

In Memoriam.

Farewell! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our earthly skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are, who for thy last long sleep
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast,
On which the aching head was thrown,
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.

—Thomas K. Hervey.

The Cellar Window

"The common belief that men in my profession work upon one case at a time to the absolute exclusion of any other is a fallacy," said the old Secret Service man. "Of course when we are given an assignment we follow it earnestly and attentively, but at the same time we keep our eyes and ears open for anything that may lead to a clue in any of the cases—and they are generally numerous—that have baffled us in the past.

"And it has not been an uncommon occurrence for me to stumble suddenly upon the very information for which at some previous time I had spent many precious weeks, if not months, in search.

"I remember one occasion many years ago while I was investigating some pilferings in the mail service. I was a passenger on an Ohio river steamer on my way from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and while the boat was lying at one of the small towns on the Kentucky side of the river I stepped upon the wharfboat and stood idly watching the deckhands loading a shipment of tobacco.

"While I was thus engaged a negro staggered past me, bending under the weight of a box upon his shoulder, and as our eyes met for a brief instant I heard him say: 'Golly, dis am de hebbiest terbacker I eber tackled!'"

"Instantly there swept through me a strange sensation, as though I had found a clue for which I had long been searching.

"Impulsively I followed the darkey aboard the boat and noted where the box was stored. Later, when I had an opportunity, I casually inspected the box and found that it was marked 'M' and consigned to Cincinnati.

"I was about to lift one end of the box in order to test its weight when I noticed a small, dark-eyed man, who stood but a few feet away watching me keenly. The caution which I had developed from years of training in my profession prompted me to promptly turn my attention to other packages lying near, to idly examine them, and to leisurely ascend the stairs to the cabin of the boat.

"That the box concealed some robbery I now entertained no doubt. But I was baffled and knew not how best to proceed. That the black-eyed man was an important factor in the case I was confident, and I determined to keep an eye on him. But further than that I did not know how far I dared to go.

"During the remainder of the journey to Cincinnati I saw the man with the dark eyes several times. He was invariably in a position to note if any one should examine the box too closely.

"This circumstance, of course, did not escape my attention, and had the



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effect of increasing my suspicions. But I could get nothing tangible upon which to base a theory.

"From the clerk of the boat I learned that the shipper and consignee of the 'box of tobacco,' as it had been billed, were the same—probably the dark-eyed stranger. Further than that the clerk could give me no information. The man, so the clerk informed me, was a stranger to him, although he made occasional trips to Cincinnati, always taking a box of tobacco with him.

"As the steamer neared Cincinnati my anxiety to fathom the mystery of

the box naturally increased. For some reason I felt that I was upon the very threshold of an important revelation, but what this was to be I had not the power to even guess.

"When I finally reached the end of my journey you may be sure I kept watch of that box. I saw it carried aboard the wharfboat and expected to see the dark-eyed man hovering near. But in that I was disappointed, for, disembarking with the other passengers, he took a 'bus and was driven away.

"When the confusion incident to the arrival of the boat had somewhat subsided I revealed my identity to the wharfmaster and requested that the box be opened. My request was granted, and when the lid was pried off I found, to my astonishment, that the box was full of counterfeit silver coin—dollars and half-dollars.

"Then, and not till then, it occurred to me that for a year past there had been reports of an abundance of counterfeit money along the Ohio Valley.

"Some of the best men in the service had been detailed to run down the makers of the bogus, but had been unable to do so, or even to obtain a definite clue.

"And I had stumbled upon it by accident! For a moment I was actually stupefied with surprise and delight. Then, pulling my wits together, I ordered that the box be resealed and left intact to await the consignee.

"I next drafted the services of the local officers, and, giving orders that any one calling for the box should be arrested, I went in search of the stranger with the dark eyes. But I could not find him, and so far as I know, he was never apprehended.

"A week later, when I had finished the job to which I had been assigned, I returned to Cincinnati. The box of 'tobacco' was still at the wharfboat. The dark-eyed man had evidently 'got next.'

"But, having stumbled upon a 'lead,' I had no intention of losing my game so easily. First confiscating the box of 'bogus,' I took the next boat up the river, and soon after landed at the little Kentucky town whence the box had been shipped.

"It did not take me long to locate the headquarters of the 'gang' for whom the dark-eyed man was only a 'foater.'

"The 'gang' occupied a two-story brick house that stood in a gloomy ravine between two hills in the edge of the town. There were seven or eight of them, and they were all smooth men. So I considered it wiser, before attempting to spring any traps, to procure assistance from headquarters.

"In due time four of the boys arrived, and we planned to make a raid early the following morning.

"Shortly after sunrise we surrounded the house, and, leaving two of the boys outside to see that no one got away, the other three, including myself, broke in the front door and proceeded to take possession of things.

"We found the men, all right, but what was just as important—evidence of their guilt—was lacking. I had learned enough to convince me that a 'mint' was located in the building, but though we searched the house carefully from the dingy garret to the cellar that was darker than midnight,

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not a tool nor mold or anything to indicate counterfeiting could be found.

"Of course the men under arrest protested their innocence, and the 'boys' had considerable fun at my expense. I will admit I didn't feel very comfortable. We decided, however, to put our men in the town jail, and, marching them between us, we left the building.

"Now, for some reason I chanced to glance back, after going a few yards from the house. What I saw caused me to grin, and one of the boys noticed me.

"Well, what's the matter with you now?" he asked.

"Don't you see?" I answered. "Look at the light shining on that cellar window."

"What of it?" he demanded.

"What of it?" I grinned; "nothing, only there wasn't any window in the cellar we visited—it was darker than hades."

"So we went back and finally found a trap-door that opened into a second compartment of the cellar. And there we found all the evidence we wanted. It was the most complete 'mint' I ever saw. But if it hadn't been for that cellar window—"—New York Times.

DRAGGED DOWN BY A WARSHIP.

How It Feels to Be Sucked Under Water by a Foundered Steamer.

In the Edinburgh Medical Journal James A. Lawson gives an interesting description of his thrilling experience when he was dragged under water by a sinking ship. When he was far down in the swirling waters he struck out for the surface, but only went further down. This exertion was a serious waste of breath, and after what appeared to be ten or fifteen seconds the effort of inspiration could no longer be restrained, and pressure of the chest began to develop.

The most striking thing he remembered was the great pain in the chest, which increased at every effort to expiration and inspiration. It seemed as if he were in a vise, which was gradually being screwed up, until it felt the sternum and spinal column must break. The "gulping" process became more frequent for about ten efforts and hope was then extinguished.

The pressure after these gulps seemed unbearable, but gradually the pain seemed to ease up, as the carbonic acid was accumulating in the blood. At the same time the efforts at inspiration, with their accompanying gulps of water, occurred at longer and longer intervals. The writer's mental condition was then such that he appeared to be in a pleasant dream, but still had enough will power to think of friends at home, etc. Before finally losing consciousness the chest pain had completely disappeared, and sensation was actually pleasant. When consciousness returned he found himself on the surface of the water (probably from the action of the life belt), and finally managed to reach shore.

Numbers of the Commandments.

One of the best-sustained debates of the session in the Massachusetts house of representatives at Boston occurred on Thursday on the bill to repeal the clause of the libel law which permits persons sued for libel to bring up matters not connected with the subject in mitigation of damages or to remove the charge of malice. It was a battle between lawyers. One of the funny incidents was Mr. Maloney's citation of the Ninth Commandment as the Eighth. The Protestant side of the house laughed, and referred him to the Bible, which was near the speaker. Mr. Maloney pulled out a Catholic catechism from his pocket and showed there the words "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" were numbered as the Eighth Commandment. — Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Convenient.

At the reception given at the opening of the new Stock Exchange vast throngs were threading every portion of the new building, inspecting and admiring its details.

"This is the barber's shop," remarked a visitor, who in company with others had entered its inviting precincts.

"Very convenient," observed a meek, lamblike-looking individual. "Those whom they are unable to shear they can shave."—New York Times.

On the Way.

Never mind how dim the way—
It is leading to the day;
Weariest winter dreams of May
Forever!

Not in vain the songs we sing—
Crosses cold to which we cling;
Sweeter rest each cross shall bring
Forever!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Got Near to South Pole.

Capt. Scott with the Discovery has penetrated 100 miles nearer the south pole than any previous explorer and discovered an extensive mountainous region hitherto absolutely unknown. He thinks this indicates that land stretches to the pole in a series of very lofty mountains.

Another R.

"Well, talking about names," said the oyster, "I like May better than Mary."

"You do?" replied the plain lobster.

"Of course. Now, if it was the month of Mary it would shorten my vacation fearfully."

The Making of Him.

"It's ridiculous," remarked the tailor, "to say 'clothes don't make the man.'"

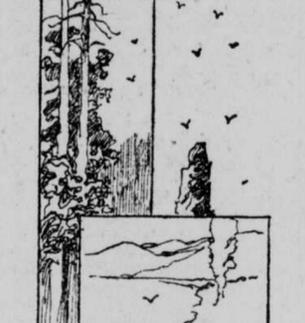
"Think so?"

"Sure," replied the tailor; "why, they've made me."

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

In Grandeur and Natural Beauty the Spot Is Unequaled on Earth—Natural Enemies Dwell Within Its Confines in Fraternal Amity.

Not to intimate that the President of the United States has been guilty of plagiarism in his recent comments upon the beauties and rejuvenating character of the Yellowstone park, it was famous old Jim Bridger, the Dan-



iel Boone of the Rocky Mountain country, who first brought the news of this bit of nature's wonderland to the civilization represented by St. Joseph, Mo., away back in the 50s.

It is true that old Jim made no reference to the place as a health resort. Few people needed health in those days and those who were in search of it kept east of the Missouri river, well out of the range of the Blackfoot and Sioux. To Jim it was the place "where h— bubbles over," and this was his description of the spot when the editor of the Kansas City Journal first listened to Jim's stoical account of its wonders. The editor even prepared an article on that wonder section of the country, but suppressed it on account of its being unbelievable. Jim stuck to the story, however, and in 1879 the editor of the paper printed an editorial apology to Bridger for his lack of credence in the story.

To-day old Jim Bridger's story would not be half strong enough to encompass the whole truth of the region now set aside as a national park for all the people. Within its domains the lion almost literally has lain down with the lamb. Bear and deer and elk and moose that fled from Bridger's buckskins in those early days would only stand and stare at him now in curiosity and interest. The mountain sheep, shyest of all the animals of the hills, would allow him to ride within a stone's throw of the crag upon which it rested. Even the mountain lion, which at times forces the military guards of the park to wage war upon his carnivorous destructiveness, is immune from the bullets of the park visitors. Only the speckled trout of the mountain streams and lakes may be taken to bag by the sportsman.

President Roosevelt, in leaving the park, paid it a lasting tribute within the limits of a paragraph.

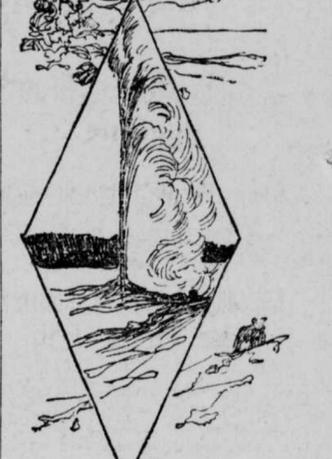
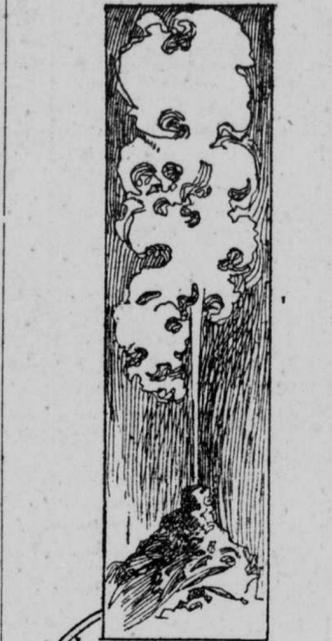
"The Yellowstone park," he said, "is something absolutely unique in this world, as far as I know. Nowhere else in any civilized country is there to be found such a tract of veritable wonderland, made accessible to all visitors, where at the same time not only the scenery of the wilderness but the wild creatures of the park are scrupulously preserved as they were, the only change being that these same wild creatures have been so carefully protected as to show literally astounding tameness."

Geologically and topographically nature left it unique, and in many respects the hand of man has improved upon it. In its rocks and bowlders are to be found the materials of which the foundations of the world are made. The great seas which once rolled over the continent have left their sedimentary rocks in layers thousands of feet thick. Then came the age of mountain building, when the foundations of the great deep were broken up, piling range after range, and sinking valley after valley. Then the volcanic period and after that the period of glaciers. And today, after age upon age of cooling of the earth's crust, there are 3,600 hot springs in the park and the scores of geysers and paint pots and mud spouting cones and pools.

Of the geysers there is little that is new to be said. The Giantess and Old Faithful and the Fountain and the Minute Man are familiar names to everybody. Old Faithful is the one geyser of them all that never disappoints the visitor, as his spoutings occur at intervals of sixty-five to seventy minutes, when water is

thrown from 125 to 150 feet into the air.

These hot springs and geysers are the source of the boiling river, steaming and trickling and spouting in a cool, rarefied atmosphere from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the



sea, where in July nights a pitcher of water may freeze almost solid—this is a suggestion of the anomalies of the park reserve.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

Belief of Some Soudan Tribes Is Curious and Poetical.

Among the appendices of Lord Cromer's reports on Egypt and the Soudan for 1902 is an interesting note on the religious beliefs of the tribes dwelling along the banks of the Behr-el-Ghazal. The Dinka, it says, though the most difficult of all to approach on such subjects, appears to have a most elaborate list of gods and demigods. At the head of the divine community are Deng-Dit (Rain Giver) and Abok, his wife. They have two sons, Kur Kongs, the elder, and Gurung-Dit, the younger, and a daughter called Al-Yak. Their devil is called L'wai Burrajok, and is the father of Abok, the wife of Deng-Dit. There are other relatives also. Their story of the origin of mankind (or it may be of the Dinka tribe) is curious and poetical. Deng-Dit gave to his wife Abok a bowl of fat, and she and her children, softening the fat over the fire, proceeded to mold from it men and women in the image of gods. Deng-Dit warned her against L'dal (the devil), who was suspected of having evil intentions toward Deng-Dit. But Abok forgot, and with her children went to gather wood in the forest. There L'wai found the bowl, drank the greater part of the fat, and from the remainder proceeded to mold caricatures of men and women with distorted limbs, mouths, and eyes. Then, fearing the vengeance of Deng-Dit, he descended to earth by the path which then connected it with heaven. On discovering the result of her neglect, Abok hastened to her husband, who, greatly incensed, started in pursuit of L'wai. The latter, however, had persuaded the bird Atot-toish to bite asunder with its bill the path from heaven to earth, and he thus escaped from the divine wrath.—London Telegraph.

U. S. GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

Gen. Frederick D. Grant Visits the Homs of His Boyhood.

Gen. Frederick Dent Grant on Tuesday visited the scene of his early childhood, the famous log cabin of his illustrious father, who built it on the old Dent farm, in St. Louis county, fifty years ago. "Hardscrabble," as the famous civil war leader called this homestead in his days of poverty, has been removed by its present owner from its original site to the hill in Forest Park, just east of the art palace, where it will stand during the World's Fair.

Brig. Gen. Grant had been desirous of seeing his old home ever since his arrival in St. Louis. It was here he had lived in his early childhood, and he viewed the time-worn interior in silence. After looking through the empty rooms he named the uses to which the four rooms had been put during the residence of the Grant family in the cabin. The room to the right, he said, had been the family dining room; that to the left, the parlor. On the second floor, the room above the parlor was the apartment of his parents, while that above the dining room was the room used by himself and his brother. The cabin, although half a century old, is in a fair state of preservation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Usefulness Would Be Gone.

Mayor Low is telling an incident that occurred while he was visiting one of the state prisons in company with a clergyman. The good man stopped at the cell of a burglar, and asked solemnly: "My poor erring brother, have you any hopes for the future?"

"Naw!" answered the prisoner with deep dejection, "by the time I gets out of this blasted jail I'll be too old to break into anybody's house!"—New York Times.

FEW NEW THINGS INVENTED.

Submarine Boat Used Forty Years Ago, but It Sank.

We sometimes believe that there has been an absolutely new thing brought out in the way of invention, and yet somebody comes along with an old document and upsets it. Only a short time ago it was shown that wireless telegraphy was over thirty years old, and that Mr. Loomis was trying to interest people in it. For a half dozen years experiments have been made with submarine boats. There has been a deal of talk about them first and last. Factions for and against them have been formed in the navy, and you can find everything from praise to the worst condemnation of them in the official records. More than this, there have been scandalous tales, with various persons named. During all this time we have been treating the submarine boat as something new and belonging to the latter-day invention. But in the last volume of the naval records of the civil war is a picture of a submarine boat, invented by a Confederate naval officer.

The picture taken from one in the museum at Richmond, Va., looks very like the craft over which there has been so much dispute for a few years past. The submarine boat of forty years ago was invented by H. L. Henley, and was to be used as a torpedo boat to attack the blockading vessels of the United States. Henley had confidence in it, for a brief account is given of his attempt to pass under some ship, when he failed, and he and seven men were lost. "We could not attempt to rescue them," says the account, "for they went down in nine fathoms of water." It is recorded that "bubbles appeared" which marked the place where they went down.—Washington Post.