

# BURIAL of MOSES

(Old Favorite Series.)

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man built that sepulcher,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God  
Uplifted the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
Yet no man heard the tramping,  
Or saw the train go forth,  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak  
On ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
Unfold their thousand leaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down  
From the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Bethpeor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyry  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird  
Have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades of the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car,  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
For breast and hand  
His masterless steed,  
White peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marbles dressed,  
In the great minister transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings,  
And the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page  
Fruits half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hillside for his pall!  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall!  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing  
plumes  
Over his Bier to wave,  
And God's own hand,  
In that lonely land,  
To lay him in his grave!

In that deep grave, without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day,  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife  
That won our life  
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Bethpeor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still!  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep,  
Like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

it into her body, seized her in his arms, rushed to the bottom of the steps and laid her on the floor, kneeling beside her. It all seemed the work of an instant, and ere I could realize anything was over.

"Mechanically I closed the slide of my apparatus, uttered a loud cry and ran forward. The thrust had been deadly sure, and the girl had ceased to breathe. The horror of it came over me so strongly that I had a faint feeling and could hardly articulate, but my cry had attracted attention, and in a few moments the hall was full of people, talking and gesticulating violently, telling some story. He was much excited, but seemed calm beside the others as his soft, voluble Italian flowed on.

"My knowledge of the language was very slight, but the scowling faces soon turned upon me made me realize that the wretch was laying the guilt of the murder at my door. I was young and inexperienced, a stranger in the place, and I even remembered that the official from whom I had gotten my permit was temporarily absent—my sensations were far from pleasant, as the officers of the law arrived on the scene and took us both into custody. To add to my misfortune I was bound to admit that the stiletto used—exactly resembled the one I had so recently purchased, as a curiosity, which was now missing from the pocket of the overcoat where I had put it.

"The other man when questioned made a plausible story, saying that we both were admirers of the unfortunate girl, but pledging faith to me, for the purpose of extorting money from the rich foreigner, her affections were really his. A connection of the custodian of the palace, she succeeded in obtaining entrance and made an appointment to meet him, he having formerly been an employe. That I had obtained knowledge of the proposed interview, purchased a stiletto (the shopman was produced, who swore to having sold the dagger) and followed. Further, that on some false pretext I also had obtained admission, and, coming behind them as they were passing through the hall, had fatally injured my victim. Corroborated in one or two points by other witnesses, the story seemed credible, the case looked ill for me, and repeated assurances that I had never seen either of the parties before were not understood or credited. The purchase of the stiletto I could not deny, and that seemed the clearest circumstantial evidence.

"A night spent in confinement did not seem to raise my spirits, everything looked very black to me, and I was almost in despair, when, suddenly, a ray of light broke in on my darkness, and for the first time since the trouble began I bethought me of my camera. If only it had not been stolen and I could again secure it possibly it might bear silent testimony in my favor.

"By entreaties and bribes, I succeeded in getting hold of someone who spoke English and in interesting him sufficiently to make diligent search for my apparatus, which was secured and brought to me. With trembling fingers I went through the necessary processes of developing my picture, and there, ghostly, but still visible, was the evidence I sought.

"In the center of the stairway through which it could be plainly seen was a mere film of a group which the sensitive plate had caught—the girl as she ran, the man behind her with the uplifted stiletto in his hand—unmistakable, damning! It has faded now and you are near-sighted, but it was clear enough then to be recognized and to save me.

"The girl had made an appointment with her lover, whose jealousy had been wildly, and it seemed not unfoundedly, excited by her acceptance of the attentions of another man. Coming to meet her, the first lover had chanced to pass where my coat was lying, and, finding the stiletto, had possessed himself of it. His intention had not been to murder her, as was evident from his not bringing his own weapon, but talk with her had excited



He raised something in his hand, his passions, and with a dangerous instrument in hand when angry he had used it with only too fatal effect.

"The consul to whom I appealed and my new English-speaking friend united their efforts in my behalf, and I was soon released, very thankful to be free once more. I have never gone back to Genoa; the memory is too vivid and painful.

"And the other man?" I asked.

"They don't hang or electrocute in Italy, you know, and I suppose he is passing his life in solitary confinement. Ugh!" he said, putting his hand over his eyes; "how fresh it all seems!" and he thrust the photograph into an empty drawer

## HIS FAVORITE POLICY

### THE BUFFALO SPEECH NOT A NEW DEPARTURE.

William McKinley Had Been an Earnest and Persistent Advocate of the Right Sort of Reciprocity for the Past Eleven Years.

Mr. McKinley's speech at Buffalo had barely ceased when some papers began to misrepresent it, the purpose being to make it appear that the President had changed his views and was no longer in line with the economic faith of his party, but was urging toward the opposite belief. Here is an example:

"The name of President McKinley was given to the highest tariff this country has ever known, the tariff that was repealed by the Democratic congress of 1893-4, McKinley being the chairman of the Ways and Means committee that reported the bill. That was the high water mark of tariff legislation. There was no thought of reciprocity then except such arrangements as might be made with the South American states. This was Mr. Blaine's idea, and it was not favored by the party and formed no part of its policy.

"President McKinley in his speech fully committed himself to reciprocity, which means tariff reduction and free trade in special cases. We are to grant trade advantages in consideration of reciprocal advantages. The scheme is not new, since all nations practice it, and since, also, we have already negotiated several such treaties. The president would, however, make it the general policy of our government.

"If such a policy is inaugurated and carried out there will be material tariff reductions. A reciprocity treaty with Germany, after that nation shall have stiffened its tariff laws in accordance with the rates proposed, will

make an immense difference in the customs duties and in the prices in this country for goods of German manufacture. It will be the same with France and Italy and Austria.—Newark (N. J.) Advertiser."

It is quite possible that ignorance rather than craft is at the bottom of the above. Ignorant one must be to say that reciprocity "formed no part" of the Republican party policy in 1890 when it was in pursuance of the authority specifically contained in the McKinley act then passed that the group of reciprocity treaties which the Wilson-Gorman act destroyed were negotiated, confirmed and put in operation.

In March, 1896, a Republican newspaper published within three miles of the "Advertiser's" office put at the head of its editorial page a ticket and a platform, both of which were kept standing until after election in November. The ticket was McKinley and Hobart, and the platform was:

1. Protection to American industry
2. Gold the standard of all currency.
3. Educational limitation for immigration.
4. Renewal of reciprocity.

In the St. Louis platform these four planks were prominent, and Mr. McKinley was elected thereon. How erroneously then to speak of his recent advocacy of reciprocity as a departure!

In the "Advertiser's" definition, as in those of other anti-protection papers, the distinguishing features of reciprocity, as understood and practiced by the Republican party, is omitted, to wit, that the articles to be freed from duty are such as are not produced here or on which, for some reason or other, protection is not needed. We commend this distinction to "Tariff-reform" editors who seem to have overlooked it, and would suggest that they be not too precipitate in claiming the President as a convert to any policy that will be injurious to American industry and labor.

### WILL CONTINUE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S POLICY.



"It shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."—President Roosevelt on taking the oath of office.

#### Roosevelt on Protection.

Here again we have got to remember that our first duty is to our own people; and yet that we can best get justice by doing justice. We must continue the policy that has been so brilliantly successful in the past, and so shape our economic system as to give every advantage to the skill, energy and intelligence of our farmers, merchants, manufacturers and wage workers; and yet we must also remember, in dealing with other nations, that benefits must be given when benefits are sought.

It is not possible to dogmatize as to the exact way of attaining this end, for the exact conditions cannot be foretold. In the long run, one of our prime needs is stability and continuity of economic policy; and yet, through treaty or direct legislation, it may, at least in certain cases, become advantageous to supplement our present policy by a system of reciprocal benefit and obligation.—Vice President Roosevelt in Minneapolis speech.

#### First, a Cut in Wages.

"I do not believe that the American people will take off the tariff," said F. A. W. Kiechefer, first vice-president of the National Enameling and Stamping company. "They would only be taking the bread out of their mouths. Industries like the steel and cotton goods manufacturers, where automatic machinery can be and is used, could stand it, but we could not. We use automatic machinery in the manufacture of some of our goods, but the nature of many of them still requires a good deal of hand labor, and in these lines we would come into competition with the cheaper labor of Germany, our principal competitor. The first thing that would follow a reduction of the tariff would be a cut in wages. This would follow whether we could compete with foreign manufacturers for the domestic market or not. Men

receiving \$2 a day would be cut to 75 cents. The time may come when we will be able to hold the domestic market without the aid of a tariff, but we cannot do it now."—Milwaukee "Wisconsin."

#### Protection in Colorado.

Take away protection and Colorado has enabled hundreds of mines to work that would otherwise be idle on account of the lead proposition. Mine owners realize this, and it accounts for nine-tenths of them being with the Republican party. To advocate Democracy and free trade means ruin to them and the crippling of a great industry. Again, give this country free trade, and the Cleveland panic would be a pigmy to the stagnation that would come upon us, and Colorado would be affected in the same proportionate degree as the east. And still we have a few papers advising the people how to vote and at the same time advocating free trade.—Durango Herald.

#### Congress is Responsible.

"Take the tariff out of Congress, out of politics and give it to an expert commission. The average Congressman cannot master the tariff." So say some, but our ablest tariff scholars have been and are Congressmen—Blaine, Kelley, McKinley, Aldrich, Randall, Dingley, Payne, Hoar, Cullom, Henderson Dalzell, Grosvenor and a host of others. Such men could hardly be got to serve on a permanent commission.

#### Hungry for 'Em Again.

The Ohio Democrats, by insisting on tariff revision, proclaim that they want to return to hard times.—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellow Jacket.

The first iron nails made in this country were hammered into shape at Cumberland, R. I., 'n 1777.

### WATER FOR JERUSALEM.

Ancient Reservoirs of Solomon Are Still in Existence.

The Times gives a most interesting account of the work of reopening the ancient supply of water to Jerusalem which has at last been undertaken by the Turks, the occasion being a great scarcity of water in the city. The ancient reservoirs of Solomon are still in existence and still hold a supply of clear emerald-green water. The conduits are also there, though in ruin, and so is the sealed fountain and its most ancient stonework which supplies the reservoirs. Apparently the new work consists, not in repairing the old stone conduits, but in laying a 10-cent pipe direct from "the sealed fountain," which is a natural spring in the limestone rock; but the pipe will follow the course of the old conduit. The present governor, Mahomed Djavad Pasha is said to take a great deal of interest in the scheme, and to contemplate bringing water also from Beeroth, "the place of wells," to the north side of the city.

At the same time the work of repairing the Virgin's fountain—i. e., the spring which supplies the Pool of Siloam—is going on. The water passes from the fountain to the pool through a tunnel built by Hezekiah. It was in this tunnel that was found the earliest Hebrew inscription—now in the museum at Constantinople which commemorates the cutting of the tunnel, and tells how the navies working from each end met in the middle, just as they will do under the Simpson. This fountain has an intermittent flow—that is, after several hours' flow there is a complete cessation for a short time, and then the water runs again. Curiously enough, the fountain was almost destroyed a few years ago by an attempt to increase the flow by blasting. Lately, however, some of the villagers of Siloam offered to restore the flow if they were given a hundred napoleons. They stopped up the holes through which the water ran to waste, and received the reward. It is a curious example of the hereditary instinct for managing, the water supply having to be called in to correct the errors of science.—London Spectator.

#### Intelligence of the Snail.

M. Jourdain, a French scientist, has expressed the belief that few animals have a keener appreciation of music than snails. This will be a startling statement to many of us, who have been accustomed to look upon snails as about the most stupid creatures in the world. A casual inspection would indicate that the slow creatures have little feeling of any kind. However, M. Jourdain says that if you place some snails on a pane of glass you will find that as they move along they will make musical sounds similar to those which a person can produce by wetting the finger and rubbing it around a glass tumbler. Complete airs, he points out, have been played on tumblers in this way, and he expresses the opinion that quite as good results can be produced by using snails instead of fingers. The scientist goes on to say that, contrary to the popular impression, snails are extraordinarily sympathetic and intelligent. A careful study of their movements indicates that they derive happiness from the sounds they produce on smooth surfaces while crawling along. Their intelligence is proved by the ingenious methods they seem to devise to hide themselves from the harts which members of the animal kingdom and the human family are apt to inflict.

#### Ozone on Tap.

Travel de luxe will become an actuality when each railway carriage supplies its own ozone. The idea originates with the Lancet, which offers it to the attention of directors. Now that most of the companies have successfully adopted a system by which each carriage on its journey develops, by means of a dynamo attached to the axel-trees, its own current of electricity for lighting purposes, there is no reason why the same current should not be utilized to ozonize the air of the compartment. The quantity of ozone required is small. The result would be to destroy aerial impurities and unpleasant smells, and give the air a degree of freshness like unto a sea breeze. Railway headachs under the new conditions becomes a thing of the past; a long journey a health restorer. Now, which of the lines will be the first in the race to ozonize its system? Only one drawback threatens. Pater-families go off with his family to the seaside chiefly to pick up a little ozone. Maybe he will think it sufficient in future to take them for a run on the Underground or the "Tube."—London Telegraph.

#### Alphabet on a Pin's Head.

H. A. Honsen, a Baltimore engraver, is credited with a remarkable feat. On the head of a pin one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter it is said he has engraved all the letters of the alphabet. They are arranged in two circles, with the character 'E' in the center. All the letters are capitals.

#### The "Sorrow of China."

The Yellow river is styled the "Sorrow of China." During the last century it has changed its source twenty-two times, and now flows into the sea through a mouth six hundred miles distant from that of one hundred years ago. It is estimated that its floods in the present century have cost China 1,000,000 lives.

Some men would get along better on the journey of life if they didn't consult so many contradictory guide-books.

St. Louis street cars killed eighty-one persons last year.

## The Stairway.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"That picture holds a tragedy," said my friend Benson, thoughtfully, and his eyes had the retrospective look which tells that other scenes than the present are before them. "Literally I mean," he added.

I looked incredulously at the faded photograph in my hand. It was a faded old stairway in some Venetian or Genoese palace whose fine curving lines and the sweep of its magnificent balustrade were a delight to the eye. Two crouching lions in marble kept watch at the foot.

I tried to brush away a little mist or dust in the center.

"You can't do it," he said, "I owe my life, or rather, my liberty to that."

"What's the story?" I asked.

Evidently it was rather a painful memory, for he answered with some reluctance.



"That picture holds a tragedy." "There was a murder committed there while I was taking the photograph."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"It is difficult to credit, I grant you, but true nevertheless."

He drew up his tall figure and a sort of pallor came over his face. "I can never forget it!"

"Let it go, old fellow!" I cried, seeing the effect upon him, but I confess my curiosity was strong and excited.

"No," he said with a slight effort, "I have brought it on myself and it is only fair you shall hear about it. I ought to put the picture away if I don't want to be questioned."

So we turned to the fire, reit our cigars, and, picture in hand, he began.

"It was many years ago, on my first trip to Italy, and I had, with some difficulty, obtained permission to look at the inside of one of the old Genoese palaces, seldom visited, and to take a photograph of the stairway, which you see is an exceedingly beautiful one. I had a special fancy for architectural 'bits' then.

"On my way to the palace, passing through the tortuous thoroughfares with their quaint little box-shops, I stopped here and there, as all new comers will, to gaze in the windows at the varied show.

"It chanced that the street was that called 'the Goldsmiths,' and each tradesman vied with the other in his display of trinkets in gold and silver filigree.

"In the corner of one lay an object which caught my eye. It was a stiletto, evidently not a new one, in a case of the finest workmanship. With no very definite intention of buying, I entered, pointed it out, and, in my broken vocabulary, demanded the price. The figures were so enormous that I shook my head and turned to leave. The Italian, seeing that I was in earnest, immediately lowered his terms, and, finally, seizing me by the coat persuaded me into making the purchase, which I thrust into my pocket and hurried on to my destination.

"The quick walk seemed to heat my blood to the boiling point, and after I had showed my permit to the custodian and selected the point from which I could get the best view, I threw my light outer coat on an old carved seat and hastened out again. Got something I must to assuage the tormenting thirst which had suddenly seized upon me. Of the bad effects of water in these regions, I felt some fear, but anything was better than my present discomfort.

"Returning, after a brief absence, I readjusted my camera and the corner in which I had to stand being rather dark, a long exposure of the plate was necessary to secure the photograph. I believed the house to be empty, save for the custodian and one servant, and I had an eerie, creepy feeling as I stood at my work as if ghosts were around, and some presentment of evil haunted me.

"Suddenly, there was a half-smothered shriek and a young and pretty girl ran lightly down the stair, closely followed by a man, a short, thick-set fellow, with dark clustering locks. She must have paused involuntarily. He raised something in his hand—I saw the gleam of a stiletto—be plunged