

It Was a Dirty, Much-Worn Letter.



CHAPTER L

The Two Oaths.

On an afternoon in the carly sumitself out in time to see the bit of mer of 1856 Capt. Nathaniel Plum, master and owner of the sloop Typhoon, was engaged in nothing more important than the smoking of an and as silently as a serpent's. Perenormous pipe. Clouds of strongly haps Captain Plum heard the gloatodored amoke, tinted with the lights ing chuckle that followed the moveof the setting sun, had risen above his ment. If so he thought it only some head in unremitting volumes for the night bird in the brush. inst half hour. There was infinite con- "Heigh-ho!" he exclaimed, with tentment in his face, notwithstanding some return of his old cheer, "it's the fact that he had been moditating about time we were starting!" He on a subject that was not altogether jumped to his feet and began brushpleasant. But Captain Plum was, in ing the dust off his clothes. When a way, a philosopher, though one he had done, he walked out upon the if I won't!" cried Captain Plum. He

got the wrong party. Who's expecting The old man's face wrinkled itself. n a grimace and one gleaming eye med and closed in an understanding

ing to his own. "But I guess you've

"Ho ho, ho!--of course you're not expected. Anyvay, you're not expected to be expected! Cautiousborn general!-mighty clever thing to Strang should appreciate it." The old man gave vent to his own approbation in a series of inimitable chuckles. "Is that your sloop out there?" he inquired interestedly.

Something in the strangeness of the situation began to interest Captain Plum. He had planned a little adventure of his own, but here was one that promised to develop into something nore exciting. He nodded his head "That's her."

"Splendid cargo," went on the old nan. "Splendid cargo, eh?" "Pretty fair."

"Powder in good shape, ch?" "Dry as tinder." "And balls-lots of balls, and a few guns, ch?"

"Yes, we have a few guns," said Captain Plum. The old man noted the emphasis, but the darkness that had fast settled about them hid the added meaning that passed in a curious look over the other's face.

"Odd way to come in, though-very, odd!" continued the old man, gurgling and shaking as if the thought of it occasioned him great merriment.

"Very cautious. Level business head, Want to know that things are on the square, eh?" "That's it!" exclaimed Captain Plum,

body was expected at Beaver island ernor Parker at his home in Freewith powder and balls and guns. Well, hold.

he had a certain quantity of these materials aboard his sloop, and if he could make an agreeable bargain-The old man interrupted the plan my law practise again, and for me to

hat was slowly forming itself in Cap- drop it all would mean a considerable tain Plum's puzzled brain. "It's the price, ch?" He laughed makes a sincere call for me I will shrewdly. "You want to see the color listen to it, upon this one condition, of the gold before you land the goods. that I shall not spend any money, I'll show it to you. I'll pay you the that my party shall not spend any whole sum tonight. Then you'll take money, except for absolutely necesthe stuff where I tell you to. Eh? sary expenses, in the campaign, and isn't that so?" He darted ahead of that you will make the campaign up-Captain Plum with a quick alert move on this issue." ment. "Will you please follow me,

At this action there came a quick | For an instant Captain Plum's imbehind him. Noiselessly the tangle of stant it suddenly occurred to him that vines separated and a head thrust he was lending himself to a rank imposition. At the same time he was of money. Nevertheless, when the which drove Sitting Bull and his folpaper fall short of the water's edge. filled with a desire to go deeper into votes were counted, it was found that lowers into Canada after the Custer with the thought of what it might hold

for him. "Are you coming, sir?" The little old man had stopped a

dozen paces away and turned expectantly. "I tell you again that you've got the

wrong man, dad!" "Will you follow me, sir?" "Well, if you'll have it so-damned

NEW NEWS A OF YESTERDAY by E. J. Edwards

the supreme court of the state in

Trenton. The first thing he did after

arriving in the capital city was to

hunt up a barber shop, in front of

which, as the successful candidate

was being shaved, a large crowd of

Governorship Cost Him \$8, was all I had spent to make my cam-paign. As counsel for the railroad

That Was All Joel Parker Spent in His Successful Campaign to Be Chief Executive of New

Jersey.

the curious gathered. Joel Parker, who died in 1888, at In due course the governor, smooth the age of seventy-two, gained national distinction at the time of the as to chin, started to pay the barber. He felt in one pocket-no money. In Civil war because, although elected dismay he turned to the barber, governor of New Jersey as a Demowhen a friend rushed up and offered crat, he was nevertheless one of the his purse, while the crowd outside, most efficient and zealous of all the quick to grasp the little comedy, war governors of the north. His unique distinction, in fact, was that cheered frantically. A moment later Governor Parker he was the great Democratic war had taken his stand upon the threshgovernor of the Union. He served old of the shop. from 1862, to 1866 and in 1876 he was "Fellow citizens," he said, "I began

the favorite son of the New Jersey the campaign which ended yesterday Democrats for the presidential nomwith the understanding that I was to ination. spend no money to secure my election

Five years before Governor Parand that my party was to spend none. ker's party became very much disexcept for printing and other absoluteturbed by the understanding that the ly necessary incidentals. When I be-Republicans were going to nominate gan my campaign I started out from

for governor a very rich manufacturmy home in Freehold with a ten-dollar famous Democratic war governor er-Cornellus Walsh, by name-who, bill in my pocket. I spoke in every went on his way to the court house a catching at the proffered straw. In- it was understood, had expressed a county in the state and every day for wardly he was wondering when his willingness to contribute a very large the past two weeks. When I arrived him to the echo when he entered the feet would touch bottom. Thus far sum of money in support of his canat my home the night before election building . he had succeeded in getting but a didacy. In their pertubation the I found that I had just two dollars left (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards. All single grip on the situation. Some Democratic leaders sought out Gov of that ten-dollar bill. Eight dollars

"Well," replied the war governor. Hobby Cost Nation a Hero have just got into the full swing of

monetary sacrifice. Still, if my party

The condition was accepted by the Democratic leaders, Governor Parker federacy upon the Atlantic seaboard. movement in the dense wall of verdure pulse was to hold back. In that in- citing campaign that followed there eral in the regular army, he again was duly nominated and in the ex- Eleven years later, as a brigadier genwas plenty of evidence that his op- came prominently before the country ponent was spending a large amount as the commander of the main column

> the adventure, and his blood thrilled the Democratic war governor had massacre on the Little Big Horn. triumphed. One of the leading New Haven, The day following the election- Conn., men of other days who never

and here comes in the new news- tired of talking of General Terry was Governor Parker, in his capacity as a the late Judge E. K. Foster, who was lawyer, was obliged to appear before for many years prosecuting attorney



being content to get the latest news would not have goessed this fact from rim of beach and stretched himself felt that he had relieved his con-

JULIA WARD HOWE

Another Grand Old Woman Dies at Advanced Age.

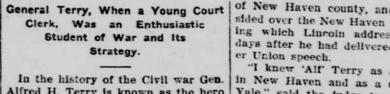
Famous Author, Lecturer and Worker Along Lines Which Elevate Humanity-Wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Boston .- Another of the grand old women of the world passed away in the death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, famous as an author and lecturer. Bowed under the weight of 91 years. the noted philanthropist succurbed to an attack of pneumonia. The end came peacefully at her summer home. Oak Gien, in a suburb of Newport. R. I. Julia Ward Howe, who will pechaps be remembered best as author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic was torn in New York city near the Battery on May 12, 1819. Her (ather, amuel Ward, a Rhode Island m. a, was be grandson of Gov. Samuel Ward, of that State, who was a member of the first and second constitutional congresses. Mrs. Howe's paternal grandfather was a colonel in the revolutionary war, and her paternal grandmother was a daughter of Gov. Greene of Rhode Island. Her mother was Julia Cutler, the grandniece of Gen. Francis Marion of South Carolina, a descendant of the French Huguenots.

During a visit to Boston she met Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a teacher of the blind and a philanthropic physician. They were married in 1843, and Boston became their home. She ably helped her husband in his labors for the public good. They traveled much abroad.

Mrs. Howe had written altogether many books, besides poems and essays, addresses, and the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by which she is best known, and which she herself loved best of all her literary works. The story of the writing of the hymn is familiar to nearly everyone. It was in the first year of the Civil war, just outside of Washington, where she had gone to witness a parade and had been induced to speak a few words to the soldiers returning singing "Johr Brown's Body." She was asked by Rev Dr. James Freeman Clarke, "my dear old pastor," to put more suitable words to the inspiring tune. At first she re





In the history of the Civil war Gen. Alfred H. Terry is known as the hero Yale," said the judge to me when I of Fort Fisher, since he was the man called upon him in the summer of 1872, who, in January of 1865, led the successful assault upon the last remain-

of New Haven county, and who presided over the New Haven mass meeting which Lincoln addressed a few days after he had delivered his Coop-

company, I am privileged to ride upon

a pass, and in that way I traveled

from meeting place to meeting place.

The hotel proprietors throughout the

state insisted upon receiving me as a

guest without pay, and I have also

been entertained at private houses.

As for the two dollars I had left over

when I got back home, I spent them

for postage stamps in order to send

letters in reply to those which had

"So, you see, my friends, we have

shown that it is possible for a guber-

natorial candidate to be victorious in

New Jersey without the use of money.

Still, because of this fact, I have just

had an embarrassing moment. I gave

so little thought to money during the

campaign that it apparently has be-

come a habit, for when I left home

to come to Trenton I didn't think to

supply myself with money, and you

have just seen that I was actually

obliged to ask the barber to hang up

It was a little confession that tick-

led the crowd immensely, and as the

great throng followed him, cheering

Rights Reserved.)

war broke out, and it hadn't been go-

ing on long before those of us who

knew him well discovered that 'Alf'

Terry was taking a sudden and in-

tense interest in the progress of the

campaign being conducted against

Russia by the allies. Why, he became

so deeply immersed in the subject

that he actually neglected his duties

as clerk of the court a bit, and not

accumulated during my absence.

"I knew 'Alf' Terry as a boy here in New Haven and as a student at "and I was one of the men who helped to get him appointed clerk of the superior court of the state back in 1854, ing important stronghold of the Conwhile he was still two or three years under thirty. You see, he had graduated from the Yale law school some years before, but, somehow, he didn't seem to be able to make the law go, and so we got him the clerkship. "That was the year the Crimean

the shave!"

up by eyes that shone with an un object, this spying head. bounded good humor which any in-

islands. Between these, three miles steps, and then with startling agility away, the sloop Typhoon was strongly darted to the beach and seized the man. His voice had changed. It Garfield had been carried to one of allhouetted in the fading glow. Be crumpled letter. yond the islands and the sloop there The person who for the greater part to speak above a whisper. were no other objects for Captain of the afternoon had been spying upon Plum's eyes to rest upon. So far as Captain Plum from the security of assured fact to Captain Plum.

In the security of his position he be- infallible stamp of extreme age. ward the glare that shone more powerbowl of his pipe on his boot heel to canny strength and quickness in empty it of ashes. Then he drew a his movements. There was no stoop long-barreled revolver from under a to his shoulders. His bead was set cost that he had thrown aside and squarely. His eyes were as keen as examined it carefully to see that the steel. It would have been impossible belt, buckled it round his waist, ceeded even in the failing light in deshoved the revolver into its holster, ciphering much of it, for the glimmer was a dirty, much-worn letter, Per. pocket. hans he had read it a score of times.

ders and turned his eyes in the directics of the sloop. The last rim of the sun had fallen upon hearing his approach. "A mighty there came over him a loneliness that the best of his knowledge he was a sometimes! Eh, Captain Plum?" was chilling, a ioneliness that made foul for being there. His crew aboard At the sound of his name Captain each time he had repeated at the last in the world. resch time be the spennen is a sudden revulsion at his "Hope there's bothing wrong, more than five feet square. Then he be very dear near the poles and very jump as many feet without suffering weakness he pulled himself together. Cap'n?" he repeated. crumpled the dirty missive into a ball and fung it out upon the white rim plied the young man, dropping the out in the dim light.

of beach

Again the hidden head shot forth velop badly for him during the next eight or nine and twenty, and his from its concealment. A sudden turn few hours no one could say that he strong, rather this face, tanned by ez- and Captain Plum would certainly had lied. So he followed light-heartposure to the sea, was just now lighted have been startled. For it was a weird ediy after the old man, his eyes and ears alert, and his right hand, by force

Captain Plum now put on his coal, of habit, reaching under his coat to back on the fact that the newspaper stant might take the form of laughter. buttoned it close to conceal the weap- the butt of his pistol. His guide said reports I sent from Washington from At the present time Captain Plum's ons in his belt, and walked along the not another word until they had trav- day to day following the shooting of rision was confined to one direction, narrow water-run that crept like a eled for half an hour along a twisting President Garfield by Guiteau accuwhich carried his gaze out over Lake white ribbon between the lake and path and stood at last on the bald sum- rately foreshadowed the president's Michigan. Earlier in the day he had the island wilderness. No sooner had mit of a knoll from which they could death. And, curiously enough, one of been able to discern the hazy outline he disappeared than the bushes and look down upon a number of lights the incidents that caused me right of the Michigan wilderness 29 miles vines behind the rock were torn asun- twinkling dimly a quarter of a mile from the start to take a most serious to the eastward. Straight ahead, der and a man wormed his way away. One of these lights gleamed view of the nature of the president's noting up rugged and sharp in the through them. For an instant he above all the others, like a beacon set wound occurred not more than an red light of the day's end, were two paused, listening for returning foot- among fireflies. "That's St. James," said the old down in the railroad station.

was low and soft, as though he feared the executive offices on the second "St. James!"

"Strang!"

The young man at his side gazed were representing the press of the be could see there was no other sail. the thicket was to all appearances a down silently upon the scattered lights, country were gathered on the floor At his back he was shut in by a dense very small and a very old man, though his heart throbbing in a sudden tu- below, I beheld Col. Robert G. Ingergrowth of trees and creeping vines, there was something about him that mult of excitement. He had set out soll coming down the stairs that led and unless a small boat edged close in seemed to belie a first guess at his that day with the idea of resting his to the upper tier of offices. I knew around the end of Beaver island his age. His face was emaciated; his hair eyes on St. James. In its silent mys- him well, and, hastening up to him, piace of concealment must remain un- was white and hung in straggling tery the town now lay at his feet. covered. At least this seemed an masses on his shoulders; his booked nose bore apparently the man. He pointed a trembling arm to-"And that light-" spoke the old

can to whistle softly as he beat the Yet there was a strange and un- fully than the others. "That light marks the sacred home of the king!" "You mean-" He started rapidly down the knoll powder and hall were in solid and that none of the kaps was milling. From seventy. Eagerly he smoothed out less chuckle. A dozen rods farther on and there floated back to Captain the same place he brought forth a the abused missive and evidently such his mysterious guide turned into a bypath which led them to another knoll, capped by a good-sized building made and dragging the coat to him, fished of a smile flashed over his thin fea- of logs. There sounded the grating out a letter from an inside pocket. It sures as he thrust the paper into his of a key in a lock, the shooting of a bolt, and a door opened to admit them.

Without a moment's hesitation he He read it again now, and then, refili- set out on the trial of Captain Plum. up," apologized the old man as he led ing his pipe, settled back against the A quarter of a mile down the path he the way in. "A candle will be suffirock that formed a rest for his shoul- overtook the object of his pursuit. "Ah, how do you do, sir?" he greet- privacy in these matters-always. Eh?

ed as the younger man turned about Isn't that so?" Captain Plum followed without re, there was no response of any sort. A hooted down." the Michigan wilderness and in fast pace you're setting for an old ply. He guessed that the cabin was third time I made a similar test, and (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.) the rapidly increasing gloom the sloop man, sir!" He broke into a laugh made up of one large room, and that oming indistinguishable. Cap- that ways not altogether unpleasant, at the present time, at least, it postain Flum looked at his watch. He and boldly held out a hand. "We've sessed no other occupant than the must still wait a little longer before been expecting you, but-not in this singular creature who had guided him setting out upon the adventure that " ay. I hope there's nothing wrong?" to it. had brought him to this incluted spot. | Captain Pium had accepted the "It is just as well, on this particular He rested his bend against the rock, proffered hand. Its coldness and the night, that no light is seen at the Many Odd Things That Would Happen populous-whether every one would go and thought. He had been thinking singular appearance of the old man window," continued the old man as for hours. Back in the thicket he who had come like an apparition he rummaged about a table for a beard the prowling of some small ani- chilled him. In a moment, however, it match and a candle. "I have a little mai. There came the sleepy chirp of occurred to him that he was a victim corner back here that a candle will a bird and the rustling of tired wings of mistaken identity. As far as he brighten up nicely and no one in the ettling for the night. A strange still knew there was no one on Beaver | world will know it. Ho, ho, ho!-how pers howered about him, and with it island who was expecting him. To nice it is to have a quiet little corner than it does. Of course if it went 18

the bornerick. It was a new and an the sloop had agreed upon that point Plum started as though an unexpected person would jump into the air and plensant sensation to Captain Plans, with extreme vehemence and to a man hand had suddenly been laid upon him, fail to come down again. A man might He could not remember just when he had attempted to dissuade him from So he was expected, after all, and his weigh 200 pounds at the poles and had experienced it before; that is, if the mad project upon which he was name was known! For a moment his nothing at the equator, while his be dated the present from two weeks launching bimself among the Mormons surprise robbed him of the power of weight would vary for intermediate ago tonight. It was then that the let- in their island stronghold. All this speech. The little old man had ter had been handed to him in Chi- came to him while the little old man tighted his candle, and, grinning back he would get lighter, and if he receded carn, and it had been a weight upon was looking up into his face, chuck- over his shoulder, passed through a from it he would get heavier. A man his soul and a prick to his conscience Hig, and shaking his hand as if he narrow cut in the wall that could hard-could carry a house on his shoulders ever since. Once or twice he had were one of the most important and by be called a door and planted his made up his mind to destroy it, but thost greatly to be desired personages light on a table that stood in the cen-

cold hand that still persisted in cling-

ter of a small room, or closet, not can now. On this account labor would

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Was Mortal-Guiteau Didn't Say "I'm a Stalwart."

hour after Garfield had been shot

asked: "Have you seen the presi-

For a moment he could not control

his emotions sufficiently to speak.

Then he nodded, and in a voice that

"The wound is a mortal one. I

the equator would weigh nothing-a

very near the equator, while near eith-

er pole he could only carry what one

dent?"

was in it, said:

erless to use them. I said to myself | ting there by the hour in the evenings, then, and I say it to you now, that awaiting such news as might come in the wound is a mortal one. The bullet about the siege of Sebastopol and has either torn the spinal cord or has other events. He became especially broken the backbone, and he cannot excited about the war on the days Not without a little pride I look recover." that he knew a European mail was

The post mortem following Gar- due-we had no cables then-and not field's death justified in some measure infrequently on mail days he remained though not completely, the diagnosis at the newspaper office awaiting war which Colonel Ingersoll had made to news until the paper went to press. me while the physicians were deciding that the president's spinal cord had further. He got together as good a colnot been touched by the bullet. Some months after Guiteau had been could possibly lay his hands on. As

"You will recall, of course," said the of the troops.

great agnostic, "that following Guiteau's arrest the report went all over that 'Alf' Terry had a better knowlfloor of the station, and while the phythe country that the poor fool had ex- edge of the strategy employed by both sicians worked over him and we who claimed, triumphantly, 'I'm a Stal- sides than any other man in the state, wart! I'm a Stalwart!' when he was or in several states, for that matter. arrested. And you remember, of He wrote and talked incessantly about

course, that that statement led to a it, yet for the diplomacy connected suspicion that some of the members with the war, or the politics that of the Stalwart wing of the Repubcaused it, he knew practically nothing lican party had entered into a conand cared less. And when the brie! spiracy with Guiteau to 'remove' Garcampaign of the French against the field, so that Arthur could succeed Austrians was on in 1859, he spent all his spare time studying the reports

"Now, Guiteau never said such a reaching this country of the battles of I shall never forget, for the awe that thing. I was hurrying to the railroad Solferino and Magenta. station as an officer of the law was

"Two years later, President Lincoln leading Guiteau away to the police issued his first call for volunteers, an ! know it; my army experience taught station, and, naturally, I stopped an 'Alf Terry, who in the meantime hal me many things about gunshot instant to get a glimpse of the assasgained the rank of colonel in the state wounds. When I went into the room sin., He was talking to the policeman, militia through devotion to his hobby, Garfield recognized me and tried to who said nothing, and I heard Guiteau went to Bull Run at the head of the speak encouragingly, but his voice say as plainly as now I hear my own Seventh Connecticut infantry, and his was almost in a whisper. He is lying voice: 'It's all right. It's all right.' on a sort of improvised couch and I That was just what he said and nothwas one of the few regiments that restood beside him, and then, as I had ing else, and it was the similarity in helped to check the stampede. been told that he had been shot in the sound of the words of the two

"The rest of his career the world the back, it occurred to me that if the phrases that led to the report that knows," concluded Judge Foster. "But spinal column had been injured I Guiteau had excused and defended his I sometimes think that, if 'Alf' Terry could quickly discover it. Unobserved act by saying: 'I'm a Stalwart! I'm had not suddenly been seized with the by any one, I reached over and very a Stalwart!' Yet had I told what I idea to study the Crimean war seven firmly pinched the flesh just above the knew to be the truth concerning his cient. You know there must be ankle. There was not the slightest exclamation at the time the country years before our great war broke, he probably would have remained unmovement of the muscles. Then I was excited over the false report, I beknown to fame and would have rusted movement of the muscles. Then I have a would have been laughed or out behind the desk of the clerk of our superior court."

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tative force and not to centrifugal, as would be the case on the rapidly rotating earth .- Harper's Weekly.

He Got His Lunch

Saloon men who provide free lunches can tell many tales of imposition by ravenous customers, but the most masterly achievement in the art of working an easy victim has been reported by a Columbus avenue pub-

"I am laid up with a lame back and can't get down for my glass of beer today. The bearer of this note will walk farther without getting tired, and fetch it to me. Along with the beer could jump over any obstacle that pre please send the amount of lunch I sented itself without coming down usually eat when I come in to take a nip. I'd get it if I was there, so why

such a rapid rotation as is pictured "Nerve don't begin to spell what ails him," said the saloon man, "but free lunch."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

used, but in the gray of the following morning the inspiration same to her and, leaving her bed, she found a bit of paper and pencil and jotted down

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: He is tramping out the vintage where the

grapes of wrath are stored; hath loosed the fateful lightning of 17.0 His terrible swift sword His truth is marching on

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the

evening dews and damps; can read His righteous sentence by the lim and flaring lamps. His day is marching on.

have read a flery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;

"As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before

His judgment seat; O! be swift, my soul, to answer lim! be

jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilles Christ was With a glory in His bosom that transfigsca,

ures you and me; he died to make men holy, let us die As he to make men free, While God is marching on.

In the interest of anti-slavery, Mrs. Howe assisted her husband in the editorship of a paper, The Boston Commonwealth. She was a leader in the woman suffrage movement with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, became one of the editors of The Woman's Journal, the organ of the movement, and as a Unitarian she frequently preached from the pulpit of Rev. Dr. Freeman Clarke. For 40 rears she labored conservatively and ably to bring about the enfranchisement of her sex. She was founder of the New England Women's club, which was a ploneer organization n the movement for votes for women.

Dr. Howe died in 1876, and in her. xidowhood Mrs. Howe turned her life to ilterature, following out his ideals and her own. She was the recipient of a degree from Smith college and has been honored on many occasions. Her last public appearance in New York was at the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

An Apartment Mausoleum.

Cincinnatl .- A company has been ormed in Cincinnati to erect and rent a mausoleum. This is to be a large building, where bodies may be taken by survivors who own no burial plot and who have no desire to buy one. There will be compartments in the milding, arranged like shelves in a ibrary, and on these the bodies are to be placed. By an evaporating procas they will be reduced to dust. It is the purpose of the undertakers of his business scheme to rent or sell compartments of all sizes, ranging from the "single" to the "large fam tr" size.

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north for good wages or go south for cheap workmen. The railroad problem would be momentous, unless the

a uniform rate would obtain on any particular east-and-west line.

for they would make everyone feel better and in buoyant spirits; more sprightly, too, so that people would

with too hard a thump. There is no planet known that has not send it?"

here, but there are several where man would weigh a great deal less than on just because he did have something the earth. On the moon a man would that nerve wouldn't spell he got his weigh only 50 or 60 pounds and could

Cap's" he repeated. "Right as a trivet here, dad," re- ter from his pocket and smoothed it dial be interesting to know which affairs obtains over the whole planet, one cheek and he will generally swat section of the earth would be most because it is due to absence of gravi- you on the other.

If the Earth Turned Faster

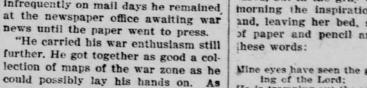
If Globe Changed Its Speed. Conjecture has often been made as to what would happen if the earth

him.

Journeys to the south would be even more popular than they are now, times as fast as it does now, bodies at

railroads all ran east and west, when

lican who last week received the following note from a steady patron:



executed Colonel Ingersoll told me news from the front drifted across of another interesting incident con- the Atlantic he traced upon his maps, nected with Garfield's assassination. so far as he was able, the movements "The Crimean war ended, I daresay