

KATRINKA.

Katrinka, fresh as the morning,  
Gazed from her casement low;  
Far off, the great-sailed windmills  
Stood darkly in a row,  
And the sky with the changing splendor  
Of dawn was all aglow.

"I wonder," thought the maiden,  
Thrilled with the glorious sight,  
"If all the beauty around us,  
And all the love and delight,  
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise  
To bide with us, day and night?"

"I wonder if all the goodness  
That makes us steady and true  
Glides softly in with the dawning  
To gladden us through and through—  
To lift our hearts to the Giver,  
And help us in all we do?  
"Yet whether we lose it or keep it,  
Depends upon many a thing:  
Whether we're lazy or busy,  
Whether we grumble or sing;  
Whether our thoughts are noble,  
Or whether they grovel and sting.

"Oh, the wonderful sky!" sighed Katrinka,  
"How grand!—But the day has begun.  
There's breakfast, and spinning, and mend-  
ing,  
And kettles to shine—one by one—  
Good-by, you dear, beautiful morning!  
There's so much to do; I must run."

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,  
In the land of the dyke and the sea!  
They who live in the glow of the dawning  
Are, all the world over, like thee,  
Bearing of sunlight and gladness,  
Faithful in shadow and sadness—  
The path of the day is diviner  
Wherever their light may be.  
—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

SEEN IN THE TUNNEL.



I AM a music teacher by profession, and twice every week, I travel some little distance to give lessons at a large school. Everyone who has had experience of similar oft-repeated journeys knows how wearisome the treadmill monotony of the same route soon becomes, and I myself have a strong sympathy with those professional or business men who contrive—by ingenious rusing the changes between rail and bus—to vary the daily journey from their suburban homes to their offices or chambers. But I had no choice of routes; I could only reach my bi-weekly destination via the Great United railway; but I contrived to extract some slight amusement from one part of my journey.

At one point, my train passed through an abnormally long tunnel, which was usually (probably for the convenience of some of the company's workmen) lighted by lanterns on its wall in certain places. As the train slowly passed (the Great United seldom puts on a very breakneck speed), shadows of the passengers by the carriage windows are often projected upon the whitewashed tunnel wall, and are visible by the light of these lanterns.

I made this discovery one day, when a young lady and gentleman had taken their seats in an empty carriage next to mine. As I passed by, I had noted the pair sitting opposite to each other—the lady gazing abstractedly out of the window, the gentleman almost ostentatiously engrossed in a newspaper. But when their tell-tale shadows appeared on the tunnel wall, behind the two figures leant across and exchanged an affectionate embrace; starting apart again as the train emerged into daylight, and sinking back, each into their respective corners, with an air of well-affected indifference; little conscious of the amusement their stolen kiss had afforded to the quiet old maid in the next carriage.

Ah, well, I am a lonely, middle-aged woman now (I fear many of my pupils call me "an old frump"), but I was young myself once, and—many years ago—a hand which has long been cold had pressed mine in a like manner, and kisses as loving have been showered on my lips. We were troth-plighted; but he, my young lover, died a month before our bridal day; and I—well, "he died, and she remained faithful," sums up the life history of many an "old maid."

I do not, of course, talk about this long-past romance now, but I have still a very soft corner in my heart for all youthful lovers; remembering the days "when I, too, dwelt in Arcadia." So I used to keep a lookout for the chance revelations on the tunnel wall, and often extracted much amusement therefrom, though these silhouettes were not always of a romantic character.

Once I beheld a very grave and demure-looking old lady imbibing draughts from what looked suspiciously like one of those "traveler's bottles" in which spirits are sold at railway stations; another time I detected a schoolboy (presumably alone in the carriage) heavily "sampling" a basket of strawberries, which I had overheard his old aunt, who saw him off, enjoining him to deliver to his mother intact; "for you have eaten more than are really good for you already, you know, Tom," the old lady had remarked, plaintively.

I had begun to look upon this tunnel transit as the most amusing portion of my journey. I do not know if any of my fellow passengers observed what

I did; but I doubt if they noted the shadows; for few persons save myself ever seemed to peer out upon the tunnel walls. I never called anyone's attention to the silhouettes, not being much given to talk with strangers; and the Great United being neither a much-frequented nor popular line, I often, indeed usually, was the solitary occupant of the carriage on the midday trains by which I journeyed. I little thought how important my casual glances into that tunnel would one day prove.

One dark autumn afternoon I was returning more tired than usual from my work (I had felt strangely tired for several days), and as I passed the first-class carriage next my own third glanced at it with the passing wish that I was going to perform the journey home upon its comfortable cushions. An old gentleman was snugly ensconced in the corner seat with a small black bag on his knees; as I passed, I thought he seemed particularly solicitous about the security of that bag.

As I seated myself in the third-class compartment I observed another man, tall and thin, hurry up to the carriage where the old gentleman was seated and take the vacant place opposite to him; then the train started and I leaned my aching head against the hard back of the carriage and tried to doze a little. I awoke as the train entered the tunnel; I felt too weary to amuse myself with my usual "note-taking"—but as I glanced listlessly on the tunnel wall I observed that a tall shadow was bending over that of the old gentleman and apparently arranging something over or around the upper part of his figure.

"I suppose they are father and son, and the son is wrapping up his father in his rug against the draughts," I thought, lazily, for a strange lassitude seemed weighing me down, mentally and physically. Then the train gave a sudden jerk and the tall figure flung out its left hand against the carriage door as if to steady itself, and I noted that this hand had a curious deformity—one finger lacking from it, the third finger having apparently been removed at the second joint.

I got out at the next station as usual, and managed to crawl home; but the succeeding days and nights were blanks to me for a week or more. I alarmed my elderly cousin, Tabitha, who shares my little home, by going off into a dead faint immediately I entered my house; and it was found that I was sickening with a kind of low fever, which kept me in bed for some time and from which I believe I should never have recovered but for Tabitha's careful nursing. I had been working much too hard for some considerable period and had been careless—as lonely women are apt to become—in the matter of diet and exposure to weather; and at over 50 one cannot "chance" one's meals and sit repeatedly in wet clothing without suffering for one's folly at last.

However, I gradually "pulled round," as the doctor said, and was promoted to the sofa in the sitting-room for a portion of the day. Lying there in luxurious idleness, I listened to Tabitha's detailed account of the beginning of my illness.

"A fortnight? No; actually over three weeks ago to-day since you were taken ill. It was on Thursday, the 16th. I shall always remember the date, because it was the same day that the murder took place upon the Great United, and by the very train you traveled by, Harriet."

Cousin Tabitha is the best and kindest of women, but has one little weakness—a morbid love of reading all the "hor-



APPEALED TO THE DOCTOR.

rors," especially the murders, which are reported in the newspapers.

"I forgot you know nothing about it, being too ill to hear any news," went on Tabitha, delighted to dwell again on the details of a crime; and then proceeded to relate how a certain well-known London jeweler had taken a quantity of valuable ornaments to exhibit to an invalid and aristocratic customer, who lived a little way out of London, and who wished to select some costly presents for a prospective daughter-in-law. Mr.—'s confidential clerk, who usually accompanied him on such journeys, was taken suddenly ill, just as the pair were leaving town, and the jeweler, not liking to disappoint a valuable (and rather crotchety) customer, set off for old Lady —'s alone.

His errand was, of course, known in the vicinity, and it was supposed that he had been followed to the station and robbed and murdered in the railway, for, on the train's arrival at the London terminus, the bag of jewelry

was missing, and Mr.— was found lying dead, with a handkerchief steeped in chloroform fastened over his face. The jeweler was an elderly man with a weak heart, and the chloroform, which was perhaps only designed to stupefy him, had killed him. No clew had yet been found to the identity of the murderer. The guard at the local station fancied that he had seen a man follow the old gentleman into the carriage, but had taken no particular note of this person, nor could even be positive that a second traveler had entered the carriage.

As Tabitha talked on, the events of that last journey of mine flashed back suddenly on my mind. And I saw the two shadows in the tunnel—the tall figure bending over the old man—ah, little did I imagine then that I was the spectator of a crime!

"Tabitha, I ought to give information to the police," I cried, sitting up suddenly, and then hastily poured out my story in turn. Tabitha listened with rather provoking incredulity.

"Do you think you really saw all that?" she asked, gently replacing me on the sofa and shaking up my pillows. "You know, dear, you have been ill so long—and you have fancied all sorts of funny things—you don't know what



MUTTERED A CURSE UNDER HIS BREATH.

nonsense you have talked," and Tabitha laughed softly at the recollection; "most likely this is only a delirious fancy, like the rest."

But I was persistent, and appealed to the doctor, who called shortly afterwards. I do not think he either altogether believed my story, but he acquiesced in my desire to communicate with the police authorities; "it will quiet her mind, at least, and it is very bad for her to excite herself in this way," I overheard him remark to Tabitha in the passage.

So I made my "deposition" in all due form to the authorities; and I think the police were more inclined to attach importance to my statement than my two previous listeners had been.

"Could I identify the man I had seen enter the carriage?" I was asked.

"Yes," I replied, after a pause, "I believe I could. I noticed that he was tall and thin, with very dark eyes and an unpleasant, sinister expression of countenance; and then there was the peculiarity of his left hand," and I mentioned the mutilated finger which I had seen shadowed on the tunnel wall.

I saw by the faces of my interrogators that they considered this "an important piece of evidence," though they made no comment upon it. I was told I should be communicated with if my evidence was required, but the months sped away, and the "robbery and murder of a gentleman upon the Great United railway" seemed likely to pass into the category of those undetected crimes which remain mysteries to the end.

Nearly a year had flown. Tabitha and I were visiting some old friends at a quiet, west-country seaside place.

The murder and the likelihood of my being called as a witness had almost passed out of my recollection, when a chance incident recalled both to my mind.

Tabitha and I had been lingering rather too long upon the beach, and found the incoming tide gaining upon us. To save time, we hastily climbed over some rocks to reach the shore, as several other belated visitors were doing. Just in front of us was a tall, thin man, who turned round to look (and also to laugh) at our hasty retreat; as I looked at him, I fancied that I had, somewhere, beheld that forbidding-looking countenance, with its keen hawk's eyes—the next moment, the man steadied himself with an outspread left hand against a fragment of rock, and I then recognized him at once. That gesture, that mutilated finger—had I not seen them both some ten months ago reflected upon the tunnel wall?

No one, of course, is desirous of figuring as "a witness" at the Old Bailey, but I felt a duty was laid upon me in this case. I watched the man—the old jeweler's murderer!—enter a small hotel opposite the shore; and then walked round to the local police-station to relate my tale; leaving Tabitha (who, on my whispered explanation, entered into the matter with true detective zeal) sitting on a seat near the hotel to watch if the man quitted the premises.

Rather to my relief (for I half fancied the inspector might consider me only a crazy old woman) I found that

my "evidence" formed but an additional link in a chain. The police authorities had already established a quiet surveillance over this man, owing to certain suspicious circumstances which seemed to connect him with the sale of some of the stolen jewelry; he was actually being watched at this seaside place in pursuance of orders from Scotland Yard, and my information now furnished sufficient ground for his arrest.

I will not weary the reader with the details of the trial—personally, I never entertained the slightest doubt of the guilt of the accused after noting the expression which came over his face as I related, in the witness-box, the singular manner in which his shadow had betrayed him in the tunnel. As I spoke, a livid paleness overspread his countenance, he clutched suddenly at the rails of the dock, and muttered a curse under his breath.

The evidence against him proved, indeed, fatally complete, and all that his counsel could do for him was to try to persuade the jury that robbery, not murder, was the prisoner's intention; and that the poor old gentleman's death was accidental. The capital sentence was, in fact, afterwards commuted to "penal servitude for life;" for which I was not altogether sorry. I would rather not have felt that my evidence actually hanged a fellow-creature, though I am very glad that it served to effectually "seclude" a man like the prisoner from making further attacks on harmless railway travelers.—Tit-Bits.

GOOD DRAFT HORSES.

There is Always a More or Less Lively Demand for Them.

There is always a demand for good draft horses, and farmers who have the courage and energy to raise them get the profit. Scotch farmers have not been discouraged by the ship loads of cheap American horses, but have secured the very best sires to breed the very best heavy draft geldings that sell high and are above all foreign competition, and they are on the lookout for good horses to mature at a good profit. It does no good to sit down and complain. They meet the competitor and low prices with a better class of horses. The Scottish Farmer says: "Farming affords to the open-minded man numerous openings for exercising his talents and abilities. To the man who is determined to be circumscribed in his ideas and aims agriculture may be a close corporation. Such a man can shut himself up and see nothing beyond; but to the man who looks out, there is in agriculture plenty of outlook. These thoughts are suggested by the really first-class exhibition of draft stallions seen at a parish show near Glasgow within the past ten days. Many of the farmers in that locality have found it profitable to purchase good, growing young horses, to keep them always improving, and finally to sell for city work. To farmers possessed of the requisite skill, with holdings from 150 to 250 acres, the profit thus derived is an important addition to revenue, and such have felt somewhat keenly the effect of the diminished profits following on the excessive importation of cheap horses from abroad. This is likely to be a temporary check, and the gelding trade is still a paying venture."

Another Mother and Man.

The truth of the adage about the hand that rocks the cradle is again exemplified, but this time not in the world of statesmanship, but in that of science. Nicola Tesla, who ranks with Edison in electrical invention, was, as a boy in Montenegro, full of mischief, and also under the guidance of a remarkable woman—his mother. He once went by himself to a chapel in the hills back of his native town, and managed to get himself locked in it at night. A search was made for him, but there was no clew until, clear and sharp on the night air, rang out the tones of the chapel bell. Nicola was cold, nervous and hungry when found. On another occasion, when up to some boyish pranks, his mother suddenly appeared on the scene. He was so startled that he fell into a kettle of fresh milk, spoiling the milk and his clothes at the same time. Like many other men who have become famous along one line of usefulness, young Tesla was started in life at another line. His father wanted him educated for the church, but his mother encouraged his scientific tastes, and finally had her way. She was a woman of unusual ability, force of character and ingenuity. This last characteristic was developed in her embroidery, which was of artistic and original designs, and made her famous all through the part of Montenegro in which she lived. To his mother's love and influence Tesla attributes much of his manhood's success.—Harper's Round Table.

A Theory Worth Notice.

"Don't you know that the wages of sin is death?"  
"Yes, and that is probably why the world is so wicked—nobody is drawing full pay these hard times."—Chicago Record.

—The pertulaca is named from two Latin words signifying "to carry milk," and alluding to the milky sap which exudes from wounds or broken branches of plants of this species.

OUR TRADE WITH CANADA.

The Official Figures Show an Increase of Over \$4,000,000 for the Year.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 3.—Official figures of exports and imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, issued by the government, show the total foreign trade of Canada to have been \$249,024,852, compared with \$224,420,485 in 1895. The total imports were \$118,011,000, against \$110,781,000 in 1895, and exports \$121,013,852, against \$114,639,485 in 1895.

The exports to Great Britain were over \$66,000,000, an increase of \$5,000,000, while to the United States the exports decreased from \$41,000,000 to \$39,000,000 in round figures. There is a slight increase in Australian trade and also with Newfoundland, but the exports in the West Indies dropped from \$3,000,000 to \$2,000,000. The exports from Great Britain increased by nearly \$2,000,000, and from the United States they increased over \$4,000,000.

HOLD UP A TRAIN.

Daring Robbers Stop a Katy Express, but Get Little Booty.

ARMORE, I. T., Nov. 3.—The Missouri, Kansas & Texas southbound passenger train was held up by train robbers and robbed about one mile south of Alvarado, Tex., at about 7:10 last night. But little treasure was secured. The robbery was a most daring one. The bandits are supposed to be headed for the Indian territory. Officers on the border have been notified and are on the alert. The sheriff at Cleburne, Tex., has been asked to come and bring bloodhounds to the scene of the robbery, and to take the trail of the gang. Texas officers will leave on special trains for the scene.

ARKANSAS FARMER DUELISTS.

They Fall Out Over a Line Fence and Settle It with Guns.

MENA, Ark., Nov. 3.—John Middleton and James Irby lived 16 miles east of here on adjoining farms. A division fence dispute arose. Last Saturday Middleton was repairing the fence when Irby came along with a gun. Hot words followed. Middleton left and went to the house, but soon appeared with his gun, and on an invitation by Middleton to come and "shoot it out like men," both men went to shooting. Irby was hit and instantly killed. Middleton gave himself up to the sheriff.

SPECIAL TRAIN WRECKED.

John P. Irish's Tour Through Nebraska Marred by an Accident.

MALCOLM, Neb., Nov. 3.—The special train bearing John P. Irish, who was following the Bryan train in the interests of the gold standard democratic ticket, collided with a freight train east of Malcolm. The collision smashed the engine of the Irish train and completely demolished the caboose of the freight train. John M. Tipling, of Lincoln, a commercial traveler, was caught in the caboose and killed. The special was provided with another engine and went on to York.

A GOOD HAUL.

Sneak Thieves Get \$3,000 Worth of Jewelry at St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 3.—Sometime during the parade here Saturday night thieves entered the jewelry store of A. Wendover & Co. and stole about \$3,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. The proprietor and his assistants had been watching the parade and talking with some friends near the entrance of the store. For a few minutes Mr. Wendover was left alone and was accosted by a stranger on some trivial matter, and while thus engaged, it is supposed, pals stole four trays of diamonds and other valuables.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Uncle Sam's Deficit for October Was Nearly Eight Millions.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The monthly comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the United States shows the total receipts for the month of October to have been \$26,232,829, as compared with \$27,991,748 for October, 1895. The disbursements during the month aggregated \$33,978,977, showing a deficit for October of \$7,555,458, as compared with the deficit of \$6,601,687 for October last year. The total deficit since July 1, 1896, is \$32,889,577.

Lutheran League.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—The second annual convention of the Lutheran League of America will be held in this city November 17 to 20. It was organized a year ago at Pittsburgh and claims a membership already of 50,000. There are leagues in eight states. Any society connected with a Lutheran church is eligible. Among the speakers who have accepted invitations to be present are Rev. A. C. Swinson, of Kansas, and S. B. Barnitz, of Iowa.

Claimed He Was 104 Years Old.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Nov. 3.—Patsy Hamilton, generally known as Kelley, died at the county jail of old age and was buried at the expense of the county. It is claimed that his age was 104 years. In 1871 he was sent to the state asylum for the insane. In 1878 he was returned as an incurable, since which time he has been an inmate of the county jail.

An ex-Confederate Diplomat Dead.

LEADVILLE, Col., Nov. 3.—Henry S. Stotesbury, who, during the civil war, held a high position in the diplomatic service of the confederate states, and made several trips to England in an endeavor to induce that government to grant belligerent rights to the confederate states, died here last night.