

OUR STORY TELLER



WHY THE JUDGE WENT ABROAD.

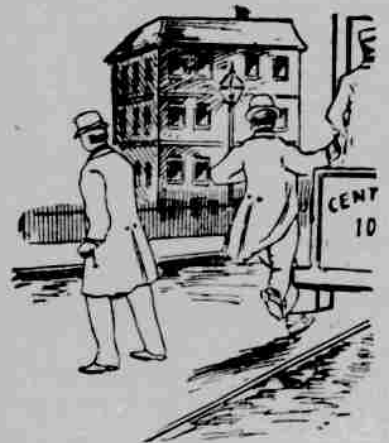


It was in October of 1893. I was in the smoker of a New York Central train, speeding northward along the shore of the Hudson, and as the increasing darkness obscured the view of the river and the Catskills my attention was drawn to a couple of gentlemen who sat near opposite me on the other side of the car. They were evidently old friends and were engaged in animated conversation—so animated, in fact, that it came clearly to my ears.

"I would never have known him," said one of the two men, the farther one from me, "though, perhaps, that is not strange, for I had not seen him for twenty years. Yet, I knew you, old fellow, the moment we met. It is wonderful how little you have changed, for all your gray hairs." And he put his hand affectionately on the other's knee.

"I have held my own pretty well," said the other; "nor can I see much change in you, George—a little stouter, somewhat more staid, but that is all. What a streak of luck this is that I should have met you this afternoon when you landed, and that we should have this ride to Chicago together."

"But, say, Jack—this is the first chance I have had to ask you—what the deuce is the matter with Phil? He has not only changed in appearance, but has radically changed in manner. Why, he is as fidgety as an old woman.



IN A TWINKLING PHIL SPRANG TO THE GROUND.

I don't think he was half glad to see me. In the olden time he was jolly enough and a right good fellow, but today he hurried off on board his steamer two hours ahead of time, when we hadn't been together a minute. Really, I felt hurt."

"You are misjudging him, George. He is a good fellow and thinks just as much of you as he ever did. But he is not himself just now, and there is every reason why he should not be. There is a story connected with our trip to New York, which, in justice to him, I ought to tell you. I am sure he would wish me to do so.

"I don't know that you are aware that Phil has been very successful in his profession. He is Judge—"

And the speaker's voice here sank so low that I missed a few words. "When he got to Chicago he took rooms for himself and wife some six or eight blocks south of the World's Fair grounds. Well, Phil and his wife put in a couple of weeks at the Fair. They had seats reserved at the Auditorium for last Monday night. When the time came Phil's wife was tired and didn't care to go. This more than inclined Phil to give up going, but he finally decided that he would not lose this his only chance of seeing a very fine spectacular play that had drawn great crowds during the Fair. Before he came to Chicago he had purchased an elegant, self-cocking revolver—a thing he had never owned before—and on that evening, at his wife's request, he put it in his hip pocket.

He took a street car for the Fair grounds, intending to take a train there for the city. There was apparently no standing room in the crowded car, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he secured a footing on the rear platform. The car had gone but two or three blocks when it stopped at a crossing. The pressure increased, people trod upon his feet and dug their elbows into his sides in their efforts to make way for some one who was coming from the inside of the car. The subject of all this commotion came crowding by him toward the steps. In passing him, the stranger stumbled, muttered

a word of apology, and then, hurrying on, reached the steps and alighted. As he did so Phil caught the gleam of gold in the man's hand. Instinctively he clapped his hand to his breast—his watch and chain were gone. They had belonged to his father; he could not lose them.

"The car had started, but in a twinkling Phil sprang to the ground. The man had reached the sidewalk, and as he passed under the street lamp Phil saw that he was fumbling about his vest, as if attacking a chain to a button-hole. The houses are much scattered in that neighborhood, and there was no one else in sight. Drawing his revolver, Phil ran softly but swiftly after him. The man was moving briskly down the side street and seemingly did not hear the approaching steps until Phil was almost upon him, when he started as if to run, then stopped, turned and faced his pursuer. He was dressed in black, his face was clean shaven and deathly pale, and he trembled visibly. With revolver leveled full at the man's face, Phil shouted:

"Hands up or you are a dead man."

"The man looked into Phil's face, glanced down the gleaming barrel of the revolver, which was within a few inches of his nose, and threw up his hands.

"Still holding his weapon aimed at the man's head, Phil thrust his disengaged hand into the man's pocket, took out the watch, tore the chain free from its fastenings, slipped watch and chain into his trousers pocket, and then sternly said:

"Go on down this street and don't turn around."

"There was deadly menace in his tone, and the man headed westward down the street and vanished in the distance.

"And now a feeling akin to terror came over Phil. The exhilaration of excitement passing away left him nervous and fearful. Robberies and murders are not uncommon occurrences in the city and in the territory about the Fair grounds. Every shadow was to him an assassin, every noise a stealthy footstep! The thief might have confederates. He could see afar the light of a coming car, but what might happen before the car could reach him? All desire to go to the theater had left him. At first he walked rapidly, then broke into a run, keeping in the middle of the street, and heading for his own rooms. Breathless, he dashed into his wife's presence and nervously bolted the door behind him.

"What in the world is the matter?" she cried.

"Then he regained his balance. With something of pride he told her of the crowded car, the stranger, and dramatically gesticulating with the revolver in his hand he described his recovery of his stolen watch.

"With amazement upon her face and alarm in her voice, she exclaimed:

"O, Phil! What have you done? There is your watch upon the dresser!"

"And there it was lying where he remembered now to have laid it.

"Startled, frightened, he plunged his hand into his trousers pocket and drew forth—another man's watch and chain!

"The morning papers contained an account of a peculiarly daring highway robbery, committed the night before. Rev. Somebody—I forget his name—from somewhere in Illinois, being in a crowded car, had taken off his valuable watch and chain—tokens of the affection of his beloved congregation—and held them in his hand for greater security. A highwayman, having probably seen them, had boldly confronted him. The reverend gentleman being



"HANDS UP OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!" taken by surprise, and being, moreover, a man of peace, had yielded them up under the muzzle of a revolver. But the police had clues which would lead to the detection of the perpetrator of the outrage. The robber was a strikingly handsome man, of fine presence, and wore a full blonde beard. He had been identified by the street car conductor as one who, accompanied by a well-dressed little lady, had ridden with him several times before. Also,

a man answering to the same description had been seen with the same lady upon the Fair grounds.

"This finished Phil, and he wired me at my hotel to come to them. I found them shut up in their rooms. He wouldn't let his wife go to the restaurant for her breakfast. I had to arrange to have their meals brought to them. If ever a man's appearance could convict him, his would have sent him to the penitentiary. I urged him to make a clean breast of the whole matter, but he would not consent. He said it would ruin him. Even if he could escape criminal liability he could not survive the ridicule which would follow. No, he must avoid detection.

"The first thing was to return the property. I packed it in a box and mailed it to the police department. The receipt of this only called out a fresh deluge of newspaper comments. It was sagely announced that the thief, foreseeing the impossibility of escaping arrest, had made reparation in a vain effort to delude the detectives, but that he was known and would be apprehended within twenty-four hours.

"There was great danger that the people in the house would observe the similarity in Phil's appearance to the published description of the robber."

"Why didn't he go home?"

"I urged him to do so and so did his wife, but he imagined that every paper in the country would be full of the story and that his presence there would suggest a likeness which would lead to discovery. He was like a hunted hare. He dared not stir from his room. Every voice in the house was some one inquiring for him, every step an officer coming to arrest him. It was pitiable. At length, in spite of our remonstrances, he decided to go abroad until the thing blew over. He trumped up an excuse for his wife to give at home for his sudden trip. She, closely veiled and with as much change as possible in her apparel, left the house and went to a hotel in the city. Phil shaved off



ANOTHER MAN'S WATCH AND CHAIN.

his beard, and, wearing a suit of my clothes, met me at the depot. He insisted that I should come with him to New York, and see him on the steamer, and this was what brought me down."

—Detroit Free Press.

Tesla's Electrical Possibilities.

After describing and illustrating in his article on Nikola Tesla's work, in the Century, the process and apparatus employed for manipulating the electrical charge of the earth itself, Mr. T. C. Martin makes this comment on the unique phenomenon presented. Considering that in the adjustments necessary, a small length of wire or a small body of any kind added to the coil or brought into its vicinity may destroy entirely all effect, one can imagine the pleasure which the investigator feels when thus rewarded by unique phenomena. After searching with patient toil for two or three years after a result calculated in advance, Mr. Tesla is compensated by being able to witness a most magnificent display of fiery streams and lightning discharges breaking out from the tip of the wire with the roar of a gas-well. Aside from their deep scientific import and their wondrous fascination as a spectacle, such effects point to many new realizations making for the higher welfare of the human race. The transmission of power and intelligence is but one thing; the modification of climatic conditions may be another. Perchance we shall "call up" Mars in this way some day, the electrical charge of both planets being utilized in signals.

Largest Family on Record.

In the Harleim manuscript, No. 78980, in the library of the British Museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives) who were the father and mother of sixty-two children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex is not known), for the record mentions the fact that forty-six of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grown-up women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1830, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estates" rode "thirty and three miles beyond" the Tyne to prove this wonderful story. It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

Would, at Least, Try.

The father gazed thoughtfully into the glowing grate.

"I doubt," he sneered, "if you are able to keep my daughter in clothes." But the lover was full of courage.

"Of course," he rejoined, "I realize it is hard to keep any woman in clothes if she has handsome shoulders, but I am ready to try it, sir."

Besides, there was reason to suspect that fashion would ultimately react from the extremely low neck.

When a man wants to do a dissipated thing he says he only lives once, and will be of long time dead.



To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits amid the world's applause
His share of justice, toiling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear,
The morning cometh with refulgent light;
Bringing assurance of a day more bright;
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer;
All grief will end, and everything be fair,
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits there comes a wily throng,
Who sneer and scoff, and look with hateful eyes,
But what of them, they are but gnats and flies,
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits, there must be recompense
For useful work, whatever may betide,
A compensation reaching far and wide,
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,
The restless ocean and the azure sky,
All things in nature speak and prophesy;
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come,
And by an offering at his blameless shrine,
Life will be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits.

To Him Who Waits.

To him who waits the world will some day cheer
And sing his praise; Fame's mysterious gates
Will open for him; heaven seems more near,
To him who waits.

Speak, I Pray You, Sweetheart.

Speak, I pray you, sweetheart—be your answer yes or no,
Bid the sparkling gleams of love light from my dreaming pathway go,
Or ope the gates of love-land—let hoping shed its light—
Let the glow of sweet affection on my heart its blessings write!

Speak, I Pray You, Sweetheart—shall my soul forget the pain.

That doubt, in darkness brooding, on its anxious lips has lain?
Sing me a song of welcome, and let its sweetness flow
A gracious benediction—speak, I pray you, yes or no!

Speak, I pray you, sweetheart—must this vision fade away.

Shall the rays of dear contentment lose themselves in gloom, or stay?
Will you have me linger, sweetheart, or to grieving go?
Speak the word, I pray you, dearest—speak, I pray you, yes or no!

Speak, I pray you, sweetheart—must this vision fade away.

Shall the rays of dear contentment lose themselves in gloom, or stay?
Will you have me linger, sweetheart, or to grieving go?
Speak the word, I pray you, dearest—speak, I pray you, yes or no!

Kismet.

Somewhere in the world, some day in the year—
What year? No matter; sometime, 'tis planned,
A word will be spoken for me to hear,
And never another will understand.

Somewhere—and the world is small of girth;

Sometime—and life is a finger snap;
However stretches the wide, wide earth,
However the years on long years lap.

Be it land I have traversed or land unknown,

Through time grown weary or time blown fair,
There waiteth that wonderful undertone
To strike on my hearing, sometime, somewhere.

Night and Morning.

Low hanging in a cloud of burnished gold,
The sleepy sun lay dreaming,
And where, pearl-wrought, the orient gates unfold,
Wide ocean realms are gleaming.

Within the night he rose and stole away,

And, like a gem adorning,
Blazed o'er the sea, upon the breast of day—
And everywhere was morning.

Violets.

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

HELPFUL FARM HINTS

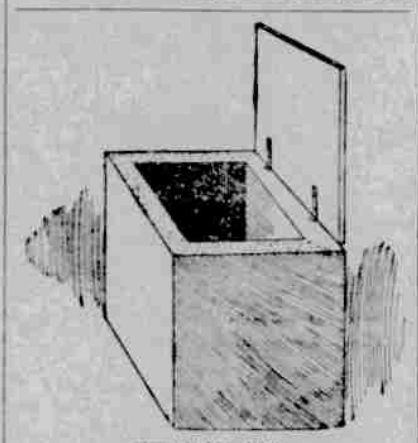
SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST AND STOCKMAN.

How to Make an Ice Box at the Cost of One Dollar—Mending Fences in the Spring—Habits of Bees—To Prevent Halter Pulling.

An Inexpensive Ice-Box.

Refrigerators and their plebeian cousins, plain ice boxes, are now sold in the stores at prices that are within the proverbial "reach of all," so to speak, but there are some people, nevertheless, that find it advisable, if not convenient, to make one at home. For their possible benefit the accompanying cut is printed, with a description of how to make the box therein shown.

The arrangement consists of two boxes, the larger one about three feet square and the smaller one just enough smaller to allow a space of about three



CHEAP ICE-BOX.

inches between the two around the four sides and also at the bottom. This space should be filled closely with sawdust, or with fine charcoal. Line the inside of the inner box with zinc and through the bottom bore a hole that will admit a half-inch lead pipe. The lead pipe must be long enough to carry off the water that will come from the ice. This box will be found a good preserver of ice, and it should not exceed one dollar in cost, if made at home.

Oats Too Expensive to Grow.

The low price of oats is due to the fact that they can be so easily grown. They are sown in the West especially on fall-plowed land, or after corn without any special sowing. If the season is favorable, the oat readily produces a good crop, and when we consider what the oat yields from the soil, it is found that the oat is a very expensive crop for the farmer can sow that roots fill the soil much more thoroughly than does any other spring grain, not excepting wheat. The oat leaf is not broad, and if it were the plant is not one of the kind to extract from the air the nitrogenous elements with which the grain is filled. We do not wonder, therefore, that many Eastern farmers are dropping out of the rotation. If it is not convenient for them to buy what oats they need, they can grow enough for home use. But for most kinds of stock a mixture of oat meal with ground corn furnishes the oat ration in a much cheaper form than it can be got in the oat grain.—American Cultivator.

A Movable Pigeon.

The illustration, reproduced from the American Agriculturist, shows a very complete pigeon that can be moved about from place to place to secure fresh ground. The construction is well shown in the sketch, the only point not shown being the partition that divides the pen into two equal parts; the part under the roof being thus shut in to provide a shelter against



SERVICABLE PEN FOR PIGEONS.

cold and storms. The trough pulls out like a drawer to be filled, or may be made long enough to be left half within and half without the pen. There is, of course, no floor.

Mending Fences.

Every spring there is sure to be some trouble with fences. Winter winds have more free sweep than they do while trees are in full leaf, and the freezing and thawing of the soil is sure to tilt posts that are not deeply set in the ground. These posts should be driven down with a heavy beetle while the ground is still soft. It takes but a few blows to put the post where it belongs and compact the soil around it. Loose boards and broken wires can now be replaced. The breaking of wires is caused by the contraction of the metal during severe cold. When the wires are set on the posts in warm weather some slack should be allowed for this.

Working Farm Horses.

A fault in handling farm horses, of which not a few of us are guilty, is to keep them idle much of the time. If work is properly managed, horses can be used 234 days out of the year. Ground can be plowed in the fall, fence material be hauled in place, wood be sledged up and gullies be filled in the winter. When work is so managed, less horses will suffice than when their work is put into 180 days of the year. I find that our horses work on an average of above 230 days of the year and have lasted an average of fifteen years.

Course Fed with Grain.

Grain is, so far as nutriment goes, quite as cheap as hay, and hay is even cheaper in proportion to its nutriment than is straw. But some portion of the less nutritious food has to be given with grain as a divisor, lest it should heat in the stomach and do injury rather than good. With a very concen-

trated ration, as with oil meal or cotton seed meal, good bright straw is better as a divisor than is the best hay. Well-cured clover is itself a strong food, and contains besides its woody material too large a proportion of nitrogenous matter to be the best divisor for linseed or cotton seed meal.

Potash for Corn.

We hear a great deal about the need of potash for the potato crop, but it is quite as necessary for corn. The latter crop requires a great deal of potash, and if the mineral can be given in the form of wood ashes it has an additional benefit in making the vegetable mould decompose more rapidly, and thus become available for the crop. Potash and decomposing vegetable matter make nitrate of potash one of the most stimulating of all manures. It is usual to drop a handful of ashes on each hill after the corn is planted. That is rather late for the best effects. A much better way is to give rather more potash, and broadcast it over the corn ground as soon after it is plowed as you can. This will mix the ash thoroughly with the soil, and set the vegetable matter to decomposing by the time the corn is planted.

Extra Manuring for Strawberries.

The strawberry ripens earlier than does any other of the small fruits. It begins to flower and make its growth before the air has imparted much warmth to the soil and when its stores of fertility are therefore smallest. For these reasons extra manuring is required to produce the best crops of strawberries, no matter how rich the ground may be. There should be a good supply of mineral manure, especially of potash. This is necessary to keep the foliage healthy and to promote ripening of fruit. If stable manure is used for strawberries it should be well composted and be applied very early in the spring. In this way, the nitrate it contains will be dissolved and carried to the roots. Wood ashes with composted stable manure furnish what the strawberry plant needs and in its most available form.

Trough Under a Pump Spout.

When pumping is stopped water will usually drip from the spout and when a person is in a hurry he at once removes the vessel and allows the dripping water to fall near the pump. The consequence is a slippery platform and muddy ground all around. This can be avoided by a trough under the spout like that shown in the illustration. It



TROUGH UNDER THE SPOUT.

does not interfere with filling the pail and will catch all the water that drips. It is connected with the well by a box reaching through the platform, or it may connect with the pump box.

Habits of Bees.

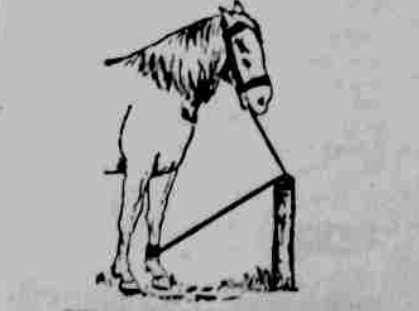
It is said that under favorable circumstances a colony of 30,000 bees may store about two pounds of honey in a day. Of 30,000 bees in a hive, which is a moderate sized colony, half of them stay at home keeping house, tending the babies, feeding the queen and guarding the stores. In fine, clear weather, a worker may gather three or four grains of honey in a day. As large colonies contain as many as 50,000 bees, it may be seen that possibly 25,000 individuals are out seeking honey. The amount each one brings in is infinitely small, but there is strength in numbers, and one can readily imagine, by watching the little workers pouring into a hive, that even the few grains at a time will fill up the cells quite rapidly. But a single bee would make slow work of it, and would, if continuously gathered, require some years to gather one pound of honey.—New York Ledger.

Canning Peas.

Green peas are readily salable all seasons of the year. Recently one of the largest vessels that ever came into Philadelphia brought hundreds of tons of canned "French" peas from England. They do not differ in the least from the kind grown in this country every year. Why cannot farmers grow peas in large quantities for canning purposes? By co-operative effort an outfit for canning peas could be introduced in every community, not only providing a profit to growers, but also affording employment to many in picking and hulling the peas.

Halter Pulling Prevented.

To break a horse of halter pulling use a strong halter and pass the tie through the ring in a post or manger and tie to one fore foot at suitable length. I improvised this plan when I



CURE FOR HALTER PULLING.

saw a mustang pulling badly and it broke him in a short time. The strap around the leg should not be sharp or stiff and the limb should be protected by a piece of thick wool or cloth.—H. B. Frink in Farm and Home.