

# BURIAL of MOSES

(Old Favorite Series.)  
By Nebot'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 ever.  
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.

Noisily 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 eyrie  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion striding  
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,  
And after him lead  
His masterless steed,  
While 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 embazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page  
Truths 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 employee. 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, damnable! 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 frank it all comes!" and he thrust the photograph into an empty drawer.

## Pictorial Humor



Merchant (catching the office-boy kissing the typewriter)—See here, young man, I don't pay you to kiss my typewriter.  
Office Boy—I know you don't, but I'm willing to do it for nothing.

### WHERE HE SLEEPS.

It was a discouraging answer that was made to the doting parents of a country boy who had gone to New York under the patronage of a prosperous grocer.

After he had been away for a fortnight the mother wrote to the boy's employer, saying that her son was "no hand to write letters," and she was anxious to know how he was getting on. "And do tell me where he sleeps nights," she pleaded earnestly at the end of the letter.

To this the grocer made answer within a few days:  
"Your son sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

### Peculiar to the Climate.

"In the clear atmosphere of the west," the immigration agent was saying, "the distances are remarkably deceptive." "But the atmosphere hasn't an absolute monopoly in that line," replied the man in the dilapidated bicycle suit. "Whenever a western Nebraska or Colorado farmer tells me it's four miles to the next town I always have to ride about fourteen to get there."—Chicago Tribune.



"Does she know that he has a past?"  
"No; she is only looking at the present."

### Inexorable.

"What impressed you most during your western visit?" they asked him after he had returned to Boston. "The ignorance of the people," promptly and decidedly answered the college professor. "I saw a man named Chandler, 34 years old, who had never learned the meaning and derivation of his name."—Chicago Tribune.

### Great Uncertainty.

"But how are we going to leave town?" anxiously inquired the tragedian, after he had learned that there were no railroads.  
"Well, that depends on the show," responded Amber Pete. "If the boys get their money's worth you'll ride on the coach; if they don't, you'll ride on a rail."

"Why is it," inquired the man who was nosing around the docks, "that you English call it 'lifting the cup'?" "Because, sir," said the dignified person with the mutton chop whiskers, "if it ever gets into our hands it will have a better position in society."—Chicago Tribune.

### GIVING HER ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Do you know," said the gushing maiden, "I should just love to write for the papers, and I believe that I could do it, too."  
"My dear young woman," replied the sympathetic editor, "there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't."  
"Really!" she cried delightedly.  
"None at all," he asserted. "Anyone can write for the papers; it's no trick at all. Why, that wastebasket is half full of stuff that was written for the papers."



Mrs. Seed—Just look how them two people is a keepin' step.  
Mr. Seed—And law, how they do keep in step tew!

### Inexplicable.

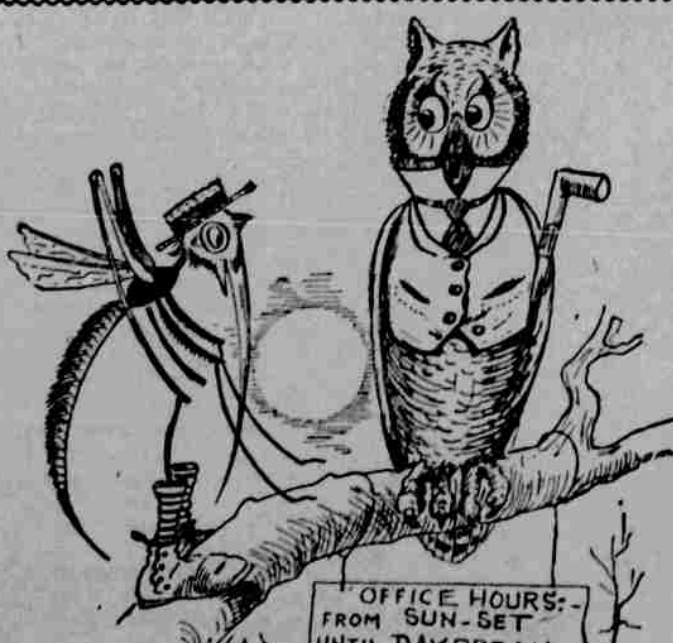
"How do you like this weather?" "I like it, but I can't understand it." "What is there about it you can't understand?" "Well, I know of two camp-meetings, three or four country fairs, half a dozen picnics, and an old settlers' reunion." "What of that?" "Then there's a yacht race and a golf tournament." "Yes. What of that?" "It doesn't rain!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Discovered.

"They had been married a year before anybody knew it, and even then their secret was discovered only by accident." "Indeed?" "Yes, one evening at a card party, they thoughtlessly played partners, and the way they quarreled left the whole thing out."—Detroit Free Press.

### Conditions Gradually Improving.

Easterner (on his vacation)—"I believe there is less of vice and crime among the Indians out here than there used to be. Is there not?" Comanche Pete—"You're right, pard. Th' haint ez many Injuns ez they used to be."—Chicago Tribune.



Dr. Owl—What can I do for you?  
Mosquito—I want to be vaccinated so that coal oil won't touch me.

### On and On.

Askit—I understand that that healer who treated by the laying on of hands is not so prosperous as he used to be, and has discharged most of his assistants.  
Telit—Yes, he's laying off his hands now.—Baltimore American.

### A Shakespearean.

"Who was the founder of Rome?" asked the teacher of ancient history. "Romeo!" piped the small boy in the rear seat.—Philadelphia Record.

### Heavy Girth.

"I tell you, the British officers have heavy weights resting on their shoulders," observed the man with the South African dispatches.  
"You mean on their bosoms," said the cheerful cynic. "They don't wear their medals on their shoulders."

### Country Road.

"Well, Halton, did you like the place where you were boarding?" "No. The only well-fed things up there were the mosquitoes."

## The Stairway.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily North 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 grand 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.

"He said with a slight effort, 'I have thought it an awful and it is true that the picture holds a tragedy.'"

So we turned to the fire, relit 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. Get 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 presentiment 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 passed inadvertently. He raised something in his hand—he placed the point of a stiletto—he plunged