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AN ENTIRE FAMILY.

Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A SMALL KANSAS TOWN.

With the Double Natured Lane Family.

When Dr. Jekyll went on his Mr. Hyde debauches, and maintained his dual life, he was unhampered, according to Stevenson, by relatives of any sort. The sensation that is stirring up Pittsburg, Kansas, involves a Dr. Jekyll who, apparently, compelled his whole family to lead a dual life like his own, and therefore discounted the record of the novelist's hero.

George Lane, his prepossessing wife, a manly looking adopted son of 18 years, and a fresh faced daughter of 14 summers, are holding a sort of family reunion in the Pittsburg County gaol. The evidence against them indicates that a series of robberies, supposed to be due to an organized gang of thieves working the community, was entirely due to the enterprise of this remarkable family.

Lane went to Pittsburg several years ago. He promptly became a church member and opened a shop as a contracting builder. The village was growing rapidly, and there was a lot of work ready for him. He was industrious. He made friends. He carried out every contract with scrupulous attention to time of finishing jobs and to quality of material. Many houses now standing there were put up by him.

His children went to the public school and the adopted son had graduated from there to take a place in his father's shop. The daughter was still attending, and is said to have been very popular with her schoolmates.

In the church the whole family were active. No sewing circle meeting was complete without the presence of the deft fingered Mrs. Lane. She had only kindly words for her neighbours, and often rebuked the other women when they gossiped to the injury of others. She was the right hand of the minister's wife, and frequently decorated the pulpit with flowers for the Sunday service. At Christmas trees and at church festivals her accomplished singing added to the pleasure of all present.

In the Sunday school Mr. Lane's adopted son was teaching a class, and his daughter was a member of the Bible class taught by the pastor's wife. There was no family in the community that stood higher with all sorts of people in town than the Lanes.

The Lane homestead on West Fourth street was a charming place to call, and the hospitality displayed to friends and fellow church members delighted all who had the opportunity to enjoy it. There were finer pictures on the walls than Pittsburg was accustomed to, and the carpets were said to be rather expensive for a residence occupied by a man who still handled the square and plane himself. But it was conceded that Lane had been making money and if he chose to spend it in house furnishings, nobody could complain, since there was no evidence of any vain-glorying in earthly possessions, and Mrs. Lane was as cordial to the poorest of the villagers as ever.

Meanwhile, store after store had been robbed. Pittsburg does not boast a very elaborate police force, and the constables were non-plussed. For about a year and a half the burglaries had gone on. At last after some dry goods had been mysteriously removed in the night time from one of the local tradesmen's places, it was determined to send to Topeka and get a real detective to ferret out the criminal, the village having settled it that somebody familiar with the town conditions was guilty, after long trying to believe that a gang of outsiders was responsible for the crimes.

The Topeka detective decided to watch a certain store which had hitherto escaped the burglars. He watched it carefully and persistently for some time. At last his industry was rewarded. Sitting behind the counter, half dozing, and without a light, as had been his custom, he heard a noise as if a rear window was being opened from the inside. By this time the Topeka man had become pretty familiar with the inside of the store. He sprang to the window and clutched at the intruder. The fellow

shrieked and tried to pull himself away. The detective hung on. The burglar was slightly built. The detective weighs 200 pounds. The store was perfectly dark, but the noise of the struggle brought help. A kerosene lamp was quickly lighted, and, presto, the burglar was none other than young Frank Lane, the Sunday school teacher, whom all Pittsburg had regarded as a most exemplary youth.

The storekeeper, who had come in, said sadly, "What a blow it will be to his good father and mother. Why, I have known them for a long time. I can't prosecute this boy. Of course, he never had anything to do with those other robberies."

The Topeka detective refused to take the thing so easily. He conveyed his prisoner to the lock up and put him in. Then he went to the house of a police justice, woke up the magis'trate, got a search warrant and proceeded to the Lane residence. He knocked till Mr. Lane came to the door and then demanded admittance. The contractor stormed and raged, declaring that the visit was an outrage, that he thought his caller was a thief and that he would not let him in. The detective quietly showed Lane something hard and glittering that shone brightly in the moonlight. There was a little sharp click and Lane surrendered.

The detective got a light and compelled Lane to carry it and go with him over the house. Nothing was found till they reached the cellar. Then Lane balked, but a whispered word of warning brought him to his senses and the search proceeded. More than \$1,000 worth of stolen dry goods and groceries were in that cellar.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lane and her daughter were cowering and crying in their bedroom. The detective marched his prisoner into the prettily decorated parlor and called up the stairs to the woman and girl to dress and come down. They obeyed. They saw the handcuffs put on the wrists of Mr. Lane. They were told what had been discovered, and in spite of their protestations of innocence were persuaded to put on their bonnets and walk with the Topeka man and Lane to the justice's house, where commitments were made out for all four prisoners, including the son already gaoled.

Further investigation, the detective says, has shown that confederates of the Lane family were selling stolen goods in many nearby towns. The plan was to have the boy conceal himself in a store during the daytime and after night had come and everybody was gone open a door or a window and let the father in. It is charged that the wife and daughter often acted as lookouts and were entirely familiar with all that was being done.

Notwithstanding the confidence of the detective and the detailed character of his evidence, there are many members of the church who insist that some horrible mistake has been made and who refuse to believe that the Lanes are guilty. They have many visitors in the gaol, and the town has talked of nothing else since they were captured. The Topeka detective declares that he is certain of convicting all four prisoners. Another teacher will soon be selected for young Lane's class in Sunday school.

Birth-marks which mark and mar the outside of the body are a grief to every mother whose children may bear them. But for every child who bears a birth-mark on the skin there are many who bear an indelible birth-mark on the mind. Nervous mothers have nervous children and many a man and woman owes an irritable and despondent temperament to those days of dread when the mother waited the hour of her maternity. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthens the mother for her trial. With strength comes a buoyancy of spirits and quietness of mind, which is one of the happiest gifts a mother can bestow on her offspring. By giving vigor and elasticity to the delicate womanly organs "Favorite Prescription" practically does away with the pain of maternity and makes the baby's advent as natural and as simple as the blossoming of a flower. There is no opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription."

The Queen of England was 57 years old Sunday.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

INFANTILE SMOKER.

Chicago Boy Acquired the Habit in the Cradle.

RUSSELL J. HENRY AT 2 YEARS OF AGE HAD BEGUN TO TAKE TO CIGARS.

When 4 Was a Connoisseur of Tobacco But Now is Tapering Off.

Chicago, Dec. 2.—A smoker of cigars at 2 years of age, a connoisseur of tobacco at 4—this is the remarkable record of Russell J. Henry, the little son of Joe Henry, proprietor of the buffet at 112 Dearborn St. The boy has just entered a kindergarten school, but he knows more about fine brands of Havana than he does about his A. B. C.'s or the making of paper "pretties."

Little Russell sat on a rocking horse yesterday at his home, 3637 State st., puffing a big black cigar and discoursing upon the merits of various tobaccos.

"I like strong cigars best," he said, "because they taste sweeter, and then you don't need so many of them. You don't get much out of a mild Havana. They burn up too quick. Porto Rican cigars are good, though."

"I like a pipe now and then for a change, too. I've got a lot of pipes. Most of them I bought with my pennies. Most of them were given to me. I don't care for cigarettes, I don't see why anybody wants to smoke them."

Russell is a bright-faced boy with light hair and clear brown eyes. His cheeks are rosy, and he is the picture of health, in spite of his early indulgence in tobacco. There are no marks of precocity about him that would attract anyone's attention. In fact, with the exception of his remarkable appetite for tobacco, he seems a most ordinary child.

His parents have humored him by allowing him to smoke, and have had no fear of the consequences. They believe he will lose his liking for tobacco before any evil consequences result. The father consulted a physician once, and was told that there was little danger of the child hurting himself.

"We are unable to explain the boy's liking for tobacco," said the senior Henry yesterday. "I have never been a heavy smoker myself and do not see how the youngster could have inherited his taste for tobacco. Before he was able to talk or walk he would always reach out his little hand when he saw a cigar. One day, when he was two years old, his uncle gave him one, and, when the little fellow went to puffing away like a smoker, someone lighted the cigar. Russell took a mouthful of smoke, held it a second, and then blew it out, laughing all over. Then he took another puff. I never saw a child so well pleased. He had discovered a new pleasure that seemed to beat anything he had ever known before."

"From that day on the boy was a smoker. He would sit in his cradle and puff a cigar with the utmost delight, and it never made him sick. He was just a born smoker. The doctors said that since he had the craving it was probably just as well to let him smoke."

"The boy has always liked pipes. Ever since he could walk he would rather have a pipe than anything else to play with. He has a collection now of nearly 100 that he has got in different ways, and he thoroughly enjoys smoking the strongest one in the lot."

When Russell started to kindergarten school a month ago he promised his mother and his teacher that he would stop smoking, and since then he has been "tapering off." Three cigars a day is now his limit, and he often goes several days at a time without smoking at all.

ALCOHOLISM CAN BE CURED.

Rev. Father Quinlivan's Opinion.

To whom it may concern: The good points of Mr. Dixon's new discovery for the cure of the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to directions it completely removes all craving for liquor in the short space of three days; its use for a longer time is intended only to build up the system. Second, it leaves no bad effects, but on the contrary aids in every way

the health of the patient, whilst freeing him from the desire for drink. Third, the patient may use it without interfering with his business or leaving his home. All other liquor cures I have yet heard of are very costly, operate slowly, are doubtful as to effects and often impair the health and constitution of the patient. I therefore look upon the remedy as a real boon, recommend it heartily to all concerned and bespeak for it here in Montreal and elsewhere every success. J. Quinlivan, S. S., pastor of St. Patrick's, Montreal.

Full particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. Dixon, No. 81 Willcocks street, Toronto, Canada.

George M. Pullman, eldest son of the late Chicago millionaire palace car builder, died at his home in San Francisco, on Thursday, of acute pneumonia, after an illness of six days. His system had been so weakened by excessive drinking that it could not rally. Young Pullman had cut a wide swath in California for several years. After his separation from his first wife he went there, and made a sensation by his dissipation. His sister had married Francis Carolan, of the fashionable Country Club at Burlingame, but Pullman appeared so often drunk at the club that the directors were forced to bar him out.

ON THE FOUR-SQUARE PLAN.

The four square plan means that all customers, regardless of rank or station, receive the same careful attention and treatment at our store. We are as particular with the child who is sent to purchase some small article as we are with the experienced adult. We never substitute inferior drugs when filling your doctor's prescriptions. We never recommend the "something just as good."

SURE AND UNFAILING.

Under all circumstances of sickness and disease Paine's Celery Compound is safe, sure and unfailing. It cleanses and purifies the blood, braces the nerves, corrects digestion, and builds up those who are weak and rundown. If you are nervous or sleepless, try one bottle; the results will surprise you. Our stock of Paine's Celery Compound is always fresh and pure. J. M. Wiley, Druggist, Fredericton, N. B.

Mrs. Roop, 83 years old, of St. John, who has been residing on Prince street, Truro, for some time past, suffered a probably fatal accident late on Saturday evening. Whilst on a stairway she stumbled and fell, cutting a deep gash in her forehead and breaking one arm in two places. She was rendered unconscious and is still in a delirious condition. Mr. C. E. Roop, with whom the aged lady lived, the well known agent of the Canadian Express Company, is her eldest son.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

is the Food That Satisfies.

"Malt Breakfast Food eaten with cream or milk and sweetened to taste, gives me more satisfaction than any dish of oatmeal I have ever used," says a Toronto gentleman who writes to the manufacturers. It is now a well known fact that oatmeal and other foods severely tax the digestive organs owing to the presence of insoluble starch. No starchy particles in Malt Breakfast Food; it is predigested, easily assimilated and agrees with all weak stomachs. At all Grocers.

It was stated by the chairman Monday afternoon at a meeting of the Metropolitan Asylum's board that it was useless to blink at the fact that London was probably in for a heavy epidemic of small-pox and for a great expense in contending with it. Since Aug. 10, there had been 864 cases notified and there had been 141 deaths from the disease. During the past fortnight 262 fresh cases had been reported.

The True Tragedy of Life.

Is ill health, disappointed ambitions, usefulness destroyed. Pathetic! nay, tragic. Poor blood, weak nerves, a tired brain. Is there hope? Yes! Because there is a cure.

Ferrozone Fablers make blood; not blue blood, but the fluid that strengthens the whole body. Ferrozone does this quickly by improving digestion, stimulating and by imparting health and tone to the whole system. Mr. C. A. Barchill druggist will tell you a great deal more about Ferrozone. Ask him to tell you of the wonderful curative properties of Ferrozone Tablets.

Heavy Poker Playing.

After three days of steady playing at poker near Walla Walla, Washington, for the biggest stakes seen in years in this part of the Northwest, Nicholas Schneidisch was forced to quit the game penniless, having lost \$56,000 to John Kremer. Kremer is proprietor of the Prescott Hotel, in a little hamlet near Smoke River, 25 miles north of there. The game took place at his hotel. Schneidisch, who was visiting Kremer, started in with his ready money but ended by I. O. U's and bills of sale for his property.

A Lake Captain's Experience.

Capt. McDonald, one of Kingston's most prominent mariners, writes: "For years I have battled with agonies of Bronchitis, Asthma, oftentimes so bad that I could not sleep for nights at a time. I spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and quacks without getting relief, but one dollar's worth of Catarrhone perfectly cured me." The above testimonial was given two years ago, and as the Captain lately stated he was still quite free from Bronchitis. It proves Catarrhone a veritable specific. Catarrhone two months' treatment, guaranteed to cure Bronchitis, price \$1.00, small size 25 cts. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston.

Arthur Williston, the 16-year-old son of Mr. Luther Williston, of Chatham, was shot in the woods near that town on Thanksgiving Day. He was looking after some rabbit snares, and Mr. James Gilmour, who was with him, had a gun. A rabbit was sighted, ranging off with part of a snare that he had broken out of, and the hunters gave chase. Williston ran ahead, crying out, 'Shoot him,' and Gilmour followed rapidly with gun cocked, watching for a chance to fire. The almost inevitable result was that the gun was discharged, and the charge of small shot struck the boy back of the shoulder, making a serious wound. Dr. J. S. Benson attended the wounded lad and hopes for his recovery.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness

with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Polson's Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nerviline penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures sore throat and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nerviline is unexcelled as a household liniment. It cures everything.

Souza can now add another medal to his already well covered breast. With his band he played before the King at Sandringham, Saturday evening, and was presented to His Majesty, who gave the bandmaster, as a proof of his pleasure, a medal.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc.

Sir Edward Grey, M. P. speaking at Glasgow Thursday night, declared that the country had been greatly shaken by what had happened during the South African war, and that it was only honest to tell the Irish members of Parliament he believed it was impossible to repeat the Home Rule experiment of 1892. Sir Edward expressed his conviction that no Liberal Government, dependent on the Irish vote, could do what the Irish people demanded.

Warts Aint Pretty

Why do you hang on to yours? Don't know how to cure them? Why Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor does the work in short order—you just try it. Guess your druggist has it all right—ask him.

A new Liberal morning newspaper will be started in Ottawa early in the new year with A. J. Magurn, of the Winnipeg Free Press, as managing director.

There is no form of kidney trouble from a bacchache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure.

A Crown Lands statement reports \$5,883,925 acres, or 67 per cent of the province, still unsurveyed in Ontario, and \$3 per cent of the province is still Crown lands.

The great distribution of \$400 in cash among the holders of UNION BLEND Tea Keys will take place shortly before Christmas. Return your Keys about the first of December.