

## SINCE OUR NEW MOTHER CAME.

The house is bright and cheerful now with windows opened wide,  
And in the corners sunbeams dance where shadows used to hide.  
We sing and shout the livelong day,  
There's no one to cry "Shame!"  
Or "Children should be seen, not heard,"  
Since our new mother came.

It's nice, when you start out for school, to kiss someone good-by,  
And meal times are so gay a child would feel ashamed to cry.  
And father's eyes are happy now;  
He laughs and talks, the same  
As other people's fathers do—  
Since our new mother came.

But best of all, when it is dark and nurse has gone away,  
She comes to kneel beside us, while our evening prayer we say.  
She tucks us in and calls us each some little, loving name,  
And bedtime's never lonely now,  
Since our new mother came.  
—Good Housekeeping.

## While the Jury Was Out.

THE mid-morning Colorado sun beat down upon a restless little group of men on the steps of the Fort Morton court house; upon the dusty cottonwood trees growing dispiritedly on each side of the road that stretched away from the little sandy square to become, a few hundred yards below, the main street of the town, and upon the tin roofs of the two-story brick or frame stores on each side of it. The jury had been out over night, and although it was 10 o'clock in the morning, had given no sign. The prisoner had not yet been brought up from the county jail near by, and the group of men indirectly interested in the proceedings were sitting and lounging about the steps, smoking and carrying on desultory conversation. The district judge, sitting on the top step, was an Eastern college man, about 40 years of age, once an athlete, and still with a trim, slender figure.

The small boys among the group of hangers-on in front of the steps were beguiling themselves tossing the ball, and the prosecuting attorney, a young graduate from the East who had come up from Pueblo, called out:

"Here you are, Johnnie, give us a catch!"

The small boy who had the ball grinned sheepishly, and threw it at him.

"Harder, harder!" said the young lawyer, cheerily. "That's no way to pitch a ball. Throw it in this way," and the boy's hands were scorched as he caught the return.

"Say, kin you pitch a curve?" he asked. "Let's see you do it."

"All right," said Hardy, taking off his coat. "Here you go. Hold on," he added, "you couldn't catch it if I did. Here, Mr. Hackett, go out there and let me throw you a few curves."

The others laughed at this, for Hackett, the senior counsel for the defense, also up from Pueblo, for the trial, was an enormous middleweight Hoosier, 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighing 250 pounds. He had a mass of crisp black hair and wore a black broadcloth frock coat and trousers, low turned-down collar and ready-made tie. He was slow moving and ponderous, though forceful and shrewd in his profession; deliberate of speech and anything but an athlete.

"Here, I'll catch you," exclaimed the junior counsel, Blake, a somewhat lanky, powerfully built Westerner, rising and depositing his rough brown sack coat beside Hardy's.

"Geel! you've got muscle," he added, rubbing his hands after the first pass. "Hurray!" yelled the small boy, "that was a corker. Git on to them curves, Clarence!" he cried in worshipful admiration.

"Wouldn't mind a little of that exercise myself," said the judge, rising interestedly and hesitating on the steps.

"Why not have a little game while we are waiting?" said Hardy, half jokingly. "Come on, sheriff!"

Moved by a common impulse, the little group brightened up, threw away their cigar ends and moved half apologetically into the sand square. At the left of the court house and adjoining it was a small open field of well-trodden, dusty grass, where a scratch half game was played occasionally and where horses were tethered during the court. One of the small boys was dispatched for a suitable bat and ball and a catcher's glove, and by the time the sides were arranged he came racing back with them, highly excited, followed by several other small boys.

No one had the slightest idea of being drawn into a game when he left the steps; but the reaction had worked insidiously. The trial had been a particularly exciting one, and those who had followed it were tired after the three days' strain in the ill-ventilated court room. The sympathies of all had undoubtedly been with the prisoner, although the state had been vigorous in its prosecution and the judge had con-

scientiously done his duty. Murder had been committed at Jamestown Creek a few months previously, though a change of venue had been obtained to Fort Morton, the prisoner's own town.

Copperthwait had always been a quiet, law-abiding ranchman. He was under 30 years of age, big, broad-shouldered and swarthy, diffident in manner and somewhat slow of speech, though he had been slowly and thoroughly angered in a quarrel over a bunch of cattle. Six or eight steers had been branded twice, one mark over the other, and the dispute arose over this. Duke, the victim of the shooting, had borne a bad reputation, and the village street was usually more or less uneasy during his infrequent visits. He had killed his man, and had been known to boast of it several times in Flynn's saloon. After this last quarrel he had sworn to shoot Copperthwait on sight. The quarrel had occurred in the morning. That afternoon Copperthwait had just left the Eagle Hotel, to mount his mustang tied to the hitching post in front, when Duke happened to turn the corner.

"Here comes Duke!" a bystander exclaimed. Copperthwait started and caught sight of his adversary. Duke stopped short and put his hand behind him, and Copperthwait, quick as a flash, fired once and put a bullet between Duke's eyes. He had offered no resistance to arrest, and now was in the rough little jail near by while the twelve good men and true deliberated in the hot back room under the tin roof of the court house.

"I guess my hands are a little too soft to play," said the judge good-naturedly, feeling a qualm as to the appropriateness of his joining actively in the sport, "but I'll be umpire if you want me."

The two teams were quickly formed, the "Comanches" and the "Sioux." The Sioux won the toss and took the field, and the Comanches were struck out in one, two, three order. When the sides changed Hardy, the prosecuting attorney, took the box, and Blake, the junior counsel for the defense, caught him. After much urging the judge had consented to preside over first base, since Mr. Hackett had positively refused to play, and had been made umpire by general acclaim. As soon as his Honor found himself coatless and on the field he threw himself into the battle with the greatest enthusiasm.

There was many an evidence of "softness" in the condition of the players, and a noticeable tendency to let swift balls go by rather than grapple them with fingers unused to the hard impact. Wild throws to bases were not infrequent, and in consequence there was much base stealing and hilarious sarcasm from the players on both teams. The official relations of these men were, for the time, lost sight of; they were merely healthy, enthusiastic Americans, feeling the joy of tingling blood in their veins, the zest of friendly competition and of physical exercise.

At the beginning of the fourth and concluding inning the deputy sheriff had come up with the prisoner, who was not handcuffed, and they became interested spectators. Copperthwait's nerve had been superb throughout the trial, and he seemed to take an intense interest in the game.

Just after play had commenced Hardy knocked a hot grounder to "short," who felded the ball swiftly to first base. The baseman caught it, putting Hardy out, and then quietly remarked:

"That settles me. Look at this thumb!"

"See here, old man," Hardy panted, examining it, "it's broken."

"Well, never mind; let somebody take my place. Here, some one—you, Mulligan. Come and take the base. I'm out of it."

"Guess not," said Mulligan, the deputy; "I ain't played ball since—"

"Go on with the game!" cried a doz-

en others excitedly. "Some one, any one take the base."

"Here, Copperthwait, play first base; we've only got to hold 'em down this inning, and we'll beat 'em easy. There is one out already."

Copperthwait looked uncertainly at the deputy, then the judge, and quickly pulled off his coat and stepped to the base.

"Go ahead," he said, quietly; "I'll play."

The Comanches failed to make a run during the rest of the inning, and when the Sioux came in they made two runs almost at once, tying the score, amid great enthusiasm.

As Copperthwait came to the bat it was evident that the psychological moment of the sport had arrived. Everything had been completely forgotten save the game, and so intense was the interest that the approach of the court house janitor was entirely unnoticed. He had come slowly down from the steps, and after a few moments of bewildered surprise stood leaning against a tree near the catcher, watching the prisoner as he slowly moved his bat backward and forward over the plate.

"One ball!" yelled Mr. Hackett, mopping his neck with his handkerchief.

"Two balls!"

"Strike one!"

"Three balls!"

Crack!

The ball flew straight from the bat high above the right fielder's head, and Copperthwait was safe on second before the ball was fielded in.

The janitor began to grow very uneasy and edged slowly down the field toward the first baseman. The crowd yelled as Copperthwait, still panting, edged off toward third. Hardly turned suddenly and tried to catch him napping, but in his excitement he threw a little wild, the baseman missed it and Copperthwait reached third amid much uproar. The Sioux were all gathered now in a frantic crowd between third and home, yelling like their prototypes, and the Comanches were also noisy.

"Go it, Copperthwait," shouted his team mates; "get home and you'll win the game! Steady, now! Look out, look out! Don't let them catch you!"

"Now, Hardy," pleaded the judge, "for heaven's sake, play ball! Don't let him make this run!"

"Steady, Hardy," said the catcher; "watch my signs."

The janitor had crept up close to first base.

"Say, judge," he whispered to his Honor, who was now dancing like an Indian and watching every move of the pitcher and Copperthwait with devouring anxiety—"say, judge, the jury has come in and is ready with the verdict."

"Oh, confound the jury!" snapped out the judge. "Go on with the game!"

Hardly slammed the ball straight over the plate, the batsman bunted it for a sacrifice hit, and Copperthwait, who had crept nearly half way, rushed in and slid triumphantly to the plate on his stomach.

"Safe!" yelled the umpire, and pandemonium broke loose.

"I guess safe's the word, all right," muttered the janitor to the deputy, who had instantly started for the prisoner, "I had a wink from the foreman of the jury as he came in."—San Francisco Call.

### Forty Warehouses in One.

Pittsburg is building a unique structure. It will be known as the terminal warehouse, but as a matter of fact there will be forty warehouses in one, says the Philadelphia Record. The building is especially designed to provide for the handling of the great variety of freight shipped into and out of the great steel center. The warehouses are located along the banks of the Monongahela River and have immense wharf and switching facilities for moving all kinds of merchandise by rail and water.

They cover an area of 370x390 feet, are six stories high and have 800,000 square feet of floor space. The first floor is arranged as a terminal station for the six tracks entering the building. Wide platforms give ample room for receiving and distributing freight, and from these elevators run to the separate storehouses.

In the search for a fireproof building material it was decided that it would be wisest to go back to ancient Rome for guidance in the building of this modern structure. Burnt hollow tile and brick were judged to be the best materials that could be used, and the tests to which this form of construction has been put assure users of the Pittsburg warehouses the lowest insurance rates ever given on a building of this character.

It is claimed that the completion of these buildings will give that city the most up-to-date terminal warehouse facilities to be found in this country. The outlay involved was \$2,000,000.

### His Notion.

Little Enoch—Uncle Amzi, how does a man run an automobile?  
Uncle Amzi—By issuin' bonds, I guess, from what I've read of the cost of keepin' 'em in repair.—Puck.

Some people can say a good deal and not talk too much, while others say too much when they talk to themselves.



The novel theory that gravitation is closely allied to natural electric phenomena, if not actually associated therewith, is deduced by Capt. Hugh Stewart of New Zealand, from certain meteorological observations. The continuous electrical discharges between sun and earth, visible as aurora, may act as bonds to keep movable objects from being whirled tangentially into space; and storms are ascribed to ruptures or collisions of these streams of electrified ether, such as may be produced by the passage of planets.

It almost makes the eyes water to read of the village of Balersdorf, in Bavaria, which is celebrated for producing the finest horseradish in Europe. On an area of moist ground, in the valley of the river Regnitz, covering 1,335 acres, that titillating plant is practically the only thing raised, and the annual yield amounts to about 6,000,000 pounds. Horseradish requires a great deal of attention from the cultivator, for in midsummer the soil must be removed from the stems and the side roots rubbed off with a soft cloth, after which the stems are buried again. The plants spring up in March from the end roots, left in the soil the previous autumn, when the upper stems are cut off and packed in barrels for shipment.

Attention has recently been called to a plan to supply the city of New York with water drawn from Lake Erie by means of an aqueduct which would dwarf the grandest achievements of the Romans in constructions of that kind. The distance from Lake Erie to New York by the line of the Erie canal and the Hudson valley, which this aqueduct would follow, is more than 400 miles. The suggestion is to lay the ducts along the canal, coincidentally with the enlargement of the canal, from the lake to Schenectady, and then to carry them along the shore of the Hudson river. They would be calculated to deliver 1,000,000,000 gallons of water per day. A proposed modification of the plan is to abandon the Erie canal as a waterway and utilize its bed for the aqueduct. There seems no probability that this work will be undertaken, but the grand scale of the project makes it interesting.

That the crossing of the nerves of sight and hearing would cause thunder to give light and lightning to be heard as sound was declared by Du Bois-Raymond, and has been confirmed by a recent strange experience. Wilhelm Braun describes a Berlin operation in which many nerves were cut in removing a large brain tumor, a mistake being made when the auditory and visual nerves were joined together. After some months the medical men have been able to communicate with the patient, and they now understand that the man sees all sights as sounds, and hears all sounds as colors. The shining of the sun yields a deafening noise. A blue sky produces a loud, high and clear note, and a gray sky is heard as a gentle humming. A room is recognized by its sound. Equally strange are the effects of sound, a shrill locomotive whistle being violet, while the clang of a gong is orange, and the dropping of rain is green. Many persons can be recognized by the colors of their voices. Music is especially pleasing, and gives colors more beautiful than were the corresponding sounds under normal conditions.

### A GLIMPSE OF VENICE

A City Whose Loveliness Attracts Thousands of Visitors Every Year.

You all have heard of Venice, that curious city on the Adriatic Sea, where the streets are canals and the men go from place to place in gondolas instead of in carriages. Long ago Venice was one of the wealthiest cities in the world; its great fleets brought home the merchandise of the East, jewels and silks and spices; its merchant princes built those beautiful palaces which stand to-day beside the Grand Canal, most of them sadly in need of repair, it is true, but majestic still, though the plaster is falling from their weather-beaten walls. Perhaps Venice is even more beautiful now in its decay than it was in the days of its greatest glory, for age has a beauty of its own, softer and more delicate than that of youth. The bright colors which once shone with dazzling brilliancy under the Italian sky are now subdued and mellowed like those of an old tapestry. So, though wealth and commerce are deserting the city on the sea, its loveliness increases from year to year and attracts to it thousands of visitors from all parts of the earth; from Germany and England and America, and even from far-away China and Japan. These visitors come in the greatest numbers in the early springtime, for then the weather is best; the days are clear and fine, and the bright southern sun makes Italy warm and delightful when people in more north-

ern countries are still shivering with the cold. So, during the pleasant spring days the old square of San Marco, the Public Gardens, and the bathing beach at the Lido are crowded with strangers, while the graceful black gondolas which dart through the narrow canals are nearly all decorated with flags of foreign countries, among which the Stars and Stripes are not lacking.

But it is on a moonlight night that Venice is most beautiful. Then the lights along the quay adjoining the Doge's Palace show throngs of laughing people; the ancient mansions that line the Grand Canal seem to be gazing calmly down at their broken reflections in the dark water, and the moon high rides in the heavens above the white dome of the church of "Our Lady of Salvation." Suddenly the soft strains of sweet music fill the air. They come from a large boat, all aglow with gay colors and lanterns. It floats along the center of the Grand Canal. The crowd on the quay ceases chattering and laughing for an instant, the balconies of the hotels fill with eager listeners, and the fleet gondolas which have been darting about in the moonlight cluster quickly around the boat, where a boy is singing to the accompaniment of two or three stringed instruments.

The young Venetian's beautiful voice rises clear and strong on the still night air as he sings an Italian love-song. To many of his hearers his words are without meaning, but the language of music is universal; a singer needs no interpreter; so the stranger, as he leans back on the cushioned seat of his gondola, understands as well as the native. All discordant sounds are hushed; only a faint murmur from the people on the quay, the soft rubbing of one gunwale against another as the gondolas snuggle closely together, and the lapping of the ripples mingle with the singing to make it different from any that the listener has heard elsewhere. But ever afterward, when the music of that song flashes through his memory, as music has a way of doing, he will see again the moonlight and the dark canal, the somber old palaces and the gleaming lights along the quay.—St. Nicholas.

### WHEN THE BURGLAR FLED.

He Was a Family Man Himself and Dreaded a Curtain Lecture.

The burglar, having used his skeleton keys successfully, slowly and carefully twisted the doorknob, listened intently and then tiptoed into the apartment.

A thin ray of light from his dark lantern showed him a path through the mazes of furniture, says the Kansas City Journal, but as he moved forward his foot struck sharply against a chair. Drawing his revolver he quickly determined on desperate measures, for a sound at the other end of the room indicated that the sleeping occupant was aroused.

The intruder listened a moment, then crept silently on.

"Well, Archibald," rasped a female voice, "I hear ye creeping in. Ye can't deceive me, ye old reprobate! Ain't you ashamed of coming home at this hour of the night—3 a. m.—ye old reprobate!"

The burglar stood still, trembling in his tracks, even though only a woman opposed him.

"Can't talk, eh?" rasped the voice. "To full of emotion, I guess, for I can smell the cloves on your breath away over here. It serves me right, anyhow, for marrying just a tank, when I could have had many and many a decent—"

Great drops of perspiration had gathered on the affrighted burglar's brow, and, throwing discretion to the winds, he fell over the furniture in a frantic effort to escape.

"I'll scratch yer eyes out, ye brute!" went on the fierce falsetto voice. "Now ye just turn around and see if ye shut and locked the front door; understand? Hurry up, now, for I want a chance to tell you how much I despise you—"

When the burglar reached the door he shut it at his back and fled down the stairway in terror. He was a family man and appreciated the horrors of a curtain lecture.

### Bad Luck Sure to Follow.

"I fear," said the lady of the house as she gazed across the street on moving day, "that the folks who have just moved out over there won't have much luck. They have taken away the cat and the broom, the two things that should always be left in a vacated house. I saw Mr. Snorg bring the broom out to the van and I saw the eldest boy carry away the cat under his coat. If the cat had followed voluntarily to their new home it would have been all right. But when one moves there is no way of transferring a broom without bringing ill-luck.—New York Sun.

### Candid.

"You ask me to criticise your poem," wrote the editor, "and I am frank to say I found in it—nothing but six postage stamps."—Atlanta Constitution.

Go into any bath room, and you'll find something that shouldn't be there.