

# THE LIGHT OF LOVE

By T. Y. McFarland

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)

The county courtroom of St. Anne's was crowded to the door. It was an assemblage unprecedented even in that country where a trial for murder always exercised an irresistible fascination, and where the allurements of old-time florid oratory conferred upon the courthouse something of the status of a theater.

Never before within the memory of those present had a white woman cowered under the menace of a possible capital sentence. Indeed there lurked some trifling doubt as to the propriety of the circumstance now. It was not that her guilt was questioned—in the popular judgment she was condemned beyond all peradventure—but with its innate, fantastic chivalry St. Anne's was disposed to be compassionate, and to meet alien logic with the sentimental reminder that "she is a woman."

The crime itself was as old as history—the tragedy familiar to every stage of life. In this instance its dramatic personae were of the lowest type—gross, ignorant and debased. Jenny Haskell was the wayward wife—her husband Jim was the victim; and the third figure was a handsome oysterman known along the tide water districts as "Bill" Thome. It had been a murder startling in its primitive brutality and had acquired full page prominence in sensational Sunday papers. The husband's brains had been shot out one night while he lay asleep by his wife's side.

There had been no doubt as to the identity of the murderer. The circumstantial evidence was crushing, and, in addition, the widow herself had fraudulently denounced Thome as her husband's slayer. His trial had been removed to the state metropolis, and after his sentence he had been taken to its jail to await the day set for his execution. The reason for this was purely prudential. St. Anne's was pitifully poor, and there was a growing disposition to regard the expenses of the court as excessive. The neighboring county of Marlborough had availed itself of a similar trial by a quietly ordered lynching, and had boasted of its thrift, and there had been some warrant in the fear that the example might prove contagious.

This had been three months before, and the excitement had begun to subside when a new sensation was created by the arrest of Haskell's relative as an accessory to the murder, at the instance of Willis Howard, the state's attorney. Mr. Howard was a man of praiseworthy political ambition, and had achieved no little notoriety by reason of the conviction of Thome. He labored under the dual misfortune, however, of not having been born in the county and of having inspired the natives with an ungenerous disposition to associate his zealous activity with the approaching nomination for Congress.

It was the third day of the Haskell trial, and the interest was intense. An indefinite rumor was abroad that the state's attorney had a trump card to play, and a thrill of excitement swept through the crowd as he arose to address the court.

He proposed, he declared, to produce a witness who would testify to the unquestioned guilt of the prisoner—the deed recorded in the criminal annals of St. Anne's. Then, as he turned to where the woman—white, panic-stricken and abject crouched beside her counsel, the whistle of an approaching locomotive sounded shrilly from across the river. The only train scheduled for the day would not arrive until night, and the coming of a special was an event unparalleled. It was like an "effect" in melodrama, and the throng waited breathlessly.

In the intense stillness every sound without was audible—the rumbling of the train; the stoppage at the station; and the ring of footsteps on the flags that led from the road to the courthouse. An instant later there was an agitation about the entrance and Thome, the convicted murderer, guarded by the officials of the city jail, crossed the threshold. The woman uttered a half-suppressed shriek, and the state's attorney smiled blandly. "This

sentenced. It's laid heavy on my mind, and when I found it could be fixed up so I could come and tell, I was glad. There was one reason in particular why I was so glad." His eyes rested upon the prisoner an instant as he spoke. His look was steady, and his voice, while low, was perfectly distinct. "She's told what she knew, and she's brought me where I am," he continued. "She's done her duty, and I'm ready to do mine. A man's got a duty even if he stands within the shadow of the gallows." The woman's counsel glanced up quickly here—the phrase was distinctly suggestive of Howard's rambling periods.

"And I'm going to tell all I know," went on Thome, "and it's this." He paused an instant, and there was a slight smile upon his face as he met the gaze of the prosecutor. "Nobody's



A man's got a duty even if he stands within the shadow of the gallows," he said.

guilty for the murder of Jim Haskell but me, and she—she's as innocent—as Mr. Howard himself." The crowd was fairly stunned by this unexpected declaration. That anything less than an incriminating disclosure was to follow had been undreamed of. All eyes instinctively sought the state's attorney. That officer was on his feet with discomfiture and rage.

"Do you mean to say," he had furiously begun, when his words were lost as the voice of Thome rang through the hall like a trumpet. "It isn't what you expected, is it Mr. Lawyer Howard? You thought because she told the truth about me you'd get me here to maybe swear her life away. And you thought your bribes would make me do it. Why, Judge, this man offered me my life to go back on her. He told me he could handle the governor like a child and that he'd make him sign a pardon if I'd say she put me up to it. As if twenty lives and pardons could ever make me do that." Then he turned toward the jail officials. "I am done," he said, "we might as well go back."

The assemblage was quiet for a moment, and then someone with a finer appreciation of dramatic effect than decorum proposed three cheers and the hall rang with instant clamor. It was an uproar too vast for the efforts of the court officials to suppress. It was the glorification of what was regarded as undoubted perjury and of a convicted murderer—but of one who had become a hero because, despite all bribes, he had shielded and screened the woman who had betrayed him.

She did not even give him a glance as he was led out. Her whole soul was concentrated in the expression of smiling insolence with which she favored the outraged prosecutor. It was a smile that later became a badge of triumph as the twelve good men and true delivered the verdict of acquittal that enabled her to leave the courtroom—an Innocent Proclaimed. It should be added, however, that there was a disposition to enlarge upon the theme of ingratitude among the groups that delayed to gossip in the courthouse yard, and that in the evening the gentlemen of the jury called upon the vindicated widow and suggested the advisability of her prompt departure from St. Anne's.

And two weeks later the county seat again became a Mecca. It was the day set for expiation, and the natives had begun to jog into town hours before sunrise. There was something more than merely morbid curiosity in the throng that clustered about the little jail yard, and swarmed over the hillside at its rear, and the belief that Thome in this last scene would prove worthy of the prestige he had earned was fully realized. It was a crowd that lingered thoughtfully long after justice had been done and that nodded approvingly at an observation of the sheriffs.

"Gentlemen," said that officer, "I do not propose to deduce any morals on this sad occasion, but what I do intend is to be present at the burial."

**Little Girl's Shrewd Reasoning.** Referring to the growing habit of cigarette smoking among certain fashionables of both sexes the London Chronicle tells of a little English school girl who was parsing a sentence aloud and stopped at the noun "smoking." "Singular number," suggested the patient teacher. "Singular number," droned the pupil, obediently, "common gender—" "Not common, dear," corrected the lady, and waited expectantly. "But it can't be masculine, anyhow," cried the child of the period. "Cause, you see, mummy smokes as much as daddy!"

An empty purse is the insurance policy of bachelorhood.

## ACCIDENTS IN SHOOTING.

Only Wonder is that More of Them Do Not Occur.

It is a matter of wonder that far more accidents do not occur out shooting. It has been calculated that in the British Isles some 500,000 persons (of whom 250,000 take out either "game" or "shooting" licenses) shoot more or less in the course of the year; and it has been estimated that no less than 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 of cartridges are annually fired. Yet the accidents are few and far between. We have all had escapes; others, perhaps, may have had escapes from us. I have myself seen one fatal accident. I was near by when another one occurred—the two within four days of one another. But the actual accidents, great or small, that have come within one's own observation or knowledge are, I think, extraordinarily and providentially few, says a writer in the Fortnightly Review.

And yet we have, on the one hand, our dangerous and our careless shots among us, and, on the other, we have the loitering beater and the ignorant "stop," who so often manage to occur in the unexpected spot. "He shot round me," was the graphic description given me of a reckless shot—"he shot round me, he shot above me, he shot below me, he shot at me; I was, as I may say, like the Burning Bush, in the midst of fire, yet not consumed." Lord Cardigan, of Balaklava fame, was once heard abusing his keeper for extravagance in using men instead of boys for "stops." "Beg pardon, my lord," was the matter-of-fact reply, "but your lordship will remember that last year you shot down all the boys."

## POPES OF HUMBLE BIRTH.

Many of the Pontiffs Have Sprung from Lower Ranks of Life.

Many of the popes have sprung from low origin. Alexander V. (1430) was also a beggar boy; Benedict XII. was the son of a baker; Sixtus IV. (1471) was the son of a fisherman; Sixtus V. (1585), whose name was Felix Peretti, was a pig driver at Montalto, and attracted the attention of a Franciscan monk, who educated him. He rose to be bishop of Permo, soon after to be cardinal, and was then elevated to the papal throne, and celebrated his reign by erecting many of the finest buildings in Rome. Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing of his tomb in the grand old church of St. Maria Maggiore, says: "If anything can still the spectator to silence and awaken him to great recollections it is the monument of this astonishing man, who as a child herded swine, and as a man commanded kings and filled Rome with so many works that from every side his name, like an echo, rings upon the traveler's ears."

Urban IV. (1261) was the son of a French cobbler; Adrian VI. was the son of a weaver; Boniface the Great was a street gamin and held horses for pennies. In recollection of his earlier days he invited two kings to lead his mule when he rode to his coronation as pope of Rome. Hildebrand, the great orator monk, who became Pope Gregory VII. (1073), was the son of a carpenter from Tuscany and one of the most brilliant statesmen of his age. He practically revolutionized Europe.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Y. M. C. A. Suggestion.

Young men living in London on small means—and they are almost numberless—are likely to hear good news before long. The scheme for providing a central residential club, which has been under the consideration of a special committee of the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter hall for some time, is now practically settled. It is proposed to provide a superior kind of Rowton House, with about 400 separate bedrooms and let them at the modest rate of 3 shillings a week. This will give the resident the free run of the institution, including library, recreation room, baths and gymnasium, together with the use of storage accommodations for bicycles. Meals will be supplied in a comfortable and commodious dining room at a mere fraction above cost price, and even the laundry will be economically run. It is likely that this hotel for studious youth may cost £25,000 and will soon pay for itself.

## Not Hard to Please.

A Washington woman who has a home that is in reality a small farm, in the suburbs close by this city, employs a colored youth as a man-of-all-work around the place. He attended divine services recently and was evidently very much impressed with what he heard at church in reference to religious requirements during Lent. Returning home from the house of worship he literally took away the breath of his employer by announcing, in all seriousness: "You needn't bother about me during Lent. Just give me a dozen eggs for breakfast every morning, and plenty of oysters and fish and I'll manage to get along very well without meat."

## Rapid Growth of the West.

While the production of grain is not increasing as rapidly as population the manufacturing and commercial interests of the West are increasing more rapidly than those of the whole country, manufactured products showing a ratio of 70 per cent increase for the United States as against 112 per cent for the West. Not the least remarkable feature about this development is the triumph of industry over natural obstacles. Towns without coal, iron or water power turn out manufactured products that are shipped to the ends of the earth.

When love of praise takes the place of praiseworthiness, the defect is fatal.—S. Baring-Gould.

## LONGEST SUIT ON RECORD.

Thirty Years of Litigation in the German Courts.

One of the longest lawsuits on record, and one which involved millions of dollars, has just been decided in Germany after thirty years of litigation. Strange to say, there is still something left of the estate fought over—it was so large that the courts and the lawyers did not get it all in spite of the long time the case was in court. They got a good share, however. The family of Arenberg live in Belgium, but they own a snug little duchy in Germany. The Duke of Arenberg used to impose a toll of 20 cents on every ton of coal mined by the Westphalia Coal company, whose mines were in his domains. In the general shape-up of the Franco-Prussian war and the re-formation of the German empire which followed, the Duke of Arenberg and his duchy got lost in the shuffle, and the coal company ceased its tribute. Then the Duke went to law.

In the good old days the robber baron ancestors of the Duke would have called out their men-at-arms, swooped down on that coal company and hanged the president and board of directors to the castle gates. But the coal baron having succeeded the robber baron in these days, the Duke went to law, and after thirty years he has won his case.

For once the coal baron has been downed by the descendant of the robber baron, and the Westphalian Coal company will have to pay arrears of tribute to the Duke amounting to \$36,000,000. The annual income of the Arenbergs from the mines is about \$1,200,000! So now they are rich, but if the suit had gone against them they would have been practically ruined. That lawsuit was getting to be their principal asset. As for the coal barons, they are in a "state of mind" and will probably try to arrange a compromise.

## PRECIOUS STONES.

Ancient Myths About the Origin of Various Gems.

The Indians called rock crystal an "unripe diamond," and until the beginning of the eighteenth century India was thought to be the only land which produced that precious stone. It was not, therefore, until the discovery of India that the diamond was known to us. Yet as far back as 500 B. C. a "Didactic History" of precious stones was written, and in Pliny's time the supply must have been plentiful, as he wrote: "We drink out of a mass of gems, and our drinking vessels are formed of emeralds." We are also told that Nero aided his weak sight by spectacles made of emeralds. But it is very difficult to determine whence all the gems came, as discoverers took care to leave no record. The nations who traded in them were afraid of their whereabouts being known, and even the most ancient merchants would not disclose any definite locale. All sorts of myths have, accordingly, sprung up concerning the origin of the gems.

"Diamond" was the name given to a youth who was turned into the hardest and most brilliant of substances to preserve him from "the ills that flesh is heir to." Amethyst was a beautiful nymph beloved by Bacchus, but saved from him by Diana, who changed Amethyst into a gem; whereupon Bacchus turned the gem into wine color, and endowed the wearer with the gift of preservation from intoxication.

The pearl was thought to be a dew-drop the shell had opened to receive. Amber was said to be honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea, and congealed. According to the Talmud, Noah had no light in the ark but that which came from precious stones.—Gentleman's Magazine.

## UNCLE SAM'S LAND DEALS.

How the Territory of the United States Has Been Extended.

When the Danish islands in the West Indies are transferred to our flag the record of Uncle Sam's purchases of land and the sums he has paid for the same, from the foundation of the government to the present time, will stand as follows:

Louisiana purchase (1803)	\$15,000,000
Florida (1819)	6,489,768
Mexican cession (1848)	18,250,000
Purchase from Texas (1850)	10,000,000
Jadsden purchase (1853)	10,000,000
Alaska (1867)	7,900,000
Philippine Islands (1901)	20,000,000
Additional Philippines (1901)	100,000
Danish West Indies (1902)	5,000,000
Total	\$92,039,768

To this list must be added Texas, acquired in 1845; Oregon territory in 1846; the Hawaiian Islands in 1897; Porto Rico and Guam, annexed in 1898; and one of the Samoan Islands in 1899—for none of which did we pay a direct money consideration. The aggregate area of territory added to the United States by purchase and conquest—as in the case of the Mexican cession and our recently gained Insular possessions—from 1800 to 1902, inclusive—is 2,971,376 square miles. The territory now covered by the American flag, including both hemispheres, exceeds the area of all Europe by just about 235,000 square miles—or say by an area one-fifth larger than that of either France or Germany.—New York World.

## Career of Lieut. Streiber.

The Lieut. Streiber who captured Gen. Lueban, the Filipino leader, is of German birth and enlisted in the regular army before he was 20 years old. He was promoted to a lieutenant by President McKinley, being then a sergeant serving his third term. He has seen much active service, but never sustained any injury.

## HAD LOST HIS NERVE

PATHEPIC STORY OF A "HAS BEEN" WHO WAS PLAYED OUT.

Once "Lay Down" for an Outfit of Forgers, He Had Reached the End of His Rope—His Nerve His Only Real Asset in Life.

I had met the man in theaters, restaurants and Broadway cafes for the last ten years. Never mind his name. He was always well dressed, always had plenty of money and never seemed to be busy or worried about anything. From the men I saw him with I believed he was engaged in no legitimate business, and I placed him in that indeterminate class which many years ago we called "Broadway statues," and nowadays most of us dismiss from our minds with the thought, "Oh, well, he's a gambler or something of that sort." There are hundreds of this kind of men to be seen along the line between Twenty-third street and Forty-second on Broadway any pleasant afternoon and every night. They toll not, neither do they spin, but their tailors are artists.

He shambled into the big, red-carpeted cafe of the Rosmore the other night looking twenty years older and seventy-five per cent to the bad. His clothes were evidently ready-made and unmistakably he was not the original purchaser. His head drooped a little and his eye met mine and then sought the floor. It only needed a glance to see that he had gone to the "Has Been" class. We sat down at a table, as we had done before occasionally, and I suggested that he wasn't looking in form. He sighed and said he was "down and out."

"Not for good," I said encouragingly. "Yes, for good," he returned. "I've lost my nerve and that was all I had." I ordered cigars with the drink and the Has Been was grateful, and he told me his story, a common enough one I fancy, only it is of the sort that the general public seldom hears.

"You never knew what my line was, I suppose, did you?" he began. "Lots of men have rubbed and tried to find out since I've been flying high around this town. It was an easy line and it paid me well. Until I went sick and had to go to the hospital for four months I never knew what it was to have to look for a couple of hundred in my clothes without finding it. I've had fifty thousand at one time and spent it royally too but I never expect to see a hundred dollar bill again before I croak. They've got me skinned to death at last."

"For years I was the 'layer down' for a mob of the greatest outfit of forgers that ever worked the country. Most of them are working yet but I'm out of it. My whole stock in trade was my nerve."

"I used to present the goods at the bank counters or in the broker's office. You know yourself that I looked prosperous. None of the men in the 'front office' had any line on me. Nobody ever saw me in the company of the sort of crooks that get their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery. You've met me yourself along the line for the last ten years and I always traveled with pretty good people, didn't I? High class sports they all were, and I was supposed to be one of them. They never asked me what my line was any more than you did. Well, my line was to present forged paper, get the cash, turn it over, and get out of town for a few weeks. I've worked in every big city in the country."

"When I got out of the hospital I discovered that I'd lost my nerve. I don't know how or why, but it was gone. I felt that if I walked into a bank to turn a trick they'd spot me for a suspicious character right away. I went to the head of my push and told him. I said I knew I'd run like a pickpocket if an ordinary bank watchman batted an eye at me; that my nerve was all gone. He knew what I meant. It comes to the best of us sooner or later. We said goodbye and I've been a dead one ever since. What am I doing? I'm working in a poolroom taking two-dollar bets, and if Jerome or any of those people ever make a raid I'll probably faint away. And yet I've taken \$600,000 in certified checks out of a bank not a mile from here without turning a hair and on paper that wasn't worth as much as a Chinese laundry ticket."—New York Press.

## RARE VIRTUES OF GINSENG.

How the Plant Was Regarded in Old-Time Virginia.

Colonel William Byrd of Westover, a famous Virginia planter and gentleman, tells in his diary of the "virtues of ginseng," which he tested on a surveying journey. "Though Practice will soon make a man of tolerable Vigor an able Footman," he says, "yet, as a Help to bear Fatigue I used to chew a Root of Ginseng as I Walk'd along. This kept up my spirits, and made me trip away as nimbly in my half Jack-Boots as younger men could in their Shoes. This Plant is in high Esteem in China, where it sells for its Weight in Silver. \* \* \* Its virtues are that it gives an uncommon Warmth and Vigor to the Blood, and frisks the Spirits beyond any other Cordial. It cheers the Heart even of a man that has a bad Wife, and makes him look down with great Composure on the Crosses of the World. In one Word, it will make a Man live a great while, and very well while he does live. And what is more, it will even make Old Age amiable by rendering it cheerful, lively and good-humored."

If half what Colonel Byrd says is true, ginseng ought to be a root more popular than even "Sassafras, O Sassafras," that the warriors from Cattaraugus will be bringing in to us presently.

## Now It is Charged to Thad Stevens.

Of Thaddeus Stevens, the old Republican leader, who is buried on the outskirts of Lancaster, Pa., in a cemetery for colored people, a Lancastrian told this story: "Mr. Stevens was pleading a case one day before a judge who disliked him. There was, in consequence, a good deal of veiled discrimination. This grew worse and worse, until finally, in a tremendous rage, Stevens stopped short in the middle of a cross-examination, ramm'd his papers in his bag, grabbed his hat and started clumping (for he was a little lame) out of the room. But the judge halted him. 'Mr. Stevens,' he said, 'it seems to me you are trying to show contempt for this court.' 'No, your honor, I'm trying to conceal it,' Stevens answered."

## "Made of Meat, Like Any Other Man."

Archibald Roosevelt discussed the prince with great vigor to some of his schoolmates the other day. "Why," he said, "he ain't like any prince I ever heard of. He didn't come up in a chariot drawn by white horses at all. He rode in a carriage just like ours. I don't think he's much of a prince," the small boy snatched. "He looks just like any other man—made of meat, you know."

## Bright's Disease Cured.

Sullivan, Ill., March 31st, Mrs. Kitty F. Seaney was very ill for months and notwithstanding the best possible medical attendance she got no better. The doctors said she had Bright's Disease, and gave her little or no hope of ever being well again.

She suffered great pain in her back, which nothing seemed able to relieve, till at last encouraged by the reputation Dodd's Kidney Pills have attained in the community as a cure for Kidney Diseases, she began to use them.

The result was a surprise both to Mrs. Seaney and the physicians, for soon after the treatment was commenced her kidneys threw off large quantities of dark diseased matter and she improved rapidly. She used in all ten boxes, and has completely recovered good health without pain or symptoms of the Bright's Disease.

## A 100-Year-Old Lawsuit.

The oldest lawsuit in Virginia, according to the Richmond Times, threatens seriously to be settled in a few days. It originated as early as 1797, and is known in Virginia history as the case of the Dismal Swamp, and company against Anderson's personal representatives and others. The sum involved was about \$30,000.

Adversity is the emery wheel of the soul.

## When Wit Meets Wit.

John Kendrick Bangs is the proud possessor of three young sons, the eldest of whom bids fair to rival his famous father in wit. The other day Mr. Bangs took the three boys out for a long tramp, miscalculated the distance and found he was tiring the youngsters out, though not one of them would confess it. At this moment they came to a pretty difficult hill. It occurred to Mr. Bangs to lighten the boys' labors by stirring their imaginations, so he pretended the hill was San Juan and they were to charge up to the top. All went well till the eldest boy stopped in the middle of the rush to blow his nose.

"What's this?" said Mr. Bangs. "A soldier stopping during a charge to blow his nose? Nice soldier you'd make! Why, you'd be disgraced forever for a thing like that." "I should think," replied the imperturbable youngster, "that it would be easy enough to take your handkerchief and wipe out the disgrace."

Mr. Bangs continued his part of the charge in a meek silence.

## "Faithful" Service Rewarded.

The late Judge Smyth, so much better known as "the Recorder," used to have a reminiscence of another lawyer who now enjoys much distinction at the bar and for a time rejoiced in judicial honors, but who was at the time the managing clerk of a law office on the same corridor with that of the future recorder. "I met him in the hall one day," said the old judge, "and he was evidently very much agitated. I inquired the nature of his trouble. Almost weeping, he answered: 'I have been discharged, discharged without a word of explanation, after five years of faithful service. It is very hard.' And then he quite gave way, and added, in tears: 'And you know, Mr. Smyth, you know what affidavits I have made for that man.'"

## One on James J. Hill.

"Speaking of James J. Hill," said a St. Paul man, the other evening, "I can tell you a story of him. "It was away back in the 80s, when the late lamented Harry Ives was Mr. Hill's private secretary, and Mr. Hill was giving away pigs of purest breed to the farmers of the northwest, in order to encourage stock-raising along the line of the Great Northern road, and thus build up its traffic. The state fair was in progress in St. Paul, when, one September morning Ives opened Mr. Hill's mail and found a letter from a farmer, which read as follows: "Mr. J. J. Hill—Dear Sir—: I went to St. Paul and to the fair, as you told me. I looked for you at your office, and also at the fair grounds. I found plenty of hogs of your species, but could not find you anywhere."

## Treasure for Columbia University.

Dr. V. G. Simkovitch, who has charge of the library treasures of Columbia university, has purchased for the library during the past week an early Italian manuscript of great value, containing the epistles of St. Jerome, believed to have been made during the ninth century.

Love may not be blind at the start, but it is never able to see its finish.

Crooked living makes the cross Christian.



"Jenny Haskell was the wayward wife."

is my witness, your honor," he explained, and then sonorously, "Call William Thome."

The tension was acute as the man took the stand. It was evident in the agitation of the kindly, patriarchal judge, in the hungry interest of the reporters; and even in the unblinking gaze of the negroes who hung over the rail at the rear in stolid beatitude. The prisoner was livid and stared appealingly at the witness.

"Judge," began the latter slowly. "I've been doing a heap of thinking over this business since I've been