

THE FAMILY STORY

HALF AN HOUR TO LIVE

LAST summer I was stewing away in the office wondering what crime I—or my representative in some former State—had committed to be doomed to such a life, when one morning I received a note from my old friend, Tommy Cameron, of Clinton. He begged me to come and stay with him for a month.

Cameron met me at the station, and after an hour's drive through a most beautiful country we reached Clinton. Here a surprise awaited me, for two young ladies came forward to greet us; they were the Misses Cameron, and kept house for their brother.

I got on fairly well during the first week, as I kept with Cameron most of the time.

Whether he gave me away or not I cannot say, but they seemed to know I was shunning them, and they tried every dodge—as only women know how—to draw me out.

I struggled hard against what I now considered my natural self, but it was too strong for me. One by one all the theories and arguments I had fed on disappeared, melted by the sunny eyes of these girls.

As I said, there were two of them, Madge and Floss. Madge was the younger and prettier; she represented the musical and artistic instincts; Floss, on the other hand, was the manager; she had the brains of the establishment.

She was very nice, but she went in for such awful things: she had some favorite toads in the conservatory, and she would go rambling about the country and bring home all sorts of animals, insects and other unthinkable things—and cut them up—imagine a girl doing that!

The other one, as I said, was not so heavy, and went in for art; and, as you know, I have a little leaning in that direction myself. It was natural, therefore, that when she told me she was going to paint a little river scene near the house I should ask if I might be of use. I obtained permission to wait on her and we started the picture.

In this pleasant way the days passed until Cameron's return—he was away the second week—when, of course, there were innovations. We would have a day's fishing, and then a day of shooting, or a long tramp over the hills.

When out on one of these early morning tramps we met a young fellow whom Tommy introduced as Arthur Clisby, a friend of his.

He was the son of a large ship owner of Dundee and was the family failure; his chief failure, as far as I could gather, being that he couldn't knuckle under.

He had been a student at Glasgow University and had promised to come off well, but his individuality—which always came to the top at the most awkward moments—asserted itself.

As a result he left Glasgow and soon after had a quarrel with his father, and, having decided that they could not get on together, they agreed to differ—and part. He had come out here into the wilds to live and devoted his time to abstract scientific problems, chiefly in the electrical line.

Dinner time came and with it our guest, but instead of the jolly good fellow of the morning he was now quiet, oppressively so; never speaking unless directly addressed, and only then answering with a few quiet, direct words.

A few days after, having nothing particular in view, I determined to avail myself of his invitation, and set off in the direction of the "Hermitage."

The house was an unpretentious concern, but was eloquent of the individuality of its master. The top floor had been turned into one large room, and this he used as a laboratory; it was a literal armory of scientific apparatus.

After a time the talk veered round to electrical executions, and he said: "You may remember, perhaps, the first man they executed in this way in New York State, and what a fearful hash they made of it? I was there and saw it all; it was simply awful. Revolting!"

"The doctors, bah! they're fools. They thought they understood it all, and applied the death current at what they considered were the nerve centers, the top of the head and the base of the spine.

"If they had only used their common sense and powers of observation, they would at once have found that in ninety cases in every 100 of the fatal accidents in New York alone, the fatal shock was received through the hands, for the hands and arms being muscular, are full of blood, and, therefore, good conductors.

"I set to work to devise an appliance that would administer the death penalty with the minimum amount of torture, both bodily and mental, to the criminal. We will now take a look at the apparatus itself."

We left the house, and he led the way across the open until we stopped at a door. He entered, and after groping for a moment found the switch, and immediately the place was full of light.

I noticed that this room was partly cut out from the rock and partly built, as were the others that I afterwards saw. Passing through a passage we entered a larger room.

"This is a turbine house," said he,

"There are sluices running from here to the stream 100 yard away, and when it has done its work the water leaves by two tunnels beneath the floor and joins the main stream lower down. This is the dynamo specially designed for execution purposes."

And he pointed to a piece of apparatus that resembled somewhat a large, slender wheel, with numerous spokes.

"See, I will set the thing running and let you see it working." He unscrewed the valves, the governors began to spin and the dynamo to hum, so quickly did it run.

He opened a door and brought into view a small room in which stood a remarkable piece of furniture. He was about to enter when he stopped suddenly.

"Half a moment, though; I must slacken those valves a bit," he said, and stepped over to the turbines. I entered and began curiously to examine his invention; next moment there was a sharp click, and, turning, I found the door closed on me.

A moment more and I was clutching wildly at my throat and fell to the ground, choking. I didn't choke, however, for some time afterward I became conscious and when I had collected my scattered wits I found myself seated in his horrible chair—scrapped in I tried to free myself, but I was firmly held; my hands were each fixed in a kind of vise, leather outside and metal within, as I could tell by the feel. These things were hollow and like large mittens, and within them and inclosing my hands was some liquid—mercury, I afterward discovered. As I took in these details the door opened and Clisby appeared.

"Ha! ha! my fine bird, you're caged at last, are you?"

"Don't stand fooling there," I muttered. "Your infernal chair is breaking my back."

"Oh, is it? We'll soon alter that."

He stepped to my side, but instead of releasing me he simply loosened the straps at my back. This was too much for me; I simply yelled at him that unless he freed me instantly I would simply smash him when I did get free.

"When you have finished your abuse I will favor you with my intentions," and continuing: "You fancy I am your friend, don't you? I am not. I am your enemy. I hate you. You thought to win Madge Cameron from me, and so far you have succeeded.

"Perhaps you did not know I loved her, but all the same you tried to win her, and I hate you for it. I might have killed you a while ago, before I turned on the oxygen and you revived, I had my hand on the switch, but no, I let you revive to tell you this, to torture you the more, for axes you not stolen my Madge's love from me? Oh, Madge, Madge!" he cried; "Oh, will you not love me?"

"Do you think I am going to be an outcast from society for nothing?" he blazed. "Think you I have spent a whole year in making this thing for nothing? I have waited long for a subject, but at last I can operate, and on you. No! No! I don't invent things for nothing; not I!"

"You have just half an hour to live; it is 11:30 now; on the stroke of 12 I complete the circuit and you will fizzle up."

He left me, a prey to horrible thoughts. Was there no way of escape? Would no one come in time? And the time passed on.

The time was almost up, and Clisby returned. He was all smiles. He asked me if I had any wish he might carry out for me. I shook my head. He offered me brandy, and I gulped it down, and more, and I drank that also.

"One minute more," he yelled, "and I send you to Jericho."

He walked toward the switch—to kill me—and I sat there looking at him. I could not remove my eyes; I was fascinated.

And then I saw—I saw his feet catch in the wires that led from the switch to my hands, and he fell. As he did so he clutched the air, and both his hands came down on the switch contracts.

A dreadful scream broke from his lips, and he bounded up quite six feet in the air, and then fell backward right in the middle of a large, flat distribution table. Then I saw a quick succession of blue flashes, and immediately after this the hand came off the dynamo pulley and the humming ceased.

A grating sound drew my eyes in the direction of the turbines. Something was wrong evidently, for the offside bearing of one of them was literally red hot; the governor was wrecked and the wheel was racing away and increasing in speed every moment.

It was not long before something happened. There was a loud snap, and then a crash, and I saw the steel casing ripped up like paper and the water came pouring into the room, thousands of gallons per minute.

Slowly the water rose, until, when it was about six feet deep, the light went out. I was floating about in the chair, but I was anchored to the switchboard by the wires.

The wires held for a moment, but the jerk snapped them, and I sailed along the passage, through the battery-room and out into the open, where, after being whirled around a few times, I was left high and dry till the morning. The weight of the water had burst open the outer door, hence my sudden exit.

I was rescued from my unpleasant position by Cameron himself, who had come to look for me. We found poor, mad Clisby quite close to where he had died, tangled up in some wire, and the same ghastly smile was on his face.

No one but Cameron ever knew what had really happened on that awful night. We told the girls that an accident had happened and that the hermit was dead.

For a week I lost the proper use of my limbs, owing to my cramped-up state when in that chair of his, but before I left Clinton Madge and I found time to finish our picture and to arrange a little matter that is to come off in the summer.—Strand Magazine.

Beware of the Grip.

You Can Avoid Getting It with Care and Can Get It if You Want.

The grip, which was epidemic in New York last January, is here again. Moist, warm weather is what the grip germs like. When the days are humid and a sort of muck spring prevails, the germs gambol upon the highways laughing and growing fat, every now and again making a hop for the throat of some passing citizen. In a few hours he begins to turn from his merriment in disgust, then a pessimistic mood comes over him and he finds himself asking whether life is worth living. After giving the question due thought he decides that it is not. Then he ties things round his head and goes to bed, says the New York World.

Cold and damp feet are great promoters of the disease. A New York doctor of renown says that shoals of women get it by wearing shoes with soles about as thick as blotting-paper. He advises all his women patients to try home-knitted, heavy stockings, even if they have to wear shoes two sizes too large for them. Most of them admit that they would rather have the grip, and they get it, too. Good substantial food and a devotion to hygiene and the nerves are recommended as preventives. As these do not cause any impairment of the personal appearance, but the contrary, they are more popular among women than the heavy-stocking prescription.

"Leave whisky alone, as it is fatal in grip cases," says one set of doctors. Others recommend mild stimulants.

"It is dangerous to tell a man that whisky is good for his complaint," said a grip physician, "as he is apt to rush for a saloon and overwork the bartender. Hundreds of New York men on reading that the grip is with us once more lose no time in taking what they consider an antidote. Even those who cannot bear the taste of whisky fight their way to a position of vantage at the bar, just for the sake of their health. That is all wrong. The great remedy is to keep warm, dry and well fed. Besides this the patient must try and be easy in his mind, though that may be a little difficult in these days of Venezuela wars, bond issues, diamond robberies—and, with Congress in session, what are you to do?"

"It is a good idea to stay in bed on the first appearance of trouble, and, above all things, send for a doctor."

A True Mother.

"All that I ever heard of Sir John Murray redounded to his honor," says Frederic Hill in his autobiography. At Edinburgh, under his hospitable roof, were often gathered the most distinguished men of his time. This marvellously genial person whose qualities were good nature, a love of humor and a love of pleasant society, formed a central figure round whom they all gathered. A pretty story is told of his high sense of honor.

An old lady who had quarreled with her adopted heir bequeathed her entire property to Sir John. When the will was read he found himself, to his great surprise, possessed of wealth, while the heir presumptive found himself penniless. Sir John made inquiries into the character of the young man, and receiving satisfactory answers, he quietly transferred back to him the whole property.

Soon after this a lady called upon Sir John's mother, and indignantly at what seemed to her an act of quixotism, demanded:

"Do you know what your son John has done?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Murray, with a happy smile, "and he would not have been my son John if he had done anything else."

A Girton Girl.

Girton, a college town for women, at Cambridge, England, has turned out some bright women, but evidently it does not give every one of its students a mastery of English style.

A Girton undergraduate, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, is said to have evolved this note:

"Miss — presents her compliments to Miss — and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine, so if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."

English Frock Coat.

The frock coat is unquestionably an English invention, and its first recorded appearance is in 1540, in the reign of Henry VIII. It is described as "a coat of velvet, somewhat all over with a frock, embroidered all shaped with flatted gold of damasks."

A Test of Success.

A great jockey and a great composer died on the same day. The great jockey left the most money.—Los Angeles Express.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.

"The Old Flag." If a collection was made of unique prison relics, there is at least one war-time newspaper that ought to be given first place among them, says the St. Louis republic. A copy of this odd paper called "The Old Flag," which was printed with pen and ink in a Confederate prison, is in the possession of Mr. J. L. Day, of Chicago, who was one of the prisoners who issued the paper.

Thirty odd years ago Mr. Day was a prisoner at Camp Ford, Tyler, Smith County, Texas. Among the many original stories told of him is one that he carried a snake in his pocket while there which he would throw in the midst of any whom he found eating a meal in order that he might frighten away a participant and have the meal himself.

Camp Ford—the prison above referred to, where the "Old Flag" was printed—was a stockade enclosure of

smoke and said: "You should keep a diary." The visitor now seemed to brighten up as though reminded of something he had hitherto forgotten, and exclaimed: "Put it thar, stranger. Thot's wot ails me; I've had the pesky thing for three weeks, an' it's killin' me."

War Time Friends. "Jack" Schuyler is dead. Thus ends one of the funniest feuds I have ever heard of.

On my way into the lumber region of Pennsylvania some years ago I encountered Col. "Tom" Pickert, who asked my destination. The colonel is one of the big men—physically, socially and financially—of Pottsville.

"You'll make Lockhaven your headquarters, I suppose?" he said, when I had told him of my projected trip. "Well, go to the Fallon House, kept by 'Jack' Schuyler, friend of mine, good fellow, but peculiar in one respect—he's the worst liar I ever met. Just register from Pottsville and he'll do the rest."

I urged the colonel to tell me more of this prospective host.

"Well, you see, we belonged to the same cavalry regiment in the army. Looked like each other a little, the boys used to say. He was a major and I lieutenant colonel. I never led a charge or had a brush with the enemy, or conducted a foraging party, or, or—in fact, never did anything worth mentioning.

THE OLD FLAG.

LOYAL TEXAS.

WHAT WE HAVE HAVE NOT

CONTRIBUTIONS

ALL KINDS OF

PRINTING

MEATLY EXECUTED

LOWEST PRICES

AT THIS OFFICE,

1111 TELEGRAPH

BUILDING

LATEST NEWS!

eight acres, in which place 6,800 prisoners of war were held. Within these small confines most of the number mentioned passed 414 days—more than a year.

It was one of the most remarkable war prisons of the war period. In spite of deprivations, disease and hunger there sprang up between the captured and their guard a feeling of fellowship which ripened into that sort of thing that makes men kin.

There had to be some diversion in such a place, and one of them was the "publication" by the prisoners of the Old Flag. It was written with a pen, and only one number of an issue was gotten out. This was read to squads and passed about. It had advertisements and "telegraph news" and poetry and gossip about events in the prison.

When the prisoners at Camp Ford went out, after the surrender, the editor of the paper, Captain William H. May, of the Twenty-third Indiana Cavalry, took the copies with him and had them photographed. A copy of each issue was sent to every man who was a prisoner in that camp. It is curious and interesting, and throws a white light on one of the darkest clouds that ever shadowed any land.

A facsimile of the Old Flag, lately published by a Chicago newspaper, shows it to have been a work of real ingenuity and patience as well as much originality and humor. An ante George Washington's birthday celebration announcement reads as follows, showing that the writers and printers of the Old Flag still had courage enough left in their hearts to be patriots:

"With the violin lately purchased from one of the guards for \$100, Confederate money (equal to \$10 in greenbacks here), and the banjo Messrs. Mars & Co. are making, and Captain Thompson's excellent fute we are in hopes to have quite a band by the 22d of February. Now, with the addition of a singing club we certainly do not lack music for a celebration on the birthday of Washington. We have excellent public speakers and therefore hope such a celebration will come off."

There is always something pathetic in reviewing the little crumbs of comfort such as this paper must have been to the prisoners who wrote it, but these reminders of war-time days seem only to bind those closer who shared in the making of them.

What Ailed "Johnny Reb." One rainy evening in the winter of 1863-64, a Georgian straggled into the camp of a North Carolina regiment, when conversation turned as usual, upon their various distresses, the Georgia man going over a long list of woes, and finally exhibiting his tattered wardrobe as proof of his story. For an hour or more the old adage, "Misery loves company," was tested and found true. After a while, with a view of ending the dreary ritual, one of the group looked up through the

but "Jack" claimed the credit, and, on the strength of our resemblance, more than half the time he got it. Whenever he made a blunder I was blamed for it. Good fellow, don't you know, but a liar."

As I placed my grip on the counter at the Fallon House I noticed that there really was a striking resemblance in the man who presided over the register to Col. "Tom" Pickert. Their noses were molded on the same heroic lines, their beards were shaped alike, and the same length and color, and the shaggy eyebrows were marked features in each. In detail and ensemble they might have been taken for brothers.

"From Pottsville, eh?" he said, as I laid aside the pen. "Know Tom Pickert? Queer fellow, ain't he? Worst liar in the State, I believe."

"That so?" I said. "I always thought very well of him."

"He may be changed now," said the major. "I hope he is. Why, we were in the army together, belonged to the same regiment. He was lieutenant colonel and I was major. Whenever I took our party on scout duty, or to conduct an ammunition train through a particularly dangerous district, or was particularly lucky in foraging, the officers of the other regiments were always invited out to hear 'Tom' tell how he did it. Took all the credit and made believe it was himself. I was blamed for all his mistakes. We looked a little alike then, they used to say. 'Tom's a good fellow, but he often made me mad by his lies. Do you ever drink anything?'"

Subsequently I discovered that at regimental and other reunions each took delight in collecting a coterie and pointing out the other as a liar. Then they toasted each other, and, like big-hearted old veterans, shook hands, to the astonishment of all. It was "Tom" and "Jack" always.—Kansas City Times.

Beaten by a Dead Yankee. A Confederate noticed upon the feet of a dead Union soldier a very fine pair of shoes. It occurred to him that he would like amazingly well to exchange his own strong cowhide shoes for the finely fitting ones of the dead man. Fecetiously observing, "Old fellow, I don't reckon you will mind the exchange," he transferred them to his own feet. The march continued, and before long the soles of the shoes began to drop off, and the Confederate soldier upon lifting them up, found to his dismay that they were made of pasteboard.

"Well," exclaimed one of his comrades, "if you let a dead Yankee cheat you like that, what in all creation would a live one do with you?"

If the armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, fifteen inches apart, it would require nine and one-half days for them to pass a given point.—St. Louis Republic.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

HOMES ARE RUINED BY STRONG DRINK.

Thousands of Lives, Characters and Fortunes Are Annually Wrecked Along the Gilded Pathway Having Its Beginning in the Wine Room.

Specimen of the Work Done Inside. "One of my friends," says the Rev. Charles Garrett, "is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest you have."

The sheet of paper was soon produced.

"Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed in large letters:

"Specimen of the work done inside." He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud: "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, 'who did that?'"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd.

"If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning when he arose he was sober, when he walked down the street on his way to work he was sober, when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"

Women at the Savings Bank. The classified returns from the savings banks to the State House in 1894 show the amount of deposits made during that year by women in Cambridge, Mass. More than one-half of all the money deposited in the four savings banks during that year was deposited by women. The exact figures are:

Total amount deposited during 1894	1894	1889
Amount deposited by women	\$1,890,017.82	995,336.27
Balance deposited by men	\$903,881.85	

The whole number of deposits during the year was 33,253, of which 20,414 were made by women.

Now, the question is, Where do the women get all this money? It is clear that it cannot be all their own earnings, and a large part of it must come from the husbands and fathers, who bring home wages instead of spending them in saloons. That this must be so is shown by the fact that the women deposited in the banks in 1894 \$275,000 more than they did in 1889, the year of the last prior classified report. East Cambridge is inhabited very largely by working people, and a comparison of deposits by women in the East Cambridge savings bank in 1889 and 1894 needs no comment. Here it is:

Number of deposits	1889	1894
Number of deposits	4,817	8,781
Amount deposited	\$145,000.21	\$318,377.03

This is the way the No vote of the women of East Cambridge has increased. Oh, that the men would do as well!

A Woman of Experience. Mrs. Kate Moynihan, police matron at Holyoke, makes some remarks in a recent issue of the True Light—published in Holyoke—that are of interest to all thoughtful women:

"I have had charge of nearly 300 women; some criminals, but the majority were more unfortunate than vicious. Many of them I knew years ago, good, industrious girls, who married shiftless, drunken husbands, and who have to work year after year in the mills to earn a living for their helpless little ones. In time their health fails, they lose strength and courage, they are told that a glass of ale will brace them up; they soon need more than one glass, and before long they are drunkards, too. What, then, becomes of the poor children? Is it any wonder that so many of them soon show the effect of such example and eventually find homes in our reformatories?"

The New Fizzle. A number of bar-rooms in the Tenderloin district and several of the hotel bars now have a daily supply of buttermilk. It is not now a singular sight to see old toppers step right up and get a thumping big glass of buttermilk. It has become a steady drink with those who have forsaken liquor and wine. It doesn't reduce one's girth a sixty-fourth of an inch, but it is wholesome and cooling, and those of experience declare that it takes the webs out of your cranium in a jiffy.—New York Sun.

One of the surest ways to bring liberty into the laws is the speedy establishment of out-and-out prohibition.

The greatest remedy for poverty and disease is the banishment of the brothel and the saloon.