

## BE CHEERFUL.

Though earth-cures oppress thee  
And adversity twine  
Her dark wreaths about thee—  
Yet, oh, make no sign.  
Tread firmly life's mazes,  
Repressing the tear  
That fain would off gush forth—  
Poor wanderer here.

Perhaps on the morrow  
Prosperity's sun  
May shine on thy pathway,  
And sorrow be done.  
The way, once so desolate,  
May take a new turn,  
And bright flowers erst hidden  
Our eyes may discern.

Cheer up! Oh, there's magic  
In these little words;  
You hear them in the streamlet,  
In songs of the birds,  
Look up—see them written  
In the depths of blue;  
Press onward, look upward—  
The light will break through.  
—Utica Globe.

## THE GHOST OF A GALLOW.

It was an extremely awkward situation. Even I, who am somewhat slow to think, as a rule, realized that instantly. At my feet in the dusty roadway lay a revolver, still hot and smoking from its discharge, the report of which had just startled the quiet of that country lane, while not far away from me there lay in the road the body of a man who had fallen from a dog-cart to the ground, apparently stone dead, and the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitterest enemy.

The horse stopped and swerved with terror at the discharge of the pistol, and this action threw the man, dead or wounded, from the cart. The groom who was sitting back to back with his master, jumped from the vehicle and ran toward the prostrate figure, while the horse, left entirely to his own devices, went on in a mad gallop.

As a drowning man thinks, so did I,



"AS A DROWNING MAN THINKS, SO DID I," in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master he saw in an instant that the man was dead. Then he looked at me. I was still reviewing the situation. But there wasn't much time to spare.

It was not I who fired the fatal shot. The road on this side was lined on one side with a high hedge, and I knew that the murderer had fired from this ambush and dexterously thrown the revolver to where it lay just at my feet. But I was quick enough to realize that no jury in the world would ever believe this unless proof of the real murderer could be produced.

Instantly I knew that my only hope lay in his capture, and I immediately dashed through the hedge in search of him, while the groom, thinking no doubt that I was attempting to make my escape, came in hot pursuit after me.

Inside of the hedge there was no sign of any living being. The fair green fields stretched away to the hills, beyond which the white walls of a farmhouse were just visible, as peacefully as if there could be no such thing as the tragedy which had just taken place on the other side of the hedge. I looked up and down the long hedge row in vain. There was not the slightest clew to the murderer to be seen.

However, I determined that the man might possibly make for the railroad station, whence I had just come, for I knew that there was a train for the city due in a few minutes. Could the ruffian catch it? And could I overtake him before he did so? If not I reflected I might easily telegraph to the next station and have him apprehended.

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside of the hedge and toward the railway station. The groom had given up pursuit of me, doubtless thinking it his duty to return to his master's body. It wanted six minutes before the train was due, as I saw by a hasty glance at my watch, but I did not know how far the station was from where the murder occurred.

I never ran so hard in my life before, but I felt that my life depended on the chance of securing the murderer, and consequently the effort cost me no strain. My mind began to tell on me, however, at the end of the first quarter mile, and I was just wondering vaguely how long I could keep it up when I came upon the empty dog-cart with the runaway horse quietly cropping grass by the roadside. Here was luck indeed. I jumped into the cart as speedily as my exhausted strength would let me, and gathering up the reins I struck the horse and we were off as fast as the animal could run toward the station.

I estimated that there were still two minutes before the train was due, and I felt sure that the station could not be more than a third of a mile distant. Suddenly I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and with it came an inspiration.

The murderer might never be found. At all events I could not lay hands on him just then. Why not take the train

and make good my own escape while the opportunity presented itself. It seemed a terrible thing to thus flee from justice because of a crime which I had not committed, but I could not for my life see any other course open. So I urged the animal to still greater speed and pulling up at a bend in the road before I reached the station I jumped down and ran, just in time to scramble upon the train as it was moving off.

It was a curious freak of chance, if indeed, it was chance alone, which had brought me down to Hopeville that morning and thrust me into the unfavorable position of a suspected murderer. I had received a telegram from Randolph Cutting, the man whom I had just seen murdered, asking me to come down immediately to Hopeville, and in obedience to this summons I had taken an early morning train down from New York. Hopeville is an exceedingly unpretentious little New Jersey village, if indeed a country store and two small houses besides the station could be so described. When I stepped out of the train I looked about in vain for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a hired conveyance was an utter impossibility at Hopeville, I set out at a brisk walk in the direction of Randolph Cutting's place, which I knew from a former visit was about a mile and a half from the station.

Randolph Cutting and I were second cousins, and the very slight degree of affection which always existed between us was not increased materially at the death of an uncle of ours who left his money to me, and whose will was so involved that there was a lawsuit between Cutting and myself. As it happened, by the terms of the will, most of my uncle's property was left to me, and Cutting tried to have the will broken upon certain technical grounds which are not essential to this story. The courts upheld me, however, and declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself had not spoken for five years, and, of course, had not been near his home until that eventful day, when I hurried down there in response to his telegram. True, I did think that it was a curious thing for Cutting to do—to telegraph for me to come down to Hopeville, but on second thoughts I concluded that some business of importance in connection with certain interests which were still mutual, required that he should see me, and that perhaps he was unable from illness or some other cause to leave his home.

This brief explanation of the cause of my visit to Hopeville was only a small part of the thoughts which crowded my brain when I was safely seated in the train and whirling toward Jersey City. As I have said, Randolph Cutting and I were bitter enemies, and the evidence which pointed to my having committed the crime seemed so blackly conclusive that I could almost feel the rope tighten about my neck. When the train stopped at the next station I trembled in every limb, fully expecting to see some one come into the car to arrest me. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and I passed several more stations in safety. However, I did not allow myself much hope, for I felt sure I would be apprehended at Jersey City. After some thought I concluded that it would be the best plan to go right in rather than get off at any out-of-town stations, as there would be much less risk of being noticed in the crowd which would get off the train there.

When the train pulled into the Jersey City depot I made my way with all possible haste to the waiting-room, and greatly to my surprise I was not molested. Suddenly I heard the trainman call out a train for Philadelphia, and acting upon impulse I hastily secured a ticket and was soon comfortably ensconced in a parlor car on the way to the Quaker City.

I can never describe that night of horror which I spent in Philadelphia. Some idea of my feelings may be imagined when I saw in an evening paper a dispatch telling of the murder of Randolph Cutting, a well-known New Yorker, near his country place at Hopeville, N. J. The account in the paper said that detectives from New York were at work upon the case, and that although they refused to give out any of the facts, they were in possession of a clew which they felt sure would enable them to capture the murderer within a few hours.

I sought a quiet hotel upon a side street, registering under an assumed name and then endeavored to compose myself to await results. I hardly think



OFF AS FAST AS THE ANIMAL COULD RUN.

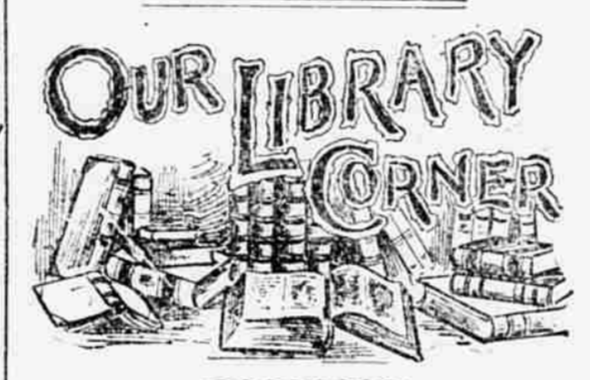
I slept a wink that night, but tossed feverishly upon my bed, wondering whether I had not acted very foolishly in thus running away when I was perfectly innocent. Undoubtedly by so doing I had strengthened the chain of evidence against me, but under the circumstances I did not see what else I could do. There was still a chance for me, I thought. Cutting's groom was no doubt a new one, as his face was not familiar to me, and he probably did not know who I was. No one else in Hopeville knew me. I had not mentioned my

intention of going down there to anyone in New York. My only hope lay in keeping perfectly secluded until the thing had blown over, and this I thought I could do as well in my hotel in Philadelphia as anywhere else.

Then when I would arrive at this point in my reasoning the thought of that clew that the detectives were working on would come to me and I would break into a cold perspiration from nervousness and anxiety. How I ever got through the night I cannot tell. As soon as I could get into my clothes in the morning I procured a morning newspaper. There I found a fuller and more thrilling account of the murder, most of which I skimmed through hurriedly until I reached the following words:

"Detectives Warden and Seabury, of the Pinkerton force, reached Hopeville shortly after noon, having been telegraphed for by Mr. Cutting's family. They at once set to work upon a clew furnished them by Davis, the groom, who was with Mr. Cutting when the fatal shot was fired. Davis was sitting with his back to Mr. Cutting, but happening to look toward the side of the road he saw a man, whom he recognized as a discharged servant of his employer's, level a pistol at Mr. Cutting's head and fire. Mr. Cutting fell to the ground and Davis jumped to his master's assistance, only to find him instantly killed. The horse had taken fright and run away, when Davis happened to look up saw a figure in the roadway. Instinctively he ran toward him, but the man darted behind the hedge and Davis lost sight of him. He was able, however, to identify the murderer fully when he was arrested by the detectives late last night. The man, whose name is James Simpson, was found in an empty hay shed, not two miles from the scene of the murder. When confronted with his crime he became panic-stricken and made a full confession."

And that was the nearest I ever came to being hanged.—Philadelphia Times.



Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of the famous "John Ward, Preacher," has finished a group of five short stories, which will appear under the title, "The Wisdom of Fools."

Hamlin Garland's new book, "Way-side Courtships," is made up of short stories dealing with the influence of women, exerted often by chance, upon men's careers.

Dean Farrar's new theological work is on the eve of appearance in London. In its twenty-three chapters Dr. Farrar treats of the "allegorical method" of exegesis as untenable, and deals with the dangerous results of the "supernatural dictation" theory. Necessarily, the book will arouse wide attention and keen controversy.

In the Jewish Era Mrs. T. C. Rounds has gathered much interesting matter relative to the cause represented by the Chicago Hebrew Mission—the conversion of the Jews to Christianity. The leading article is by Prof. H. M. Scott, and is to the effect that Judaism cannot survive in a world of religious liberty, because it is not a proselyting religion.

"The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton," is said to be practically an autobiography. The real facts concerning the burning of her husband's Persian translation, "The Scented Garden," are told, and her real motives given. One of the interesting features of the book is found in numerous and important letters from Gen. Gordon which have never before been published.

Francis G. Burton writes and the Technical Publishing Company brings out "Naval Engineers and the Command of the Sea." It is devoted to proving that Great Britain must institute many reforms in respect of the engineers in its navy and points out what is certain to happen otherwise by detailing two imaginary wars. As England wobbles France, which treats its engineers properly in one, and the United States, which treats them even better in the other, the moral is not obvious.

The American Youth, the weekly organ of the Waifs' Mission, seems to be fed on the literary fat of the land. The editor, Susan Gibbons Duval, has not only made it of an excellent juvenile paper, but has secured stories and articles from the ablest pens. Anthony Hope's new story, "Victory of the Grand Duke of Mittenheim," is begun in the latest issue. Among the writers who have promised to contribute during 1897 are Capt. King, Hamlin Garland, Lillian Bell, Octave Thanet, Joseph Jefferson, and a score of others almost equally noted. The American Youth evidently has a high standard and lives up to it.

Women as Pack Animals.

The new woman will find much needing emancipation in her Indian sister of Alaska. There women are converted into pack animals at times. Not an unusual sight is to see a long pack train of dogs loaded with twenty or thirty pounds each, and here and there a woman laboring under a 100-pound pack.

She Recovered.

White—Did old Green recover from that railroad accident yet?  
Black—No, but his wife did—to the tune of ten thousand.—New York Tribune.

When a man makes a mistake of any kind, he usually lays the blame on a "false friend."

## Anecdote AND Incident

During the reign of Charles the Second one Signor Leti proposed to write a history of the court. "You will give offense," urged his friends. "Were I as wise as Solomon," said Leti, "I could not avoid that." "Then be as wise," rejoined the king, who was present, "and write proverbs, not history."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once made an address in his native town to a medical association. The president of the association was the son of a man who had been the druggist of the village when Dr. Holmes had studied medicine there. "It is good to look at this young man," said the genial orator, "and trace his father's liniments in his face."

On one occasion Gordon told Cecil Rhodes the story of the offer of a roomful of gold which had been made to him by the Chinese government after he had subdued the Tai-Ping rebellion. "What did you do?" said Rhodes. "Refused it, of course," said Gordon; "what would you have done?" "I would have taken it," said Rhodes, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out."

Two green reporters, Englishmen, were sent by the city editor of a newspaper to a suburban town to write up the burning of an orphan asylum. Late that night, when the news editor was wondering why no "copy" about the fire was coming by wire, a telegraph messenger rushed in and handed him a dispatch. He opened it and read: "Dear Sir: We are here. What shall we do?" It was signed with the names of the two men sent to "write up" the fire. The news editor made a few remarks; then he wrote on a telegraph blank this brief message: "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

Several days ago Congressman Watson sent several large sacks of flower and garden-seeds home for distribution among his constituents. The papers announced this fact, and for three days there was a constant stream of persons coming to the Congressman's law office in Columbus. On the last day, a man came up and asked for beans. He was given two packages. He demurred to this, and reached over into the sack and began to fill his pockets. When called down by the attendant, the lover of beans said: "I haven't got enough for a mess yet. It takes more than a quart of beans to make a mess for my family."

Canon Angier, master of the Temple, is a great favorite with children, and upon one occasion was asked to assist as a juvenile party. Arriving at what he thought was his destination, a house in a row of others exactly alike, the canon made his way up to the drawing-room. "Don't announce me," said he to the domestic, and thereupon the reverend gentleman went down upon all-fours, ruffled up his white hair, and crawled into the room, uttering the growls of an angry Polar bear. What was his horror and amazement to find when he got into the room two old ladies petrified with astonishment. He had found his way into the next-door house, instead of into the one to which he was bidden.

The proudest moment of Nelson's life is said to have been when he received the swords of the officers of the San Josef. Nelson's ship, which was the smallest of her class in the service at that time, was dismantled, and upwards of eighty of the crew killed and wounded. Nelson himself being wounded. The Culloden, commanded by Nelson's friend, Captain Trowbridge, who followed Nelson's lead in the breach of orders which resulted in this famous capture, lost even more heavily. For his breach of discipline, Jervis did not mention Nelson's name in dispatches; but when one of his captains pointed out the disobedience to orders, he promptly said: "When you commit a like offense I'll forgive you."

Some time ago, at a fashionable salon, the Baron d'Almerie was one of a group to whom he was imparting an account of his pedigree, which, he claimed, was derived from the Pharaohs of Egypt. Just then Baron de Rothschild approached the group, and one of its members called out: "Baron, come and let me make you acquainted with the Baron d'Almerie. He comes of Pharaonic stock, and you ought to know each other." "Yes," said Baron de Rothschild, bowing gravely. "I think," said the Baron d'Almerie, "you should know our family, as your ancestors took from us certain pledges when they decamped from Egypt." "True," replied Baron de Rothschild, "but those pledges were redeemed by a check on the Bank of the Red Sea."

In order to boom business, an enterprising grocer on a certain day advertised several thousand five-cent leaves of bread for sale at one cent each. His rival was in despair until a brilliant idea came into his head. He hired a small army of boys and girls to buy up all the leaves at a cent each. At 2 o'clock grocer No. 1 had sold all his bread, and those who came later denounced him as a fraud who had fooled them with a lying advertisement. Meanwhile the foxy grocer around the corner, with more than a thousand one-cent leaves stacked up on his kitchen floor, put out a big sign: "Fresh Bread—A Five-Cent Loaf for Two Cents. We Never Advertise What We Have Not Got." He thus not only discomfited his rival and turned the tide in his own favor, but made a profit on the bread as well.

The Sand-Blast.

General Benjamin C. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, invented the sand-blast process. It is used for cutting, boring,

pulverizing, and engraving stone, glass, wood, and other hard or solid substances.

The well-known abrading power of sand, when driven by air or water against hard substances, suggested the sand-blast to General Tilghman and led him to make his first experiment. He fitted up a very simple air-blast, producing but a few ounces of pressure, and by means of a concentric jet of glass this air was made to drive the sand against the object to be cut; he found that holes could be bored through common window-glass in a few seconds. Further experimenting, he discovered that he had only to improve the apparatus to get increased efficiency.

The sand-blast performs both heavy and light work. For heavy work a high pressure and great velocity are necessary; the heavy sand-blast is used chiefly for ornamenting and dressing stone after it has been quarried. For light work the pressure is light and the velocity low.

Letters may be cut in marble by means of the sand-blast in the following manner: The stone, or marble, is first covered with a thin sheet of wax, and the letters are cut in the wax, leaving the marble exposed. Next, the marble is passed under the blast, and the sand cuts the letters deep into the stone without injuring the wax in the least. In like manner any ornamental design may be cut into the stone.

Glass, too, may be ornamented by means of the sand-blast. If a piece of glass be covered with fine lace and passed under the blast, not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the pattern will be beautifully cut into the glass.

The sand does not affect soft, yielding substances, but quickly cuts away iron, steel, stone, glass, or any other resisting substance. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast and receive no injury, by simply wrapping their finger-nails in little pieces of soft cloth.

Thrown Upon the World.

A visitor to one of the Government offices where women are employed in one of our cities desires to give in the Youth's Companion an exact account of what he saw and heard there. He was conducted by the superintendent, an old man of large experience. The last room inspected was filled with women at work.

The visitor remarked, "This is a higher class of women than that employed at the same work in some other kinds of business. These women have been educated, and have refined faces and voices. I should judge they are not used to manual labor of any kind."

"They are not," was the reply. "In almost every case they are the widows or daughters of men whose income died with them, but who, while living, gave to their families luxuries beyond their means."

"That young girl by the window was in fashionable society in New York two years ago. Her father, with a salary of five thousand dollars, lived far beyond his means. The woman in mourning is the widow of a physician whose income averaged six thousand dollars. He probably spent eight."

"That pale girl is the daughter of a master builder, who lived comfortably among his old friends until he was seized with political ambition. He moved into a fine house, had his carriage, servants, and gave balls. He died, and his daughter earns twelve dollars a week, on which she supports her mother. There is hardly a woman here who is not the victim of the vulgar ambition which makes a family ape its wealthier neighbors in its outlay."

"That is an ambition not peculiar to us Americans," said the visitor.

"It is more common among us, because in other countries social position depends upon birth, while here it is usually fixed by money. How many families in every class do you know who are pretending to a larger pecuniary wealth than they have?"

The visitor passes on the question to the reader.

Found by a Tenderfoot.

There is an axiom among mining prospectors that while a knowledge of mineralogy is a first necessity for a man starting out to hunt for the precious ores, yet the richest finds are often made by the rankest tenderfoot. It is well illustrated in a recent rich find near Salt Lake City, Utah. Willard Weihe, a violin soloist in the tabernacle, was walking in City Creek Canyon, on the outskirts of the city, when he kicked aside some rock that struck him as being unusual in appearance. Out of pure curiosity he carried a piece of the rock back to town and had it assayed. It showed \$500 in gold and \$40 in silver to the ton. Weihe was so much surprised he almost fainted. Then, when he recovered he hurried back to where he found the rock, without mentioning the matter to anyone, and staked out a large number of claims for himself and friends. Now a considerable camp has sprung up, and the workings bear out the promise in Weihe's chance strike.

Not Color Blind.

There are some crabs that actually dress themselves. Some species array themselves elaborately by gathering bits of seaweeds, chewing the ends, and sticking them on their shells, so that they look like stones covered with weed. They spend hours in making these pieces adhere, trying the same bit over and over again until they succeed. They have a fine sense of symmetry, too, and always put a red piece on one side to match the red piece on the other, and a green piece to match a green piece, though how they know red from green in the dark pools where they live is hard to say, unless it is by taste or smell. When once their dress is completed it improves with age, as the weed actually grows upon them.

## THREE CURIOUS PLANTS.

The Cannibal Tree, Grapple Plant, and Vegetable Python.

Three of the most dangerous of vegetable plants in the world are the "cannibal tree" of Australia, the "death" or "grapple plant" of South Africa, and the "vegetable python" of New Zealand.

The "cannibal tree" grows in the shape of a huge pineapple and attains a height of eleven feet. It has a series of broad, board-like leaves, growing in a fringe at the apex, which forcibly brings to mind a gigantic Central American agave, and these board-like leaves, from ten to twelve feet in the smaller specimens and from fifteen to twenty feet in the larger, hang to the ground and are easily strong enough to bear the weight of a man of 140 pounds or more. In the ancient times this tree was worshipped by the native savages under the name of the "devil tree," a part of the interesting ceremony being the sacrifice of one of their number to its all too-ready embrace. The victim to be sacrificed was driven up the leaves of the tree to the apex and the instant the so-called "pistils" of the monster were touched the leaves would fly together like a trap, crushing the life out of the intruder. In this way the tree would hold its victim until every particle of flesh would disappear from his bones.

The "grapple plant" is a prostrate herb, growing in South Africa. Its flowers are purple and shaped like the English foxglove. Its fruit has formidable hooks, which by clinging to any passer-by, is conveyed to situations where its seed may find suitable conditions for growth. Sir John Lubbock says it has been known to kill lions.

The "vegetable python," which is known to the naturalist as the *clusia* or *fig*, is the strangler of trees. The seeds of the *clusia*, being provided with a pulp and very pleasant to the tropical birds which feed thereon, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here germination begins. The leafy stem slowly rises upward, while the roots flow, as it were, down the trunk until the soil is reached. Here and there they branch, changing their course according to the direction of any obstruction met with. Meanwhile from these rootlets leafy branches have been developed, which, pushing themselves through the canopy above, get into the light, and enormously accelerate their growth. Now a metamorphosis takes place. For the hitherto soft aerial plants begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree is bound in a series of irregular living hoops. From this time on it is a struggle of life and death between the forest giant and the entwining *clusia*. Like an athlete the tree tries to expand and burst its fetters, causing the bark to bulge between every interlacing; but success and freedom are not for the captive tree, for the monster *clusia* has made its bands very numerous and wide. Not allowed expansion, the tree soon withers and dries, and the strangler is soon expanded into a great bush, almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. It is truly a tragedy in the world of vegetation.—Los Angeles Herald.

Can "Hold Her Tongue."

Ten-years-old Miss Lucetta Hillman, of Jacobstown, N. J., was an earnest advocate of woman's suffrage, says a daily press correspondent, and in 1886 refused to pay her tax assessment, and it was not until she was threatened with incarceration in the county jail that she handed over the money. When she had received a receipt for it she raised her right hand and declared that she would work from that hour to bring about woman suffrage, and until the right of franchise had been granted to women she would not utter a word to humankind. She was laughed at, but she kept her vow. Frequent attempts have been made to get her to talk, but without avail, and for ten years she has not uttered a word to any human being. She has contributed a good deal of money to the cause of woman suffrage, and feels sure that some day she will be permitted to go to the polls and cast a vote.

The correspondent says that Miss Hillman owns and manages one of the best farms in her neighborhood. She pays special attention to truck gardening and puts a snug sum away in the bank at the end of each year. She hires men to do most of the work, but it is not unusual to see her mounted on a mowing machine behind a pair of horses, or to find her following a cultivator through a potato field.

Miss Hillman is a stalwart woman, nearly six feet high. She is as brown as a berry, has a step as firm as that of a grenadier, and when she gets hold of a plow she handles it as if it were a plaything. She knows all about horses and cows, and is not to be fooled on any subject that pertains to farming.

Most Complimentary.

"Do you know, Miss Barker, I'm mighty thankful?"  
"And what, Mr. Jones, are you thankful for?"  
"That all my meals are not eaten in your company."  
"Dear me; not very complimentary, are you?"

"Indeed I am. I should starve to death just gazing at you."—Harper's Bazar.

An Automatic Singer.

An "Automatic Singer" was exhibited to the editorial staff of a Paris newspaper. The apparatus is in the form of a tripod, on the top of which is a machine smaller than the phonograph, into which the cylinders are put. The sound is transmitted by highly perfected boards to a metallic trumpet, and it is stated that the voice can be heard 220 yards off.