

ADAMS BROS.

Furniture Dealers.

A POINTER



CHRISTMAS IS COMING,

And What would be Nicer for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT for Grandpa or Grandma than a Nice Easy Chair for them to recline in, in their old age. A Handsome Platform Rocker for Mother or a Nice Writing or Office Desk for Father.

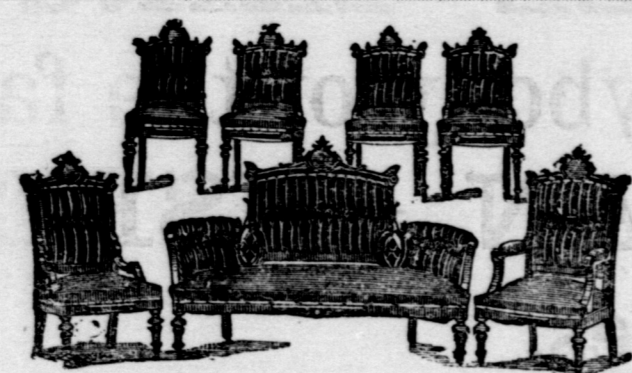
What a Pleasant Surprise for a wife to have her husband present her with a **HANDSOME PARLOR SUIT**, Nicely Upholstered, such as we have, to replace the Old-fashioned Furniture that has been in the house for years, or an **Excellent Bed-room Sett for the Boys Room.**

ADAMS BROS.

is the Place to Purchase all these. We have a Choice Line of Furniture in Stock for the Christmas Trade, consisting of

PARLOR

Very Latest Patterns Upholstered (plain and figured), Haircloth, nut, Cherry Antique Oak, Chairs, Students Chairs, bles, Centre Tables, Rock-



SUITES,

in Jute, Tapestry, Raw Silk, Plush, etc., also Bedroom Setts in Wal-Ash, etc. Lounges, Easy Dining Chairs, Dining Tables, Office Desks, Side-

boards, Bureaus, Bedsteads, etc. Children's Rockers, Chairs, Rocking Horses and Sleds.

Spring Beds in different styles, MATTRESSES in Wool top, Flock and Excelsior, all qualities. We have no expenses to pay therefore

U. - C. - Y.

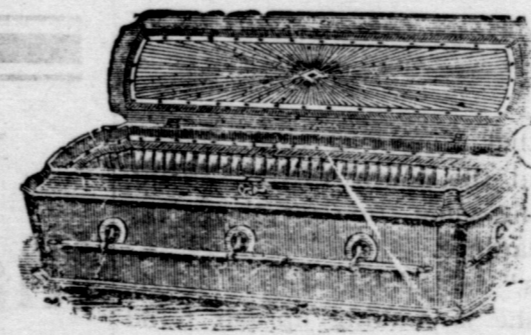
We can give you the Best Possible Value for the Lowest Possible Price. Repairing and Upholstering in All its Various Branches Promptly Attended To. Furniture and Mattresses Made to Order. Goods Called For and Delivered to any part of the City, Gibson or Marysville.

Undertakers and Funeral Directors.

The OLDEST FIRM in the City, therefore the Most Experienced. We have by all odds the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of

FUNERAL + FURNISHINGS, in the City and Equal to Any in the Province.

We are bound to keep up with the Times, and Improvements are being made in this business as well as any other.



Our Stock of CASKETS consists of Metallic, Walnut, Rosewood, Oak, French Burl, and Stained Woods highly Finished. Covered Caskets in Cloth, Broadcloth, Plain Velvet, and Handsome Brocade Velvet in Black or White with Sliding Glass Top, Half-open Top and Full Length Hinged Top.

In COFFINS we have Walnut, Oak, and French Burl, Cloth Covered in All Sizes, and at Most Reasonable Prices.

A Full Assortment of Burial Robes, Black and White, for Young or Old.

Coffin and Casket Trimmings of Every Description.

Head Lining, Caps, Gloves, Crape and Mourning Bands.

We Guarantee Satisfaction in both Price and Quality of Goods.



Special Discounts on all orders from the Country. We Carry EVERYTHING required by the Profession. One of the Best Hearses in the Province, with White or Black Changable Trimmings suitable for young or old, in Connection with the Business.

Our Aim is to be Prompt, Accurate and Reliable in attending to Orders either Personal, by Telegraph or Telephone.

Opp. Queen Hotel, (Telephone, No. 26) Fredericton, N. B.

W. E. SEERY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have Just Received an Elegant Line of Spring Cloths for SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS, and OVERCOATINGS, which I am prepared to Make Up in the Most Fashionable Styles.

W. E. SEERY, - WILMOT AV.

WATCHES!

Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Band Rings, Broches, Lace Pins, Emblem Pins, Charms, etc.,



AT

R. BLACKMER'S,
Queen Street, - Nearly Opp. City Hall.

PURE COCOA.

This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

THE LONDON TEA STORE,
13 York Street,

DID HE KILL MRS MUTTER?

A New Crime Laid to Mrs. Leonard's Murderer.

Circumstances of a Newark Crime Recalled - Interview with the Prisoner in the Freehold Jail - His Son's of Your Business!

"Louis Harriot might as well be underground as above ground as far as his chances of freedom are concerned," said a member of the Monmouth county bar to a Sun reporter in Freehold.

On Monday a Sun reporter saw Harriot in the jail. From the outside the building looks like a comfortable country house, but inside it is the same old story. Prisoners sentenced for drunkenness or for minor offences were wandering around in the halls. The others were kept in their cells except for short intervals of exercise. When Harriot was taken to Freehold from the boat Minnie Cornell at Keyport, Prosecuting Attorney Irvin ordered that every stitch of the prisoner's clothing should be taken from him, and that he should be provided with a new outfit. This was done, and on Monday afternoon, behind the bars of the cell, Harriot, dressed in gray trousers and a striped flannel shirt, seemed to be well contented with life. The talk with him was brief, for the reporter, who had formerly lived in Metz, Harriot's birthplace, had promised the authorities not to mention the subject of the murder and that the conversation should be held in English in the presence of jail officials. The supposed murderer of Mrs. Leonard is a very handsome man, about six feet two inches tall, and is only 21 years old. His shoulders are broad, he is well proportioned, and he has not a superfluous pound of flesh on his body. His small, gray eyes give him a sullen look, except when he smiles, and then his face lights up like that of a boy that he is. The reporter asked him how long he had been in the country.

"Me here one year," was the quick reply. "Don't you remember when your father worked in the Hotel de l'Europe in Metz?"

"Me no talk English. Me speak French."

"Did you serve in the army?"

"No," was the surly reply.

"When did you go to work for Mr. Leonard?"

This question had to be repeated several times, because the prisoner did not understand the name "Leonard" as pronounced in English. Finally "Layonar" was suggested. The moment Harriot comprehended the name he said, "Fifteen days."

"When did you see Mrs. 'Layonar' last?"

"Me talk French. No understand English."

So it went on. The reporter was not allowed to talk in French, and the prisoner would not talk pretty well in English. He asked if Mrs. Leonard was dead or not. At last he was aroused by this question: "Why did you leave the horses hitched to the wagon?"

"Me talk in French. No more English," he shouted angrily, and that ended the matter.

The restrictions of the day before as to talking about the crime and as to the conversation being wholly in English were removed, and together with the sheriff an interpreter, and five jail officials the reporter again stood before the cell. It had been ordered that the questions should be put in English, so that the sheriff and jail officials should understand them. The presence of the interpreter was compulsory that he might understand the replies, which the sheriff could not do.

"Louis" said the sheriff, and the prisoner shook his great form and got up from his cot. Every question was asked aloud in English by the reporter and repeated in the French language by the interpreter. This was the talk:

"When did you come to this country?"

"In 1890," was the sharp answer.

The reporter was twirling a pencil in his fingers; the prisoner saw it, and stopped in his speech as if he had been shot.

"You are a maker of papers," he shouted. (Un fabricant de journaux). "This matter does not concern you; it is my affair!"

The questioning went on, and at last this was said bluntly:

"Why did you kill Mrs. Leonard?" There was a quick, ugly look, and the man growled out: "Ce ne vous regarde pas." (That is none of your business).

The sheriff looked at every one and every one looked at the sheriff, for the answer seemed like an acknowledgment of the crime. The prisoner recovered himself quickly, but five minutes later, when the same question: "Why did you kill Mrs. Leonard?" was put to him again, he shouted out:

"Didn't I tell you that it was none of your business why?"

He was then asked if he had a plenty to eat, and he said that he had all he wanted. He said that he had no relatives here, and only a mother and stepfather in Lorraine.

Just before leaving, the reporter handed him a package of tobacco and said: "Louis, you smoke, don't you?" Yes; always, when I can. Thank you, thank you, and he put his hand between the bars and shook the reporter's hand, smiling pleasantly. It was hard to believe at that moment that a few days before he had brutally murdered a woman who had been very kind to him.

The prosecution has evidence in its possession that cannot be divulged at present. He is closely watched because it is feared he might commit suicide. The trial will be sensational, but the chances seem to be that he will die as he lived, saying: "It's none of your business."

There were sensational developments in the Leonard-Harriot murder case, and the excitement caused by the butchery of the woman has increased tenfold. Two men called at the jail and made inquiries about Mrs. Leonard's slayer. One of them grew white and excited as he listened to a detailed description of Louis Harriot.

"That is him! That is the slayer of my wife," he cried. "Thank God, he has been captured! I have been hunting him for two years."

He said he was Ferdinand Mutter, and that he owns a dairy farm on the outskirts of Newark and runs a milk route in that city. Two years ago his family consisted of himself, his wife, and his little son. He discharged his man of all work and went to an employment office in New York, where he engaged a young German or Frenchman.

The man was of sullen disposition, and at times displayed a dangerously ugly temper. His young wife was very nervous, and she became nearly wild with fear when the young fellow had one of his tantrums. One pleasant fall day Mr. Mutter drove to Newark with a wagon load of milk. When he drove up to the barn on his return late in the afternoon he missed the usual cheery greetings of his wife and little boy. The hired man was not around. Mr. Mutter, supposing his wife had gone with the little boy to call upon one of the neighbors, put up his horse before he went to the house. In the kitchen he found the almost lifeless body of his young wife lying in a pool of blood. A piece of clothes line was knotted tightly around her throat, and her face was a mass of cuts and bruises.

The missing boy was found lying on a manure heap, with a lot of straw piled upon him. His hands and feet were tied together with another piece of clothesline, and he was gagged with a piece of cloth.

He was unable to tell anything about the assault on his mother. Mrs. Mutter did not recover consciousness, and only lived a few days. Her head had been beaten with a hammer, and she had been otherwise maltreated.

Mutter is sure that Harriot is the man who killed his wife. He wants to meet Harriot face to face.

STABBED BY HIS MISTRESS.
A Song and Dance Performer Killed by the Woman he had Jilted.

John F. Gross, a variety actor well known in the East, was stabbed to death at the Phoenix Theatre, Durango, Cal., by Maggie Montgomery, with whom he had been living as his wife. She came to Durango last summer, and became much attached to Gross. A few nights ago she learned that he intended to marry an actress. She at once went to the theatre, waited for Gross to finish his performance, and then, meeting him off the stage, plunged a knife into his left breast. Gross died in fifteen minutes.

He was a song and dance man and a partner with Charles Turner, with whom he had frequently appeared in the East. Gross had been in Durango about three months. His home is in San Francisco. The woman is under arrest.

PARAGRAPHS
On All Subjects of Current Note at Home and Abroad.

ANECDOTES, HAPPENINGS AND GENERAL COMMENTS
Clipped and Condensed for the Readers of The Globe.

Nearly £250,000 worth of articles are pawned in London every week.

There are 304 livings in the Church of England worth over £1,000 a year.

Express trains pass each other at a velocity of ninety yards a second.

Seventy women have licenses for selling beer and liquor in New York city.

Missionary's mineral output so far this year is nearly \$1,000,000 greater in value than last year's product.

An insane barber in Indianapolis lathered a customer with coal oil and tried to shave him with scissors.

A company of women is running two canning and preserving factories in Michigan. Not a man is allowed to work in either place.

A certain train running daily between Chicago and Dwight has been christened "the jag train," from the number of people travelling by it to Dr. Keeley's Institute for the treatment of dipsomania.

A hame factory in Traverse City, Mich., turns out 1,359 hames a day. On that scale it is an uncommon industry, hames being the pieces of wood used in the collars of harnesses for draught horses.

It is startling to learn that in the five years 1896-00 sixty-eight theatres are known to have been destroyed and thirty-eight damaged by fire, representing a loss in killed of 490, and in injured of 213 persons.

Twelve thousand Christmas trees have been shipped from Penobscot Bay to New York city. They are spruce and fir, of symmetrical proportions. It is likely that 50,000 trees will be sent from Maine to New York this season.

With a desire of giving her husband a true picture of herself, a woman in Atchison, Kan., had a photograph taken as she appeared at daily housework in her kitchen dress, with a baby on one arm and broom and dust pan on the other.

A prisoner in an Auburn prison was able to earn and save about \$300. When he was ill Warden Durston drew his will bequeathing the money to his three children. He died recently and the Warden has been summoned to prove the will.

Dr. Beattie mentions the case of a man who could be made to dream of any subject, by whispering about it in his ear while he slept; and it is a familiar fact that persons who talk in their sleep will frequently answer questions, if spoken to softly.

The comments of strangers are so numerous in regard to the small number of young women to be seen in the streets of Atchison, Kan., that it has been necessary to announce that about one-half of the female residents are kept indoors by the mumps.

The issuing of cards of thanks is so common in Atchison, Kan., that a woman there thought it was proper to send a local newspaper a card in which she thanked her kind friends for the valuable assistance they had rendered in helping her to secure a divorce from her husband.

In Durham, Mo., a cat was shut up in the Masonic Hall at the October meeting of the lodge and forgotten until the day of the November, just a month afterward. Puss had torn all the paper off the walls in her efforts to escape, and was very thin but still kicking when finally released.

The only relic of the old Houses of Parliament has just come into possession of the Speaker, after being lost sight of since the destruction of Westminster Palace in 1834. It is the key which was used at the commencement of each Session to unlock the vaults in order to search for another Guy Fawkes.

The Budget of 1893 and 1891.
A reference to Mr. Gladstone's first Budget, explained in the House of Commons on the 18th April, 1853, brings into strong light the enormous advance in financial growth made by the country during the last forty years. Mr. Goschen estimated the revenue for the year 1891 at £90,430,000, and the expenditure at £88,444,000. In Mr. Gladstone's Budget the total income was £52,990,000, and the total expenditure \$52,183,000. Thus in the interval between Mr. Gladstone's first Budget and Mr. Goschen's last the national income has gone up over £37,000,000, and the expenditure over £36,000,000.

Rainfall and Population in America.
One result of the American census is to show that the density of the population in the United States is roughly proportional to the annual rainfall. The regions enjoying a fall of 30 to 50 inches in the year are found to contain some three-fourths of the entire population. The drier areas, in which the rainfall is below 20 inches per annum, only contain some 3 per cent. of the total number of inhabitants. The population seems to increase most rapidly in those parts where the temperature and rainfalls are moderate, that is to say, in the prairie States between Texas and Dakota.

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