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When writing please mention this paper.

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Not one part but every part of HIRE'S Rootbeer tends toward making it the perfect temperance and healthgiving drink.

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When asked for the secret of such success, Mr. McLean frankly answers: The Enquirer has no opinions to force upon its patrons, it simply prints the facts and tells the truth that the reader may form his own opinions. By maintaining the price of the paper, more news and greater variety can be furnished, and every class of business interests catered to, which a cheaper journal cannot afford.

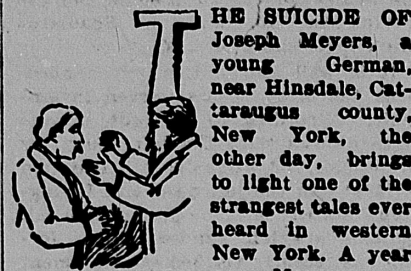
The very liberal support given the Enquirer by the public at large, makes it incumbent upon the management to serve it faithfully with zeal and enterprise in minor matters as well as those of greater magnitude.

HYPNOTIC TRANCES.

SOME QUEER EXPERIENCES RECENTLY RECORDED.

STRANGE STORY OF PRETTY SYLVIA STORRS' MARRIAGE.

Her Husband Led to Suicide as a Result of His Crime—Man Claims to Have Been "Influenced" by a Seventeen-Year-Old Boy—Other Cases.



HE SUICIDE OF Joseph Meyers, a young German, near Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, New York, the other day, brings to light one of the strangest tales ever heard in western New York. A year ago Meyers appeared in Hinsdale and went to work as a farm hand for Staley Wood, a rich farmer and politician. He said that his home was in St. Marys, a German village in the Pennsylvania soft coal regions. Meyers was a handsome fellow, of medium height, a fair complexion, and had piercing eyes. When he talked he looked straight into his listener's eyes. He was fairly well educated, and spoke German and English fluently. Early last spring Meyers became acquainted with Sylvia Storrs, the daughter of Mr. Brazil Storrs, a farmer who lives a mile out of Hinsdale and near the Wood farm. Sylvia was a pretty brunette of seventeen. Meyers accompanied her home from church several times. Her father disliked Meyers and asked the girl to cease allowing him to walk home with her. Meyers soon began to have a wonderful influence over the girl. Mrs. Storrs liked the young man and took his part in the family discussions. On July 4 Mrs. Storrs allowed the girl to go with Meyers to Lime Lake, a few miles away, to attend a celebration. At Lime Lake they entered an ice-cream parlor and Meyers ordered some cream. As she was eating the cream he passed his hand rapidly over her forehead and she became drowsy. "I am so sleepy I can't keep awake," she said, and when she again realized anything it was late in the afternoon, and they were on a train. "Where are we?" she demanded, "and where have we been?" Meyers told her that they were on their way home, and that they had been to Arcade, a town 30 miles away, and were married. The girl was horrified at his statement. He told her to tell her people about the marriage, but warned her not to tell a soul that she had no remembrance of a ceremony being performed. "If you do," he said, "I will kill you!" As the girl had not been engaged to Meyers, and the marriage was distasteful to her father, Meyers was ordered to keep clear of the house. A few days later Meyers and the girl went to Buffalo to get the marriage certificate. They remained in that city over Sunday, staying with an aunt of Meyers. They also called on a sister of Meyers and an acquaintance of his, a butcher. They visited an old German preacher, who gave Meyers the marriage certificate. Meyers conversed entirely in German with the preacher and his relatives, and the girl did not understand a word they said. Soon after they returned to Hinsdale, Meyers became melancholy, and when he visited the house, as he did occasionally, he always had a row with Storrs. Several times he threatened to kill him if he did not allow him to take his young wife away with him. A month ago Meyers quit work and went to live with a German family near the home of his wife. Three weeks ago he bought a revolver. Then he went to the Storrs house and accused his wife of telling her father the secret of their marriage. He pressed the revolver to her temple and told her that they would die together. She pleaded with him and told him that she had not told a word to anyone. A few days later he became involved in a quarrel with Storrs and threatened his life. Storrs decided to have Meyers arrested, but his wife dissuaded him. Two weeks later Meyers went to the house and

thought he is hypnotized. A well-dressed man walked into the Central police station, Chicago, the other morning and asked for the chief of police. Detective Thomas L. Trehorn inquired if he could be of any service. "Are you an officer?" inquired the visitor. "I am," answered the detective. "Susceptible to influences?" queried the man. "Very," replied Trehorn. "Ah, very well," said the man. "I am Francis Madigan, phrenologist, hypnotist, mind reader, lecturer and mine-owner. I have come here, my dear sir, to inquire if there is not some protection against a hypnotic crew which continually bothers me. The crew is composed of John Bowers, attorney at law, Richard Bowers, his brother, an abstract clerk, and Rev. Dr. Spaulding, an episcopal minister, all of Los Angeles, Cal. These men hypnotized me six months ago. By so doing they obtained from me much valuable mining property. Although they are far away, I talk with them daily. They assert that I am an A. P. A. man. I am mere putty in their hands. I can hold conversation with these people any moment. If you are susceptible, I can talk through you to them."

"All right, go ahead," said Detective Trehorn.

"Ah, many thanks," replied Madigan. Then a moment later he remarked:

"Do you not hear them talking? Bless me if the hypnotic crew is not in a jolly mood to-day."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go and see the chief about that crew," said Detective Trehorn.

"Capital suggestion," answered Madigan, and he accompanied the detective to the Harrison street station where he was locked up.

Widow Captured the Good Man.

Widow Nye keeps a store at Waldron, Ind. August Aurin, great prayer-band man, heavy taxpayer, etc., lives next door. Widow Nye has missed things lately. She watched the store and caught Aurin leaving with a bundle of goods. The thief is out on \$1,000 bonds.

He Chases a Boy Hypnotized Him.

George T. Quinn, for whom the police of New York have been searching for the past six weeks, has been arrested at Lake View, Riverside county, Cal., where he was living on a ranch. Quinn was collector for J. B. Hall, a New York decorator, and is charged with raising a check from \$441 to \$7,641. He decamped with the wife of H. W. Gamble of Brooklyn, and while en route to California stopped off at Eudora, Kan., where he married a young woman who was said to be very wealthy. He deserted her within a few days, and when arrested was living with the Gamble woman. Quinn claims that his wanderings for two years have been under the hypnotic control of Gilbert Orcutt, a 17-year-old boy. Quinn then had a wife and two children. Orcutt exercised an evil influence and soon Quinn became infatuated with Mrs. Gamble, wife of a Brooklyn druggist his wife left him and he raised Hall & Co.'s check, cashed it, and went to Chicago. Then, with Orcutt and Mrs. Gamble, he bought a farm near Riverside, Cal. They stopped at Eudora, Kan., where Quinn, calling himself Gilbert, married a rich girl. Quinn soon deserted his wife and the three came to California.

Strange Power of a Boy.

It is a curious thing the power which some human beings have over animals. There is in Lowell a boy, differing in no respect from his companions, who has this power in a marked degree. Every stray dog or cat in the neighborhood knows him and loves to be in his company. A vicious horse, which

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Recent Sermons.

WAR.—The world is coming to understand more and more the absurdity of maintaining a warlike attitude and supporting in times of peace great armies. The sentiment against war is steadily gaining.—Rev. A. Z. Conrad, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

CHEERFULNESS.—There is no use to be down in the dark, damp cellar when there are light and warmth, and comfort in the parlor. Consistency is a great essential of a Christian life. There is too little of it in the lives of Christian people.—Rev. J. I. Paxton, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

WOMAN.—I am ashamed to say that for 6,000 years man has been a petty tyrant and lordling as far as woman has been concerned. Every intelligent student of history knows this to be true.—Rev. E. F. Wright, Congregationalist, Gardner, Ill.

CITIZENSHIP.—Good citizenship demands first the recognition of God as supreme governor. As citizens men have no more right to ignore God than as individuals. If our bodies and souls belong to Him so does our state.—Rev. C. A. Van Ande, Chicago.

GOVERNMENT.—God deals with governments as with individuals. Where righteousness reigns there is blessing. Where it is ignored there cometh destruction.—Rev. J. L. Weaver, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

SOCIAL ETHICS.—As Columbus discovered a neglected hemisphere, so we are just discovering a neglected hemisphere of church work—the hemisphere of social ethics.—Rev. W. F. Craft, Presbyterian, Washington.

PATRIOTISM.—True American patriotism lies in fulfillment of American ideas rather than in calculating upon American interests. It is the sound, patriotic American spirit to hold duty higher than interest, to hold the citizen's obligations at least as sacred as his rights.—Rev. J. F. Brodie, Congregationalist, Salem, Mass.

THE STATE.—The state is a moral organism. One man is not altogether man. Human nature cannot manifest itself wholly in the individual. It does not develop in isolation. Hence emerge of very necessity out of the soul of humanity itself family life, social life, religious life, political life.—Rev. N. Luccock, Methodist, Pittsburgh.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.—Just so long as good men walk one way in their religion and another in their politics and join in the foolish cry that politics has nothing to do with religion, so long will bad men with selfish schemes and unscrupulous methods control affairs. Religion must be mixed with politics, business, industrial, and social life.—Rev. F. B. Cherington, Congregationalist, Spokane, Wash.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.—The gospel of Christ applies to the great questions of tariff and finance and immigration, to the recognition of Cuban belligerency, or the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary, or the defense of American citizens in Crete or Armenia, just as it does to the questions of the immortality of the soul or the destiny of the impenitent.—Rev. G. A. Cleveland, Baptist, Riverside, Cal.

The Coconut Crab.

The coconut crab is one of the oddest specimens of the whole crab family. He lives in the South Islands, and makes a diet of coconuts. This species has a pair of front legs terminated with a strong pair of pinchers, and it is with these that he husks the nuts and breaks through the weakest portion of the shell. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fiber by fiber, and always at the end where the eyeholes of the nut are situated, that being the weakest place in the shell. When the husk has been removed the crab commences hammering the shell with his heavy claws, and soon makes an opening, through which he extracts the meat of the nut. Mr. Darwin, writing of this crab, says: "I think this is as curious a case of instinct as I ever heard of, especially in structures so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a coconut and a crab."

Jackson's First Wheel.

The Jackson (Ky.) Hustler says: "The first bicycle ever in Jackson arrived by express last week. It is the property of one of the professors at the college. A big, strapping mountaineer from Leslie saw the wheel in the express office and said 'What's that air?' 'A bicycle,' answered a bystander, who went on to explain its uses. 'I low'd mebbe it was a newfangled contraption to measure saw logs with,' replied the citizen of Leslie. And just then Ben Wells fainted and fell over a pile of express matter."

A Squirrel's Capacious Mouth.

A Dummerston (Vt.) man wished to ascertain how many kernels of corn a chipmunk could carry in its mouth. Thirty kernels were placed on a board. A squirrel carried them all away at one time. Forty-five kernels were then placed in position, and chipmunk got away with all of them at that trial. Seventy kernels were put on the board for a third trial. The little striped animal was beaten this time, but succeeded in carrying fifty-eight of the kernels in his mouth.—Boston Herald.

Town and Country.

He—"Wouldn't you rather ride in the country than in the park?"

She—"No, indeed. There is nobody to look at one in the country."—Judge

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry.

If you are looking for a place at which to procure Holiday, Wedding or any kind of beautiful Presents, come in and examine those offered by

C. L. ROST

If anything reasonable in price and quality will suit you he can supply your wish. The Best Grade of Watches with the Waltham or Elgin movements, are furnished, and in these stringent times you will be surprised at the low rates asked for them.

If you desire to present to a friend a nice, 8-day clock, or a fine piece of

SOLID OR PLATED SILVERWARE

You will go no further than Rost's. Latest patterns of Rings, Fine Table and Tea Spoons, etc. He also keeps a fine line of Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and is enabled to suit those needing first class goods at reasonable prices. Drop in and see him. S. W. Corner Main and Green streets.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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FARMERS and VILLAGERS

FOR....

FATHERS and MOTHERS,

FOR....

SONS and DAUGHTERS,

FOR....

ALL THE FAMILY.

With the close of the Presidential campaign THE TRIBUNE recognizes the fact that the American people are now anxious to give their attention to home and business interests. To meet this condition, politics will have far less space and prominence, until another State or National occasion demands a renewal of the fight for the principles for which THE TRIBUNE has labored from its inception to the present day, and won its greatest victories.

Every possible effort will be put forth, and money freely spent, to make THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE pre-eminently a NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, interesting, instructive, entertaining and indispensable to each member of the family.

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Best, Tribune Office, New York City, and a sample copy of the Weekly

Tribune will be mailed to you.

The Popular Vote

Of our entire end of town shows us to be the favorite candidates for the people's grocers, by a large majority. Therefore

We Have