

The New York Herald started out in the campaign with some trenchant editorials against the McKinley policy of expansion and it looked for awhile as if it was going to do the consistent thing and support Bryan. But it soon subsided on the Philippines business and threw its influence for the perpetuation of the party and the policy which it so vigorously condemned.

Now since the election is over and it has resulted in the practical endorsement of the McKinley grab policy The Herald is doing some more sensible writing on the subject of expansion, as a sample of which we quote the following:

"The best way to expand is to make better use of the opportunities which are close at hand, and to create others. The south is practically an undeveloped country. It has forests, rivers, fields and mines which are waiting to be used. No need to go to the Sandwich or Philippine islands, for there is plenty of work to be done at home, and plenty of money in doing it. What is needed is not more territory away off where the sun sets, but a more careful concentration of energy. In that direction lies a fortune for the man of vim."

There is unexplored field enough in the south, and undeveloped resources enough for investment of all the capital that could be found for the next twenty-five years, at the end of which time we would be richer than if we had gobbled up four or five gross more of islands like the Philippines, and stronger, too, for the more of these distant incumbrances we have the weaker we will be. We have all the room we need to expand right at home.—Wilmington Star.

The Philadelphia Record of Saturday has a very apt cartoon representing Uncle Sam in the McKinley House, with Mark Hanna as landlord. On the wall is the sign "Positively No Trust," and around Uncle Sam are the hotel porters—Tube, Salt and Steel Trusts—demanding tips. Uncle Sam says: "See here, Landlord Hannal! I've taken rooms at this house for four years more. I might stand the raise in board; but the tips will clean me out. If things don't change I'll be goldarned if I don't look for other quarters!"

The Raleigh News-Observer notes this: The following fourteen counties went Democratic in the State election, but were transferred to the Republican column in the national election: Alamance, Bladen, Buncome, Chowan, Cumberland, Davidson, Forsyth, Graham, Lincoln, Moore, Orange, Pamlico, Pasquotand and Perquimans.

How gigantic was the task left to the people of Galveston by the storm appears from the fact that the burial and cremation of the dead was not completed until Tuesday of last week. The work of rehabilitation has been much slower than in the case of towns swept by fire, because fire leaves comparatively little debris.

Mr. Pritchard will have to use a long pole to get Mr. Simmons out of the senate chamber. Perhaps Mr. Pritchard remembers the manner of his election to the senate by the fusion legislature. It was by partly disrupting the Populist caucus and mostly by corrupting several individuals.

The total amount spent for public schools in the State last year was \$973,045 as compared with \$946,892, the previous year. This is an improvement, but is still not enough to supply the needs of the children. The legislature is pledged to improve the public school system.

Even at this date it is safe to predict that the whole south will be a cotton field next year, and it will not be out of place to remark that, in all probability, the price will be considerably less than ten cents.—Mt. Olive Advertiser.

Turkey has gotten to be pretty saucy of late. If the job was as easy as eating Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce, we could stop over to Constantinople, have a shooting match and clean up the porte easy.

The Mt. Olive Advertiser has entered upon its third year. It seems to be meeting with success. It deserves it.

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## HIS LAST CONFESSION

Sir Archibald Pen-yat, an Irish land-lord, had visited the bank to draw a sum of money. He was followed by a party of soldiers patrolling the neighborhood. The body was still warm, and a number of stab wounds left no doubt as to the cause of death.

The sound of running footsteps drew the attention of the commanding officer, and, quick pursuit being ordered, a man was soon overtaken and captured whose hands and arms were smeared with blood and on whose person was found a thick packet bearing the stamp of Sir Archie's bank and containing the money which, it was afterward ascertained, he had that day drawn.

The suspicion which at once fell on the prisoner was strengthened by the fact that he was a late tenant of the deceased who had been treated with peculiar harshness and had been heard to threaten vengeance.

The man's account, when questioned an hour later, was that while returning home from a neighbor's he had come suddenly on two men in a violent struggle, one of whom soon fell. The other stooped for a moment over the prostrate form and then ran away. The prisoner hurried forward to help the injured man, whom he partially raised in his arms; but, finding him apparently already lifeless, his next thought was to overhaul the murderer, whose rapidly retreating steps were still audible. Being a fleet runner, he was soon in sight of the fugitive, on whom he was gaining rapidly when the latter threw away something which the prisoner stooped to pick up and which, he alleged, was the packet found upon him when arrested. This delay had enabled the pursued to dart into a thicket, whither the prisoner was following him when overtaken by the soldiers.

Such in substance was the narrative given by Michael Tierney in very confused fashion when taken before the magistrate. It had no weight at all with the coroner and his jury, and the prisoner was regularly committed to stand trial for willful murder.

His heartbroken wife, once a favorite servant in my father's family, appealed to me to defend her husband's life.

"I hope you'll do what you can for him, sir," she pleaded, choking down her sobs, "for I'm sure he's innocent."

Poor Mary could say no more, but her few simple words were so earnest and beseeching that I could not refuse her request. Adding what I could to comfort her, I sent her away a little reassured.

It was not long till the case was called for trial, for the authorities were determined to make it the occasion of a swift and terrible example.

The jury, of course, only heard the circumstances attending the finding of the murdered man's body, the prisoner's capture and the finding of the packet on his person. These, with the prisoner's previous threats, made the case for the crown, and a formidable one it was. The prisoner's explanation, of course, was excluded and would have gone for little had it been received. I made what I could of the few circumstances in his favor, including the fact that no weapon had been found, and stated as a possible hypothesis, sufficient at least to raise a doubt, the prisoner's version of the facts already given.

But the judge's summing up destroyed the last hope. Before he had half concluded the prisoner's fate could be read in the faces of the jury. At the end they conferred briefly without leaving their seats. Then the foreman rose, and in answer to the usual question pronounced the dreaded but expected word "Guilty!"

Poor Mary, who had hoped to the last, uttered a heartrending shriek and was carried out fainting.

The judge put on the black cap. "Prisoner at the bar," he said slowly and solemnly, "what have you to say that the sentence of the law should not now be pronounced?"

The prisoner stood like one dazed and stupefied. The words seemed to fall on his ears without meaning. The painful silence which ensued was broken by a gray haired man in priestly garb who had pressed his way through the crowd and stood facing his bench.

"My lord," he exclaimed earnestly, "this man is innocent!" "Your evidence comes rather late," replied the judge, with sternness. "If you had aught to say, you should have said it sooner. Still, if you have any light to throw on the case, I shall take care to present your statement in the proper quarter. Proceed."

"I can only repeat," returned the other, "that I know the man is innocent." "But what facts can you adduce?" "I am not at liberty to give them. The obligations of my office forbid."

"Then you might as well have spared this interruption," replied his lordship, turning once more to address the prisoner.

But there was another interruption, and this time in a woman's voice.

"Stop, for the love of God!" it cried. "I dar' speak, if the holy man dar'n't. My poor husband died last night, an Father McManus there heard his last confession. The saints pardon me if it wud a sin to listen to it. I didn't mane it; but, bein' in the next room and hearin' a few words by accident, I felt forced to hear it all. And, oh, I can't bear the thought of more innocent blood restin' on my poor Tim's soul!"

Then she went on to tell that in his

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dying confession her husband had acknowledged himself guilty of the murder laid to the prisoner's charge, giving all the details, even to the place of concealing the weapon.

"Thank God!" the priest ejaculated. The prisoner was remanded for the present. A search in the place indicated brought to light a blood stained knife with part of the point broken off, and a sharp fragment of steel found at the post mortem examination in one of the murdered man's wounds exactly fitted the fracture.

It would have melted the hardest heart to witness the wideness of Mary's joy the day her husband was restored to her a free and vindicated man.—Exchange.

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