the result of the trial.

GLOBES are being read on every hand by the greedy eyes of the citizens of Plymouth tonight.

They like 'em.

FRANK H. STANYAN.

ALMY'S STORY.

On Witness Stand He Tells His Tale of Love and Murder.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 18.—Here is Almy's story of his life and crime:

He was examined by Mr. Burleigh as follows:

Q. Will you state about when you first came to the Warden homestead? A. Last year; I think the 9th or 15th of July.

Q. What arrangements did you make about work? A. I saw Mr. Warden and asked him if he wanted to engage help for the haying season. He said yes, and he asked me questions as to wages. He asked me if I was willing to work certain days of the week, on particular days, and I said I could only work haying every day in the week.

Q. What arrangements did you make? A. He asked me what my price was and I told him $1.25 a day. I suggested that I would try a week if he wished it, and if all things were satisfactory we could make a longer arrangement.

Q. Was the arrangement closed? A. The bargain was concluded, and I was to have my pay at the expiration of the week. Then, if things were satisfactory all around I was to continue, and my engagement would close with the haying season. He asked me if I would go right to work; that was in the forenoon, and I worked until noon and continued all that week. He then paid me as agreed, and we made another bargain, that I should work at the same price right through the haying season.

Q. Of whom did the Warden family consist? A. At that time it consisted of the old lady and gentleman—Mr. and Mrs. Warden—Mr. and Mrs. Flint, the parents of Mrs. Warden—"Grandpa and Grandma Flint" as I used to call them—the daughters, Myra, Alice and Lillian and the brothers, "Bert" and Johnny and Christie.

Q. Were all the members of the family there, of which you have spoken, at the homestead at the time you went there to work? A. They were, sir.

Q. Go on and state how and when your first contract with Mr. Warden closed; you worked during the haying season? A. It continued through the haying season into August; then I thought of leaving, and, in fact, did leave, and went to Hanover. At that time they were building a hospital there, and I was talking with the contractors as to getting occupation on the hospital. The contractors gave me considerable encouragement as to taking charge of the carpenter work, that is, the staging and rough work. At that time I tried to find a boarding-house, but did not succeed in getting a satisfactory one, and then I came back to Mr. Warden's and the first person I saw when I came back was Myra sitting in a carriage. I do not think there was any horse to it. I think she was reading in the yard. I had a talk with her, and she said, "Why don't you work for father?" At that time Myra was very friendly to me, and I liked her and respected her. I liked the place very well, so I saw Mr. Warden and made another arrangement with him to work at $20 a month until the winter commenced, and then through the winter at $13 a month. This seems, perhaps, like a small sum, but he was never accustomed to pay as much as that, but perhaps there was an attraction there that remains to be seen.

Q. When was this contract terminated? A. I think by the first of April, but I had a little sickness and lost two or three days. He did not ask me to make the time up, but I thought, in honor, I should make the time up.

Q. So you completed your contract? A. Yes; I made up for the lost time.

A. At the time you made your second contract, during the haying season, was Christie a member of the household right along? A. She was.

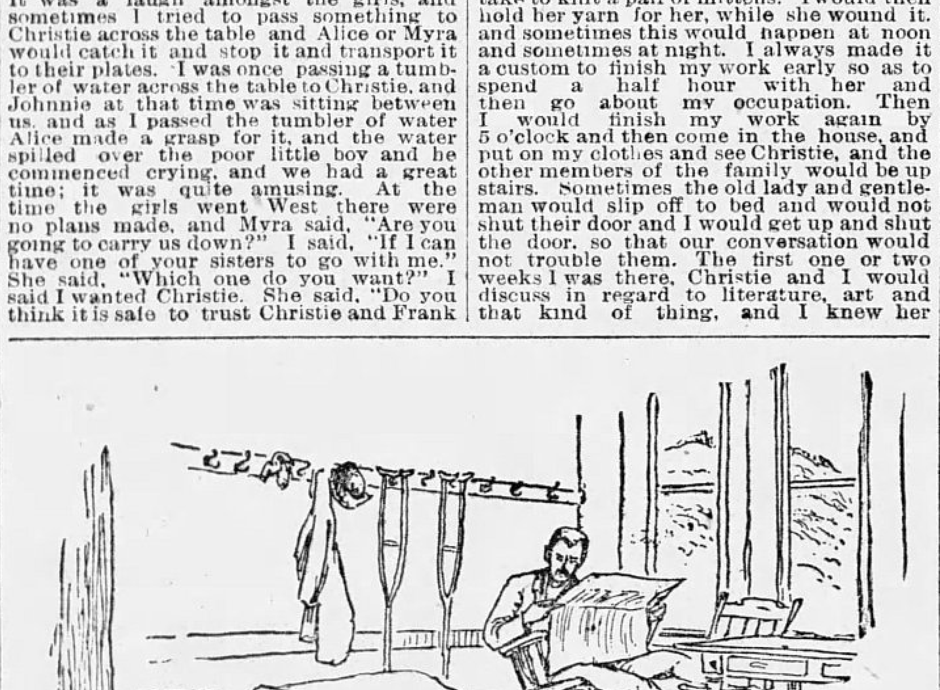
Q. Will you describe your relations to the family, to the different members of the family, during that period; how you got along, and describe your life? A. Perhaps it would be best to divide it in two periods. Take it from the time I first went there to the time that Myra and Alice departed for the West. I do not know the exact time they went, but I think it was the last of August. They received me in the family very kindly, and I was treated as one of the family by all of them at that time. I discharged my duties to the best of my ability and there was no trouble whatever in the family. I shared my attention between them all and was polite to them all, but if there was any preference shown by me it was Christie had the first chance. I knew one particular time there was a dancing party at the house. I had only been there a few days then, and Myra said to me, "Are you going to trip the light fantastic toe tonight?" I said, no. Christie afterwards asked me, "Are you not coming to dance tonight?" I said: "I have not proper clothes." After a little while she said, "Frank, I will lend you one of my father's shirts if you come down and dance," but I did not go. They danced that night, but not in my presence. A few days after that they had another dance, but owing to my clothing I did not dance. We used to have very enjoyable times in the family at that time. The girls were home from the West to have a good time, and I think I contributed to that good time in a measure, although I don't wish to flatter myself. I cannot give the exact dates, but I remember one instance when Myra Warden was at Mrs. Hewett's daughter's—I think her daughter had a child that died, and Miss Myra had assisted in the funeral, and she was at that time there. She was expected home that evening, and Christie and I made arrangements to go for her together, and the horse was harnessed, and we were just getting in when Myra came in the yard, and she says, "I do not want to deprive you of your ride." So Christie got in the carriage, and Myra also got in, and we drove up near the river, laughing and talking together. Myra said, "Let us go up to Foster's and serenade them." I had only been there a few weeks at the time, and I said I did not know as I knew of any of their tunes. She said, "You know 'The Spanish Cavalier,' and those familiar tunes," and I said I did. We passed that evening singing to Henry Foster and the family. Henry Foster did not happen to be there at the time, but there was a young man there, Charlie Foster. When we went into the yard we struck up "Away

ALMY WHEN LAWYER STORY SPOKE OF HIS LOVE FOR CHRISTIE.

Down Upon the Swanee River," and Charlie Foster came out. He and Myra were great friends together, and he assisted Myra out of the carriage. There was a carriage in their shed and he and Myra got in laughing and talking together, and Christie and I were in our carriage. Soon Henry Foster came home and we laughed and talked together with him outside. Some other men came out when Henry Foster came, and they drew the carriage which contained Myra out into the yard. After a while Henry Foster pressed us to come into the house, and we went in and had a little dance there at that time. I don't know if there was any music there at all, but I think a young fellow played the harmonica.

Q. Did you dance with any particular one? A. No. It was not a formal dance; just a few steps around.

Q. Up to the time when the girls, Alice and Myra, went out West, had you shown any special attention to Christie or had she shown any special attention to you? A. I think I had been there about two weeks, and was accustomed to the routine of the family, and we were speaking about griddle cakes. I think I said that I could make them, and told how they were made, and Christie said: "We have griddle cakes every Sunday morning; that is our bill of fare every Sunday morning, and I make them." About two weeks after I was there I came in one morning. The custom was for me to get up early every morning, about 5 o'clock, and feed the horse. Mr. Warden would then get up and we would milk the cows. Then, when Mr. Warden would come in, he would take off his shoes and go back into his bed chamber again and lay down and not get up until breakfast was ready. No other members of the family got up until breakfast was ready, except on Monday morning, when Mrs. Warden would get up first, on account of the washing. Now we will go back to the griddle cakes. That morning I got through work early and Christie and I made the griddle cakes together. There was some laughter in the family about Christie and I making them, and something was said about them being a little better than usual. That continued every Sunday morning until the last time I saw her in the family. At the table Christie would sit directly opposite me and Myra at the end, and as Mrs. Warden did not care about waiting on the table it was my custom to do it. I would serve Mrs. Warden first—the old lady—and then Christie, and if there was anything on the table a little extra nice I would share it between Mrs. Warden and Christie. It was a laugh amongst the girls, and sometimes I tried to pass something to Christie across the table and Alice or Myra would catch it and stop it and transport it to their plates. I was once passing a tumbler of water across the table to Christie, and Johnnie at that time was sitting between us, and as I passed the tumbler of water Alice made a grasp for it, and the water spilled over the poor little boy and he commenced crying, and we had a great time; it was quite amusing. At the time the girls went West there were no plans made, and Myra said, "Are you going to carry us down?" I said, "If I can have one of your sisters to go with me." She said, "Which one do you want?" I said I wanted Christie. She said, "Do you think it is safe to trust Christie and Frank



ALMY GLANCES AT A NEWSPAPER AFTER FINISHING HIS BREAKFAST.

out tonight?" Mrs. Warden did not make any reply, and we went; but just before we started Charlie Foster came into the yard with a team and took Myra down with him. We started in the morning; think about 11 o'clock or so. We did not hurry, having lots of time. I don't think the train left until after midnight. It rained that night, but I saw them to White River Junction and saw them on the train. I got on with them and saw them off and bid them a very affectionate goodby. I shall always remember Alice and Myra Warden, as at the time we were very good friends and I always thought a great deal of them, and we always respected each other.

Here Almy's eyes filled with tears, and for a few moments he could not go on with his story.

Q. Did you see Alice and Myra after that? A. I never did. I often heard Mrs. Warden speak of them, and I know one extract of a letter which she read to me from them, from Alice. I think, speaking about me, and wishing to be remembered. I was glad to hear of them, as I respected and liked them very much, and I had become very well acquainted with them.

Q. After Myra and Alice left the homestead, as you mentioned, did the rest of the girls get along nicely with you? A. Yes.

Q. I want you to go on from that point and state how you progressed and how you got along with the family and your relations with the family and with Christie. A. After the other girls went away the family seemed divided. It was really two families in the same house. "Grandpa" and "grandma" Flint occupied the sitting-room down stairs. The room Mrs. Warden occupied in the evening and her daughters was Mrs. Warden's bedchamber. Christie was a very quiet girl and she did not go skylarking with the other girls and playing with them. She did not indulge in those things. This family, as I said, was divided. Mrs. Warden every evening going into her room, taking Lillian and Fanny and the two boys, and Mr. Warden retired very early. Mrs. Warden sat up rather late. Christie would then go in the room with Mr. and Mrs. Flint. They were very old people, Mr. Flint being 84 years old, and the wife a few years younger. They would retire quite early and Christie and I would be left alone. I was attracted to her by many of her qualities which it is not necessary that I should describe, and I thought the world of her. We had many things in common. Our tastes were alike in regard to literature and flowers, and we liked the same music. We differed somewhat on the principal ideas of life, notably, perhaps, religion, but generally we agreed on the same subjects. In the morning I would be the first one up, and after I had done the milking I would come in the house in summer time, and Christie would be up at that time getting breakfast. Mr. Warden would be in his room and Christie and I would be down in the kitchen together alone, and of course I was interested to see her work, and I wanted to do everything I could to help her, and I would set the table for her every morning, and perhaps if she had not the food on the table I would get it and put it on the table for her, and anything else I could do for her.

Q. Will you state about where was the room where the old folks and Christie were? A. There was the kitchen; the sitting-room opened out of the old folks' room. The larger room was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Flint and the smaller room by Christie. There was a stove between the doors and there was a door leading out into a closet.

Q. That was in the lower part of the house? A. Yes; that was Mr. and Mrs. Flint's room, and Christie called it her room; she always sat there and I was with her often in that room.

Q. Where was your room? A. My room was up stairs.

Q. And where was Mr. and Mrs. Warden's sleeping room? A. Their room opened out into my room; there was a rather circular or crooked entry.

Q. You had to go through their room to pass out? A. No; I passed into the hall.

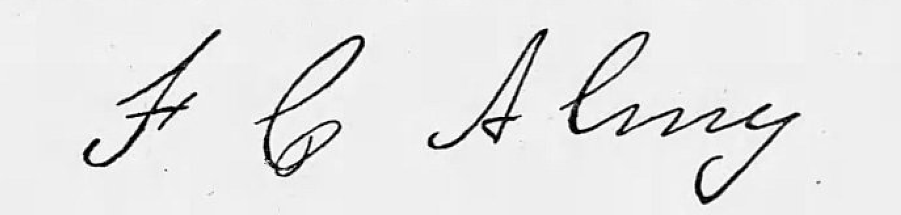
Q. Go on and give us a more detailed account of your stay there. A. I used to be with Christie every morning like this, and on Sunday morning I would always try to get the work done a little earlier, and as I said before, we would make the griddle cakes together. Christie would have two frying-pans, and she would mix up the batter and we would fry them together. That was the principal article of food Sunday mornings, and sometimes I would get in the sugar or go down in the cellar and get the butter or anything like that. I always assisted her in setting the table. I had seen a little article, a little shovel for turning over the griddle cakes, about as large as my hand; I do not think Christie had ever seen one. Her custom was to turn them over with a knife and fork, and I went to Hanover to see if I could get one. They did not have one, but in the early part of the winter I succeeded in getting one, and she was very much pleased with it and used it at the time. She used it until I went away. I would use a knife myself, and she said the little thing I had given her was a fine thing to use for the purpose for which it was intended.

Q. You have spoken of the work indoors, do you remember any out-door work? A. Many things. But let me go back to the noon work. My custom was to finish my noon work at 12 o'clock. I would go into the house and arrange my toilet and go into the room where Christie was. Christie was always engaged in the afternoons and sometimes she would play on the piano when I was there. I would spend every hour or half-hour or more with her that I could at noon, and she, knowing my favorite songs, would play them for me; my favorite song was "The Spanish Cavalier," and also "The Mocking Bird." Sometimes Christie would be engaged in making a crazy quilt, and I would arrange the pieces of it for her, picking out the different patterns and seeing that the shades were harmonious and arrange the circular pieces together. One time I had a hat with an orange lining in it and the lining came out. I never knew what became of it, but a few days afterwards I noticed that she had worked several pieces of it into her crazy quilt. Sometimes she would put her work on the table and arrange the different combinations and sew them together that way and I would help her to blend the colors. At another time, before Christmas, she was knitting mittens for the girls out West. She knitted at noon and night for them. I think she knitted three pairs for the girls out West and one for the girls at home, and I used to count the stitches for her, and there would always be a good deal of speculation as to how many stitches she would take to knit a pair of mittens. I would then hold her yarn for her, while she wound it, and sometimes this would happen at noon and sometimes at night. I always made it a custom to finish my work early so as to spend a half hour with her and then go about my occupation. Then I would finish my work again by 5 o'clock and then come in the house, and put on my clothes and see Christie, and the other members of the family would be up stairs. Sometimes the old lady and gentleman would slip off to bed and would not shut their door and I would get up and shut the door, so that our conversation would not trouble them. The first one or two weeks I was there, Christie and I would discuss in regard to literature, art and that kind of thing, and I knew her tastes very well. She had taken some magazines from the grange and—I had not been there at the time—she had got these magazines and we were together in the sitting room. The other girls had not gone to bed, but were outside the house. It was summer time, and I think there were some young gentlemen with them. Christie and I looked over a story in, I think, Harper's Magazine called "Yuma." She said, "Would you like a good story tonight?" I said that I would and we commenced the story together, sitting near each other, and in a short time the old folks outside got on to us in the inside, as they say, as they heard our reading. There were some French words that Christie did not know how to pronounce, and while we talked about the pronunciation of the words they could listen. Well, the story was finished that night.

Q. And what did you do after that? A. After that we read a few more stories in the magazines, she reading to me. One time she said to me, "Frank, have you ever read 'The Last Days of Pompeii'?" I said, "No." She said, "Shall I read it to you?" She told me that she had read it herself, but that she would read it to me. I told her if it would not be disagreeable to her I would like it and that it would be interesting to me, and she said she would. The story was commenced, and it was a long one to read. We read several chapters every evening until sometimes 8, sometimes 9 and sometimes till 11. When the story was about half through she said, "Frank you had better take that book and finish it." I said, "Why, Christie?" She said, "Perhaps you had better." I said, "What is the reason," and I got it out of her that the family objected to her reading the book. I said, "If you do not finish it I never shall, and it shall always remain a mystery to me. Then I said, "You can read to me if you like." She then said, "I am of age and I shall. I can do as I like in the matter," and the story was continued. A night or two afterward we were reading that story in the room together. It was in the early fall, the evening was cool and some one coming in the room, Christie was somewhat put out, and I was myself. She said, "Frank, come up to the guest room." We went out first into the wood yard and got a basket of wood, and went into the guest room and built a fire—a room not much used—and Christie and I built a fire and we spent the evening there together. Another time we built a fire in the parlor but were interrupted by some of Fanny's friends who came in. Some neighbor came into the sitting-room, so Christie and I went into the guest room again. When we went there we arranged our toilets, and sometimes Christie would change her dress and put on evening attire, and after "The Last Days of Pompeii" was finished we took up the story of "Romona," a very pathetic story, the story having been read by the whole family. It was our custom to go into the guest room after that. Sometimes Mrs. Warden would come in, and she would say, "Christie, if you are tired, I will read tonight." Two or three times, Mrs. Warden read a few chapters of "Romona," and once or twice during that time Christie would lie down on a sofa and would go to sleep, while Mrs. Warden read to me. Another time when Mrs. Warden was reading to me, Christie and I were sitting side by side on an armless rocking chair. She got a shawl and put it on the rocking chair and leaned her head against it. She asked me if I could not find something to put on myself, and she looked to find something for me, but, not getting anything, we shared the shawl between us, she taking half and I half, stretching it across the back of the chair. We also had a foot-warmer. By and by Christie fell asleep. When this story was finished, we read Haggard's "Beatrice." This story is a sensational one, but at that time popular. I have seen reviews of the book. Christie read it to me and I thought it was a very enjoyable book, although, perhaps, the sentiments expressed therein are not in accordance with popular belief, but still it was very pathetic. It was a love story with

IN THE HOTEL OFFICE.

an intense crime in it. Then we read "Irving's Sketch Book," which is a series of short tales, some tragical, and we also had the magazines, Harper's, Scribner's and the Century, taking them out of the grange. Well, we read all the stories and then besides there were the popular poets in the house, Tennyson and Longfellow. Her favorite poet was Longfellow and mine was Tennyson. She would sometimes say, "I like Tennyson, but some things of his are silly." I was very fond of other poets, and often in answer to a request from the family I would quote some particular passages of poetry to them, even to Mrs. Warden, if she would ask the question. We did not read the long, but the short stories in the magazines, and we also read together the poem of "Hiawatha." Then every alternate night, I think, we would engage in a game of

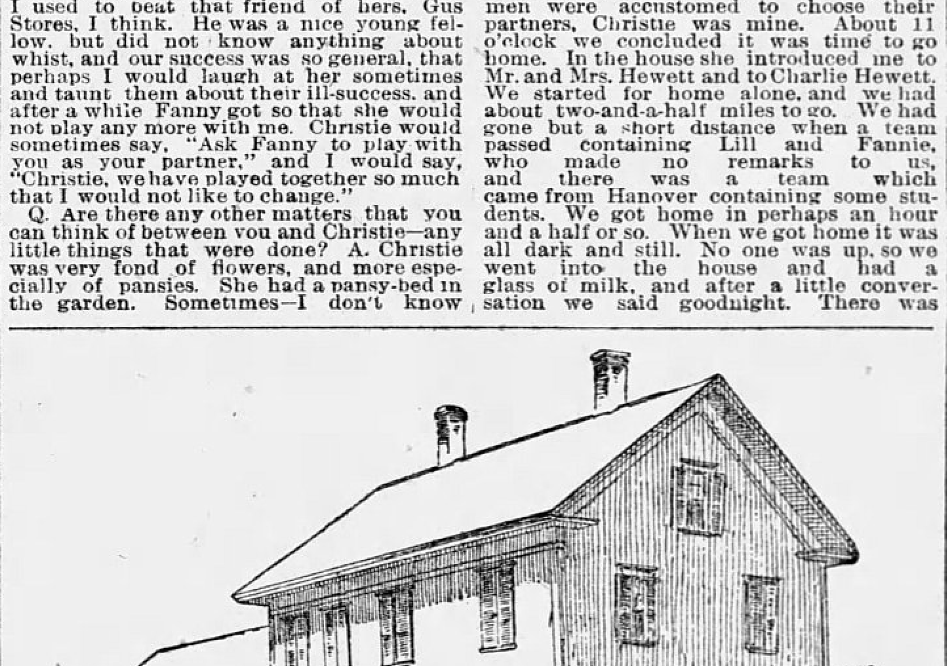


HOW THE MURDERER WRITES.

whist; my partner was always Christie—my first and last. Our opponents generally were Fanny, and sometimes she would have her brother Bert, and sometimes I would play against Mr. Warden and Bert, and sometimes against Fanny and a young gentleman who would come to see her, and there was still another young gentleman who would come to see her. I was quite expert at cards, and in the hundreds of games we played I was successful. In playing 50 games or so against Fanny Warden, I do not think she ever won more than one or two games with me. I always played a square game and perhaps I took a little more pains to win the game while Christie was my partner. I wished to appear a little smarter to her than the other young men there.

Q. Did this success in cards irritate Fanny Warden? A. Fanny Warden was very much angered, and more especially because I used to beat that friend of hers, Gus Stores, I think. He was a nice young fellow, but did not know anything about whist, and our success was so general, that perhaps I would laugh at her sometimes and taunt them about their ill-success, and after a while Fanny got so that she would not play any more with me. Christie would sometimes say, "Ask Fanny to play with you as your partner," and I would say, "Christie, we have played together so much that I would not like to change."

Q. Are there any other matters that you can think of between you and Christie—any little things that were done? A. Christie was very fond of flowers, and more especially of pansies. She had a pansy-bed in the garden. Sometimes—I don't know



THE WARDEN HOMESTEAD AT HANOVER, N. H.

whether the others knew it or not; perhaps they did, and perhaps they did not—sometimes we would go and weed it, and always when we went she would pick a few of the yellow or golden pansies and put them in my buttonhole. My favorite color was gold or yellow. One especial favorite flower of hers was a white flower; it had a peculiar Latin name and not knowing much about botany I cannot tell what the name was. She was very fond of this particular flower and wished to preserve it, I, therefore, cut a piece of board in a panel form and smoothed it very nicely and gave it to her, and she gathered almost the last of these white flowers—it was something like a calla lily—and sketched it on the panel which I had prepared for her. It looked very pretty. I had another panel in my room which she could have any time she wanted to paint on. Sometimes when she would have a parasol broken she would get me to fix it for her. All this work that I did for her was not done on Mr. Warden's time. It was done for her specially. But I will now speak of the necessary articles of clothing. It had been my custom to buy my shirts ready-made and they would have to have a buttonhole worked in the sleeve so that I could wear studs. I had a lot of shirts that wanted buttonholes and she worked them in for me. They were very nicely done. I don't know if they exist now or not. Another time I had a soft hat and in putting it on it would tear in a certain place; it was very poor material, and Christie would mend it for me. One day she was assisting her mother in washing, and I passed them. Christie was wringing out the clothes, and she noticed my hat. She said, "Don't you want your hat mended this morning?" I said, "You are busy and you cannot do it." She said, "Yes, I can," and dried her hands and mended my hat. I wrung out the clothes for her, that she wouldn't be behindhand. In the winter I used to wear gloves all the time, but the gloves I had were wearing out, and it was her custom almost every day to mend them for me. She would ask me, "How about your gloves this morning?" Sometimes she would mend my driving gloves or kid gloves and put stitches on them. If I was injured in any way—sometimes my hands would be cracked, notwithstanding I wore gloves, as they will in cold weather—she would attend to me. She would have some salve and fix up my fingers with it. Every time I got a splinter in my fingers it was always Christie who fixed it. Sometimes I would be in the field sawing the wood, the boys and I together in summer time, and if I found anything rare, curious, or branches of golden-rod, I would bring them home to Christie. One day I brought home from the woods a lot of branches of various kinds and some beautiful elm branches. I said, "Here, Christie, is a little wild-wood present for you that I brought home from the woods." They would be fir trees or pieces of cedar. Some time after I gave those to her I got my wrist very severely hurt and she fixed it up for me. She bandaged it and sewed it with silk and every day she removed the bandages and put some vaseline on. I used to practise with the little boy, Johnnie, on a trapeze; we used to try to out-do each other on it. One time while doing this the cords on my wrist got strained and opened the wound again and was quite a long time in healing and Christie watched it for me all that time and bandaged it.

At this point the witness could not speak, as his voice was choked with sobs.

But hastily brushing his tears aside he continued: A good while afterwards I would see the golden-rod that I had given her preserved.

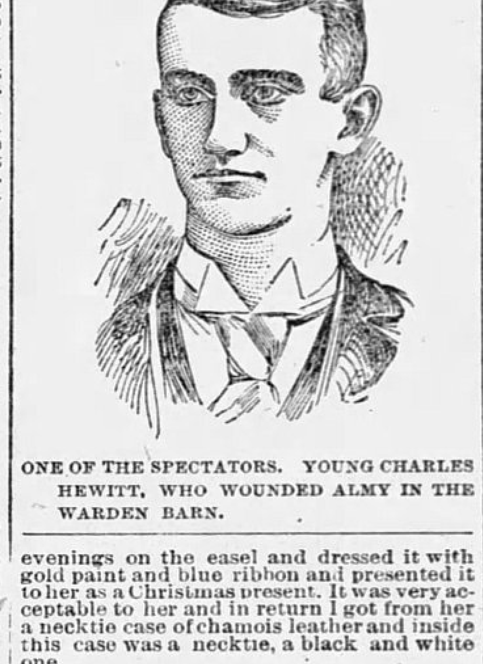
Q. Did you go to any parties, meetings or assemblies with her? A. Christie and I went to church. Other members of the family went at the same time, but when we went Christie and I would walk together and come home together, and the other members of the family would always walk ahead of us. One time there was a lecture at the church and we were rather late. Christie, Fanny and Lillian were going together. I was a little late that night, and we were behind. She was waiting for me to get ready, and we hurried so much that we got down there in 20 minutes. Another time I remember distinctly; it was communion Sunday, and Christie and Fanny—I do not know whether any other members of the family were present or not at that time—walked down together. At the communion, not being a member of the church, I did not parttake of it. Christie looked around expecting me to come on, so I joined them in the body of the church, and when the communion was passed to me I just made a sign to pass it on and passed it on to her, she taking it. There was a surprise party at Mr. Hewett's. I was not acquainted with the family, but Christie invited me to go. The custom was to carry some cake or something. She said to Fanny and Lilly, "I will bake some cake myself for myself and Mr. Almy; if you want any you must make it yourself." It was a jelly-cake, one of my favorites. Fanny was much offended that Christie should have asked me to go, and her objection overtook her reason and she would not come with us; however, she did go, and she would only walk just in sight of us all the way. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and when supper time came I got next to Christie, and we took supper together, and when supper came around I was particular in seeing she got the cakes she liked. There were a dozen different kinds, but when the jelly-roll was passed which she had made I always took that. There were several games indulged in, and as the gentlemen were accustomed to choose their partners, Christie was mine. About 11 o'clock we concluded it was time to go home. In the house she introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Hewett and to Charlie Hewett. We started for home alone, and we had about two-and-a-half miles to go. We had gone but a short distance when a team passed containing Lill and Fannie, who made no remarks to us, and there was a team which came from Hanover containing some students. We got home in perhaps an hour and a half or so. When we got home it was all dark and still. No one was up, so we went into the house and had a glass of milk, and after a little conversation we said goodnight. There was another party down at Mrs. Kellogg's. When we started, Bert and Fanny and Lilian were together. We started almost together; perhaps Christie and I were a little behind. They started as quick as they could, and after a little while they were almost out of sight. When we got a little way Christie said: "Let us hurry, so that they won't laugh at us for lagging behind." I knew nothing about the road; it was dark, and it was considerably difficult to find where the bars were. We climbed the hill several times, climbing up and slipping down, and we helped each other up, and we almost lost our way together. There were corn fields and fences to get through, and finally we came out at the back of Kellogg's house. We got there almost as soon as the rest did, because we took what is called an hypotheneuse of a triangle. At another party at Foster's I got ready, and I walked with Mrs. Warden and Christie on my arm. In a game of whist there, Christie was my partner, and Gus Stores and Fanny our opponents. Christie and I walked home together. When I first went to Warden's Christie was on the committee of arrangements for entertainments at the grange. There were entertainments going on at that time, and it was necessary for her to be there at all the receptions. One time there was what is called a lawn party. Young ladies drilled with cornpops and decorated the place with corn. I not being a member of the grange, but being interested in Christie's work, had the decorating of the hall to do. She proposed the corn just before the party and I think we worked two or three nights, Christie and I. I strung the corn. Fanny had nothing to do with decorating the hall at the rehearsal. It was my custom to take Christie and Fanny over. Fanny was not obliged to be present every night; she was only a member of the drill. At that corn party, at least in connection with it, I was there two or three times, perhaps. Fanny was there with us part of the time; I was permitted to see the rehearsal practised three or four times. At the entertainment perhaps the whole family went. After that Christie was accustomed to go to the grange every other week, and I would carry her down. Sometimes when we were alone Christie would take out a couple of magazines from the library so that it would entertain me while I was waiting. She said as I would be alone it would help to pass away time. I would wait until 11.30 for Christie: that occurred all through the time that I was there.

Q. Were any presents exchanged while you were there? A. The first I ever got was the book called "Beatrice:" it was not much of a present, but we were interested in the reading. I would bring her in from the orchard such things as an extra fine apple; she would not be able to reach it herself, and I was glad that I could get her the best on the tree. Christie and I worked together; Christie was always very much interested in the affairs of the house. One day we were in the barn and she climbed upon a hay wagon and on the scaffold of the barn and then she says, "Let's go and be weighed." We went to the scales and weighed ourselves. I do not know today whether the record of our weight is on the scales, but then both of us weighed, and put it down, 295 pounds.

The witness again paused as his voice seemed to choke with emotion as he recalled the scene, but Mr. Burleigh asked him to proceed.

In husking corn there was some talk among the girls as to who should husk the most. Their father paid them a good price for it, and they would put on old clothes and old kid gloves to husk the corn. I was very polite to the girls and emptied their baskets for them and did any work necessary to be done, but if you do anything extra—I would do it for Christie. I took a basket and said, "Fanny, I must have this nice basket," and kept it a few hours and brought it back and gave it to Christie. Fanny got very much enraged, and she turned white with anger and snatched the basket from Christie as quick as a wink. She said the other girls had rights in that barn as well as Christie, and continued like this until after awhile Christie wouldn't work in the same barn with her and Lillian, so she came out and did her work with me in a small barn, and we talked together.

Q. Give us some other instances when you worked together? A. I think Christie had husked 12 bushels of corn, and the other girls not so much. Even Mrs. Warden was angry because Christie had the "inside ring." Perhaps on account of my aid—she spoke about it at the table, and when Fanny pulled the basket from her sister, she said, "Christie, you have not treated me decently. I don't know what I have done to you," and also when we went to Hewett's party that time Fanny was terribly enraged because Christie would not bake a cake for her, and invited me of her own accord. She said I had no right there. The apples, and little bouquets of flowers and little articles, stones, etc., and golden-rod, I would bring in and Christie and I would always examine them together. Sometimes I would get her a box of bon-bons and sometimes some oranges. At Christmas I knew she was preparing a present for me, so I wondered what I would get for her. I heard her say sometimes, in a joking way, that handkerchiefs never came amiss, so I sent to Washington, D. C., to get some cases of handkerchiefs for her. I had seen an advertisement in the Youth's Companion about handkerchiefs. One of the boxes of handkerchiefs was marked "L" and one box for Christie marked "C." They were in very nice cases. I don't know whether the cases were of leather or not. Then after I had got them I thought to myself that perhaps Christie would like something made by my own hand better than the handkerchiefs. Thereupon, after my work was done, I took my tools and made an easel for her, she was somewhat of an artist, and I spent four or five



ONE OF THE SPECTATORS. YOUNG CHARLES HEWITT, WHO WOUNDED ALMY IN THE WARDEN BARN.

evenings on the easel and dressed it with gold paint and blue ribbon and presented it to her as a Christmas present. It was very acceptable to her and in return I got from her a necktie case of chamois leather and inside this case was a necktie, a black and white one.

Q. Were there any other presents? A. I received a picture of herself.

Q. Tell us about the picture. A. This picture I got from her while she was in Manchester. There was an old Bible in the house, and in it I found a picture of her and one of her sisters. Carried it to Langill, and I asked him if he could not copy it for me. He said he had the negative, and he would look it up and would copy a picture of Christie, striking out Myra's face. I intended to replace the picture. It was an old one. I intended carrying it back, but I never did. I think it was destroyed. This picture was copied during that time. Langill showed me a lot of negatives of the Warden family, I think they were on glass—Alice and Fannie and Myra—and on looking them over I saw a very fine picture of Christie that I never knew was in existence. I said, "strike me one of those off," and he did so. I had therefore three pictures of Christie.

Q. This one that you took from the Bible, how old was she when that was taken?

A. About 17 or 18. I kept those photographs every where I went and I would always put them on my dressing table. The last time I saw these pictures was when I lay wounded in the Warden barn. As I was laying there weak and faint I took these pictures out of my pocket, and I did them up in chamois leather. I afterwards had a conversation with Mr. Mitchell, and this conversation was almost entirely relating to these pictures. I said I thought I should have them in my possession, and that was the only condition of surrender. They were kept in my breast pocket. They were taken out of my pocket in the barn by, I think, the sheriff.

Q. Were there any other presents? A. Christie was very skilful with her pencil and, sometimes, after playing whist, after the other members of the family had gone away, we would have a pencil between us and we would engage in competing in our drawing and seeing who could draw the best horse or house. At one time she went upstairs, and, I think, brought down some drawings and showed them to me. I said, "I am going to have those drawings," and she said, "You may do so." So I took them.

The witness was shown several drawings by Mr. Burleigh, which he recognized as drawings from Christie's pencil. He said all the sketches were not exhibited there, that he should have other sketches among his things.

Just before Christie went to Manchester she had four or five plants. She was very fond of the plants and she asked me to take care of them while she was away; one of them was a pink. I took very good care of them. I did all in my power to have them keep fresh. When she came home she found them in very good condition, with one exception—the pink died. I went down to Mr. Kellogg's and got a petunia and replaced it by putting it in the same pot where the pink was. I took good care of those flowers and they were all alive when she came home. She had written in one of her letters to Mrs. Warden, who had turned the letter over to me, and I read it. "Tell Frank I shall be expected to be presented with a bouquet of verbenas when I come home." I tried hard to make them blossom, but they would not. But when she came home I sent to Concord and got a box of hot-house flowers, and had them ready for her when she came home. The evening after she came home I brought these flowers down to her. At the time they were bunched and tied with a ribbon. My colors and her colors. Her color was a blue and mine was an old gold. She put them in salt and water, so that they would keep fresh. She kept these flowers a very long time, and every meal she would take them out and put them at her plate. She kept them well and I was very much pleased that she valued them. This aroused considerable comment from the family and most of them were sarcastic.

The court then adjourned until 2 p. m.

In the afternoon Mr. Burleigh continued his examination as follows:

Q. Do you remember any presents other than those you have mentioned that you ever gave to her or she to you? A. Did I mention the necktie? It was the necktie that she gave me in the chamois case.

Mr. Burleigh handed over to the witness a fancy necktie case, made of chamois skin, with some flowers painted on it and lined with pale yellow satin; also several neckties of various colors, and a bundle of handkerchiefs.

He questioned the witness if the chamois case was the one that Christie had given him.

"Yes," answered Almy, apparently very much moved at the sight of the articles, "it is the same, though somewhat soiled and wrinkled. These are not neckties that she gave me. The one batch she presented me with is in my room that I now occupy."

Q. Will you examine these initial handkerchiefs and tell us if they are ones you purchased in Washington? A. To the best of belief these are the identical handkerchiefs.

Q. Instead of presenting her with those handkerchiefs you say you presented her with the easel? A. Yes, sir.

Q. During the time you were at the Warden home did you and Christie pass notes to each other? A. Yes, very frequently. In the evening when the other members of the family were present I would occupy myself in scribbling poetry, sometimes original and sometimes quotations, and pass them to Christie. The other members of the family saw me do it.

Q. Will you look at this envelope and at the contents of it, and say whether or not you identify that with anything written by you to Christie? A. This is a portion of a letter I wrote to Christie at Manchester. There is only one-half of it here. I never wrote Christie a letter in Manchester of less than four pages.

Q. Did you receive any response to that letter? A. Yes; I received a letter from her while she was at Manchester.

Q. Will you examine this letter now shown to you and say whether or not the contents were written by you? A. Yes, it was, and passed to Christie at the Warden homestead.

The witness then identified half a dozen more or less, letters, from himself to Christie and several quotations of poetry and prose from popular writers, including Bret Harte.

He said there were other letters that had passed between them, which he had lost track of and did not know where they were to be found.

Q. In a letter you sent to Christie Warden was there a proposition in reference to matrimony, or seeking to find out from Christie what her feelings towards you were? A. Nothing more than that.

Mr. Burleigh—You may state what that was. A. I wrote to her a letter. I cannot give it to you in the exact language that I used. I said, "Christie, you know the great objection to me by your parents, and you know more about me than any one else; and knowing this, is there any hope? I know there is a great deal between you and I. Can I hope that I may win you in the end?"

Q. Do you know how you began the letter? A. I addressed it "Dear Christie."

Q. How did you close it? A. "Yours, Frank," or "Ever yours, Frank."

Q. Did you receive any response to that letter, and more particularly to the inquiry which you have explained? A. I did, sir.

Q. What has become of the letter, do you know? A. I did not know it was taken

JUDGE DOE AND CLERK GRISWOLD DURING ALMY'S TESTIMONY.

from my person. It was with the other papers that were taken from me. She gave me scraps of poetry, telling me they contained the most noble sentences ever written, and wished me to study them through and to try and shape my future conduct from them. She also gave me quotations from my favorite poet.

Q. Is this Christie's glove now shown you? A. To the best of my knowledge, it is.

Q. How did it come to be in your possession? A. We were in the attic one time, and thereby hangs a tale. Shall I relate it?

Mr. Burleigh—Go on.

We were there one time looking for something. There was a lot of clothing there—discarded garments and things that had accumulated in the house, and looking them over I came across this glove. I said: "I know this is one of yours." She did not take any particular notice of it, except she said she supposed it was, so I put it in my trunk.

Q. Have you carried it ever since until you were arrested? A. Yes, sir; it was in my pocket when I was shot.

Q. Here is an envelope marked, "Combings from Christie's hair." A. Perhaps it would be better if I read what is on the envelope. I combed this from Christie's hair with her own permission, although she objected as to the quantity after it was done.

Almy trembled and wept as he held the envelope containing the hair in his hand, and read in broken voice, "A tress of my darling Christie's bonny brown hair."

Q. Before she went to Manchester you said something about the opposition of the Warden family of your attentions to Christie. Will you explain how you knew about them and why you say there was much opposition? A. Firstly, I knew it from what she said.

Q. So far as the actions of the different members of the family are concerned, what did you gather? A. I gathered that they were bitterly hostile to me from what I heard, that they used ridicule and sarcasm on every occasion. They never actually forbade me pay any attention to Christie, because she was of age and could do what she had a mind to in the matter.

Q. After you received this letter from Christie in answer to your inquiry of what hopes you might have, will you state whether or not you wrote to her after that while she was at Manchester? A. I do not think I did.

Q. After she returned from Manchester were there any allusions made to the letter? A. There were.

Q. What was the substance of them, what was the mutual understanding between you in regard to that correspondence and the result of it? A. I told her that it could be understood in no other way but as a conditional engagement.

Q. Was that your understanding about it? A. It was and will always be so.

Q. And from what she said to you, what understanding did you come to? A. It went to strenghten the matter.

Q. Will you state about what time she came back from Manchester. Do you remember? A. She came back and was in the town, I think, through the month of January.

Q. After she came back what were your relations to each other—after you had this talk in regard to the engagement of which you have spoken? A. They remained the same as before.

Q. I would call your attention to this large, plain ring that you have on your finger. Will you please state where you got that? A. This ring was bought in Hanover. I had a revolver, which I sold, and I took that money and purchased the ring, paying $10.25 for it.

Q. What did you do with it? A. One time Christie asked to see the ring, and I took it off and threw it in her lap. She then said: "Frank, I will wish it on." I said: "How long shall I keep it on?" "A year and a day," she answered.

DR. FROST DESCRIBES THE COURSE OF THE FATAL BULLET.

Q. How long did you keep it on? A. Until I thought I was dying, and then I took it off and gave it to Mr. Fuller and told him to keep it. I had no use for it, I told him, and he could have it.

Q. While you were at the Warden homestead until you sold this revolver what was your custom in regard of having a revolver there, and did the Warden family know about it? A. They all knew of it. I made no concealment of it; in fact, the girls practiced with it. It has always been my custom to have firearms, rifles, guns and revolvers, and I rather praised myself on being a good shot under favorable conditions.

Q. Why did you keep this particular revolver when you were at the Warden farm? Did you use it? A. I kept it on the light stand at the head of my bed. There were two beds in my room—one in which Bert slept, and I slept in the other.

Q. Did you carry it ever with you? A. Yes.

Q. When did you usually carry it? A. At night.

Q. Did you ever hang it beneath your pillow? A. I do not think I ever did.

A. Now you may go on and state if at any time after Christie came back from Manchester, if there was any interruption to what you call a conditional engagement? A. There was. There was a box party at the grange about the 20th of March. This box party was a party got up by the members of the grange. It was talked of quite extensively at the Warden homestead, Christie being at that time at Prof. Pettee's. The boxes were prepared by the ladies and then cards put in the boxes. The gentleman who drew a card with a certain lady's name on it was to be her cavalier for that evening. I wished very much to go. I wanted to go because Christie was there, and another reason was—I will use a phrase common among the boys—the other members of the family "stuck" me to go. They said, "You cannot get in; you are not a member." I told them I thought I was an honorary member. I knew Christie would be there and I intended to go. The other members of the family got ready. I also got ready as quick as I could and started down to Pettee's to see Christie about it. If I had seen her that night and she had told me not to go and talked to me, I would have respected her wishes. The Warden family passed me on the way, and I felt I had no chance to see Christie until the meeting closed. I asked a member of the grange if it was possible for me to get in. He saw I was very earnest in the matter, and he gave me permission to go in. We went in and, as the boxes were bid off, I obtained possession of Christie's box. I bid higher than any one else for it. I suppose the people there noticed me, being a stranger there and being the only person there not a member, and made some remark about it. When I obtained possession of the box we had considerable conversation and were both angry about it after, when I came home with her.

Q. What was the matter between you that you were angry? A. She thought I got it in a dishonorable way; in an irregular manner.

Q. Where did Christie stay that night, and where did you stay? A. Stayed at Prof. Pettee's.

Q. When and where did you next see Christie? A. She came home a day or two afterwards.

Q. Did you have any further talk in regard to this little unpleasantness?

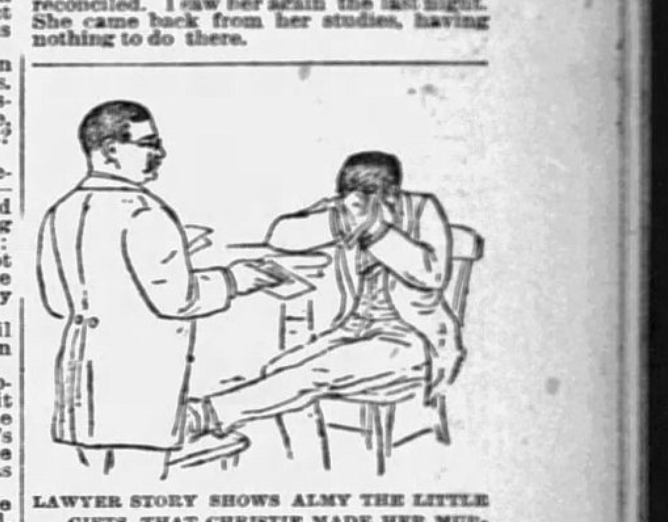
A. The first time I saw her was in the house after that. She was ironing. I spoke to her about the magazines that we took of the grange.

Q. Was there anything further between you? A. She replied to me, and I saw that she was very hoarse. It was very difficult for her to talk. That night we went into the sitting-room. The rest of the family were upstairs. She was feeling somewhat ill, and she got some of "grandma's" medicine, and I said: "Christie, I can make you something which will make you feel some better; it is a whiskey punch." Took the bottle of whiskey and got some warm water in the kitchen and lemon and made her drink, and I explained that it was very good for a cold, and then I laughed at her drinking whiskey punch when I was only drinking water. No reference was made in regard to the box party.

Q. And the next day, where did Christie go, or when did you next see her?

A. I think for a day or two she remained at home, and then she went to Prof. Pettee's again and I saw her a few times until I left, and when I did see her she had recovered. There were two or three books we had not finished, which we finished.

Q. When did you next see Christie to have any talk with her after this night when you fixed the medicine for her? A. There was nothing said about the box party at all. I did not like to mention the matter then. I think a day before I went away I was in the long barn at some distance from the house. She was going down to Prof. Pettee's that day. She came out of the barn and called me. She said, "Frank," I thought at first she wanted me to harness the horse for her. She came over to me and said, "Frank, you are going away soon, Frank, are you not?" I said, "Yes, perhaps I won't see you again." She said, "Because I am going away too." I felt very bad, and tears were in both our eyes, and she was feeling bad, and she looked just like Evangeline. The pictures one sees of Evangeline. It was not a very good place to have a conversation, the boys were around the barn and I told her I could not talk. I would see her some other time. She says, "Well," and went back. We were both somewhat angry then, not being altogether reconciled. I saw her again the last night. She came back from her studies, having nothing to do there.



LAWYER STORY SHOWS ALMY THE LITTLE GIFTS THAT CHRISTIE MADE HER MURDERER.

Q. Did you have a conversation with her that night? A. Yes, I went into the room; I could not talk to her in the presence of the others, so I passed a note to her that night, a strip of paper.

Q. Do you know where the letter is? A. I gave it to her in the form of a book, that is, I put it in a book and said, "here is something that will perhaps interest you."

Q. Have you ever seen the letter since? A. No.

Q. Examine this letter and see if that is a copy of it. The witness examined the piece of paper showed him and said it was a copy of the same letter.

Q. Will you give us a little sketch of your conversation about the box party, and how things were left between you?

A. I tried to explain to her satisfaction the reason I went and that I did not to use such dishonorable means as she had perhaps reason to believe, and if I had made any mistakes I was sorry. She thought I was trying to conceal something in the matter and had an idea that I was deceiving her. I told her the way I got in, and I considered as long as I paid my money for the box, and the auctioneer accepted my money, it was all right. I told her to investigate the matter herself, and she would find it was just as I told her. The time of parting was near, and I suppose we were both somewhat angry when we thought of the box party.

Q. What was said about how she might find out in reference to your getting in? A. I told her there was a gentleman who knew something about it and referred her to him.

Continued on the Eighth Page.

ADAMSON'S Balsam prevents consumption. ***

Do NOT be without Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. ***

Just Received.
Brief.
To the Point.

Provincetown, Mass., Nov. 9, 1891.

Dear Sirs: I am using Ath-lo-pho-ros for Muscular Rheumatism, and it has relieved the pain. I am 54 years old.

Yours truly,
ISAIAH YOUNG.

$1.00 per bottle, 6 for $5.00. All Druggists. The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

WE ARE CROWDED.

In addition to the large stock on our

7 FLOORS

We have much more in finish at our factory which we are obliged to make room for.

We have a number of

SIDEBOARDS, TABLES,
RUG PARLOR SUITS,
FOLDING BEDS,
CHAMBER SUITS,
HALL STANDS, RANGES, Etc.

We Must Sell at Once.

We make price to do this. This sale will interest you.

BOSTON FURNITURE CO.
790 Washington St.
Opp. Hollis.

THOS. KELLY. JAS. F. HAYES.

Boston Daily Globe.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.....Nov. 19

STANDARD TIME.

Sun Rises....	6 40	High Tide	1 36 AM
Sun Sets....	4 19		1 33 PM
Length of Day.	9 39	Moon Rises.	7 28 PM

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last quarter, Nov. 23, 3h. 26m., morning, E
New Moon, Dec. 1, 6h. 45m., morning, E
First quarter, Dec. 8, 0h. 13m. evening, E
Full Moon, Dec. 15, 7h. 53m., morning, W

Every Reader of Today's Globe is entitled to TEN PAGES.

COUNT MUSTACHIO'S RECEPTION.

[Puck.]

The butler (at the drawing-room entrance)—Ship in sideways, sir. Th' curtain's stuck!

OLD AND NEW.

[Somerville Journal.]

I.

Oh, a new fountain pen is a very good thing
When it works!
But, oh, how you're tempted to give it a fling
When it shirks!
You pound it and shake it. It won't work, by jingo!
And the best you can do is to make the old thing go
By jerks.

II.

You spatter the blotter, you pound with your fist—
It's no use.
The ink you start stops coming when you desist,
Like the juice
Of an orange sucked dry, that parched lips might grow to,
And your thoughts, if you spoke them, would sound like "Oh, go to
The deuce!"

III.

Being Christian, you keep all your thoughts to yourself,
As you should,
And you throw your new prize on the very top shelf—
Well and good!
You hunt up your inkstand, you dip your quill in it,
Then you write for ten hours ninety-six words a minute—
Or could.

When the Other Smiled a Superior Smile.

[Chicago Mail.]

"The man I wed must be handsome, brave and noble; he must have no bad habits, and must love me devotedly."

"But, my dear, that is impossible, you know; quite impossible."

"Why?"

"Because there is only one such man in all the wide world, and he is going to marry me."

Who Says Woman Always Has the Last Word?

[Good News.]

She—I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of those men whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse.

He—Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.

The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

He is a mighty meek man that can patiently hold the baby, while his wife puts in a couple of hours at the piano learning the latest lullaby.

Two Sides to the Shield.

[Brooklyn Life.]

Ethel—George said last night that there wasn't a girl in town with a complexion like mine.

Maud—The mean thing.

Up Where the Weather Comes From.

[Lowell Courier.]

Robert B. Thomas' Old Farmers' Almanac is sold on the cars, like a novel, by the newsboys. Mr. Thomas died 45 years ago.

Faith and Works—The Greatest of These Is Works.

[New York Herald.]

The man who believes most sincerely in the efficacy of prayer is the man who never prays for what he hasn't worked for.

For "Success" Read "Happiness."

[Richmond Recorder.]

Five things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.

Third, Since Ruth Came.

[Lowell Courier.]

Mrs. Cleveland plays the violin quite skilfully. Grover plays second fiddle.

Odd Items from Everywhere.

An upright stone in Iona island is said to confer the power of steering well to any one who will stretch his arm along it; and a correspondent describes a stone at Innisken, near Mayo island, which so recently as the year 1851 was brought out and importuned to bring wrecks along. It was of cylindrical shape and was carefully wrapped in flannel.

A Delaware cobbler gave his wife a certain sum of money each week for her personal use. He never inquired what she did with it, but after 39 years of wedded life the wife died, and in the drawer of an antique table the husband found a bag containing gold, also a roll of greenbacks, amounting in all to $10,000.

A lump of coal weighing a ton has been sent to Denver from Rock Springs, Wy., as an advertisement. One lump broken up there last week filled seven cars.

The city of London is put down by geographers as the centre of the landed hemisphere. In other words, a radius of about 6000 miles on the curved surface of the earth, with London as a centre, would describe a circumference inclosing more land than any 6000-mile circle that could be drawn from any other city in the world.

Asia means morning or east; Europe, evening or west; Australia means lying to or in the south. Hence we may consider that these names mean Eastern Land, Western Land and Southern Land. Asia is a Greek word, Europe is the Hebrew oreb, Australia is a Latin word. The origin of the word "Africa" is uncertain. Some conjecture that it is a Semitic word, meaning "Land of Wanderers."

Few of us realize how much money is actually spent in matches. In Sweden, for example, the Aspen forests have been so reduced through the manufacture that now that country has to import its lumber from Russia.

The Bureau Veritas states that the number of vessels afloat throughout the world in 1891 is 43,514; of these, 33,876 are sailing vessels and 9638 are steamers. Of the latter number England owns 5312, Germany 689 and France 471.

The following are examples of nine syllable words in the English language: Anthropometamorphosis, antisupernaturalism, anti-constitutionalist, anhydrohepseterion, iatromathematician, incomprehensibility, individualization, syncategorematical, unconstitutionality, unintelligibility, valetudinarianism and vicissitudinality.

By rabbinical law the Jew is allowed to drink to intoxication on two days of the year, Purim and Simchath Torah.

The earliest known attempt at the production of an article similar to the paper of later or modern times was made in Egypt many centuries before the Christian era, some writers affirm 2500 years B. C. The oldest manuscript in existence is on papyrus, and is supposed to bear date of 1552 B. C. There are accounts of manufactories of paper for exportation at Memphis, 700 B. C.

ADAMSON'S Balsam cures coughs and colds.

ALMY'S STORY.

Continued from the Fifth Page.

I said "learn it directly or indirectly and you will find it is as I have told you."

Q. What was the final conclusion of the whole matter? A. It was left that way.

Q. Was anything said in regard to the future? A. She said: "Shall I see you again? Is this goodby? I said not goodby, but fare thee well." I do not think I saw her again, but I thought perhaps I might. The real parting was there.

Q. Have you any idea how long that was before you finally left? A. I think the next morning or the day after, I left. She came home no more. She was at Pettee's next day.

Q. Your time was up? A. Yes.

Q. Do you think of anything else in regard to your relations with Christie that you have not mentioned? A. I went to the Odd Fellows' Hall. I knew she was to be there. Henry Foster attended to it that I got a card of admission. It was snowing when I went. She told me she would see me there. She introduced me that night to friends of hers, and she says: "Frank, do you want to dance? I had promised Mrs. Kellogg that I would not dance tonight, Lottie is sick." One time Fannie Warden was teaching school over the mountain. She had to go Sunday night to teach on Monday morning. None of the members of the family would take her. Christie said to me, "Frank, will you take Fanny over to Norwich." I thought the matter over for a moment and then said, "I will do so for your sake." I said, "Christie, keep a good fire until I come back." I took Fannie over there and I wore Mr. Warden's coat. Christie buttoned it up for me and I carried Fanny over to Norwich. It was the coldest night of the season, 18° below zero. When I came home they were all gone to bed but Christie. When she heard me coming she got the lantern, and my fingers were so numb that I could not unbuckle the harness and she helped me, and when I went into the house where there was a bright, warm fire and I could not take my coat off, my fingers were so numbed.

Q. Can you give the court an idea of what you really thought of that girl as compared with any other girl or woman that you have ever met except your mother? A. Well, I loved Christie with all my heart, my soul and all my strength. My life was hers, and all my ambition was hers, and she aroused in my breast ambition to rise above myself and my circumstances, and made me wish to try to be of some benefit to the world. She once said, "Frank, you can do almost anything you wish to," and I thought with her encouragement I could fill almost any position, and our tastes were very similar, except perhaps in religion, politics and a few other things. But there were those things for which I admired and loved her: little things of housekeeping and accomplishments, and I loved her and only her. She was the only one I ever loved.

Q. Was there any talk between you about your getting more education, attending college, etc.? A. We had considerable talk about my future life, and she wished me to get a better education. She said: "You might study now and get a position in life I could aid you and you could enter college and take a course." But as a matter of finance I thought the matter over, and it was not possible. I thought then the shortest way would be to adopt some occupation where I could obtain a competency in the quickest manner.

Q. When you met and parted were there any manifestations of affection between you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. At the time of last parting did you part in an affectionate way? A. Well, we were under the cloud in relation to the box party, but I hoped and trusted she would make it all right. I kissed her goodby.

Q. Did she return the kiss? A. Yes.

Q. Was it customary to pass this salute in meeting and parting between you? A. Yes.

Q. What were your expectations and hopes in regard to that girl? A. All my hopes and expectations and aspirations were centred in her. I believed her to be the one woman in the world for me. She aroused in my breast the one thing necessary for success, and that was ambition. I had lived a lone life and in my custom to go and come I had met many other girls, but she was the only one who ever paid any attention to me. I knew she returned my love and trusted me, and I believe now if Mrs. Warden had only spoken one pleasant word for me or to me it would be very different now.

Almy wept for a few seconds and was silent for about five minutes afterwards.

After this I went to see Mr. Wilkins in Texas in regard to going out there and working with his sons. What took place between us is virtually the same as what he himself testified this morning. I purchased in Springfield two 44-calibre frontier revolvers. I could get them cheaper there than anywhere else. I bought them to carry to Texas. I knew that a Winchester cartridge would be the kind necessary to take with me. I have been in Texas before. I wanted them to kill steers or anything like that, or to use in self-defence.

Q. While you were in Texas did you have occasion to use any of those revolvers? A. Yes. I was attacked by a steer and I shot him. Then, after purchasing them I came back to Salem and tried to get an occupation there. Mr. Wilkins had told me I had better see his son when he came here, and he expected him soon.

Q. Did you show your revolvers to Mrs. Quinn? A. She saw them. I carried them with me to Barnum's circus. I thought I would like to have some of the animals, and would like to go away with them.

Q. Did you think at one time of going part of the way to Texas with the circus? A. The circus was travelling around Massachusetts and the New England States. I think I saw an advertisement in the paper for showmen, and I thought I would like to go part of the way to Texas in that way with them.

Q. This tress of hair and these little quotations, etc., you carried around everywhere with you? A. Yes. After seeing Mr. Wilkins I came to Hanover. I had a travelling bag containing a change of clothing and a suit of outer clothing and my revolvers, and a few little articles that I had. I had a case of handkerchiefs and a novel called "The Light that Failed," by Kipling.

Q. Did you have any more baggage, or did you take all you had? A. Yes; all I had.

Q. What did you have in your mind when you took your valise and the things you have mentioned when you bought your ticket for Hanover? What was your purpose? A. My purpose, and my only purpose, was to see Christie, and know that she had found out about the grange matter, as I have stated, and I wanted to tell her about my plans, about going to Texas, and get her approbation and encouragement; and I wished to see her alone, away from her people, and knowing their hostility to me, I thought, perhaps, if I called at the house I might not see her alone. I dreaded their practical jokes, their sarcasm and hostility. I wanted to see her alone, and I knew perhaps my influence over her was good away from her people, and that was my only object, and I wanted to see her.

Q. Did you write to her? A. No, because I did not know where she would be. If I directed a letter to the house it is possible it might not have gone to her hands, and if to Prof. Pettee's she might not be there, and it might be given to some other member of the family to give to her.

Q. What were your expectations as to seeing her early? A. They were high, but still there was a doubt. I had not seen her for a long time then. I know she loved her people, and then that affair at the grange perhaps had not turned out as I hoped; but still I thought it possible that I could see her, and if I could see her I might remove the doubt.

Q. What time did you get to Hanover? A. By midnight train.

Q. Where did you go then? A. To Mr. Warden's barn, and I climbed in the shed at the top of the house and lay down on the hay and slept there until morning.

Q. Why did you go there in that way? A. I thought if I could see her alone my chances of success would be very much greater and I must know her movements. One evening I came out and saw some one sitting at the window. I thought it was Christie and I walked up to it and was going to tap and ask her to come out, but it was Myra, and she saw me and made an exclamation and next morning I heard them talking about it, saying I was a burglar or something of that kind.

Q. What efforts did you make while you were there to see her alone? A. I had only been there a few days when I wanted to go in the house. I went to the back door. I went in the house through the kitchen into the sitting-room, and I saw her little shoes setting out of the door and other things. I loved the piano. I went in the parlor and saw the easel I had made her, and I thought that was an indication that I might hope. It was summer time and there was only the door between us. I stayed there perhaps an hour and a half, and then I went back to the shed.

Q. Why did you not go into her room that night? A. I did not want to use such extreme measures. I expected to see her some other way, on the street.

Q. Did you go any other times? A. I did; a few days afterwards I went in the second time, and I then again for the third time.

Q. What did you do when you were in there this other time? A. Substantially the same as before. I looked at her music and ran my hand over the keys of the piano without making a sound. I went in four times.

Q. Did you at any of these times think you would speak to Christie? A. As a last resort. The last time I went in I had made up my mind I would open the door of her room and speak to her. I had done that before in the winter time, to let her room get warm and ask her a few things about breakfast. But I saw her brother lying there in the bed, so I closed the door. And so things went on. I waited over a month around there, and she kept very closely in: at any rate I could not get a chance to see her, while I was in the barn. I remember being in a place where there is a beech tree not far from the house, and I think you will find even now that the initials are there which I cut, "F." and "C."

Q. What other effort did you make to see her? A. When I saw she was not in that room I made up my mind she was not in that house.

Q. About how long, altogether, did you wait around there before you made that effort to speak to her in her room? A. I think I waited about a month.

Q. And then what did you do when you found those efforts had failed? A. I concluded she must be somewhere else. I thought she must be at Pettee's. She had been working there. I went to the room at his house, the room I knew she occupied, because when I accompanied her home from the meetings or church, I had always to wait while she went up to her room and would stay there until she blew the light out, and then I knew she had gone to bed and then I would go home. I got a ladder and placed the ladder up to the window, opened the shutters and stepped into the room. I saw something white on the chairs and I struck a match and was going to speak to her, and by the light of the match I was surprised to find it was somebody else.

Q. How long was that before the 17th of July? A. A few days.

Q. Then what did you do? A. I saw it was another lady; it was not Christie. She jumped up from her sleep, and I came forward and placed one hand on her throat and one on her wrists. I told her not to be afraid, that I would not hurt her, and not to scream. She saw that my words were so earnest and I assured her she would receive no injury. I then told her my reason for coming to the room was that I was Christie's lover and I wanted to see her, and I said Christie's sisters were at home, and I thought she must be here. She said she had not been there for quite a while. She said, "Your voice sounds like a gentleman's; please go away." I told her if she would assure me Christie was not in the house I would depart. I said I did not come to injure either her or her property; if there were $1000 in the bureau I would not touch it. I told her she must keep this secret, as it would cause serious results to Christie's character. She said: "How do you know anything about her?" I said: "I have been in this house before." She was very much excited from the first to the last. After a little while she grasped my wrists and held them firmly. I had a revolver in my pocket, and I opened it and gave her the cartridges. I told her she must keep this secret for Christie's sake. I begged her pardon then, and said I was sorry I had been there, and she said she would keep it secret. Then I went back to the barn again.

Q. How did you happen to see Christie on the night of the 17th of July? A. The day or night before I heard them talking about the grange, and I heard Christie speaking about it. I knew she was a member, and it would be her duty to attend, and my hopes beat high, and I thought I would surely see her at last. The morning of the 17th I had a complete change of underclothing, and put on another suit of clothes and went to the pasture, and I took my tourist sack with a few articles in it. I had waited there all day. Oh! it was a long day, too, and just after supper I heard the horns blow, and I went down through the valley back of Warden's building and went down just below Mr. Flint's house. I went there so that I could command a view of the homestead, thinking Christie would come out and perhaps be alone and I could see her on the road.

Q. Will you state just what your outfit was? A. In the sack were just a few little articles which are in this case exhibited in court, and a box of bon-bons and a novel, some change and a revolver.

Q. Did you have the two revolvers? A. No; one was left in the shed with the other things. Well, I waited, and I saw a figure in white come out in the yard and as it came near my place I knew it was Christie. She came out and turned the road and I thought my chance had come and that everything would be all right now. But her sisters came out and joined her and then I saw no chance. Then I waited until dark and went down to the village. I expected to see her at the hall; perhaps she might go to Pettee's house, and I waited there. I heard a step finally come down the stairs and I thought surely that it was her. My heart leaped into my mouth and I tried to steady myself, but she walked rapidly. Then in a minute a young man joined her. I followed them and got ahead of them and found that it was not Christie after all, but Miss Kellogg.

Q. What was your object in following her? A. I thought when it was Christie that it was funny a man should be following her out of the grange.

Q. When you thought it was Christie, what did you purpose to do then? A. I thought it was the object I had waited long for, the chance I had wished for and hoped for.

Q. What was your condition of mind or your feelings, and the state of your health after that month's concealment there on that night: what effect had it had on you at that time? A. My physical condition was weak. I had not had proper sustenance, and there was only one thing in my mind—to see Christie; to see her in the way I had planned; and I had been disappointed on account of the long days of waiting in the barn and being so near and yet so far. I had seen her from my hiding-place about the house, and I heard her playing. Sometimes she was playing "The Spanish Cavalier." I had told her to think of me when she sang that, and I heard her singing it quite often.

Q. What is your natural temperament as far as excitability and strength of passion and emotions are concerned? A. It is difficult to explain one's temperament. It must be judged by one's actions, but I was told my temper was quick, and then I wanted always to have my own way. If I wished for an object that I planned I would take what means I thought best to get it.

Q. As to excitability? A. When strongly moved it might be that I am excitable. It is a matter of opinion. When I left Miss Kellogg I had an idea that she would pass the place. I waited at Tempevale. I took my stand behind the bars, under the shadow of the road and waited. At last I heard her voice, getting nearer and nearer, and I could distinguish hers from the others. I thought, 'now what do I care for the long days of waiting, for Christie is coming. I will see her tonight.' I felt she was coming. There seemed to be some magnetism in her presence, and I could feel she was coming. Christie was walking behind Mrs. Warden. I spoke to Mrs. Warden and she said she did not know me. I said, "Yes, you do, I am Frank Almy." I threw my arm around Christie's waist, and said "I have come 1000 miles to see you." She did not speak. Mrs. Warden says, "You cannot see her." I said I must. She tried to extricate Christie from my embrace, and I regretted to have to use extreme measures to get her away from the family, but I drew a revolver and said to Mrs. Warden that I would see Christie. There was no question about it; I must see her. Mrs. Warden was frightened at the revolver, and Fanny held to Christie. I said to Fanny, "Stand back." She stood back a little, and tried to make Christie go towards Hanover. Christie said, "Don't hurt Fanny; if you do I will part from you forever." I told Fanny I hated her. Mrs. Warden and Fanny commenced screaming, calling out, "Murder," "help," and everything else. Christie would not go with me, so I pulled her over the bars. I had my arms around her, and we stumbled and fell together. The uproar of Mrs. Warden and Fanny and what sounded like that of other voices continued. I wanted to get Christie away as quick as possible to speak to her. I knew she was angry with me for taking such extreme measures, and it seemed the only way, my last chance, and I wanted to see her alone one moment. The voices continued making an uproar and screaming. I had fired the revolver off towards Fannie, not intending to hurt her. I took a low aim so as to frighten her. When we stumbled over some stones I picked myself up and tried to pull Christie up, but saw she was senseless. I got over the brook. In trying to get her up I put my hand on her lower limb, just where I couldn't say, and she made a convulsive movement and in some way, I don't know how, the revolver was discharged. I knew she must be terribly wounded. It flashed on my mind that she was hurt. I said, "Christie, are you hurt?" but she spoke not. I raised myself to my feet. What was I to do, with Christie lying there? "I will kill her," I thought. O God! O Christie! Christie forgive me. I heard those voices, again and a man was coming along. I got up the side of the river bank and I made my way to the Warden shed. I said to myself it could not be Christie, it was only a nightmare; I would see her again.

Q. How many times did you visit her grave? A. I heard them say she was dead. I went to the cemetery, I think, Monday or Tuesday night. It was dark. I went down to the cemetery and I went to the place where I instinctively knew it was her grave; there were some flowers on it. I went there again and again. I took flowers and branches and put them on her grave.

Q. Where did you get the flowers? A. I got them that night right in front of Mrs. Warden's house. There was a rose and geranium and trees, and I took them to the grave. I took some pansies and buttercups.

Q. Here is an envelope marked "Pansies from Christie's grave." A. That is my own handwriting. They are the ones I took from her grave.

Q. Why did you stay there all that length of time, from the 17th of July to the 20th of August? A. I could not think Christie was dead. I could not realize at any time that she was dead, and in my dreams I thought I could see her and hear her. I do not think of her now as dead.

Q. Why did you not make your escape? A. I could not leave her home, where I had been so happy with her.

Q. Did you not know that it would result in inevitable capture? A. I did not think of that. I went one night through the village of Hanover and walked around West Lebanon and stopped until morning, intending to go out of the country forever if I could catch a train.

Q. If anything changed your purpose, what did you do? A. I was thinking of Christie, and there was something drew me back in spite of all efforts of self-preservation, and I could not leave the place. I had ample opportunity for escape that night and I could not leave. I cannot explain; it is unexplainable; there is no use trying to explain that feeling. It seemed that Christie was alive and I might see her some way, and I could not believe that she was dead. I went back through the village, and I got back to Hanover somewhere before midnight. I think about 10.30, and then I went down to the cemetery again and stopped a few minutes.

Q. If you had any feelings of bitterness against that girl, any feeling of revenge, or any feeling to do her bodily harm, when you went to Hanover or when you met her in the road that night, will you tell the court? A. None at all. I loved her and all my hopes centred in her, although there was some misunderstanding when we parted; it was nothing much.

LADY'S Black Silk Mittens, ornamental pattern, satin bow, for 60 Savena wraps.

UNDER HEAVY FIRE.

Almy Sharply Cross-Questioned by Judge Doe and Mr. Barnard.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 18.—Almy's cross-examination was begun late in the afternoon.

It had been supposed that Attorney-General Barnard would conduct it, but Judge Doe took the matter into his own hands and proceeded to get at the bottom of things in his own peculiarly straightforward and business-like way.

"What is your age?" was his first question.

"Thirty-four, to the best of my knowledge and belief," replied the prisoner.

"How did you happen to go to the Wardens?" was the second one, and it brought out from Almy a long explanation as to his travelling round the country looking for farm work.

He did not, he said, know Mr. Warden before he applied for work there. As to the letters from Christie at Manchester, he had kept everything that she ever wrote.

The letters were cut because he did not care to have some of them seen. In one letter his religion was alluded to as not being in conformity with hers.

"In short," said Judge Doe, "you were not orthodox?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were there any other reasons for differences between you?"

"I believe she thought me dishonest in playing cards, but in no other way."

"How did the question of marriage stand on April 2?"

"It had been settled before that."

"What did she know about you that her family did not know?"

"She knew of my life in a general way, but I gave no particulars."

Continuing, Almy said that he had told the Wardens that only his mother was living, and gave the impression that she lived in the South.

He had led Mrs. Warden to believe that his family lived in the vicinity of Savannah.

"Did you ever have any relatives living there?"

"I did not."

Judge Doe then brought out by close questioning the fact that Almy had concealed his past from Mrs. Warden, believing, as he said, that a successful future would wipe out anything they might hear about him later.

It was also brought out that the

Mystery About His Past

was one of the objections to him. Almy expressed his firm conviction, however, that but for other objections he could have won them all.

"Do you think Mr. and Mrs. Warden would have allowed you to marry their daughter, not knowing your past?"

"I do not think that, but for other objections their influence would have prevented Christie from marrying me."

"Did Christie ever speak to you as to your means of supporting her?"

"She said she did not wish for riches, and I told her that I could be comfortable in any line of work with an aim ahead."

"How clear an idea had she of your past?"

"She thought I might have been a gambler from my skill at cards. She did not say so directly, but I judged she inferred so."

"As to your past, they understood that it was useless to question you?"

"They understood that as long as I did my duty well, with them it was useless to look into my past. I would sometimes turn inquiries off with a quotation."

Judge Doe next pressed his inquiries as to how Almy lived while he was in hiding, with a view to getting at the extent of the preparations made.

Almy said that it was berrying time when he was hiding, and that he lived much on berries. He also took an occasional drink of milk from Mr. Warden's milk cans.

He took no food from the Warden house.

He was very poorly nourished, and was weak and faint on the fatal night. He took with him when he first hid two boxes of sardines and some crackers and a piece of cheese.

"Did you ever intend to kill her?" was Judge Doe's sudden question, a little later.

"At the last shot?" queried the prisoner in turn.

"Ever," was the terse reply.

"This came into my mind at the last shot?" faltered the prisoner. "'I will kill her,'

And I Shot.'"

"About the shot before that?"

"That, that," said the prisoner, still more falteringly, "that must have been an accident. There is no other explanation."

The questions of the chief justice were now directed to the events just prior to the tragedy, with a view to bringing out the attitude of all the parties.

Almy said, in reply, that he must have used force in taking Christie away from the road, because he was tired out when they fell into the brook.

She must have resisted, but he had only an indistinct memory of what occurred. It seemed like a dream.

He did not think she screamed, but he did think she made some remonstrance.

She might have said, "This is outrageous," or something of that sort; he couldn't remember.

He was sure the first shot at Christie was accidental.

The pistol was a double action one, but he might have cocked it after his last shot at the man he saw on the hill.

Judge Doe now pressed the prisoner as to whether or not he had any real idea that he could secure an interview with Christie after he had driven her companions away by threats.

Almy grew confused under the searching questions.

He could not say after the noise began that he really thought he could have an interview alone with her. All he knew was that it was his last chance to see her and tell her of his plans.

He felt that after what he had done to her mother and sister he could not leave her without having an understanding.

"Looking back over the events, have you been able to see any chance at all for an interview?"

"I cannot tell."

On another branch of the questioning Almy said that he had no distinct memory as to how he had hold of Christie except by her waist. Possibly he might have drawn her by her skirts.

Their falling into the brook showed him that she couldn't stand, and that he must carry her the best way he could.

His memory was indistinct, but he thought she must have been insensible.

This ended Judge Doe's crusade and the attorney-general took the matter up.

In response to his question Almy testified that he didn't go to the Wardens' house instead of the barn to hide, because he didn't know how he would be received.

He Had no Intention

of returning when he left. He had prepared no place in which to hide before he left in case he should come back.

He knew the place, however, to which he could go.

All the reason he could give for going into the shed to hide was that he didn't want to be seen by the Wardens.

He tried to keep watch of Christie's movements and entered the Pattee house expecting to find her. He knew at once that the woman he found in what he supposed to be Christie's room was not Christie. As the woman started to scream he felt that he must prevent her or be discovered.

Questioning was now directed to drawing out Almy's reason for having a revolver with him on the night of the murder.

In reply, he insisted that he did not take it deliberately.

Then the attorney-general cross-questioned as to the shots and when they were fired.

Almy's "indistinct" recollections prevented distinct answers, but generally he stuck to his original story. He could give no explanation of the shot in Christie's body but that it was accidental.

After he had fired the second shot his escape, he said, must have been made by instinct.

"I fell on the hill and it was some time before I could get up. When I got up I found the pistol in my hand. I had not known before that I still had it."

"Where were you born?" asked Attorney-General Barnard, but before Almy could consider his reply the chief justice was heard from.

"You needn't ask that question," he said to the attorney-general; "we don't care to go into that branch of the case now," so all chance of proving Almy to be Abbott was lost to the government.

Mr. Barnard asked pertinent questions as to letters, but Almy said he was not an expert in handwriting and declined to say what were and what were not Christie's letters.

This closed the cross-examination of the prisoner. He had stood it well and was keen and shrewd, perhaps too keen and shrewd, whenever he was hunted very closely as to important acts or motives.

ROBINSON.

POSITION OF THE DEFENCE.

Almy's Crime Not Premeditated, but the Result of Excitement.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 18.—Overcoats and mufflers were a necessity in the court room this morning when the trial opened.

The windows were open, the heat from the furnace was practically "nil," and the temperature was well down toward the freezing point.

Everybody was cold and uncomfortable, and all because Judge Doe demands fresh air.

Fortunately, however, for those who have to bear him company in this trial, he allows hats to be worn, and several dozen prayers of thankfulness for this mercy are said to have been offered up by bald-headed men.

Even the judge himself wore a skull cap, and deferred to the low temperature by turning up his coat collar.

The crowd outside the building was much larger than on the opening day, and had gathered earlier.

The doors were not opened until after 9, however, and by that time the court counsel, witnesses and newspaper men were in their places.

When the doors were opened there was the same wild rush and

Scramble for Places

as at other sessions. Every seat was soon taken, and not even standing room could be found.

A brief "proceed" from Judge Doe set the machinery of the trial again in motion, and Joseph C. Story, junior counsel for the defence, made a formal opening of his side of the case.

"The position of the defence in this case," said Mr. Story, "is that the crime was committed without malice, and without premeditation.

"We shall endeavor to show that what occurred on the fatal night was the result of a great degree of excitement produced by a conflict of passion, love and disappointment."

The story was told of the great intimacy and attachment existing between Almy and Christie, speaking of their being constantly in each other's company and of their cordial relations.

That the attachment, the love, was deeper on Almy's part than on Christie's part he thought would be plain, as well as the opposition of the family.

In January Christie, he said, went to Manchester, and from this place wrote Almy a letter in which she said, as a test of his love, she should ask him to restrain himself and wait patiently. She could not help liking him, she wrote, but at the same time could not help feeling that she

Was Unworthy Such a Love as His.

This letter, said Story, was signed, "In all sincerity, truly your friend, Christie."

This letter Almy considered equivalent to an engagement and his hope of success was greater than ever.

There was a little falling out between them before he left the Warden homestead, but it was nothing but a lovers' quarrel and was soon made up.

"We shall show that up to the time he left the farm there was nothing to embitter him against this girl, and that he spoke of her in terms of greatest admiration. He also showed her picture several times."

"It will also be shown that long before he came to the Warden farm Almy talked of going to Texas, and that he bought the revolvers in Springfield at that time.

"He made no concealment of them and, in fact, showed them freely to the family.

"After he left the farm the plan of going to Texas was revived, and he hoped to take Christie with him.

"So he went to the farm, going in a secretive way, because he knew that should the family know of his presence they would prevent an interview.

"He was unable to see Christie at once and so concealed himself and waited his opportunity. The days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, and still he was compelled to hide.

"He went about the place and even into the house at night and sat by the piano where she had played.

"One night he even opened the

Door of Her Room

but retired when he found that some one else occupied it.

"When suspense could be borne no longer he determined to see Christie at all hazards.

"So he planned to meet her on the road as she came from the grange meeting.

"The spot where he met the party was not specially selected for concealment any more than many others on the road.

"As he expected, the moment he broached the matter of an interview to Christie, he was violently opposed by the other women of the party.

"Finally he got Christie through the bars, his mind fixed upon seeing her alone, and his heart in a tumult at the opposition.

"He was in a towering passion, and did not really know what he was about. He was not responsible for his acts.

"The impulse came to kill, and he acted upon it as it came, and the girl he loved lay dead before him.

"There was no premeditation or malice, nor any reason for any."

Mr. Story occupied about half an hour in his opening, and was listened to with very close attention.

Murderer Almy sits all this time with head bowed and eyes shaded with hands.

The nearness of the hour when he will know his fate is gradually unnerving him. His step was less firm as he entered the court room, and the deputy sheriffs had to brace him up considerably.

Almy has already begun to weep again.

He wiped the first tear from his eyes at 9.15.

The witnesses for the defence were now ordered sworn by Judge Doe, and a group of a dozen persons rose at the right of the bench in response to Clerk Griswold's call.

As his first witness Mr. Story called J. W. Wilkins of Peabody, Mass., farmer.

Mr. Wilkins testified that Almy worked once on his farm.

Witness had two sons on a ranch in Texas. There was talk of ranch life while Almy was with him.

Witness saw defendant again last April. Defendant wanted a letter written, asking for a job on the Texas ranch; may have encouraged him in a belief that he could get a situation.

Witness described heavy revolvers carried on the ranches.

Samuel Nourse, also a farmer in Peabody, testified that Almy applied for work at his farm in April, saying that he would want work only a few weeks as

He Was Going to Texas.

Thomas Dowd, a bright-looking Boston lad, testified that he met Almy at Mrs. Quinn's boarding-house, in that city. This was on the last of May and the first of June. He often saw the revolvers in Almy's room, and the latter said he bought them in Springfield.

He never knew Almy to carry them on his person.

Almy said he was going to Kentucky and then to Texas, but did not say what he was going to do there.

Once he showed witness a couple of neckties, and said his girl made them for him. He said he loved the girl, and spoke of her several times in that way.

Almy had with him a picture of Christie Warden, and one of Christie and her sister together, and used to keep them on the bureau.

Henry D. Meredith, testified to knowing Almy in April and that Almy spoke of his girl and the presents he had received from her.

Fred Lovelace of Salem, testified to knowing Almy in April 1890, and to the latter's talk of going to Texas.

Revolvers were spoken of and Almy said he wanted a big one which would do its work.

Otto Schirer of Dorchester, Mass., knew Almy in April last, and so testified. They boarded at the same place. Almy had revolvers in his possession. One he carried with him, and had shown them to people in the house.

Almy talked of going to Texas on a ranch near San Antonio to work for Mr. Wilkins.

Witness thought some of going to Texas with him himself. Almy said he would go first, and then send for witness.

"Did he ever speak of his girl?"

"He spoke of her a great deal, and said that she was a fine girl, and that he hoped to marry her."

"Did he tell her name?"

"He said it was Christie Warden, and that he would make a home for her in Texas."

Witness spoke further of seeing presents given by Christie to Almy.

Mrs. Quinn, keeper of the boarding-house in Dorchester, Mass., where Almy boarded from April to June, testified.

"Almy had two revolvers," she said, "and I often saw them in his room, for I had no girl then and had to do the work myself."

"Did he show them to any one?"

"He showed them to my husband one night in the kitchen, and to several other men."

"Did he speak of his girl?"

"He did, and always spoke of her in the most kindly way."

"He showed me a photograph, which he said was hers."

Continuing, witness said that Almy left, as he said, to go to Salem to see about going to Texas.

Miss Esther Zewicker of Danvers, Mass., testified that

She Knew Almy

in the spring of 1890. He was then talking Texas and revolvers that would kill.

"I suppose this talk about killing was in reference to the work in Texas?"

"I suppose it was," said the witness, and a general smile went round the court room.

Cross-examination by the attorney general brought out the fact that witness and Almy had exchanged cards.

"Is this his card?" asked the attorney-general, holding up quite a large square of pasteboard.

"It is," said the witness.

"And does it not say in his writing, 'Dear E., one moment?'"

"It does," said the witness, smiling.

There was a pause here, and Judge Doe called for the next witness.

"The respondent will testify," said Mr. Burleigh, and immediately the court room was in a buzz of expectation, for at last the prisoner's story was to be heard from his own lips.

There was a little delay, however, for a recess was ordered, and Almy left the room for a few moments.

After a short recess Almy was put upon the stand and gave his testimony, as given above.

Almy's direct testimony was finished at 4.15 o'clock, and before his cross-examination was begun a recess of a good half hour was taken.

Then the spectators settled themselves down to hear more from the prisoner. They were forced to wait, however, for the defence desired to put in a little expert testimony.

Drs. Burns and Clark were called and testified to experiments made on pieces of beef with a view to determining the effect of a charge from a 44-calibre revolver, fired with the muzzle inside a piece of the meat, and again with the weapon some three or four feet away.

The testimony was introduced to rebut the government evidence that the first shot fired into Christie's body was not fired with the muzzle within the genital organs.

Dr. Childs, an old army surgeon and a man of large experience with gunshot wounds, testified that in wounds where the weapon was held in contact with the flesh there would be much laceration and burning and blackening with the powder. If no large blood vessels were struck the external bleeding would be small. He spoke of his surprise at the power of the explosion when the muzzle of the revolver was placed under the surface of the beef in the experiments made.

"The power of that weapon," pointing to the revolver, "is resistless. Either the revolver must explode or the woman. I should say now that

A Much Larger Wound

than testified to by the physicians for the prosecution must have been made if the weapon was held as they claim."

Dr. Burns' testimony was to the same effect, but on cross-examination both doctors admitted that the only way such a wound as described could be made from the outside was by having the lower limbs stretched as far apart as possible.

Almy's cross-examination now came on and lasted until long after 6 o'clock.

Judge Doe was determined, however, that all the evidence should be put in, so that arguments could be started on in the morning. He, therefore, called for any other testimony that either side might be ready to present.

The defence had nothing more to offer, but the government desired to offer evidence in regard to threats made against Christie by Almy.

From Mrs. Warden it was learned that Almy had threatened Christie Christmas day.

From Miss Kellogg and others similar testimony was brought out.

Mrs. Pettee testified that she had seen Almy prowling round her house, and that he tried to see Christie there.

Other unimportant testimony was offered and at 7.15 o'clock the government rested and adjournment was made until 9 Thursday morning.

A speedy ending to the trial is certain after the events of the day, particularly the long session of the afternoon.

The arguments may be short, certainly much shorter than if before a jury, and the government may not be called upon to argue at all since the chief justice has practically conducted the case.

Attorney-General Barnard is, however, preparing a summing up and will be ready to expound the theory of the prosecution at any time.

Noontime may see the trial ended.

It certainly cannot last much beyond that.

Almy will then be taken to Concord, and the excitement will be over.

The boom for THE GLOBE shows no signs of collapse, and more of the papers are sold than one would have any idea of.

Landlord Morse of the Pemigewasset is kindly helping the matter along by allowing the use of space and material, as well as giving privileges to THE GLOBE's newsboys.

THE GLOBE is still on top.

W. E. ROBINSON.

"MY HEART ACHED FOR YOU."

Two of Christie's Letters to the Man Who Sought Her Love.

PLYMOUTH, N.H., Nov. 18.—The following is a fragmentary part of a letter sent from Manchester by Christie Warden to Almy at Hanover, over which there was so much mystery today:

DEAR FRIEND—You already know, for I have told you, the sort of man I would wish to love. You have set yourself in defiance of God and man, and I believe you have suffered the misery that must follow.

You surely would not wish me, whom you loved, to share that misery. As I have watched the evil passions which played over your face my heart has ached for you, and I have said I can never think more of this man than I do now.

I have watched you closely and know you are dishonest. You have confessed that you know your own weakness. I am not willing that you should show me marked attention in public so as to give people the impression that the relation between us is different from what it really is.

Frank, I shall test the strength of your love. Can you open your heart to all good influences, practice rigid self-control, and wait patiently?

You have many fine qualities, and I cannot help liking you with all your faults.

The following letter Almy denies ever receiving:

TO FRANK—You asked me to guess what you wished to say to me.

I think I can, and write to avoid an interview, which must necessarily be very painful. You came to us a mystery, and remain one yet. We know nothing of what your past life has been, except what you have pleased to tell.

I consider this sufficient reason for saying what I do now. Your views of life and mine are directly opposed. We can hardly agree in anything. I must love the man to whom I am married. He must be good, honest and upright, and agree with me on the great questions of life. You do not and never can.

This decision is final and settled. Your friendship has been very pleasant. I am somewhat lonely like yourself, and should miss you very much should this drive you away, but perhaps it is best that you go. It is for you to decide. Sincerely,

CHRISTIE.

These letters were presented by Attorney-General Barnard for the State. The counsel objected to the reading of them, but they were handed to the judges.

TAKEN HOT FROM THE WIRE.

Globe Extra Gave Almy's Story, Which Was Eagerly Read.

There was a great rush for the extra edition of THE GLOBE, issued at 6 o'clock last evening, containing Almy's version of the murder of Christie Warden.

Almy did not reach the point in his testimony detailing the circumstances of the terrible crime until late in the afternoon, and as fast as the words came from his lips they were transmitted to THE GLOBE office. A few minutes later the newsboys on Washington st. were selling the paper containing the terrible story.

Only two people could tell the story of the crime.

One was dead, the other was Frank Almy.

His story was eagerly read, and the enterprise of THE GLOBE was the subject of much favorable comment.

Labor Notes.

A number of striking compositors of Breslau, Germany, have been sentenced to pay various penalties for breach of contract in stopping work.

The Pantsmakers' Union held a crowded meeting, last evening, at 18 Essex st., and passed a vote not to submit to the proposed reduction in any of the union shops.

The Wells Memorial Institute for Workingmen will introduce a new feature into its regular winter programme by tendering to its members a Thanksgiving dinner.

A well-attended meeting of hotel and restaurant waitresses was held at 98 Court st. last evening. At the close of the speaking 85 members joined the Waitresses' Alliance.

The Boston Steam Fitters' Association, which is a beneficial organization, having a charter from the State, at a meeting last evening in St. Stephen's Hall voted to wind up its affairs and go into liquidation.

The Fishermen's Union held a meeting at Seamen's Hall, 258 Commercial st., last evening and discussed the strike on the Sylvester Whalen. The union voted to publish a denial of the report that the strike was off.

The ball committee composed of committees from the four unions of garment workers in the city met last evening at 18 Kneeland st., and completed arrangements for the ball to be held this evening at Cotillon Hall.

The representatives of the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union, New England Cutters' Union and Lasters' Protective Union, after several conferences have decided on a form of union label to be placed on shoes made by union men.

Trimountain Lodge, 153, of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, at its meeting last evening, adopted resolutions condemning the railroad trainmen for upholding their grand officers in depriving 400 switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad of employment.

IF not the best, why not? New Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont.

TWO ONLY MAY GO FREE.

Ten Others Will Hope For Another Year.

Expectancy Buoys Up Twelve Prison Weary and Patient Men.

On Thanksgiving Day Gov. Russell Will Send His Pardons.

While the hearts of New England will throb next Thursday under the inspiration of Thanksgiving day, an occasion owing its existence to the people of this section; when the festive turkey will be an offering of joyfulness as an accompaniment to a signal demonstration of gratefulness for peace, prosperity and other blessings; in the citadel of punishment, the abode of misery and degradation, a prison, the sunlight will penetrate the shadows that hover around it, and in accordance with a time-honored custom two life prisoners will be liberated from Charlestown State prison.

To the cynical world the true purport of this event may not be comprehended, but to the 600 or more unfortunates shut off from the world and its pleasures and freedom, it overcomes them with ecstasy and joy as does an oasis to a lost traveller in the desert.

Tuesday and Wednesday were important days at the Charlestown "castle," as Gov. Russell and his staff inspected the prison and then went into session to consider the claims of those who are endeavoring to obtain their freedom.

Tuesday afternoon, when the party drew up to the prison entrance and was welcomed by the smiling face of genial Warden Lovering, that mysterious avenue of information, call it an underground railway or a psychological force, as you may, flashed the news with the rapidity of lightning throughout the extent of the modern bastile.

It was scarcely an instant before the clatter of the cups on the bars, and the partially suppressed exclamations of delight, sounding almost as a roar when participated in by the hundreds of men, greeted his excellency and advisers.

Gov. Russell has taken a personal interest in the pardoning of the two prisoners this year, and is making an extensive research into the mass of papers filed at the State House containing the claims of those who seek freedom.

While it is often customary for the warden to make recommendations as to the pardoning of prisoners, Gov. Russell has considered the claims of all, and the applications of 12 life prisoners as filed by them at the State House, are being personally investigated by him, independently of the prison authorities.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the party had concluded their tour of the various buildings connected with the prison, and the prisoners were about to be escorted to their cells.

The large octagonal rotunda of the jail can be observed from the different wings of the prison. Each wing, containing hundreds of cells, located in tiers, leads off from the rotunda.

Heavily Grated Doors

separated the rotunda from the main part of the prison. In the centre of the rotunda is a large round table, and shortly before the prisoners marched in to their various quarters Gov. Russell and the members of the council seated themselves around it.

The tramp, tramp of the hundreds of feet at this juncture signalled the march of the prisoners to their cells. As they reached the front of the wings looking into the rotunda they peered through the bars at the distinguished party beyond, and they all knew what it meant.

In that mixed gathering of prisoners, from the youthful and possibly not unreclaimed criminal to the hardened wretch, the burglar, the murderer, there was an universal feeling of joy.

Not that all could be benefited by the forthcoming event, but even among criminals there is a fraternal feeling, and the good fortune of a life prisoner in regaining his freedom causes no pangs of regret; on the contrary, it has an inspiring influence over them all.

Among the throng were 12 life prisoners who await with feverish anxiety the verdict of Gov. Russell.

Of that number only two can be chosen.

Is it any wonder that they pressed their faces against the bars, and, with bated breath and distended eyes, gazed upon the visitors?

There sat their possible deliverers, the sponsors of their fate.

It was only for an instant, however, and the stern orders of the deputies urged them into line again.

Warden Lovering and his deputies then joined the official visitors in the rotunda, and Gov. Russell, with a pile of papers in front of him, read off the first name.

A deputy unlocked the door leading into the jail proper, and in a minute returned, followed by a tall, thin man in the prison garb.

The latter had been a good-looking man in his day. His face was pale and his hair was plentifully streaked with gray. He hung his head, bashfully, and stood in front of the party in abject submission.

For 32 years he had been an inmate of the prison. For 11,680 days and nights he had worn a prison garb.

He had spent 280,320 hours in the custody of the State, and during that time he had never infringed a rule.

His crime was the murder of his wife.

His application for a pardon revealed many an extenuating circumstance connected with his offence.

The Governor looked at him an instant and then questioned him concerning his version of the affair, his antecedents, and his reasons for

Asking Executive Clemency.

The unfortunate man answered the questions in a trembling voice, and then the members of the council plied him with questions. When this was concluded Gov. Russell, looking him straight in the eye and in a low voice, said:

"Sir, there are a number of applicants for pardon. Of that number only two can receive them. We have examined your application and will consider your case carefully. Do not be disappointed if you are not chosen. We will examine all the other claims with equal care, and if you are not one of the fortunate ones do not despair; be of good cheer, and keep up your courage."

The prisoner hung his head, bowed, and in the company of the brass-buttoned officer was soon in his cell.

That afternoon four other men were taken from their cells and questioned, and to each of them the Governor paid respectful attention, and told them what he had told the first man.

The party then left the prison owing to the lateness of the hour.

Wednesday afternoon the visit was repeated, and seven more applicants were examined. This concluded the examination.

The 12 men who are aspiring for freedom have been in prison during periods varying from 15 to 32 years.

In all that time, under the various changes of administration, the changing of the rules from harsh extremities to more lenient modes of discipline and the frequent contact with scores of short term crooks, not one of them bears a black mark against his record as carefully kept by the prison authorities.

When a man enters a prison with a life sentence before him, and the door between him and the outer world clangs shut, he exclaims in the agony of his despair: "I am gone!"

What is life to him then?

Does he have any incentive to conduct himself properly?

Yes; the one hope, the guiding star that impels him to labor, to obey the rules of the prison, to endeavor by his influence to make his fellow-prisoners happy, is that some day he may be the fortunate recipient of a pardon.

Warden Lovering says: "When a man enters here for life, the restraining influence that lifts him into a better and higher minded life is the one word, 'hope.'

"He stands the

Jeers and Slurs

of the crooks who surround him, who know that they are in for short terms. They taunt him because he endeavors to obey the rules. His nature rebels at the insults, but he stands it all, and looks forward, days, months, years, in eager expectancy of a pardon.

"I sometimes wonder at the patience developed here, and when we find a man who comes here for life who will work hard and conduct himself properly, I can see the wisdom of this time-honored custom of conferring a pardon on two men at least once a year."

The opinion as expressed by a prominent member of the State government voices the expediency of this custom. He says: "Many a man goes to jail apparently guilty of a heinous crime, but as years wear on extenuating circumstances are brought to view that show the thing in a different light, and the pardoning power is an angel of mercy."

Next Thursday will be a day of expectancy in the prison. The 12 applicants, with their fellow-prisoners, will assemble in the chapel.

The warden with sealed envelopes in his hand will advance to the front of the platform.

What a moment it will be!

Twelve hearts will palpitate with hope, mingled with fear of disappointment!

Their nerves will be strained to their utmost tension.

The assembled throng of unfortunates will hold their breaths.

The warden breaks the seal.

There is a mighty shout.

Two men see the doors to freedom wide open.

Ten men see their hopes dashed to the ground, but go back to their cells under the inspiration that "while there's life there's hope."

On Thanksgiving day, a day of prayer and thanksgiving, who will gainsay this boon to even the lowliest?

In the words of the poet:

Mercy is above the sceptred sway.
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth show most like God's
When mercy seasons justice.

C. C. LYNCH.

DOVER, N. H.

The first snow squall of the season came Wednesday morning.

C. W. Sawyer Post, G. A. R., will be inspected this evening by Joseph E. Curtis of Portsmouth.

Thirty-three cases of shoes were shipped from Moulton's shop in this city Tuesday.

The supervisors of elections will hold a special session Friday afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock, to accommodate those ladies who wish to have their names entered on the check lists for the purpose of voting for school committee.

CARD.

For Thursday, Friday and Saturday's sales, we have received a fresh supply of Ladies' Jackets and Long Garments, in which we have had unparalleled success thus far this season.

We can meet the wants of almost every one who is in search of the best to be had between **$5.00** and **$35.00.**

Do you need anything in Furs, Blankets or Winter Underwear? We are selling some choice bargains in all these goods this week.

R. & J. GILCHRIST,
5 and 7 Winter St.

HOME FURNITURE CO.
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.
REMEMBER—We can save you 20 per cent in furnishing your house.

Ladies' Velvet Carpet PLATFORM ROCKER, Velvet Arms and Velvet Head Rest.
Price for FRIDAY, Nov. 20,
$2.35.
Remember, this price is for FRIDAY, Nov. 20, only.

Ash Chamber Sets........$15 to [illegible]
Antique Ash Sets........$18 to [illegible]
Oak Chamber Sets........$30 to [illegible]
Walnut Chamber Sets........$25 to [illegible]
Hair Cloth Parlor Suits........$25 to [illegible]
Plush Parlor Suits........$20 to [illegible]
Crushed Plush Suits........$25 to [illegible]
Rug Parlor Suits........$45 to [illegible]
Ingrain Carpets........25c. to [illegible]
Extra Super Carpets........50c. to [illegible]
XX Extra Super Carpets........75c. to $1.00
Tapestry Carpets........50c. to $1.00
Tapestry Brussels........75c. to $1.00
Ranges........$10 to [illegible]
Bed Springs........$1.85 to [illegible]
Mattresses........$1.75 to [illegible]
Mantel Beds........$10 to [illegible]
Cabinet Beds........$20 to [illegible]
Bed Lounges........$6.50 to [illegible]
Lounges........$4.00 to [illegible]
Oil Cloths........16c. to [illegible]
Straw Matting........13c. to [illegible]
Ranges, $1 down and $1 per week until paid. Your old stove taken as first payment.
CASH OR INSTALMENTS. FREE DELIVERY.
CARD—To those who have an account with us we are now prepared to furnish you with Men's and Boys' Clothing at lowest cash prices on instalments.
166 TO 170 WASHINGTON STREET, NEAR COR. DOCK SQ., BOSTON.

Pure AND Wholesome

"I HAVE found the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be composed of pure and wholesome materials, and to be properly combined for the purpose for which it is to be used.

BENNETT F. DAVENPORT,"
Mass. State Analyst.

CORSETS.
$1.25
Regular Price $2.25.
We believe that no bargains equal to this have been offered in Boston for many years.
R.H. Stearns & Co.

GO TO **BOYLE BROS.'**
FOR
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING ON CREDIT.
The oldest and largest Credit House in Boston, and the only place where ladies can find a stock to select from. Everywhere they get nothing but an order on some other store. We can save you money and show you the largest stock of seasonable and stylish garments, at lowest prices and easiest terms. We warrant our goods as represented, and allow all reasonable claims if they do not prove satisfactory. Our customers are our best references for fair and square dealings. They will tell you we do as we agree every time. Open evenings.
851 TO 855 WASHINGTON STREET.

$10 Reward
Will be paid by the Expressmen's League for the detection and conviction of thieves stealing from wagons owned by members in the city of Boston.
ROBT J. KELLY, Sec., 34 Court sq.

TIME ad in and by time save IS Put your want The Globe, saving MONEY.

The Boston Daily Globe.

HARVARD VS. YALE.
If you have read The Globe for foot ball this season, there's no need of telling you what paper to buy tomorrow afternoon.

VOL. XL.—NO. 143. BOSTON, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1891.—TWELVE PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

FORCED TO VACATE.

OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS

Represents the aggregate value of the clothing which we are compelled to dispose of at once, being forced to vacate our present premises at the expiration of our lease.

ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, SUITS, PANTALOONS.

All new and seasonable clothing manufactured under our own supervision, guarantees their STANDARD QUALITY, FINE MAKE AND PERFECT FINISH. We offer an array of bargains which eclipses anything before known to the clothing trade of New England.

Our crowded store and the enormous sales of the past two weeks fully attest the high grade of goods offered, and the extremely low prices.

The following prices, taken at random from our different tables, will give some idea of the numerous bargains offered.

	REGULAR RETAIL PRICE.	OUR PRICE.
500 Suits, Sacks and Frocks, worsted and fancy cassimeres	$12.00	$8.00
300 Men's Sack Suits, of the best American production, latest styles, excellently made and trimmed	$15.00	$10.00
200 Sacks and Cutaway Suits of the best foreign and domestic fabrics, made and trimmed equal to custom tailor work	$20.00	$12.00
500 Black Cheviot Suits, all wool, fast black, well made and trimmed, in single, double and straight cut sacks	$15.00	$10.00
50 Blue Chinchilla Overcoats, single breasted, piped edges, velvet collar, satin lined throughout	$22.00	$13.50
300 Melton, Kersey and Beaver Overcoats, in all the newest colors, single and double breasted, first-class tailor made garments.	$22 & $20	$15.00
Boys' Imported Scotch Suits, ages 14 to 18	$18.00	$10.00
Blouse Suits, age 4 to 14	$6.00	$4.00

Nothing reserved in our entire stock, all must be sold. You should be on hand as early as possible to secure choice of the hundreds of bargains.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Retailers,

508 Washington St. & 5 Bedford St.

ATWOOD

WILL OFFER

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1891

Sirloin Steak (flank off) . 15c.
Boneless Rib Roll . . 12c.
Face of Rump . . . 10c.

TRY ATWOOD'S HAMBURGER STEAK,

The most condensed and economical form of strictly fresh meat. It is made from the choicest Chicago Beef, and is entirely free from bone, fat or waste.

Atwood's Hamburger Steak makes the best pie meat.

A. H. ATWOOD,

48 North St., Boston, Mass.

Prevents PNEUMONIA.
Cures COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.
Relieves ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.

Lung Kuro

Does not damage the stomach.
50 cts. per bottle. All druggists.
Accept no substitute.

Delegates to Sixth Aldermanic

Convention will assemble at the rooms of the Democratic State Committee, 252 Washington st., on Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.30 p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Alderman in the Sixth District. Per order.

JAMES H. STACK, JOHN J. TEEVANS, JOHN H. McDONOUGH, } District Committee.

n19 2t*

9th Annual Offer.

Thousands of our patrons stand ready to indorse the Reliability of our special offer.

GIVEN A WEIGH.

For the next 6 days we give a selected Vermont turkey with every range sold, together with a large package of Wm. G. Bell Company's celebrated poultry seasoning, that is guaranteed to make the best dressing in the world, to test the fine baking qualities of our ranges.

Order us to take your old stove in exchange for a modern range. We accept $1.00 per week thereafter until the balance is paid.

All kinds to choose from at lowest cash prices. Parlor stoves on the same terms and prices.

Economical housekeepers will appreciate the genuine bargains we are offering in Furniture and Carpets. To every one purchasing $100 worth or more we give a Cooking Range, or credit its value to their account. Old customers are not required to pay down any money in opening new accounts.

Send for illustrated catalogues, price list and descriptive circular of Robinson's Plan.

C. H. ROBINSON & CO.,

1 and 2 Dock Sq. and 140 Washington St.

The only equitable and co-operative house furnishers in New England.

"Improvement the order of the age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.

Embodying New Devices and Improvements.

VERY DURABLE PERMANENT ALIGNMENT. POWERFUL MANIFOLDER

The SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER has been ADOPTED by the ASSOCIATED PRESS of the STATE of NEW YORK, to the exclusion of all other writing machines, to be used in their telegraphic service to take despatches direct from the wire.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, New York.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH, 25 School St., Boston, Mass.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Tenth Aldermanic Convention.

Delegates to the tenth aldermanic convention are requested to meet at **Democratic Headquarters, 126 Dudley,** Friday evening, Nov. 20, at 7.30 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for alderman. Per order

JOHN J. NAWN, PATRICK MAGUIRE, } District Committee.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS

Kelly & Collins to Open an Establishment at Washington and Bedford Streets Next April.

After negotiations, that have extended over a period of no less than four years, Mr. Perry has secured for that firm a 20 years' lease of the two estates at the corner of Washington and Bedford street, just north of the structure of R. H. White & Co.

In the Whitney estate there are 2935 square feet of land and a comparatively new six-story brick building, with a frontage of about 30 feet on Washington street and of 60 feet on Bedford. In the rear, between this building and the Harrison avenue part of White's store is a short passageway known as East Suffolk place. The Whitney building is occupied throughout by Spitz, Bros. & Mork, retail clothiers, and Pruger, Spitz & Co., manufacturers and wholesale dealers in men's clothing. The land is taxed for $152,800 and the building for $30,400.

"THE WAR IN SONG."

Preparations for Presenting the Alle

The e... the Hacl... the plan... to be t... and is li... fact befo... a street... ity on is... be born... to be re... yearly ... ments, ... laying ... yield: ... A g... will g... deve...

In... Co... brid... In... Deven... 10 stree...

SANG ITS PRAISES.

Feast of High Protectionism and Oratory.

Maj. McKinley Talks to the Home Market Club.

Reed, Hoar and Aldrich Were There.

All Told Why We Should be Very Thankful.

Lesser Lights at Scene of Dinner and Meeting.

Those four high priests of high protection, McKinley of Ohio, Aldrich of Rhode Island, Reed of Maine and Hoar of Massachusetts, stood in a row in one of the parlors at the Vendome last evening and shook hands with 500 or 600 gentlemen.

Each one of the four illustrious "leaders of legislation"—as they were called on the bill of fare—wore a bewitching smile, that of the Ohio Napoleon being the most engaging. Big Tom Reed of Maine, quite as ponderous and as jolly as ever, stood next to the Rhode Island senator, whom he overtopped by a full head. The Worcester statesman seemed to be in particularly good spirits all the evening, and his massive face had a most benign expression.

MAJ. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

In line with these stars of the first magnitude in the Republican firmament—bringing up the rear, so to speak—were the lesser lights, such as Congressmen Lodge and Morse, ex-Gov. Brackett and others of even less note.

The occasion was the reception and banquet given by the Home Market Club to the great apostles of protection, who engineered the McKinley bill through the last Congress.

"This organization believes in the McKinley bill and its author," said Gen. Draper after dinner, and the manner in which those 500 throats yelled left no possible doubt of the truth of that assertion.

The Germania orchestra played the overture from Flotow's "Stradella," while the crowd thronged into the dining hall. Tables had also to be set in several other rooms and in one of the vestibules in order to accommodate the diners. In the main hall around the circular centre table were seated President Draper of the club, Gov.-elect McKinley, Senator Hoar, Senator Aldrich, ex-Speaker Reed, Congressmen Lodge and Morse, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, ex-Gov. Brackett, Hon. Alden Speare, Hon. J. H. Walker and Postmaster Hart.

At the other tables there were:

T Jefferson Coolidge	Hon J O Burdette
Col Cochran	J R Bullard
C H Colburn	George C Belcher
Eben S Draper	J M Bassett
George A Draper	William Carter
F J Dutcher	L F Cutter
George A O Ernst	William E Coffin
L A Dodge	C L Maconber
Caleb Chase	A F Lawrence
Dr E G Frothingham	P H Corr
Gen D D Wiley	S L Cushman
Abraham Ratshesky	John Hopewell, Jr
J W Jenckes	O F Kendall
Guest of Mr Jenckes	E Andrews
Edwin Jenckes	Charles W Allen
Henry F Lippitt	E S Feasenden
Hiram Kendall	Maj F C King
Charles B Payne	W J McClerman
William H Pope	Dexter D Whitney
George M Thornton	William M Whitney
W A Walton	J M Walde
C H Wrightington	C H Mallon
A D Thayer	E Wilcox
F B Ray	W R Cordingly
Joseph G Ray	Henry G Crane
W W Rice	Frank P Bennett
Stephen Holman	Guest of Mr Holman
E C Wheeler	Homer Rogers
Rufus F Greeley	G A Gane
Gardner S Cushman	Joshua B Holden
Gordon F Dobson	C W Hazelton
O S Greenleaf	William H Horton
J R Carter	James W Ingalls
W C Wright	Daniel W Allen
Henry M Lovering	Hon. Rufus S Frost
William H Bent	Hon R F Davis
William C Lovering	W S Green
William H White	J C Milne
S L Adams	F F Almy
H Conant	Joseph D Milne
J S Kendall	Weston K Lewis
Dr Dunn	Francis C Lowell
Curtis Guild, Jr	A L Newman
Hon A B Wentworth	Hon Lyman P Goff
E H Clement	F W Carpenter
James Phillips, Jr	R A Clogher
C C Sprague	James B Field
Robert H Gardner	W G Chapman
George R Flower	C H French
George R Billings	Franklin Enslin
J B Billings	William B Houghton
W H Collins	F W French
G H Breed	Joseph E Fiske
John H Cook	J B Forsyth
W E Coffin	Jacob Brown
James M Childs	Hon H G Knight
Lorenzo Maynard	Samuel M Conant
W D Brackett	W H Parks
M S Bolles	George C Stearns
G H Edwards	Hon L T Jefts
A W Eaton	E H Haskell
A Foote	C S Landers
F M Ames	C F Smith
Sidney Cushing	George Sykes
C H Olmstead	John E Warner
Hon F W Breed	William E Steven
Hon J C Bennett	H E Shaw
F C Gardner	William D Hartshorn
George B Tibbetts	George L Hooper
S M Bourne	B M Kattelle
Frank Richmond	Samuel Kelley
Henry E Burnham	Arthur Perry
E S Ross	E M Rockwell
W R Burnham	William Brown Kehew
S N D North	John H Lesh
J W Towne	H Staples Potter
S W Shippee	G F Pinkham
J O Sweet	

Continued on the Twelfth Page.

Try Upmann's Bouquet Londres 10c. Cigar.

(TRADE MARK.)

Hand Your Grocer a nickel And he will Hand You a cake of the Justly celebrated Welcome Soap With both HANDS on it.

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Protection for Cotton.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 19.—The agitation for applying to Congress for protection for cotton, especially from the sea islands, has received a boost from Congressman Elliot's declared intention to introduce a cotton protective bill in the next Congress and from the letter of Judge Lawrence, president of the Ohio Wool Growers' Association, proposing an allowance between wool growers of the North and cotton planters of the South for protection for both industries.

A Plaintiff's Brief.

The best purchase is not that which makes you the happiest, but that which gives you the greatest number of reasons to be happy.

In this China Closet your purchase is backed up by reasons as strong as a church buttress.

The closet is artistically beautiful, it is exceedingly low in price, it will last a lifetime, it will pay for itself in the protection to your china, and it will give you an enjoyment in the possession of china which is impossible now.

Your china without a closet is like a fine painting with no frame. You lose all the pleasure of its possession since it can never be seen, and it is in constant danger from its unprotected condition.

Not until you investigate the subject of price have you any idea how cheap these fine china cabinets are. We have the largest assortment of any firm in the United States. Our new 288-page illustrated catalogue mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps for postage and packing.

Paine's Furniture Co.

48 CANAL ST. { South Side Boston & Maine Depot.

Five College Presidents

were asked this question: "Take a boy forced to leave school at fifteen but who wants an education: what would you advise him?" They will answer in the Youth's Companion of 1892.

Special articles every week.

An Illustrated Family Paper 500,000 Subscribers

FREE to new Subscribers for 1892 from the date their Subscription ($1.75) is received until January 1st . .

The Youth's Companion, BOSTON, MASS.

ALMY TO HANG

Found Guilty of Murder In the First Degree.

December, 1892, the Time of His Doom.

He Slept in State Prison Last Night

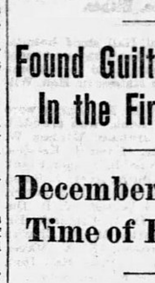
All Unconscious of the Court's Decree.

Mob Howled "Lynch Him" on His Arrival at Concord.

Closing Arguments of the Counsel For and Against.

Scenes and Incidents of the Eventful Day.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 19, 1891.



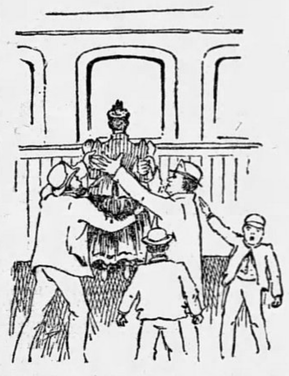
AVING been found guilty of murder in the first degree Frank C. Almy will be hanged on the first Tuesday in December, 1892.

This announcement rang through the vast corridors of the Pemigewasset House at just 1.55 o'clock.

Clerk Griswold, half way down the stairs, had just come down from the room where Chief Justice Doe and Judge Allen had been weighing in the balance the facts and the law in this famous murder case, stopped, and leaning over the railing, his hands quivering, but his voice clear, thus briefly told the story of death, the penalty which the black-hearted slayer of Christie Warden must pay.

Instantly the verdict was flashed over the wires to THE GLOBE office.

That message must have been in Boston almost before the last word had been uttered.



"THAT'S HIM," WAS THE CRY AT EVERY STATION.

Not more than half a hundred persons were present, as it was nearing the hour when court was to reconvene, and the crowd had pressed there eager for the news.

Almy was at that time on his way to Concord prison, having been placed on the 12.25 train.

Even when you are reading this verdict and sentence in THE GLOBE this morning, Frank C. Almy will be unaware that he must die on the scaffold a little more than a year hence.

Never before to the knowledge of men who ought to know has a criminal been sentenced to pay the death sentence without the sentence being pronounced first in the presence of the prisoner.

But Almy was like Sheridan, 20 miles away.

Fifteen minutes later the decision of the two judges was given out in open court, the tiny room being crowded to suffocation.

Cheer on cheer went up. Up went plug hats and soft hats.

The yelling of 500 excited men and women, who shortly before had been angered by the rumor that the murderer was to escape with imprisonment, could not be quieted for many minutes, let the court officials bang on desks and shout for order as hard and long as they pleased.

Almy was to hang. Everybody shook hands.

Congratulations on the success of the prosecution were exchanged on all sides.

Silence at last.

The Grafton County Court resumed its usual peaceful appearance, and litigation over 6-cent damages, and fences and neighbors hence proceeded as if no murder trial had ever disturbed its serenity.

Clerk Griswold meanwhile was doing the last act, copying the written statement of the finding of the two judges, which is here reproduced:

State of New Hampshire, Grafton county. Supreme Court, Eastern district. November term, Nov. 19, 1891.

State vs. Frank C. Almy.

Indictment for murder.

The defendant having pleaded guilty, the question of degree is determined by the court, and the court find that the defendant is guilty of murder in the first degree.

Hereupon the judgment and sentence of the law is that said Frank C. Almy be imprisoned at the State prison at Concord until the first Tuesday of December, 1892, and that on said first Tuesday of December, 1892, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, within the walls or yard of said State prison, he be hanged by the neck until he is dead.

(Signed by Justices Doe and Allen.)

Frank C. Almy sleeps tonight on a rough cot in a cell in murderer row in the New Hampshire State prison at Concord.

Tonight he wears again the garb of a convict, red and black. His pretty red necktie and newly folded embroidered pocket handkerchief are laid away.

THE PRISONER IN HIS CELL, AFTER GOING THROUGH THE BARBER'S HANDS.

Tonight he eats prison fare, no longer dining on turkey and pie brought on silver salvers from the Pemigewasset House.

Tonight he is behind the bars in the same city where, a few years ago, he was serving a sentence for burglary.

What a downfall!

Once an innocent baby at his mother's breast, then a lad crawling like a snail unwillingly to school, then a young thief, turning into a burglar; next an outlaw, and finally a murderer in the iron grasp of the law, doomed to die.

Tonight he entered Concord State prison, and the heavy iron doors creaked and clanged behind him. Never again will he emerge.

His dead body will be brought out in the chill air of December, a year hence, make its ignominious journey to a dishonored grave, over which no loving friends will weep.

A remarkable case in criminal annals, it will go down in history.

Picture the situation.

A man under sentence of death, wearing a convict's garb, in State prison, held there temporarily (awaiting the mittimus) on an order of the court for safe keeping, who absolutely does not know that he has been convicted.

THE HEAP OF CLOTHES DISCARDED FOR THE PRISON GARB.

The situation is sensational. Never has there been the like.

Almy will be in prison for two days before the news is broken to him.

Will he break down?

What a sad, sad scene it will be, wretch as he is, for he loves life and must lose it.

Citizens of Plymouth are celebrating, having a genuine jubilee tonight over the verdict and the coming hanging.

The band is on the street playing those old familiar airs which Almy swore he loved so well, and which Christie used to thrum out for him on the piano.

Listen.

Floating through the town, out against the mountain sides, and re-echoed, go the strains of the "Mocking Bird," of the "Spanish Cavalier," and "Down on the Swanee River."

Despatches from Hanover, the home of the murdered girl, the scene of the murder, show that there is general rejoicing there.

When the news reaches the valley of the Connecticut, where are those Vermont towns which Almy once terrorized, the cries of joy will swell into a hallelujah.

As the convicted murderer, in grim defiance of the officers of the law, once set off fireworks on the mountains thereabouts, so now may the gay citizens celebrate his doom by touching off red fire.

Why? Because they fear him, fear him worse than the child fears the fire that burns it, and they believe in their inmost hearts that if Almy ever escaped again, he would apply the torch and use the knife up and down the valley, leaving behind him a trail of smoking ruins and of blood.

'Twas 9 o'clock sharp when the judges took their seats on the bench in the tiny court room this morning.

Reproduce the scenic setting of yesterday

Continued on the Fourth Page

Love
Of the good things of this world extends even to chewing tobacco. The man of luxurious taste chews Five Brothers' Plug. ***

COURT SCENE WHEN THE VERDICT WAS RENDERED.

BARRETT AT PROVIDENCE.

He Explains the Massachusetts Election to the Young Republicans—Blaine's Name Evokes Enthusiasm.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 19.—Speaker William E. Barrett of the Massachusetts House of Representatives was the guest, with Hon. Allan W. Paige, speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives, of the Young Men's Republican Club here tonight.

The meeting was an enthusiastic one and over 800 members and guests were seated at the banquet tables.

It was the annual meeting of the organization and the campaign for the Republicans in the city election was fully opened.

Secretary of State Utter presided. He said the club had increased in membership above any previous record, and on Tuesday next would give a rousing account of itself.

Mention of Blaine's name evoked wild enthusiasm.

Secretary Utter introduced Speaker Barrett, who was received with thunderous applause.

The speaker said that as he had come down from Boston tonight some statement of an apologetic character on the election up there might be considered necessary.

"The fact is that a good deal of the detail of that contest has escaped my mind. (Laughter.)

"We started out on the 1st of September with everything looking first rate. But the Republicans the day after election were just about one lap ahead.

"The Republicans are not disheartend at the situation, for they carried the State on all officers but the governor.

"The party saved the auditor and cut down the plurality of our young friend, Gov. Russell, about 30 per cent.

"There was a great call for young men up in Massachusetts, and the feeling up there now is that a young man knows more at 60 than at 30.

"We cannot say anything disrespectful of Gov. Russell for he is now out for the presidency.

"One good Democratic newspaper in our cultured town mentioned him for vice-president, and then another good Democratic newspaper nominated him for president of the United States."

Speaker Paige of the Connecticut House said the Republicans at home were in dead earnest, and did right in their position on the contested election.

THE WEATHER.

FAIR

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 19—8 p. m.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Friday:

For New England, and eastern New York, warmer, south winds and fair weather, warmer and probably fair Saturday.

Local Forecast.

The fair weather condition central near the New England coast will move slowly out to sea during Friday and Saturday, and the storm which has appeared in Manitoba will probably move into the lake regions by Saturday.

For New England the indications are; For Friday and Saturday, fair and warmer, southwesterly winds.

H. H. CLAYTON, Local Forecast Official.

Temperature Yesterday

as indicated by the thermometer at Thompson's Spa: 3 a. m., 24°; 6 a. m., 24°; 9 a. m., 28°; 12 m., 38°; 3.30 p. m., 39°; 6 p. m., 36°; 9 p. m., 34°; 12 m., 32°; average temperature, 31⅞°.

WON BY AN EDITION.

The Globe Led Its Competitors in Announcing the News.

Following its well-known precedent in handling big news features, THE GLOBE distinguished itself yesterday by beating the town one whole edition in announcing the court's finding in the Almy case.

The decision was made known to the press at the hotel in Plymouth a few minutes before 2 o'clock, and at exactly 1.55 p. m. the news flashed over THE GLOBE'S special wire to Boston.

At 1.57 the finding was in type, and the stereotype plates were being made, and nine minutes later the regular "first 5" edition containing the decision was for sale on the streets.

Immense bundles of papers were sent to the depots in time to be shipped on the early afternoon trains, and all of the far-away readers of THE GLOBE were thus informed of the decision much in advance of the readers of any other paper.

The sale throughout New England was unprecedented, and everybody spoke in praise of the enterprise of the "largest circulation."

SHUMAN CORNER.

Gentlemen's BLACK MELTON Overcoats

Full front and English Full Back, Box Cut and Shaped Models. Double and single-breasted, large buttons, collars to match the body of Coat, or wide velvet collars, lapped seams, stitched edges, fashionable length, plain and plaid linings.

$22, $25 & $28.

The cloths used are absolutely non-fading double and triple milled goods that have been made exclusively for us in extra weights, with a principal regard for warmth and sufficient pliability to reveal the contour of the figure, and the garments, as turned out by our own workmen on the premises, have been carefully looked after in every detail to insure satisfaction in interior as well as exterior finish and durability, making in every essential the correct winter overgarment for Gentlemen for the season's wear.

A. SHUMAN & CO.

Men's and Boys' Outfitters.

Finest Flavor. Best Tobaccos.

Ask for B-L Tobaccos.

Gives most for your money.

Take No Other.

EASTERN MARKET,

Opposite Lowell and Eastern Depots.

103 and 105 Causeway and 276 Friend Sts.

FINEST MARKET IN BOSTON.

22 stalls of Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry, Game, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Groceries, Fruit, Vegetables, Fish, Oysters and the choicest of everything found in a

FIRST-CLASS CITY MARKET.

Orders in person or by express promptly and satisfactorily filled.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

(L) F&Su* n20

SEND for new list of Savena premiums. H. R. Stevens, 464 Broadway, S. Boston, Mass.

Jordan, Marsh & Co.

BOYS' CAPE OVERCOATS. A TREMENDOUS BARGAIN. Boys' Cape Overcoats, all wool, with detachable cape, sizes 4 to 12 years, sold up to date for $10.00 each, and are, without exception, the greatest bargain we have offered this season at........................

$4.85.

MISSES'

Just 200 Misses' Reefer Jackets, bound with Silk Mohair Braid, for Friday and Saturday, in Dark Navy Blue Diagonal Beaver, like cut; they are worth $6.50 each, but we shall offer them for two days at........

JACKETS.

$3.50.

AFRAID OF MR. LEE.

Republicans of Twelfth Accomplish Little.

Nomination was Made and Then a Wordy Warfare Began.

Finally Adjourned to Endeavor to Effect Agreement.

The 12th aldermanic Republican convention, held at the Republican city committee's headquarters, last evening, adjourned after a short, but spicy, war of words, without having taken any definite action. It will meet again tomorrow night.

It was supposed, before the calling of the convention to order, that the nomination of the aldermanic candidate would be unanimous, but, on account of the objections of the ward 23 contingent, who charged through Mr. Maguire that the delegates from ward 25 did not nominate the man they ought, Mr. Eaton, the candidate, was virtually thrown out.

It seems that the ward 23 delegates supposed that Mr. Frank Harvey would be the candidate, and were in ignorance of the intentions of the ward 25 delegates until the nomination was made. Then they vigorously opposed him, and intimated in rather strong terms that it looked as though the nomination of Mr. Eaton was made to help the election of Alderman Lee, the present incumbent.

The convention was called to order at 8 o'clock by Frank Hatch, chairman of the district committee. Without any opposition Mr. F. S. Newhall was elected chairman and Stephen Hurtle, both of ward 23, secretary.

The following committee on credentials were then appointed: Messrs. Bigelow, ward 25; Stearns and Hatch, ward 23. They reported that 15 delegates were present from ward 23 and 10 from ward 25.

The name of Frederick Eaton of ward 25 was then proposed by Mr. Wiley of the same ward, as the Republican aldermanic nominee from the 12th district. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Bigelow of the same ward.

Mr. J. H. Maguire of ward 23 was on his feet in an instant and most strenuously opposed the nomination of Eaton. He expressed his objections substantially as follows:

"It looks to me as though the gentlemen from ward 25 refused to have the name of Frank Harvey proposed at this meeting, because they believe the gentleman to be too strong to run against Mr. Lee, and that you nominate Mr. Eaton because he would act as a dummy for Lee.

"I say this because I think it is a fact, although personally I consider Mr. Eaton to be a gentleman in every particular, but do not believe that he is a strong enough candidate to be elected."

Mr Wiley in response to Mr. Maguire's objections said that he felt the gentleman was mistaken, and that Mr. Eaton's name had been proposed because they considered him the strongest and most capable candidate to oppose Alderman Lee.

A recess was then taken for five minutes, and after reassembling, Mr. Wiley once more took the floor and made an earnest plea for Mr. Eaton's interests. Mr. Bigelow also expressed himself in favor of Eaton, because he believed him to be the right man in the right place.

As it seemed impossible to come to an understanding, and the ward 23 delegates seemed to be opposed to Mr. Eaton, on motion of Mr. Bigelow the convention adjourned to give the delegates a chance to come to some definite decision as to who will be their aldermanic candidate.

NOT NECESSARILY STUFFED.

But it is Claimed There Was Negligence in Charlestown.

There is little change in the complexion of affairs in the Charlestown aldermanic district, and now that the lawyers have got their hand in there is every chance of the matter being ventilated in the courts.

The friends of Mr. Kelly, the defeated candidate, addressed a communication to Mr. Mitchell, asking him to meet them at the residence of Mr. Green, who was chairman of the caucus, and, in the presence of a disinterested party, count the ballots and also the check list.

Mr. Mitchell, however, declined the invitation at the advice of counsel.

Mr. Kelly and his friends then waited upon Mr. Green for the purpose of examining the check list and ballots, but that gentleman, acting under advice of counsel, declined to break the seal.

The friends of Mr. Kelly do not dispute the count of the ballots, but they mistrust, with nothing but rumors for the grounds they take, that the check list, when produced, will not show that so many ballots were cast.

The friends of Mr. Mitchell claim that if this should prove to be the case, it would not by any means prove that the ballot box had been stuffed, but a negligence on the parties of the representatives behind the rail.

Chairman Green maintains that by the statutes it will require an order from the court to enable him to produce the ballots and check list.

In the meantime, he says, until the matter is settled he shall refuse to sign the delegates' credentials.

It is not definitely known what steps the malcontents will take in the meantime.

Ex-Councilman Frank E. Bagley announces himself as an independent candidate.

The fight promises to be a very interesting one, and threats of all kinds are flying about thick and fast.

W. A. FOLMSOM NOMINATED.

He Will Head the Republican Ticket in the Ninth District.

The 20 delegates from wards 19 and 22, representing the ninth aldermanic Republican convention, held a harmonious meeting last evening at 1074 Tremont st. Joseph Utley was elected chairman and Charles W. Weber secretary.

Isaac P. Gregg in a brief speech presented William A. Folsom of ward 22 as a candidate for aldermanic honors. Mr. Folsom was nominated without a dissenting voice.

Thomas C. Thompson and Isaac P. Gregg were appointed a campaign committee.

Candidate Folsom was then introduced and made a short speech of acceptance, after which the delegates adjourned to Potter's Hotel, where a collation was served and speeches made.

Candidate William A. Folsom is a real estate dealer and president of the Roxbury Co-operative Bank. He has held the position of assistant assessor, but has never been active in municipal politics.

COULD NOT AGREE.

New England Congressmen Dine with Their Brother Stevens.

Eleven of 14 New England Democratic congressmen responded to an invitation issued by Congressman Moses T. Stevens of Andover, and dined with him at the Parker House last evening.

The speakership and other party matters were discussed after the dinner, but it is understood that they were unable to agree on the speakership question.

Messrs. Sperry and Wilcox of Connecticut and Daniels of New Hampshire were the absentees.

Declines Republican Nomination.

CHICOPEE, Nov. 19.—Thomas Brady, who was nominated by the Republicans of ward 1 as second councilman, has decided not to stand, and so notified the city clerk today.

ADAMSON'S Balsam cures coughs and colds. ***

WHERE GOES THE HONOR?

San Francisco Holds Up Glittering Bait.

Pacific Slope Republicans Bidding for National Convention.

Trio of Speakership Candidates Take Trips to New York.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Chairman Clarkson of the national Republican committee has written to a friend in this city saying he will be here tomorrow or Saturday to attend the meeting of the committee next Monday.

Some of the committees organized to boom various Western cities for the meeting place of the convention are expected to put in an appearance tomorrow, and as soon as they arrive, the log rolling and wire-pulling for the honor of holding the Republican convention will commence, and be kept up until the battle has been lost and won.

From the talk already heard the place does not appear to cut much of a figure so far as the fortunes of any candidate is concerned.

Men who may rightfully be supposed to represent the President in the matter say that he has no choice, and that he is as willing for the convention to be held in one city as another. None of the other men who may be regarded as prospective candidates before the convention are known to be working in favor of this or that city, and the selection will probably be left to the individual preferences of the members of the national committee.

If New York makes a very strong pull for it, the convention will probably be held there. But there is an impression in the minds of a great many people that New York will not go to work in a manner determined enough to win.

Chicago, which pretends it does not want the convention but would really like it, has received a bad black eye, as members of the committee remember the shabby way in which they were treated there four years ago. The city promised to do a great deal in the way of paying the convention's expenses, in making liberal rates at the hotels and in agreeing to see that all candidates were fairly treated by the party papers.

All these promises, it is said, were violated, and as a result the committee has no further use for the city by the lake.

It is generally agreed that the convention will go West, and the only question to be settled is which of the Western cities can offer the greatest inducements.

Up to date San Francisco has held up the most glittering bait. The sentiment in favor of San Francisco is growing, and the argument used is that the Pacific coast has heretofore been so persistently ignored by the Republican party that it is about time to show that section some consideration, otherwise there may be trouble in the Pacific coast ranks.

If San Francisco is deemed too far west by the majority of the committee, it is believed that Omaha or Minneapolis stands the best chance of being selected.

"REVISE THE CUSTOMS LAWS."

Agent Tingle Thinks Districts Should Also be Reorganized.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—A. K. Tingle, supervising special agent of the Treasury Department, in his annual report shows that during the past fiscal year the special agents seized goods valued at $143,236, and recovered $225,690 on account of seizures, fines, duties, etc. He gives several instances of fraudulent importations, and refers to the difficulties under which the agents conduct their operations.

The report dwells on the great difficulty under present conditions of enforcing the laws against smugglers who make Canada the base of their operations.

The district of Puget Sound, comprising many islands within a few miles of British territory and a long line of water front, furnishes facilities for smuggling and the clandestine introduction of Chinese.

It is believed it will be necessary to employ a number of speedy steam launches to patrol the waters of Puget sound in order to break up this illicit traffic.

The report states that during the past year 125,000 pounds of crude opium were imported and manufactured at Victoria, making about 70,000 pounds of the prepared article for smoking purposes, and nearly every pound of it was smuggled into the United States.

It is more profitable, Mr. Tingle continues, to take the risk of an occasional capture and confiscation than to pay the enormous duty of $12 per pound, which is prohibitive of legitimate importations. Reduce the duty to $4 per pound and the smuggler's occupation will be gone.

The report further says that the acts of Congress having for their object the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the United States are practically nullified by the clandestine introduction of Chinese coming direct from China through Canada.

The report states that the necessity for a revision of the customs laws, and for a reorganization of customs districts is shown by the fact that during the last fiscal year in 31 districts and ports no duties were collected, and in 43 the expenses exceeded the receipts.

MODIFIED INSTRUCTIONS.

Assistant Secretary Spaulding Notes Mr. Beard's Suggestion.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—In reply to a letter from Collector Beard Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Spaulding has written him that the department is not disposed to change the method of ascertaining the dutiable weight of imported window glass.

In his letter Collector Beard pointed out that if the department's instructions were carried out there was a danger of loss to the revenue, but Secretary Spaulding says that Collector Beard's conclusions do not agree with the experience of other collectors, and the department is not disposed to change them until a practical trial has established their inadequacy.

Mr. Beard objected to the appraiser being designated to ascertain the weight, and claims the surveyor was the proper officer.

Secretary Spaulding declines to discuss the contention raised by the collector, but he has modified the instructions so as to have the weighing done at Boston under the supervision of the surveyor.

CRISP, MILLS AND SPRINGER.

Trio of Speakership Candidates Take Trips to New York.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The speakership fight for the time being has been transferred from Washington to New York.

The three leading candidates—Crisp, Mills and Springer—have shaken the dust of Washington off their feet and gone to Gotham to see how successful they can be in capturing the votes of the Empire State delegation.

The absence of the candidates has caused the gossip to die down, but the fact that Mills should find it necessary to go to New York is regarded as significant, and the Crisp men are making the most of it. They say that it proves more conclusively than anything else that Mr. Mills has not the easy walkover which his friends claimed for him a couple of weeks ago.

Willey Appointed Postmaster.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—E. V. Willey has been appointed postmaster at Graniteville, Vt.

No other baby soap is so pure, delicate and effective as the CUTICURA SOAP. ***

ALMY TO HANG.

Continued from the First Page.

and you have the background of the trial today.

The same squirming, shoving crowd: the same faces, with some new ones; the same lawyers and reporters at the same long tables.

On goes the trial again at express speed.

It is a through train this time, stopping only at the end of the road.

Hon. Alvin Burleigh is upon his feet, making the final argument, pleading for the life of the man who sits at his side, without the expression of any emotion whatever.

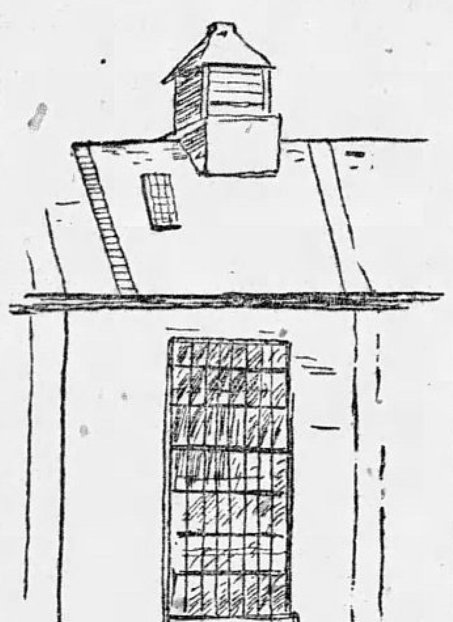
The lawyer declares that Frank loved Christie, loved her truly, honestly, to the very bottom of his heart. Declares the defendant had no motive to kill the girl.

Urges upon the court that according to the law the murder was not deliberate with premeditation, consequently was not murder in the first degree.

Calls attention to the fact that the prisoner at the bar is a man of excitable temperament, one of intense passion.

Mr. Burleigh is tall, and stands erect as he speaks.

His words flow in an easy, constant stream, without any effort to be dramatic or sensational. He carefully and logically puts the brightest light he can on the darkest crime and the blackest criminal that ever disgraced the State.



ALMY'S WINDOW IN CONCORD PRISON, FROM THE PRISON YARD.

His voice is clear and musical. With the palm of his left hand turned upward he taps it with the forefinger of his right, then emphasizes a point by a sweeping gesture.

Attorney-General Barnard laid down the facts and the law on behalf of the prosecution.

The question he propounded was:

"Are the acts of this man, the prisoner at the bar, the acts of a lover, or the acts of a man seeking revenge?"

That question he answered by outlining motives of revenge, declaring that Almy, seeking the hand in marriage of a girl who kindly but firmly refused his offer, determined to kill her, rather than that anybody else should win the prize he sought.

He described vividly the manner in which Almy went in to Hanover on a midnight train under the cover of darkness; how he lurked about the Warden farmhouse at night; how he sought to find Christie in bed in a chamber; how he went armed to the teeth, and after that description, he asked in tones of thunder: "Could those be the acts of a man of honorable purpose, or were they the acts of a man bound to be revenged for supposed slights?"

He declared that Almy killed Christie deliberately, with premeditation, with intelligence, knowing what he did when he fired the shots.

The attorney-general stood all the time looking up into the faces of the two judges.

He was vigorous; he was incisive; he was eloquent.

That clenched fist of his occasionally came down with a thump on the counsel table—a thump which resounded in the farthermost corners of the court room.

That usually smiling face had taken on a severe look, and those kindly eyes under the long lashes were grim with determination.

He believed the defendant to be guilty of murder in the first degree, believed that death should expiate his crime under the law, and with all the earnestness of conviction he argued for the verdict that should be the reward of such crime.

Arguments closed.

The fate of Almy, the murderer, now lay in the hands, or rather the brains, of the two distinguished jurists who sat upon the bench.

Silence as silent as the grave reigned supreme through the court room.

Breathing ceased.

All eyes were turned toward the chief justice, and all ears anxiously awaited the announcement of the degree of murder of which Almy was found guilty.

But it didn't come.

The unexpected always happens when Chief Justice Doe is presiding, and with a quick glance at the clock he simply aid: "We shall prepare a verdict and sentence and place it in the hands of the clerk of the court. Clear the court room."

And the court room was cleared.

What did it mean?

The query was on every pair of lips in that intensely interested throng of excited spectators.

Imprisonment was the verdict of the people.

But they were wrong.

Their indignation hardly knew bounds, and animated discussion, amid gesticulations, could be heard on the street corners for the next two hours.

"Ought to hang."

"Too bad."

"Rascal, villain, cold-blooded murderer."

These were expressions to be heard here, there, everywhere.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Brigham had made every preparation to remove Almy from his quarters in the court house to the train and on to Concord, although no verdict had been rendered and no sentence passed.

He had in his pocket an order from the chief justice for the detention of the prisoner for safe keeping given him by Chief Justice Doe.

While dinner was on tap in every house in Plymouth and in the big dining-room of the big hotel, the murderer was quietly taken from the court house, placed in a wagon drawn by a single horse—no prancing pair of steeds this time, as upon arrival—and was driven to the railroad station.

The 12.25 train for Boston had just pulled into the station with a special car empty hooked into the middle thereof.

Down the hill rushed the Black Maria, bearing Almy.

As he neared the depot he saw standing on the embankment above him that coterie of witnesses from Dorchester and Danvers, who had come all the way up here to testify in his defence, who had even on the streets and in the stores of the town upheld his cause in conversation.

They waved their handkerchiefs. Almy saw the flying bit of white, and stretching his right arm in a r he waved back a farewell.

'Twas a farewell with more meaning in it than he then knew; more meaning than he even now dreams of.

Despite the fact steaming, sizzling dinners were getting cold on many tables; despite the suddenness of the move, half a hundred men, women and children reached the depot as soon as did the prisoner.

On they come on the dead run, as if it were a foot race, some falling and tumbling head over heels in their haste.

The sheriff's fast hired horse was driven through the mob on to the platform, close up to the entrance to the special car.

Almy alighted; hobbled a few steps forward, jumped with ease up to the car platform without assistance.

That mob was howling and crying at the top of its lungs. Disappointment and anger were written on the faces of each individual.

"Hang him," cried one. "Kill the ——," shouted another.

And so the tumult rose and died away and rose again.

The mob thought that this was conclusive proof that the judges had decided on imprisonment and that the murderer was to escape execution.

But again the mob was wrong in its inferences from events.

The removal of the prisoner at that hour and in that manner were simply precautionary measures. The court and sheriff wished to avoid the crowd as much as possible.

Counsel for defence had waived the right to have the prisoner present at the time of announcement of the verdict and sentence.

That was all.

As Almy left the wagon he showed the

ALMY GLANCES NERVOUSLY AT THE EXCITED CROWD AS HE ENTERS THE CAR AT PLYMOUTH TO TAKE HIS LAST RIDE.

first sign of fear that he has displayed in all these long weeks.

His face turned pale as he heard the shrill cries of damnation and urgent appeals to "hang him."

Not even when in the barn in Hanover surrounded by a much bigger mob all armed with all sorts of weapons from pitchforks to shotguns, did he quail in the slightest degree, but he faced the thousand men, saying to them, "Come on, Macduff," with two cocked revolvers in his hands.

Now he shivers.

The excitement of the trial—an ordeal which would have prostrated any ordinary criminal—is beginning to tell just a bit upon this monument of nerve.

As Almy stands on the platform of the car, wrapped in a huge buffalo coat, ready to enter, he turns his head quickly around, gazes momentarily at the men who are threatening him, then hurries within.

A shriek of the locomotive whistle, the wheels revolve, the train moves and Almy slips out on rollers away from the jeering mob, on toward Concord—and never to return.

ruined a happy home would get a term of imprisonment.

She was frightened, and between her sobs she said that if Almy was permitted to live he would in time escape from prison, return to Hanover and slaughter the rest of the family.

They never in this world would feel safe, never go to sleep without seeing in imagination the hand of the assassin raised above them ready to fall and kill.

Almy said before leaving for Concord that he was perfectly satisfied with all the means taken by the counsel who defended him, and surely they made out of a bad case as good a case in his favor as possible.

Almy can only kick at the court, and that is useless.

Public opinion will sustain the judges and applaud them.

Almy can seek the interference of the governor, but—

The truth is this wicked, novel, famous trial is ended never to be reopened. But one act remains, and that is the execution of the convicted wretch.

The judges who sat in the case were per-

THE SHERIFF RECEIVES A TELEGRAM, BUT ALMY TURNS AWAY.

Meanwhile the two judges who had heard the evidence and listened to the arguments, were closeted together in the hotel digesting the facts and discarding sentiment.

They were locked in their room, and nobody could gain admission.

Nobody knew whether a decision would be reached in one minute or one year.

Nobody knew whether if a decision was reached at once it would be made public at once, or withheld indefinitely.

The court had not given any tips before adjournment, and the court was in solitary now.

The exclusive news was sent over the wires to THE GLOBE office at 1.50 o'clock that a verdict had been reached, and that in five minutes it would be announced.

Five minutes passed; at 1.55, right on the dot, Clerk Griswold hurries down the stairs, halts, and exclaims, "Guilty, first degree, sentenced to be hanged the first Tuesday in December, 1892."

The first message that went over the wires carrying those words with the speed of lightning went directly into THE GLOBE office in Boston. Verdict and sentence were there before the echo of the 1892 had died away.

The hotel office was in an uproar in an instant.

Everybody seemed pleased—Almy was not of the number—and a feeling of relief seemed to come down from the ceiling and settle on the faces.

Attorney-General Barnard appeared and as happy as a child with a new toy.

wHe believed the verdict was the only righteous one possible.

He believed that Almy alive would be a constant menace to the lives of the Wardens and many others against whom he would wish revenge revenge in blood.

Judge Allen under his silk hat and with a bundle of law papers under his arm, came down from the conference room above and stopped to chat a minute.

fectly fair and just; if they granted favors to anybody they were granted where they ought to have been, to the prisoner at the bar; and yet the defence failed to convince any one of the truth of the story told by the murderer.

Here are queer points of this strange trial, just a few of them:

No jury.

Chief justice cross-examining at greater length than the attorney-general.

Sudden dismissal of jurors.

Sudden departure of Almy from Manchester jail.

Sudden arraignment of prisoner to allow him to change his plea on Monday, when the trial was set for Tuesday, and court had adjourned to that time.

Hats on in court room.

Witnesses all testifying from their seats; no witness stand.

Brief arguments; both occupying together less than three hours.

Almy hanged in effigy by citizens of Plymouth.

Court room 7x9; no back door.

Exit of spectators through windows.

Counsel for defence examining defendant with his hat on.

Murderer sent to State prison before verdict is rendered or sentence passed.

Sudden departure from Plymouth.

Verdict and sentence first made public in a hotel.

A man now under sentence of death in prison without any knowledge of the fact.

Queer, isn't it?

The trial lasted in reality but two days and a half.

Monday don't count.

THE GLOBE was the first Boston paper to announce that the trial would not be by a jury, a complete revolution in the statutes of the case; an announcement which was read with astonishment throughout New England.

That was last Saturday morning.

THE CONDEMNED MAN WALKING ACROSS THE STATION PLATFORM AT CONCORD.

He looked happier than he has since Monday. He had done his duty, though it may have been a disagreeable one, and the strain on body and mind was gone.

He said that the mittimus would be sent to the warden at the Concord prison as soon as it could be prepared, probably not before tomorrow.

Then he sauntered out and over to court to listen to less exciting legal battles.

He is presiding at the present term of the Grafton County Court.

Messrs. Burleigh and Story entered the hotel.

They discussed the trial freely, and declared that no further steps would be taken to save the murderer's neck.

That grim yet jovial ex-sheriff of Vermont, Silas K. Berry, who once captured Almy, is highly elated.

With his feet on the fenders in front of the open fire-place in the corner, he is saying, "What fun Almy would have if he could only escape and take revenge on the dwellers in his old haunts, but he can't, you know."

Deputy Sheriff Daniels of Ashland, who is waiting for a train to bear him home, expresses satisfaction at the verdict.

Chief Justice Doe isn't saying a word; he is getting ready to go home with his two daughters.

The Wardens left Plymouth before the verdict was rendered.

They formed a sad group as they stood near the foot of the stairs; mother and daughters all in black and in tears.

Mrs. Warden was then expecting that the man who killed her daughter Christie and

THE GLOBE has since detailed in all its variety and colors the trial as it has progressed.

THE GLOBE today sent the first news of the verdict.

The sun rose this morning and shone into the little window in the court house in Plymouth where Almy sat, with hopes and a chance of living out his allotted days.

The sun set tonight with Almy in prison at Concord in bi-colored coat and trousers, mustache shaved off and doomed to die.

Wait for the execution.

FRANK H. STANYAN.

PAYING THEIR BETS.

Cheers and Hurrahs Greeted the Verdict of Guilty at Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 19.—"What a change!"

Almy has gone.

Chief Justice Doe has departed.

The witnesses have all returned to their homes.

The army of reporters and deputy sheriffs are a thing of the past, with but two exceptions. The resident deputy, James N. McCoy, is still here, and in the absence of the genuine article, is keeping guard over the straw effigy of Almy, which he cut down from the flag poles Tuesday morning.

THE GLOBE, always leading, is still "on deck," and has a representative here to look after its interests.

The interest and excitement which have prevailed throughout the entire trial reached white heat this noon, when it was learned that Almy and Judge Doe were both going to leave town before the sentence was made public.

The indignation of a long suffering public knew no bounds. Everything pointed to the returning of a verdict of guilty in the second degree and a sentence of 30 years or less of imprisonment.

Almy smiled and waved his hand to the enraged crowd as the train pulled out of the depot, and seemed confident that he had many years yet to live.

Messrs. Burleigh and Story looked bright and hopeful as they walked to their dinners before hearing the fate of their client.

It was generally believed that Almy was going to save his neck, and that the officers in charge had gauged the temper of the people, and understood that if such a verdict was given, and he was in town, their services as far as the prisoner was concerned could be dispensed with, except, perhaps, as attendants at his burial.

Judge Doe probably would not feel complimented to any great extent had he heard some of the remarks and comments made upon him and his supposed decision.

Great, then, was the change when the now unexpected "Guilty in first degree" and sentence "to be hanged by the neck till he is dead" was pronounced.

Cheers.

Hurrahs.

Hand clapping and hats thrown high in the air.

These didn't half begin to express the feelings of the multitude.

One man said the band ought to play "The Mocking Bird" and "Spanish Cavalier," two of Almy's favorites.

No sooner was the thought expressed than quick as a flash a silver dollar dropped into the speaker's hat, then another and another till almost as quick as it takes to tell it, more than the required amount necessary to secure the services of

The Local Cornet Band

was collected.

However this method of expressing their feelings had to be abandoned, owing to the absence from town of a large number of the band.

It was suggested that the old revolutionary cannon which is owned here should be brought out and made to proclaim from its iron throat the glad tidings that the murderer of Hanover's fair daughter had finally been meted out the justice which he so richly deserves.

WARDEN COLBATH.

Plymouth people have been intensely interested in this trial and anxious for the punishment of the criminal because not only Christie but her sisters, Myra and Alice Warden, have been here three years each within the last seven years, all having attended and been graduated from the State Normal school.

All were known as ladies of the highest character and sweet dispositions, and their friends in the village and among Normal students were legion.

When it was thought that a verdict in the second degree was to be given the Warden sisters and other members of the family felt that the court had not treated them fairly by the court rulings, by which evidence showing that Almy had previously threatened Christie, also because the evidence which would prove him to be the outlaw and convict Abbott was excluded.

After the verdict became generally known it was easy to see how the sympathy of almost everybody tended.

Strangers would rush up to one another, grasp and shake each other's hand and say: "This is right." "New Hampshire and Vermont will now be ridded of one of the greatest villains who has ever darkened their borders and blackened their fair names."

But few tears were shed for him.

A few sentimentalists, who probably never had a mother, sister or daughter, expressed their sympathy for him and his sad fate, speaking of his fine looks, good language and tender heart, which caused him to weep so copiously during his recital of his crime.

Groups of men were standing around upon the sidewalks and in the hotels discussing the great trial and the verdict.

The interest and relief which is felt has been compared by a local politician, who said that it seemed in town just as it did

After a Presidential Election

was decided, only instead of half, as in the one case, being jubilant, all were now.

Interest in the trial was intensified among the citizens of the town from the fact that two of Plymouth's attorneys, Hon. Alvin Burleigh and Joseph C. Story, defended the prisoner.

It was a mystery to all as to what line their defence would take, and more of a mystery as to how they could present any plausible defence in a case so clearly against them.

All newspapers have commended favorably on the strong case they made for their client out of the small amount of material to work with.

They have exhibited great shrewdness, ability and skill in handling their case, and have added new laurels to their already high reputations.

Both, evidently from the zeal they manifested in the preparation of their case, had some hope at least of getting Almy off on a second degree sentence.

Both gentlemen desire to express their thanks to THE GLOBE for its courteous treatment of them.

As soon as possible after the verdict was declared, Clerk Griswold telegraphed it to the Warden family, who had left town for their home in Hanover on the 1.45 train north.

The town is fast regaining its equilibrium.

Bets are being paid, and the losers pay up cheerfully and say that they had rather lose as much more than to have had the verdict other than it is.

Many of the harsh things which were said of Judge Doe at noon have been taken back.

At the court house all that remains to show that the Almy trial has been on are some of the charts used in the trial, three broken settees, crushed by the crowd, and the cot in the sheriff's room, where Almy slept three nights.

An arson case was tried this afternoon, but the crowd which has jammed the room for the past three days was missing, and nothing but empty seats could be seen outside the lawyers' and judges' seats.

Thus ends the most interesting murder trial ever held in New Hampshire.

D. P. DONOVAN.

"HANG HIM"—"LYNCH HIM."

Dramatic Arrival of Almy at Concord—Lodged in Jail.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 19.—"Five minutes late," was the announcement on the bulletin that met the eyes of the large number of persons that had gathered at the passenger station this afternoon to witness the arrival of the train from Plymouth that bore Almy one stage nearer his doom.

Soon after dinner it was generally known here that the arguments had been completed and the case closed.

The inquiry could be heard on every hand, "What will the verdict of the judges be?"

"Will Judge Doe deviate from his well-known aversion to capital punishment and find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree?"

Many level-headed men said:

"I don't know, but it seems as though the court couldn't find him guilty of any other than wilful murder."

Soon after 2 o'clock a rumor was heard upon the street that Almy was to be brought here on the 2.25 o'clock train, although he had not been sentenced.

What did it mean? Could it be that the judges, for some reason best known to themselves, had decided to have the prisoner miles from Plymouth before announcing their verdict, and if so, why?

What object could they have in ordering him removed before rendering their verdict?

If they had decided to hang him, why shouldn't he have been detained so as to receive his sentence in open court?

These and similar interrogatories were propounded quick and fast.

Then it became known that the following telegram had been received by City Marshal Locke:

PLYMOUTH, Nov. 19, 1891.

Meet us at station on arrival of 2.25 train. We have Almy with us.

(Signed) JAMES MCCOY.

The train was five minutes behind time as it drew into the lower end of the station.

There was a wild rush to reach the landing from which the prisoner must step to the flooring of the train shed. And what a crowd!

Men, old and young, merchants, mechanics, laborers, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, women and children were there, and all made a wild rush in their endeavor to obtain a good position from which to secure a good view of the notorious murderer.

When the train entered the station, boys were selling papers announcing the verdict and sentence.

The urchins cried aloud, and Almy must have had a deaf ear not to have heard them.

Strange as it may appear, he didn't; or if he did he gave no indication of it in any look or act.

He is still the same cool, calculating man that his life and history show him to have always been.

The train came to a stop at the lower end of the large head-house.

As it did so Sheriff Brigham emerged from the car door, and, stepping off, was met by City Marshal Locke.

The marshal had detailed Capt. Rand and Officers Sanders, Robinson, Baker, Eaton, Cole and Poore to be at the station to assist in maintaining order and escorting the prisoner to the barge that had been provided for conveying him to the penitentiary.

Quick as a flash almost, Marshal Locke made an opening in the crowd and all was in readiness for Almy.

He hobbled slowly, and it appeared with much pain from the car platform and steps, being assisted in alighting by the deputy sheriffs.

"Let him walk!" sternly said Sheriff Brigham, and walk he did.

He was not ironed. Indeed it seemed as if it was unnecessary, and that he had all he could do to get along.

It was hard work for him to travel, it was punishment: everybody said so, but nobody pitied him.

The procession was headed by Silas H. Brigham, the man whose act will send the soul of Christie Warden's slayer into eternity, when he presses the spring to the trap of the gallows.

Then followed Almy, flanked on either side by a deputy sheriff, and surrounding all were eight of Concord's blue-coated guardians of the peace.

The distance was four rods. Almy was obliged to stop and rest twice. The vehicle that was in waiting was a large barge, used for picnic purposes, and capable of carrying 20 persons.

This was backed up to the curbing, and as Almy reached it the crowd surged and made one grand rush towards him.

The officers were too quick, however, and in a twinkling bustled their prisoner, crutches and all, up the steps and into the barge, and quickly followed and surrounded him.

"Lynch him!" cried a beardless youth from the top of a hack near the barn.

"Hang him," shouted a young man of 25.

"Put a rope about his neck and run him up on one of the iron pillars of this depot," exclaimed a well-known local character, whose hair is tinged with the snows of many winters.

Almy all the time that these demonstrations were being made sat quietly between the officers, and officers there were in front of him, officers behind him, officers everywhere. So why need he mind the expressions of indignation and the remarks indicating a desire for speedy justice that were so plainly and forcibly uttered.

Had there been a leader, many men there were in that crowd who would willingly, yea, only too gladly have taken a hand in dealing summary punishment to the murderer. But the leader was lacking.

It was cold when they arrived and a heavy fur overcoat was placed on Almy's shoulders and buttoned tightly about his chin.

He appeared pleased at this manifestation of solicitude for his comfort on the part of the officers and expressed his thanks for the attention.

In less than two minutes after he had reached his seat in the barge the vehicle started on the last ride for him while he walks in the flesh. The horses had become restive, and as they started they plunged and reared until well out into Railroad sq.

Up Freight st. the barge, with its notorious occupant and more than a dozen officers, passed into Main st., Concord's business thoroughfare.

Soon Almy reached over and began toying with an officer's billy. It did not yield very easily to the pull he gave it, and he had about abandoned all idea of getting it when Marshal Locke said, "Do you want to take that?"

He said "Yes."

Then the marshal drew it from its socket and passed it to Almy.

He seized it by the handle and appeared much pleased with it. After a little while he returned it to the marshal, saying: "I am much obliged."

Mr. Locke said: "That is about right, isn't it?"

He replied: "Yes, I guess so," and relapsed into silence.

As it was generally understood that the barge would go through Main st., the shopkeepers and clerks stood in their doorways and many people gathered on the street corners to get a look at Almy. As the barge trundled over the granite pavements northward those who saw its burden uttered sighs of relief that he had been sentenced and was sure to get his deserts.

He sat on the west side of the carriage, looking eastward, and when nearly opposite the Capitol said to Marshal Locke:

"The last time I was in Concord I stopped at the Eagle Hotel; where is it?"

"Right there," said the marshal. "But it has been changed a little lately. A new roof has been placed on it."

"That accounts for it. I knew it looked strange, but now you speak of it I recall the hotel and its general appearance."

Almy evidently referred to the time when as George H. Abbott he was discharged from the New Hampshire prison, when he served a term for burglary in Grafton county.

On his release at that time he inherited quite a sum of money from his parents, and could well afford to stop at a first-class hotel.

How differently he was circumstanced today.

Silence again came over him. Once only was it broken, and then for but a moment. As the barge went whisking along up Main st. somebody on the sidewalk spoke. Almy looked back over his shoulder, and perceiving Postmaster Robinson and ex-Deputy Sheriff E. W. Webster in a carriage, smiled and bowed pleasantly to them.

Main st. converges into North State st. about a mile from the station. A short distance above there the road is cut up by workmen putting in the new high service water supply.

When the site of the old horse car station was reached, Almy looked back and saw several teams in the road following them.

He jocularly said: "What, is that a procession? Perhaps that is for my benefit."

Nobody exchanged any reply, and he again resumed his reflections.

A little further along Calvary cemetery was passed. He glanced up, saw the granite memorials and dropped his eyes. A few seconds later he looked again, this time northward, and saw what he must have instinctively recognized as the prison.

His hitherto buoyant spirits showed a marked change. All at once he seemed dejected and continued in that mood until the brick bastile in which New Hampshire's criminals are detained was reached.

As the barge neared the prison portals he grew nervous and pale, but no word escaped him.

Directly before the barge came to a halt under the arch dividing the prison proper from the wardens' and deputies' apartments he said:

"They usually treat important prisoners better than they do ordinary ones, don't they?"

Nobody answered him.

No sooner had the barge been brought to a halt than the door leading to the prison was opened and Warden Colbath and Deputy Warden Robinson stepped out on the landing.

The officers alighted and with them the prisoner. As Almy got down to the last step he seemed unable to proceed farther, and the deputy sheriff seized and lifted him.

Once upon the stone landing he was able to resume the use of his crutches. He hobbled into the lower corridor, and as he did so said to Deputy Sheriff Foster:

"Remember me to Esther, and tell her I shall think of her often."

Mr. Foster promised to comply with the request.

Leading from the corridor is the reception room into which all persons go as soon as they arrive at the institution.

Deputy Robinson went to the register, and, opening it, took his pen and said:

"What is your name?"

"Frank C. Almy," was the response.

"What is your age?"

"Thirty-two."

His height was then taken, and found to be 5 feet 8 inches, his eyes hazel; hair brown; complexion medium.

"Where were you born?"

"In Boston, Mass."

"Are you married or single?"

"Single."

"What are your habits? Do you drink?"

"I am temperate."

"What is your religious belief?"

"I am a Protestant."

"Do you read and write?"

"Yes."

His weight was ascertained to be 145 pounds.

"You must remove your clothing," said Deputy Robinson in the pleasantest manner possible.

Without further comment the prisoner began removing his clothes. Coat, vest, pantaloons, boiled shirt, collar, cuffs, necktie, all were removed, and his underclothing as well.

He was then subjected to a bath just like ordinary criminals.

Then he was given a suit of the regulation red and black clothing worn by all inmates of the prison.

The rules were then carefully read and explained to him. After he said he fully understood them he was told that he must get into the barber's chair and have his moustache removed.

He did not demur in the least.

Before going from the reception room he

Continued on the Fifth Page.

New Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont.

Cleaned out, as well as in—everything that is cleaned with *Pearline*. Nothing does its work as well, as easily, as quickly, or as cheaply. It divides the labor with you, and doubles the result. With it, you can wash the finest clothes harmlessly; without it, you will want to do the roughest housework carelessly.

Never peddled. JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES in the Use of WILBOR'S COD Liver Oil & Lime

It is worthy of all confidence. It cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.

Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine, as base imitations said to be as good as

WILBOR'S Cod Liver Oil and Phosphates

Are attempted to be substituted by unprincipled dealers. They are not, but lack the peculiar virtue of this preparation. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass., the Only Manufacturer of this Preparation.

SEEKING MELICAN JUSTICE

Chinamen Apply to a Massachusetts Court.

Celestial Method of Taking an Oath Not Recognized by the Judge.

Minister and Church Members Testify to Ah Sing's Truthfulness.

PLYMOUTH, Nov. 19.—In the Superior Court, Judge Fessenden on the bench, the case of Ah Sing of Brockton for embezzlement was finished today.

Ah Sing, a laundryman, is charged by Jo Wong, Sam Lee, Wong Jim and Wang Jim of taking the money of a society for his own use.

They testified that on Jan. 24 Ah Sing and 15 other Chinamen assembled at Quan Wa's laundry and formed a society to aid each other when sick or poor, and that they should pay in $1 a week for 12 weeks to Ah Sing, who was to act as treasurer.

After he had collected $180 he refused to have anything more to do with them or attend meetings.

They then had him arrested.

The name was to be Hong Hing Tong, or United Brothers Society.

Ah Sing testified that the meeting at Quang Wa's laundry was not to establish a mutual aid society, but to fix a price list for their laundry work, and that they paid $10 each to Jo Wong to be used to prosecute those who did not abide by the price list, and that because he did family washing at 65 cents a dozen they took this means to punish him.

The Hong Hing Tong Society existed in all the large cities, and was formed to fix a price of labor, and had nothing to do with aiding the sick or poor.

Soo Sunn also testified to being present at the meeting, and that nothing was done except fixing the price for work.

Hoy Yow, Yee Hang and Gee Sinn of Boston testified in regard to the Hong Hing Tong, that it was in all large towns and cities, and it was intended to fix the price of work, and had nothing to do with helping the sick or poor.

Rev. F. A. Warfield, Mrs. Carey and Mr. Ray of Brockton testified to Ah Sing's truthfulness and good character.

A live chicken was brought into court to be used in swearing the witnesses after the Chinese custom, which was to cut off its head and swear while the blood was running.

It was taken out by order of the court.

Mr. Charles of Brooklyn, a reporter of the New York World, was interpreter.

T. J. Barry of Boston appeared for the defendant; Pratt for Commonwealth. Jury out.

SOMERVILLE.

Ramona Lodge, 93, Daughters of Rebekah, and Caleb Rand Lodge, 197, I. O. O. F., gave a social party at Clarendon Hall, West Somerville, last night.

Rev. George C. Lorimer addressed a large gathering of young people at the East Somerville Baptist church last night.

Installation at Cambridge.

The election and installation of officers of Mt. Olivet Commandery, F. A. M., took place last evening at Cambridge with the following result: Mr. John K. Perkins, worshipful master; Mr. C. Wardwell, senior warden; Mr. John F. Patten, junior warden; Mr. John Whittemore, treasurer; Mr. L. W. Whittier, chaplain; Mr. A. F. Fish, deacon; Mr. J. L. Buffum, secretary; Mr. H. W. Tupper, marshal; Mr. P. A. Bridgam, junior deacon; Mr. A. A. F. Temple, inside sentinel; Mr. Andrew J. Jones, tyler; Mr. Otis B. Oakman, senior steward; Mr. W. A. Rogers, junior steward; Mr. Isaac Bradford, trustee.

She Ate Glass Hash.

WATERBURY, Vt., Nov. 19.—A female patient at the insane asylum attempted suicide today by grinding a bottle under her feet and swallowing the glass. She was living when last heard from.

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it. ***

SOPHRONIA P. BAXTON, Peabody, Mass., writes: "Have used Ath-lo-pho-ros for rheumatism the past three years, when needed, and find relief by its use, and have recommended it many times. ***

BE SURE and use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your children while teething. ***

NEXT time try a 7-20-4 cigar. ***

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER, Cures cramps, colic, colds, all pain; 25 cts. a bottle

HOTEL BELLEVUE, BEACON STREET, European Plan.

New and Elegant Cafe.

Open MONDAY, Nov. 23.

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The Correct Idea

Of insurance is safety by average. Cost in the sense of a guarantee of savings for a future result. Profit because of thrift and compound interest. NAT'L LIFE INS. CO., J. T. PHELPS, State Agt., 159 Dev., Boston.

ALMY TO HANG.

Continued from the Fourth Page.

bade goodby to Sheriff Brigham and Deputy Sheriff Foster, thanking each for the numerous kindnesses shown him by them from time to time since his arrest.

He was taken to the shaving room, where his hirsute appendage was removed by a convict who was in utter ignorance of the character or crime of the newcomer.

The duty of Sheriff Brigham and his deputies being concluded when Almy crossed the outer threshold of the prison, they speedily took their departure, and left on the afternoon train for home.

Almy reached the prison at 3 o'clock, and after emerging from the barber's chair he was kept in the ante-room to the reception room until after supper.

The same food, a bountiful supply of wholesome wheat bread and a pint of coffee given the other prisoners was served him for his supper.

He ate very sparingly. Soon after he was escorted to the cell in murderer's row, that will in all probability be his home while he lives in the flesh.

When he went from the reception room to the barber's, he left his crutches against the side of the wall, being assisted by Deputy Robinson. He got along with his assistance very well.

The cell which has been set apart as the habitation of Almy is on the westerly side of the second tier, near the north end, overlooking the yard and wall and in the distance is Rattlesnake hill, from which the celebrated Concord granite is taken.

He must make his own bed and sweep the cell. Otherwise no work will be required of him.

Every day for a brief time the condemned men are taken from their cells and given a little exercise, but that is all.

Once a week Chaplain Wilkins visits each man in his cell, and by his words he strives to cheer up the unfortunates. To minister to murderers is a duty not at all pleasing to him, but he never shirks what he assumes to do.

If Almy assumes the role of a ranting hypocrite he will find no friend in Chaplain Wilkins.

Should Almy wish to write, ample opportunity will be given him, but he cannot read the papers. He will be dead to the world. He can see the warden, the chaplain, and possibly his counsel, but nobody else.

Friends he had none during the time of his ordeal, and friends he will have none now.

His injured limb will be well looked after by Prison Physician Clark.

Has he neighbors?

Only one, and he is not very near. It is Sawtell, whose brutal killing of his brother at Rochester created widespread horror and indignation a little more than a year ago.

Sawtell does not know that he has a companion in crime and a fellow-murderer, and he never will, because no interview or communication is allowed between prisoners in this institution.

It has been many years since two murderers have been occupants of the New Hampshire prison together. It has never happened since the present penitentiary has been in use.

Sawtell will be hanged within two months, but Almy will be in entire ignorance of it.

When Almy was taken to his cell this evening he passed under the very landing upon which he must stand that fatal day, the first Tuesday of December, 1892. Had he known it, but he couldn't know, what would his emotions have been?

"Warden, have you anything to say to THE GLOBE relating to Almy and the manner in which he appeared when he arrived here," said THE GLOBE reporter to George W. Colbath.

"I have nothing to say; officially, I have no knowledge of what crime he has committed. Sheriff Brigham showed me an order of the court directing him to commit Almy here, and ordering me to receive him."

"I have done so. In the morning I expect to get the mittimus from the clerk of the court of Grafton county, but may not do so."

"In case you do not receive it in the morning what do you propose to do?"

"Detain him until it comes."

"Isn't it unusual to receive a prisoner for a capital crime under such circumstances?"

"Yes, very; but as I have seen the order of court I am satisfied that I can legally hold him."

"Do you think that habeas corpus proceedings could be instituted?"

"Not at all; I have no fear in that direction, as I know that the court would not repudiate an order made by Chief Justice Doe and Associate Justice Allen."

"How did Almy appear when he was shown to his cell?"

"You must excuse me from answering that question."

"Does Almy know what the decision of the judges is?"

"No," said the warden, "I don't know whether I shall inform him in the morning, in case I receive the mittimus, or whether I shall wait until Sunday, and in the presence of the chaplain tell Almy the truth.

"I know of no law that will compel me to divulge the intelligence to him before that time, or even later than that time, in case I desire to keep him in ignorance of it."

"When will you tell him?"

"I don't know. I shall do what I think best. Circumstances may govern my actions. I shall do what is best, and rest assured Almy will not escape.

"Almy will die upon the gallows unless death intervenes."

LANDED IN CONCORD.

Events of the Trip From Plymouth to the Prison.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 19.—The condemned murderer, Almy, apparently serene, with spirits buoyed up by hopes of some escape from the gallows, was escorted to the train at Plymouth today, en route to the Concord jail, from which he is condemned to go out as a victim of the severest punishment known under the law.

The ride to Concord was filled with thrilling incidents.

Like a triumphal train it was greeted at each station with an immense concourse of people.

The populace turned out to gaze upon the face of one man who occupied a seat in one of the cars.

Shouts of joy and anger were the demonstrations that marked the outpouring of the people.

It was not a tribute to a conquering monarch passing through his domains, but joy was rampant because the law had been vindicated, in a measure, and anger was evinced because no punishment was considered sufficient to avenge the bloody crime.

The cars making up the train were arranged shortly before noon, and an immense mob of people crowded around the depot and awaited with breathless interest the arrival of the murderer.

None knew what the verdict was.

None knew what it would be.

All knew that the victim trembling with the uncertainty of his fate, with the gallows staring him on one side, and the sweet boon of life on the other, would be taken on that train while the judges were still deliberating what to do.

The strain on the crowd was intense.

The diabolical circumstances of the crime had been freshly renewed; its revolting features rose up like a spectre before the neighbors, acquaintances and intimate friends of the dead girl.

Would he escape the fate he so justly deserved?

That was the question that was asked on all sides, and is it any wonder that, when the object of this hatred was brought down to the depot in custody of his captors, the people became excited?

One man cried out as Almy was being assisted into the car, "Kill him!"

Not a move was made to respond, but the looks of indignation increased.

Almy was placed aboard the combination smoking and baggage car in the rear of the train.

He looked cheery and hopeful.

A smile played over his countenance, and he appeared unmindful of the jeers and taunts of the crowd.

He hobbled into the car and took a seat assigned to him on the right side. He sat close to the window, and one of the deputies sat on the outside end of the seat, and in rather a patronizing way placed his right arm back of the prisoner.

Ready at Any Moment

on the slightest sign of an attempt to escape to get a grip around his neck.

The opposite seat had been turned to allow the prisoner to place his crippled limb upon it.

Another deputy sheriff occupied the end of this seat, and on the remaining portion was placed all of Almy's effects, including two or three packages and a satchel.

On the other side of the car sat Sheriff Brigham and several of his assistants.

A crowd of people surged into the car and filled up the remaining seats and all the standing room.

A GLOBE reporter took a seat just in the rear of the prisoner, and at just 12.30 the bell rang, the engine puffed, the wheels revolved, and amid the jeers and hisses of the crowd the train glided out of Plymouth.

The prisoner was furnished with a cigar, which he lit and puffed complacently. He did not seem to care about talking, although he made pleasant answers to the somewhat unconsequential remarks addressed to him by the keepers.

It was plain to be seen that he was pleased over something and that he possibly anticipated a verdict of murder in the second degree.

He gazed out of the window frequently on the green fields just tinged with the early frosts, into the woods, the foliage of which had been eliminated by the onward approach of winter, and his face lit up with apparent pleasure as the train swiftly sped by some little hamlet where children in innocent play gamboled in front of some farmer's humble house.

The first station reached was Ashland, N. H., a town of several thousand inhabitants. As the train slowed up Almy drew away from the window, apparently endeavoring to escape observation.

Well he might.

On the narrow platform a crowd of 300 men, women and children were assembled. When the train stopped they made a rush to get into the car, and many of them succeeded in squeezing their way in and gazing with wonder at the noted criminal. The train started up in a minute, but many of the people remained and rode to the next station.

Meredith was next reached and here another crowd was assembled. Murmurs of indignation, which found vent in noisy demonstrations, were heard. Little boys, girls and women pointed their fingers towards the window, through which Almy's face could be seen, and hissed and showed their loathing of the prisoner in other ways.

At Lake Village, the next station, another crowd was assembled. They made a mad rush to get into the car. Among the number were two ladies.

At this juncture Sheriff Brigham ordered the doors to be shut and admit no more spectators, and order those out who had already succeeded in getting in.

One of the ladies got out but the other didn't, and she was carried to the next station below, which was Laconia.

This enterprising town was bustling with excitement. An immense crowd filled up the entire space around the depot, which is located on the left side of the track. They did not see Almy, who was sitting on the other side, and, in response to their eager inquiries, Sheriff Brigham rapped on the window and sung out at the top of his voice: "Go round the other side."

The crowd rushed pell-mell around the train and across the platforms of the cars to the other side, and gazed on the prisoner, who viewed them with equanimity bordering on utter abandon.

Just before the train started up a newsboy got aboard and one of the deputies

Bought a Globe,

which he passed to Almy.

The latter seized it eagerly as a medium to divert his attention from the scrutinizing looks of the crowd. The same shouts, groans and imprecations were the parting salutes as they had been the welcome to the train as it sped along towards Concord.

The most startling incident of the trip occurred when the train had reached East Concord, but a few minutes' ride from Concord, which will be the place of execution unless the law intervenes.

Up to this time everybody aboard the train was in apparent ignorance of the judges' verdict. There was a sufficient element of doubt as to the probable outcome to warrant many people in believing that the consignment to the gallows was an improbability.

Almy, with the stoicism which has characterized his entire demeanor since his capture and incarceration, refused to give any inkling as to his hopes, other than an apparent brightening of spirits, which gave the impression that he hoped for the best.

Sheriff Brigham had received no intimation of what the verdict would be.

At this juncture, and just before the train started, a boy forced his way into the car and rushing down the aisle cried out in an excited voice:

"A telegram for Sheriff Brigham."

In an instant a hush fell over the throng. The people ceased their conversation and laughter. The prisoner, who up to this time took apparently little interest in his surroundings, raised his head and fastened his eyes on the sheriff with the look of a hunted fox in the van of a pack of hounds.

The fall of a pin could be heard. All eyes were turned on the sheriff.

The tearing of the envelope containing the message fell like a death knell on the crowd.

All anticipated what it meant; none more so than the unfortunate wretch.

The sheriff slowly opened the missive, read it, folded it and placed it in his pocket.

He looked at his assistants and in a knowing way and smiled.

Almy watched the whole proceedings, and as he looked into the faces of his custodians and observed their changed looks, and experienced in a measure the feeling of premonition that seemed to permeate the crowd, he cast a despairing look at the sheriff, placed his elbow on the window sill and leaned his head on his hand.

A moment later the other hand concealed his face while he was apparently buried in thought.

A friend of the sheriff broke the silence by exclaiming, "Well, you have got your hands full now, sheriff."

The latter only nodded and smiled.

A few minutes' ride brought the party to Concord Centre.

In the interim Almy had completely caved, and while none except the sheriff knew the contents of the telegram, all could surmise from the effect it created that it undoubtedly conveyed the information that Almy had been consigned to the gallows.

When the train rolled into Concord another crowd had assembled. A platoon of police officers made a passageway from the car to a wagon waiting to convey the prisoner to the Concord State prison.

All but the prisoner and the officers were ordered to leave the car.

"Come, Almy, we are here," said the sheriff.

Almy grabbed his crutches, and the deputies assisted in carrying his luggage.

He was taken to the wagon and carefully assisted in. The horses were whipped up.

The prison doors soon opened to admit the party.

A moment later they closed, and Frank Almy was shut out forever, unless a higher power intervenes, from any intercourse with his fellow men.

IN ALMY'S BEHALF.

Burleigh's Endeavor to Show That Act Was Not Premeditated.

Hon. Alvin Burleigh, endeavoring to save Almy's life, in his opening remarks said that the State having charged the respondent with murder, and insisting that it was under the first degree, it devolved upon the State to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the murder was committed deliberately and with premeditation, as the statute contemplates.

"There are some things," he said, "as the solicitor stated, which are admitted here and we need not dwell upon them. That there was homicide at the time and place, and many of the circumstances are admitted.

"By our plea we admit that it was murder; but we claim that it was murder, not in the first degree but in the second degree.

"It was murder in the second degree because it lacks the essential elements of premeditation and deliberation, which the Legislature intended should be necessary to be proved in each case, and which a fair construction of our statute would make necessary, that it should be with deliberation and premeditation.

"Now, your honor, the State tries to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that this was a murder of the first degree, because it was a murder, as they claim, committed by deliberation and premeditation.

"Then they undertake to show a motive here in the beginning why this man should have committed this offence. And as bearing upon the question of motive, I will advert briefly to the relations of these parties from the time they began at the Warden homestead until the fatal night of the 27th of July.

"I claim that so far as the State showing any motive on the part of this man to take the life of this girl, that he had every motive not to take this girl's life, as we know what constitutes the mind and affections of man, and he had every reason for not taking the life of this girl that he loved better than his life.

"Now did this man love this girl? Was he attached to her? He tells your honor that the first time he entered the homestead he conceived an attachment for that girl. First it was respect, then esteem, then the attachment ripened into love and into a consuming love.

"Every single move and act of this man from the time he entered the homestead tends to show that he did conceive an attachment for this girl, and that it grew more and more, and deeper and deeper, until it possessed his whole nature.

"And we are to consider, your honor, not the nature of any other man, but we are considering the nature of Frank C. Almy. We are to take him as he is constituted, his mental, moral and physical situation. He is the man on trial, and put that in mind all the way through in order to judge of the criminality and the degree of guilt with which he is charged.

"He is impetuous; he is excitable; he is impatient; he is of an intensely passionate nature. One time he is a sunbeam and the next instant he is a tempest.

"That is the way he is made up, and his whole history at the Warden homestead and afterwards shows him to be that kind of a man. He was always gentlemanly in his deportment, treating the people well, but when his affections were fixed upon a person and he loves them, he loves them with all his heart.

"The presents that passed between them, your honor. Now, was there no reciprocation? Was his attachment not reciprocated in some degree?

"I think your honor will find from the presents that were made on the part of this poor girl and from the attentions that she showed to him and in her seeking his society as he did there, the readings they had together, the discussion of authors, her giving him these written sentiments and passing back and forth all these little notes—more largely on his part, very true—but it all reveals what was in this man's mind and the sentiments and passions preying upon him.

"All these things show the relations between these two parties, and show the attachment which linked this man with bands of steel to this girl.

"There is no question but that this girl was a noble, lovely and beautiful girl, without spot or blemish whatever.

"Now, then we come down to the time when she went to Manchester. She was there to complete her commercial course in the college. And while she was there this man wrote down to her. He has told you about the letter he wrote. That letter was not produced, but he has told you the substance of it.

"He wrote to her, your honor, to know, knowing all that she knew about him, and knowing more than the rest of the family knew, if knowing all this, she would give him hope that she would become his wife some time in the future.

"What does she write back? The closing part of that letter is here before your honor. She says, 'I will test the strength of your love,' and then she goes on to tell him about his own good qualities and her feelings and position in regard to the matter. Then she says that in the end he will win.

"What do you understand by that? What did she mean he should understand but that it was a conditional engagement, and he understood it in this sense. When she got back from Manchester they talked it over and it was understood between them.

"And so we come to the last night that he saw her, and the parting he passed her a little note wanting to know if she was offended. What was the parting that night? He has said that they talked of this box party, and she still adhered to the fact that it was a matter of principle to her; she had felt aggrieved because he got in in a dishonorable way, and he, knowing he got in by the consent of the grange, that it was honorable, felt a little offended because she would not take his view of it, and he referred her to—and I think this is of utmost importance—he referred her to persons of the grange who would satisfy her that he got in in an honorable way, and the reconciliation was not entirely completed that night.

"She asked him when would she see him again. She said she would, but no particular time was mentioned, and he said they parted that night, notwithstanding this somewhat alienated state of their feelings, in the usual affectionate way, each passing a kiss to the other, and that was the last between these parties at that time.

"Now, or very soon after his time had expired, he went off to Massachusetts.

"I draw your attention to the relations that existed between these parties. Had anything happened that the State can distort to show that would create a feeling of homicidal feeling in his breast, to lay in wait for her and murder her. Was there any motive in the world for it, any such angry alienation or rejection?

"There was no rejection about it. He, in his heart and mind, intended to come back and see her when she should have seen the members of the grange and found out that his admission had been honorable.

"Now his bearing on the question of premeditation; let us follow him along that very briefly. The State claims that he came that night armed with murderous weapons. They claim that he bought those revolvers for the purpose of going up there and cruelly and brutally murdering that helpless girl.

"The idea is perfectly preposterous and monstrous. If he had wanted to murder that girl would he have gone to Springfield and bought two frontier revolvers, used and constructed for the cowboys in Texas to kill steers and that sort of thing.

"Now what does he do when he buys these revolvers? He made no concealment of them. It would be utterly inconsistent with the idea of using them for the purpose they say he got them for, but perfectly consistent, your honor, with our theory of the case, that he intended to use them in Texas.

"He took what effects he had, and gathered them together in a valise—the revolvers among other things, and cartridges. He had no home, except where he went. So he takes with him everything he has. He goes to the depot at Lowell and buys his ticket, and what does he take with him?

"Peace offerings for Christie, a package of bon bons. It may seem a trivial thing, your honor; it might look silly to some people, but when he was in Hanover they used to buy and eat them together, and Christie was fond of them, and he bought them for her, and he bought her a book.

"And this very night he states he has this novel and box of bon bons in his little satchel, and these half dozen handkerchiefs which he had sent to Washington, seeing the advertisement about them in the paper, intending to make a present of them to her.

"But as she was preparing a necktie case with her own hands for him he changed his mind, and made this easel and kept the initial handkerchiefs. He was drawn irresistibly to where she was.

"What he did was perfectly consistent with the state of his feelings at the time. He knew that there was a set purpose against him, so far as the family were concerned. They did not know enough about him—they had good reasons to feel as they did, and I am casting no reflections upon them. It was perfectly natural, not knowing more about him, he being reticent and quick and passionate.

"He has explained better than I can what were his feelings and the state of excitement he was in, and you can imagine what it was. I think he has stated as near as he could. I will not go into the details of his tragedy. He has depicted it and his emotions as far as he could for such a state of distraction far better than I could.

"But this significant fact as negativing the idea of deliberation, he announced himself and said: 'Christie, I have come a thousand miles to see you.' Mrs. Warden says: 'I do not know you.' He says: 'Yes you do. I am Frank Almy, and I must see Christie.'

"Would he if he had come around with those deadly revolvers to murder her, announce himself and give his name to those people there? Murder in the first degree don't use such means as that.

"I claim that man was in a perfect frenzy. He was in the highest possible state of excitement, full of conflicting passions, rage, disappointment, hope and expectation—an indescribable feeling far worse than intoxication, unless it reached insensibility.

"That man was no more responsible than a raving maniac so far as degrees are concerned, and it is possible that a more merciful plea than the one we have put in of murder in the second degree might have been inserted.

"But it seems to me that that state of mind engendered by all that had passed was sufficient to show that reason for the time being had utterly forsaken its throne.

"Now the shots that have been fired. The opposite counsel would imply that the shot in the lower part of her body was designed, and that there was no accident about it. It was a mysterious shot.

"He was in an excitable state, but the particular manner we cannot tell—there is some mystery about it. But, your honor, it could not have been done in the way—the pistol could not have been placed deliberately as they say. It was not done that way; it could not be done, and it was accidental, as he states.

"I won't attempt to dwell upon the tragedy that took place. I think the matter is photographed upon your honor's mind. This man was in a perfect state of tumult.

"My sense of responsibility that I feel on account of my client has compelled me to say what I have. Whatever the result may be, I desire to say at this time that this man, so far as the court is concerned, has had a fair and constitutional trial, and that the ruling of your honor has been so eminently just and fair that no possible complaint can be made.

"I have not had a single opportunity, on account of the justice of the ruling, to take exception to what has been done."

"WAS THIS A LOVER'S ACT?"

Attorney-General Barnard Speaks on Almy's Motive.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 19.—At the close of Mr. Burleigh's address a recess of five minutes was taken. Attorney-General Barnard began his argument in behalf of the State shortly after 10.30, and he finished at 11.33, having made a clear and exhaustive presentation of the law and facts in support of the government's claim that the murder was a deliberately premeditated affair. He said:

"May it please your honors, this perhaps will be the first time in the history of the State where a trial has been had so full and exhaustive on the question of homicide on such a plea as the present.

"I hardly think there has been a case in this State where there has been so full a trial upon the case as in this. Yet in this case there has been eliminated a great deal that ordinarily surrounds a murder trial. No question has arisen here as to the time or place or person who committed it. Those things are known to a certainty.

"The only question left for us to consider is as to the degree of the murder committed, as our statute has provided, where a person pleads guilty of murder the court shall determine the degree. In determining that question a great many of the surroundings are eliminated.

"One question naturally would be how long a time, how much premeditation, how much must a thing be considered in order to make it premeditation for the purpose of charging the act as having been done with premeditation.

"The authorities are numerous and uniform. I will ask your honors' attention on that point to a single statement from Bishop, in section 607, volume 2

There is no particular period during which it is necessary that malice should have existed, or the criminal have contemplated the homicide. No particular period of time is necessary. For example: If the intent exists to commit the thing, and it is executed that instant the offence is as true a murder as if it were dwelt upon for a long period of time.

The chief justice—That is not in relation to the distinction between the first and the second degree of murder, is it?

The attorney-general—It is in regard to the first degree and it applies to that, and my point is that whenever it enters a person's mind so that he comprehends it, but a point of time beyond that is necessary to constitute premeditation.

"Now on the question of premeditation I read from section 728 of the same: 'There must be premeditation and deliberation, but there need not be for an appreciable space of time,' and that is supported by a number of authorities.

"I have no doubt Almy wished to marry Miss Warden. He said she had promised to marry him; her friends say that she had cut off all thoughts of marriage with him if she ever had it in mind.

"That he attempted to win her affections without disclosing his real character, is true. That she became alarmed at his reticence and feared his designs upon her is also, in my judgment, true, and therefore she cut short the acquaintance which otherwise might have ripened into affection."

The able attorney-general reviewed the alleged engagement of marriage and discarded it. He reviewed the episodes regarding Christmas presents, and he discussed at length the alleged intention which Almy had of going to Texas, and purchasing revolvers for use on the ranch and discarded them as unworthy of belief.

He reviewed Almy's return to Hanover in June last, and claimed that the very method of his return showed a criminal intent on his part.

"Almy came up," said he, "on the midnight train which brought him in after every honest man had gone to bed and after he could not possibly get into a house unless he went to a hotel, which he did not do.

"Almy says his relations were friendly with Christie and the family and that there was an engagement and that it was left to him to open up correspondence with Christie, but he says he did not because his letter might fall into the hands of the family.

"But isn't that always an incident of correspondence? Was the chance that his letter might fall into somebody's else hands enough to preclude him from writing if he wanted to?

"No. But he stole up there in the night and in a way which showed that he did not intend to have any of the Warden family know that he was in town, and in that he was successful.

"He tells how he went into the bedroom at night looking for her. How he went into her own bedroom and opened the door in the silence of the night and found her brother sleeping there.

"If Christie had been there what would have been the result? She would undoubtedly have sooner met the fate which awaited her. When he found that she boarded at Prof. Pettee's he got a ladder went into the house, and entered the room in which he supposed she was sleeping.

"He crept in so stealthily that no one knew he was there. He says he struck a match, and that he woke the sleeper and at once seized her by the throat and by both hands in such a manner that she never could have uttered a sound except with his permission.

"It was not Christie, and before he made known who he was he put a cartridge in her hands and swore her to secrecy. The fact that he went to find the girl that he says he was engaged to marry surely does not indicate feelings of love, but of hatred and revenge."

The attorney-general reviewed in detail much of the testimony bearing on Almy's possession of the revolvers, and claimed that the prisoner carried them with intent to commit the deed and not with any idea of going to Texas. Continuing, he said:

"Almy followed a young lady named Lottie Kellogg, thinking it was Christie. Came up behind her and said, 'This is a pretty piece of business.' If he came there to get an interview, as he claims, would he have addressed Christie in such a manner as that?

"When he found he was foiled in his attempts to meet Christie there, he waited to take her by force from her mother and sister. The hour was late after the grange had closed, and he probably knew that the Warden family went without any male escort.

"He knew that they would pass by those bushes. Now, was there any premeditation in his hiding there? It was deliberately planned and premeditated. As they passed by he came out from the bushes and addressed himself to Christie, saying, 'I want to see you, Christie. I have come a thousand miles to see you.'

"Why did he draw his revolver? There was no danger to him at that time. Christie was alarmed, and all were alarmed, and she held on as long as she could to the arm of her sister; but he wrenched her away and dragged her over the bars, a distance of over 10 rods, and over the brook.

"He must have dragged her over 11 rods of ground. Fanny followed her down on that path part of the way, and when Almy found that she was following them he called upon her to go back, and when she kept following he discharged his pistol at her.

"Then she went back, but when she heard Christie cry out to her, 'Help, Fan, he's tearing my clothes,' then she went on again in order, as she says, to get close enough if possible to help her, and she had got back close enough to see when a second shot was fired at her, and it came close enough to her head for her to hear it whiz by.

"After all that she heard two pistol shots, one very quickly following the other. After that she heard footsteps, and then retracing her steps she found her sister dead.

"He took her away deliberately. He says he had his arm around her, and that it was a burden that almost exhausted him. He carried her that whole distance and got very much exhausted. Doesn't that show thought, intention, contemplation of it when he fired back at Fanny?

"Why did he fire? Because if she came he could not deal with two persons as well as with one, and he knew that he must do his devilish work tolerably quick, whatever he did; but still there must have been from 10 to 15 minutes of time, when Fanny was able to run that distance up the hill and back, as she did.

"He must have had 10 to 15 minutes of time in the bushes with his victim. What was he doing during all that time? Bear in mind it was not a fight between two men of equal strength. He had a helpless woman without any power of resistance but her native strength.

"She had power of speech, but the doctors tell you that the marks on her throat show that she was caught by the throat and that she had no power to shout for help. If he had to fight he had it to himself alone. If he marred her body it was he, himself alone who did it.

"Now, your honors, is it to be said that treatment of that sort is hasty—so hasty and under such excitement that it excuses the man for the act? If he did intend whatever it was that he did, whether the discharge of his pistol, whether he broke the nose and bruised the forehead with the butt of that pistol, or what else he did, was all done by Almy, who was wide awake and who was just as deliberate then as he had been before, apparently.

"Now, as bearing on the subject of premeditation, look at the wounds. He says now that he cannot recall exactly how they occurred, but the testimony of the physician is such that there cannot be any doubt that the wound on the side of the head was the first and was the fatal wound, being inflicted with the pistol, which he placed close to the head.

"The black and blue marks on the neck were caused by the clutching of her throat by his hands. He don't seem to have remembered that, but he says she was speechless as he thought. How did she become speechless?

"Fanny says she heard something as if blows upon the skull, face and nose. Was that done by the butt of the pistol?

"Then there was another wound about which considerable talk has been had, and one which if done intentionally was far more brutal than any other wound that he could have inflicted. I should hope for humanity's sake that that wound was accidental as he claims.

"But the facts lead me to a different conclusion. It could not have been accidental unless in such a way as would add a stiller darker dye or horror to this crime than appears on the face of the facts as they stand as we put them.

"Now, your honors, the question is left in your hands as to the degree of the crime. If you say it must be premeditated and considered before it is committed is not there evidence of it. If you look for malice and a wicked heart and an intent to do evil, look at the way in which the crime was committed.

"It remains for you to find the degree and pronounce the sentence of the law. Favor and affection we cannot take into account. You are the administrators of the law, as the people have established the law of the State.

"Whatever you may think as to the policy or the impolicy of any law, still while it is the law of the land it governs us and it is simply for you to administer it."

The chief justice—Mr. Burleigh, is there anything you desire to say further in this case. If anything further has occurred to you we would be glad to hear you.

Mr. Burleigh—I do not know that there is, your honor.

The chief justice—When the decision is made it will be put in writing and handed to the clerk of the court. Judge Allen will come in again this afternoon at 2 o'clock to try another case. Let the court be cleared.

And at 11.35 the famous Almy case, all but the final rendering of the decision, was at an end.

GENERAL PLEASURE.

Even Almy's Counsel Felt that They Did All Possible.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 19.—Attorney-General Barnard and County Solicitor Mitchell have received many congratulations upon the manner in which they have conducted the case to a successful issue.

"It is a great burden off my mind," said the attorney-general to a GLOBE correspondent. "It is a relief to me, and I believe it will be a relief to every one to know that this man Almy or Abbott will never be among us again. I don't think the lives of some of us would have been safe if he had ever been allowed to get out of jail."

County Solicitor Mitchell was immensely pleased at the result. "I felt sure the decision would be in our favor, and should have been surprised if another had been rendered. I am glad the case is done with."

Counsel for the defence were surprised at having the verdict made public before official notification had been sent them.

Mr. Story was evidently much disappointed, for he had had hopes of a different ending, and believed that he had made ground for his hope. He had no comment to make on the matter other than that, but united with Mr. Burleigh in saying that everything had been allowed them by the court that counsel could possibly ask.

ADAMSON'S Balsam prevents consumption. ***

Hon. Alvin Burleigh, the senior counsel for the defence, has been a much-talked-of man within the past few days, and though he has not succeeded in saving his client's neck, there is nevertheless a general feeling that he has done all that lay in his power to that end and that he made as good a defence as was possible under the circumstances.

At any rate he succeeded in changing the opinion of more than one person during the trial and aroused an amount of sympathy for the prisoner which no one would have thought possible before the trial opened.

"I feel that I have done my full duty in the matter," he said. "My client feels satisfied that I did all that was possible for him, and now if the people outside think the same I do not see what I have to complain of. The task has been a hard one, but we have succeeded in finding many more witnesses than we expected and have received unexpected aid in many ways.

"There is nothing more we can do. There are no exceptions to be filed; indeed, the court let us have the things all our way."

"To sum up the matter briefly, I feel that my client has been given the full benefit of the legal right vouchsafed him, and that my full duty has been done."

Deputy Sheriff Corning, who has been the right hand man for the prosecuting officers, is about as well

Pleased at the Result

as any one in town. He has never wavered in his belief that Almy would be sentenced to be hanged.

He would say when asked during the trial if he thought the outcome of the trial would be a hanging:

"Hanged, of course he will be hanged," and not even a doubt of it was permitted to cross his mind.

Outside the prisoner himself few people have been more interested than the Warden family on the outcome of the trial. Undoubtedly this was because of the feeling that after what had occurred their lives would not be safe if ever Almy should be free again. They have followed the trial very closely, and the couple of hours between its close and the announcement of the verdict were very anxious ones for them.

The general feeling in and around the hotel that murder in the second degree would be the verdict, affected Mrs. Warden and Fanny very much, and just before they received the news both were in tears.

"I shall never feel safe while Almy is alive," said Mrs. Warden. "I know he would hesitate at nothing to do us harm."

"The fellow was not around our barn for nothing," said Mr. Warden, "and we should feel it at he might come round again if he were out."

Knowing the feelings of the family to be of this character, one can easily imagine the joy with which the news of the verdict was received.

It was told them just as they were starting for Wentworth, where they will spend a few days.

"I did not see how the court could find otherwise," said Mr. Warden, "although I will confess that I had my misgivings at times."

"At the last of the trial when there seemed to be so much sympathy for the prisoner and the court seemed to favor him in its rulings, I was considerably depressed. Now, however, that the verdict has been one which suits my ideas of justice, I feel very much releived."

Mrs. Warden said: "The hanging of Almy will not bring Christie back to us, but it will make us feel that justice has been done."

The daughters of the family shared the feelings of their parents, and expressed themselves in that way very briefly.

Constant attendants on the trial remember the bright face of a young lady in the witness seats, who seemed to take

An Unusual Interest

in the proceedings, and who, when she was called upon to testify, did so with a snap and distinctness which brought a smile at her earnestness. The young lady was Miss Lottie Kellogg, and it was she who was accosted by Almy on the fatal night, the murderer having mistaken her for Christie.

"Glad is no name for it," she said, with much of the vivacity displayed during the trial when she was asked to tell THE GLOBE how she felt about the verdict and what she thought of it. "I was so afraid that he wouldn't be hanged. I thought surely the judge was against us when he kept stopping the attorney-general and Mr. Mitchell, and I was quite discouraged. Now I could hug Judge Doe, if it were proper."

The old saying that you "speak of angels and you hear the rustle of their wings" was never better illustrated than just at this time, for the chief justice himself passed close by on the way to his room.

"I would shake hands with him if I dared to," said Miss Kellogg, as she watched the retreating figure of the judge. Then her thoughts flew back to Almy.

"I could go and hang him myself," she said, with much earnestness. "At any rate, I should like to see him hanged."

She hoped, however, that she would never have to go through another murder trial. Miss Kellogg, in attempting to judge of Chief Justice Doe's opinion of a case by his actions, fell into the mistake commonly and naturally made by people who see him for the first time at a trial of this kind. He will haul up a prosecuting officer so sharply sometimes that it seems as if he must be thoroughly convinced that the officer is wasting his time. As a matter of fact nothing is probably further from his thoughts at the time than an idea of prejudice. He will allow no unfair advantage to be taken of a prisoner, and in more than one trial it has seemed as if he leaned too far one way when, as a matter of fact his finding at the end would show that no such intent was in his mind.

So far as the writer could see there was but one thing during the trial which really indicated the bent of Judge Doe's mind. It was while Mr. Burleigh was making his closing argument and had almost finished it.

Glancing up at the clock and seeing that he had talked over one hour, Mr. Burleigh apologized and seemed about to stop.

"Go on, Mr. Burleigh," said the judge in his most affable tone; "take all the time you need."

At that time it flashed into the writer's mind, recalling a somewhat similar instance in the famous trial of Isaac Sawtell, that Judge Doe in allowing no hint of his real opinion to be given the defence, he was really unconsciously leaning the other way in his determination to avoid anything which might give the defence a chance to say that his mind was made up too promptly.

WANTED TO BE "SPORTY."

So Almy Asked for a Red Necktie as a Gift.

PLYMOUTH, N. H. Nov. 19.—This curious little story told tonight for the first time illustrates the character of the man who killed Christie Warden.

'Twas the morning of the departure of Almy for Plymouth.

The scene was the jail at Manchester.

Capt. Wadsworth, the kind-hearted jailor, said to the prisoner: "Almy, you have been here some time. You have behaved yourself. I may never see you again. Now, if there is any thing I can do for you let me know."

Any man with a heart would have been touched with the sympathy, the kindness of the words.

How was it with Almy?

"Yes," said the murderer, "you can do something for me."

"What?"

"Buy me a red necktie."

That's how Almy got the flaming tie which decorated him when he looked so like one invited to be a wedding guest as he rode to Plymouth to be tried for his life.

BUT ONE SENTIMENT.

Hanover Citizens are a Unit in Commendation of the Sentence.

HANOVER, N. H., Nov. 19.—Throughout the trial of Almy the excitement here has been at a high pitch and every detail of the trial has been eagerly sought after and discussed by the citizens of the college town.

The sentiment here has been against the murderer from the first, and has grown more and more marked as the details of the horrible crime were brought out.

When the telegram announcing the sentence was hung out at N. A. Frost's this afternoon excited groups gathered and discussed it.

John M. Fuller was seen by a GLOBE representative this evening and expressed himself as satisfied at the result of the trial.

"It is just what he deserves," said Mr Fuller, "and the result could not have been otherwise."

"This is the prevalent sentiment in town, is it not?" was asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Fuller, emphatically, "and in the whole State of New Hampshire."

IN ALMY'S NATIVE TOWN.

Salem People Learn His Fate Through Globe's Enterprise.

SALEM, Nov. 19.—Thanks to THE GLOBE the people of Salem, the native city of Frank Almy, read the news of his sentence in THE GLOBE within an hour of the time it was passed upon him by Judge Doe.

The regular Salem editions of THE GLOBE's competitors had not a word in them of the decision. This was an illustration which Salemites hardly needed of the unequalled enterprise of THE BOSTON GLOBE.

First at Lowell.

LOWELL, Nov. 19.—THE GLOBE was ahead of all its Boston competitors in Lowell this afternoon with the news of Almy's sentence. The interest in the case here has been keener than any manifested in a murder trial for years, and THE GLOBE's lead was remarked and appreciated on every hand.

UNFOUNDED RUMOR OF SUICIDE.

Report that Almy Had Killed Himself in Prison.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 20.—A couple of hours after midnight, a rumor gained currency among the few citizens compelled to be about at that hour, that Almy had committed suicide at the prison.

Following up the rumor with its accustomed promptness, THE GLOBE called up Dr. E. A. Clark, the prison physician, and from him learned that he had received no call to the prison during the evening, and that the report was unfounded.

This rumor is but a sample of the rumors which have been current in town all day, and which have had no foundation in fact.

SAME OLD STORY.

Fall River People Read Decision in the Regular Edition.

FALL RIVER, Nov. 19.—The regular first 5 o'clock edition of THE GLOBE was the first Boston paper to arrive in Fall River, giving the all important news of the decision in the famous Almy case, and the large bundle was eagerly picked up by the people here, who have manifested more interest in this case than in any other criminal news for 10 years.

THE GLOBE's leading competitors among the Boston papers contained no hint of the outcome of the trial in their regular Fall River editions.

It was the old story of THE GLOBE first and the rest distanced.

"THE GLOBE AT ANY PRICE."

No Other Boston Paper Contained News of Almy's Sentence.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 19.—THE BOSTON GLOBE, as everybody in Manchester is saying tonight, splendidly maintained to the end its undoubted and conspicuous lead over all other Boston papers in the great Almy trial.

The regular Manchester edition of THE GLOBE this afternoon contained the news of Almy's death sentence, while none of its Boston competitors had a word about the conclusion of this celebrated case. The cry all the evening was for THE GLOBE at any price.

Globes Sold at a Premium.

LYNN, Nov. 19.—GLOBES sold at a premium this afternoon. Among the Lynn editions of all the Boston papers THE GLOBE alone contained the decision in the Almy case, arriving here shortly before 3 o'clock.

IN TOWN MEETING.

Melrose Citizens Transact a Batch of Business.

MELROSE, Nov. 19.—An adjourned town meeting was held this evening.

The article relating to the building of a new grammar school building west of the Boston & Maine railroad at Melrose Highlands, was referred to a committee to report in March.

The special committee to consider a reduction in the water rates made its report, in which it was recommended that for single faucets the rate be $5, extra faucets $1 instead of $2, and it also provided that a reduction of 5 per cent. be made on all water bills paid before March 1.

The town voted to instruct the finance committee to make provision for the following appropriations: For 160 hydrants at $20 each, $3200; drinking fountains, $200, and watering streets, $200.

A resolution was adopted expressing the sympathy of the town with Hon. Charles F. Loring.

The town appropriated $1000 for the poor department.

The article in relation to the building of a highway from the Stoneham line to Parkins st., at a cost of $6000, which was ordered to be built by next January by the county commissioners, was referred to the selectmen, with instructions to request that the commissioners give the town five years in which to build it.

It was voted to postpone until the annual meeting in March the adoption of the law giving cities and towns the right to manufacture electricity for lighting purposes.

FRESH FROM THE BRINE.

Flashes From Europe Transmitted by Cable.

The Uruguayan government has, it is said, declined to enter into any negotiations with Rio Grande do Sul, and for the present any consideration of union is deferred.

During a magic lantern show which was given in a Methodist church in Ilkestown, Derbyshire, Eng., Wednesday night, a terrific explosion of gas which had accumulated in the cellar while the lights were turned down took place. The interior of the church was completely wrecked. Two persons were killed and many others seriously injured.

The Reichsanzeiger, Berlin (official), publishes advices from East Africa stating that Emin Pasha has reached Usangoro, north of the Albert Edward Nyanza. The Reichsanzeiger also says that Emin has been joined by the troops he formerly commanded at Wadelai, and that he has fought several successful engagements.

A collision occurred Thursday morning on the Bosphorus between the British steamer Rugby, bound from Odessa for Shields, and the British steamer Eddlethorpe, from Port Said for Odessa. The Eddlethorpe sank almost immediately. The crew of the Eddlethorpe, when they saw she could not be kept afloat, jumped overboard. Only three of the sailors are missing.

In the Senate chamber in Paris Thursday, M. Challemel-Lacour made a strong attack on the new tariff. He said 30,000,000 Frenchmen would suffer from the overprotection afforded by the law, and prosperous France would be brought to ruin and isolated from the rest of the world. It would be better for France to renew her treaties of commerce with foreign nations.

There was a full-fledged riot Thursday at Kinsale, Ire., between a mob of wreckers and a number of coast guardsmen, who were detailed to protect the remains and cargo of the wrecked ship Guelph. The coast guard, on finding themselves outnumbered, drew their revolvers and side arms. This so enraged the wreckers that they fell upon the guardsmen and gave them a sound thrashing.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

Tersely Told Tales Too Precious to be Sent Into Oblivion.

John Greenan's stable at Ellsworth, Me., was burned Friday morning. Cause, an exploded lantern; loss $300.

Uriah C. Rowen of Groton was arraigned in Plymouth, N. H., Thursday afternoon, for burning his dwelling in Bristol, N. H.

Company K of Amherst, Mass., gave a most successful and enjoyable concert and ball, at the Town Hall, Thursday evening.

Aide-de-Camp N. L. Savery of Plymouth paid an official visit to Edwin Humphrey Post, 104, G. A. R., Hingham, Thursday evening.

Ivery L. Brown's dwelling-house at Ellsworth Falls, Me., was burned Thursday afternoon and his stable was destroyed by fire in the evening; loss $1500.

A concert and ball, under the auspices of St. Bridget's church choir, Lexington, Mass., was given in Town Hall Thursday night. A large audience was present.

A Swedish church was organized in the Middletown, Conn., Town Hall Wednesday evening of 109 communicants. The congregation is the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran.

The annual supper and jollification of the Brockton Cricket Club was held in Red Men's Hall Thursday night. About 200 members and friends of the cricket club enjoyed themselves.

A joint convention of the Everett selectmen and school committee was held Thursday and George E. Smith elected to fill the vacancy on the school board caused by the resignation of Mrs. A. Ambroise.

Hiram Higgins of Scarboro, Me., a prominent citizen, died Nov. 10 very suddenly. Rumors have been current that he was poisoned, and Coroner Perry has ordered the body dug up and an autopsy to be made.

At the coming session of the Supreme Court at Saco, Me., evidence will be brought before the grand jury with a view to indicting several parties in South Waterboro who are alleged to have been implicated in a scheme to defraud Chester B. Roberts, a young man of limited mental capacity, of money left him by his father.

Abby Bailey, of Wiscasset, Me., wife of George E. Bailey, who was tried Tuesday for adultery, was arrested Thursday on a charge of threatening to kill Mrs. Brooks, the complainant against Bailey. She was taken before Trial Justice C. E. Knight and put under a bond of $500 to keep the peace for six months. In default she was committed.

The ninth annual meeting of stockholders of the Bridgton & Saco River railroad, held at Bridgton, Me., have re-elected William F. Perry, president; P. L. Burnham, treasurer; Joseph A. Bennett, superintendent, general ticket and freight agent and clerk; also seven directors. The yearly earnings were $27,700; operating expenses, $16,300; net earnings, $11,400; passengers carried, 14,400; tons of freight, 13,500.

HOUGHTON&DUTTON

Cloak & Suit Dept.

SPECIALS for FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

JACKETS.

LADIES' REEFER JACKETS, made of fine all-wool cheviot, tailor made, with 4 silk ornaments, a perfect fitting jacket, and a bargain at $8.00. You can buy one of these jackets of us at

$4.87.

VEST-FRONT JACKETS, bound with braid, made from fine diagonal cloakings, a $12.50 jacket. We will sell a limited quantity at

$6.98 Each.

LADIES' FINE ALL-WOOL REEFER JACKETS, with wide shawl collar and front of choice Astrachan fur, regular price $15.50. Special price for this sale,

$9.98.

Hosiery Dept.

ONE MORE OPPORTUNITY TO BUY CHILDREN'S ALL-WOOL SCARLET VESTS, PANTS and DRAWERS at the Lowest Prices. The vests are silk bound, drawers and pants are finished with long ribbed cuffs.

16 in.	18 in.	20 in.	22 in.	24 in.
15c.	21c.	25c.	31c.	36c.
26 in.	28 in.	30 in.	32 in.	34 in.
41c.	46c.	53c.	57c.	64c.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS.

CHILDREN'S ALL-WOOL CLOAKS, with deep military cape, double-breasted, made from fancy plaids and checks, sizes 4 to 14 years. New York prices $10.00 to $12.00, your choice of any style or size at this sale,

$4.98 & $6.98

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Knee Pants.

Sizes 4 to 14 Years.

1500 pair Boys' Cheviot Knee Pants, regular value 75c. to $1.25. Your choice,

49c. Each.

Boys' Short Pants Suits, variety of styles to select from

$2.49 Each.

Boys' Deep Cape Overcoats, choice and popular styles, $5.50 coats for

$3.98.

Gents' Furnishings.

GENTS' NATURAL WOOL SHIRTS and DRAWERS, extra heavy, shirts are silk bound, with ribbed skirts, drawers have taped seams and long cuffs. The price is

69c. Each.

WATER ENOUGH NOW.

New York May Continue to Drink for Thirty Days Yet, Even if it Doesn't Rain in that Time.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Public Works Commissioner Gilroy said today that there was nothing new in the water situation.

The one inch of rain that fell on the Croton watershed has given the city a little margin, and with the present limited consumption there is water enough to last for 30 days.

The water in the main Central Park reservoir measured 19 feet ½ inch today, a fall of 3½ inches within 24 hours.

In the old park reservoir it measured 4 feet 3 inches, a fall of 6 inches.

In the 42d st. reservoir was 6 feet 8 inches of water.

A few more reports of water being wasted were received from inspectors today, and the water was shut off in the buildings reported.

The swimming baths at the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs are still closed.

All the Turkish and other baths which have no artesian wells were also forced to remain closed.

The water supply from the city reservoirs is being reduced to 85,000 gallons a day.

The reports from the Croton watershed are encouraging. There was a rise of 11 inches in Croton lake today.

GARMENT-WORKERS ADJOURN.

Harry White Chosen Their Delegate to the Convention of the A. F. of L.

Yesterday was the fourth and last day of the United Garment-Workers' second annual convention, which was held in Grand Army Hall, 616 Washington st.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: General secretary, Charles F. Reichers of Brooklyn; general treasurer, J. Bergsmann of New York; general auditor, Harry White, New York; general organizer, Robert Doidge; trustees, Delegates Hoffman and Davis of New York and Moses of Pittsburg.

It was decided to send a delegate to the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Birmingham, Ala., and the election resulted in the choice of Harry White, the delegate from Clothing Cutters' Union, 5, of New York.

After voting to meet next year in Rochester, N. Y., the convention adjourned.

The delegates will attend in a body the mass meeting to be held this evening in Wells' Memorial, where prominent speakers will explain the benefits to the clothing trade to be derived by a united organization of the trade.

MONTT'S PROPOSED POLICY.

Chili's New President to Submit Important Constitutional Reforms.

VALPARAISO, Nov. 19.—The formal choice of Jorge Montt as president-elect is hailed with great satisfaction, both in Santiago and this city.

The new president proposes, it is said, to submit important constitutional reforms that will make any attempt to usurp absolute authority hereafter impossible.

He will also submit measures for the early settlement of the financial claims against Chili for damages during the revolution.

In regard to the killing of American sailors the government claims to be awaiting the result of the inquiry going on at Valparaiso.

P. J. MAGUIRE NOMINATED.

Democratic Club of Ward 19 Names an Aldermanic Candidate.

The Democratic Club of ward 19 met in convention last evening in Friendship Hall, Cabot st., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Board of Aldermen. About 200 Democrats were in attendance. Thomas H. Murphy presided.

The speakers all favored the nomination of P. James Maguire, and Mr. Maguire was nominated by acclamation.

Shot His Wife and Killed Himself.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 19.—Ernest Hickman, aged 35 years, living in East St Louis, shot and fatally wounded his wife at their residence about noon today. The woman ran screaming from the house, and when neighbors entered the Hickman residence they found the husband's dead body lying on the bedroom floor. Mrs. Hickman was shot in the head and the ball entering near her right eye and lodging near the base of the skull. It is believed she cannot recover. Hickman, after firing at his wife, sent three bullets into his head. No cause is known for the quarrel other than that Hickman had been on a protracted spree.

Dedicated in East Boston.

The White Street Universalist church was formally dedicated last evening. Among those who took part in the exercises were the pastor, Rev. H. O. Philbrook; Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D.; Rev. J. T. Black, Rev. J. C. Pullman, D. D., and Rev. W. F. Potter.

Benson—Crowley.

Miss Nellie Crowley was married last evening to Mr. Ernest Benson by Rev. J. F. Fitzpatrick, in St. Catherine's church, Charlestown.

Raiding Chronic Beggars.

Capt. Gaskin has decided to clean up his district of every nuisance, if such a thing is possible. He has already commenced. Last night Sergt. Peabody and Patrolmen Cross and Murphy were sent out to make a raid upon the chronic beggars who have for years infested that district. The result of last night's work up to midnight was the arrest of seven beggars, and many more will soon be made to pay the penalty of the aversion to honest labor.

REMAINS A STATE SECRET.

Belief That "Something is Up" in Regard to Hawaiian Affairs.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The State and Navy departments are maintaining a very mysterious silence regarding the condition of affairs in the Hawaiian islands.

Officials refuse to either confirm or deny the rumors which have been current during the last few days, that there are appearances of something exciting happening there before a great while.

There is a well defined impression that "something is up," but what this "something" is, is a state secret.

The legislative elections are shortly to be held in the kingdom, and it is believed that in view of possible contingencies the State and Navy Departments deem it advisable to have American men of war on hand, so that in case of trouble it will not be left to Great Britain to play the role of peacemaker and thereby acquire an ascendency in the islands which will cause any other nation to take a decided back seat.

Labor Notes.

Paving Department Assembly, 9816, K. of L., held a secret meeting last evening at Dexter Hall. It is said by some of the members that the subject discussed was the advisability of joining the proposed new district assembly of city employes.

Stonemasons' Union, No. 1, met in Carroll Hall last evening. Considerable complaint was made by the members. The attention of Building Trades Council will be called to the conduct of members of the Practical Stonemasons' Union, who, as the members alleged, took the places of members of the other union when they struck on the job of Contractor McLaughlin.

The Boston Longshoremen's Provident Union in Lusitana Hall last evening appointed a committee to confer with Local Assembly, 7174, K. of L., with reference to making a demand for an advance of wages of 10 cents per hour for grain handlers.

Emergency Hospital Notes.

Patrick Distin cut a deep gash on his hand with a chisel.

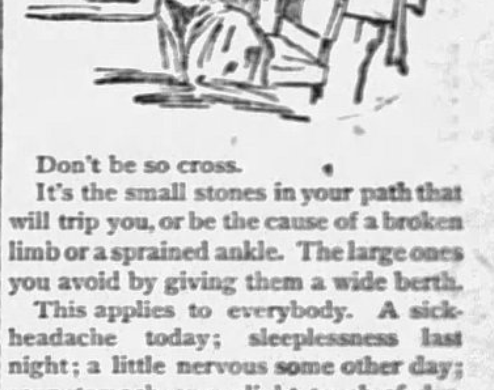
C. H. Gold was hit in the eye by a piece of steel, making a bad wound.

John Ford cut a gash on his arm with a shoe knife yesterday afternoon.

Frank F. Young of 904 Harrison av. badly crushed his thumb yesterday afternoon.

M. J. Conley of 91 A st., South Boston, fell on the sidewalk and cut a gash on the side of his face.

Patrick Donovan was lifting a heavy timber yesterday afternoon. The timber fell, striking upon and crushing his foot.



Don't be so cross.

It's the small stones in your path that will trip you, or be the cause of a broken limb or a sprained ankle. The large ones you avoid by giving them a wide berth.

This applies to everybody. A sick-headache today; sleeplessness last night; a little nervous some other day; sour stomach or a slight touch of dyspepsia; may be, from too rich a meal, etc., etc., small stones in your path. May go pleasantly at first, but they are bound, if allowed to continue, to work serious harm.

Remove the cause today. Don't destroy the peace and happiness of your household by your crabbed temper, resulting from dyspepsia. It is not necessary to become a vegetarian and observe strict rules of diet, to be cured. Dyspepsia is caused when too much starchy food is taken into the system; then the healthy functions are arrested, fermentations occur, accompanied by more or less physical and mental depressions, due to the local irritation and the absorption of noxious materials. All this trouble fades away, like night before day, by using the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.

Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, 6 Barclay Street, New York.

Look out for counterfeits. The "genuine" must have the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle.