

SHE GAVE HER HEART TO ME.

Cupid, one day, in little quest,
Fitted a dainty dart,
And aimed it at Priscilla's breast,
To strike Priscilla's heart.

Clean through it went; no heart was there;
Said Cupid: "I believe
Priscilla's just the girl to wear
Her heart upon her sleeve."

But there, alas! it was not found;
"Alas!" cried Cupid, "note
Her frightened air; now I'll be bound,
Her heart is in her throat."

Failure again. On some slender chance,
He no more arrow shoots;
Assuming from her downcast glance,
Her heart was in her boots.

Failed, Cupid threw aside his bow;
"She has no heart," said he,
(He did not know that long ago
She gave her heart to me.)
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Murder! Murder! Help! Murder!"

It was a woman's shrill scream that rang out on the murky air and caused a great commotion on the usually quiet street. Men ran, hatless, from their supper tables; women with frightened faces followed.

"What has happened? What can be the matter?" they asked each other.

"The cries came from Dean's," one man said, making haste in that direction.

From up and down the street people came running, and in the dusk they crowded and hindered each other, and the opposite streams met and jammed the gate at Dean's. But men leaped the low pickets and pushed around the house, for whatever it meant the disturbance was in the back yard.

Almost instantly one came hurrying back.

"Neighbors," he shouted, "there has been murder done! Mr. Dean has been killed! He is lying there, all blood, his head split with an ax. Somebody go for a doctor," he called back from the corner of the house.

"Police! Police!" some one yelled.

The increasing crowd swarmed inside and overran the yard and filled the house and surged to and fro, excited and eager for a glimpse of the unfortunate victim.

Bulletins for the information of the hindmost were sent back, second by second, from mouth to mouth, by those nearest the scene of the tragedy and whose imaginations supplied them with their knowledge of the facts, and many were the contradictory statements that flew about and enlarged themselves in passing, as is natural and usual.

The messengers dispatched for doctor and police spread the news as they ran, and on returning heard on the outskirts of the crowd that stretched far up the street that not only Mr. Dean, but Mrs. Dean and even the two children had been butchered in cold blood. The screams were from the servant girl, who had found the mangled bodies, etc.

So does human nature love the horrible, and gloat over it.

As Mr. Dean was cashier of the bank, the president and other officers were notified by swift and willing volunteers, and presently they added themselves and their neighbors to the human mass of excitement and curiosity.

It was at last definitely learned that no one was hurt but Mr. Dean; that no one else happened to be at home at the time; that Mrs. Dean, returning late from something somewhere, had found him lying in the back yard apparently dead.

A few of the bystanders were so fortunate as to get a fleeting view of the inert figure as it was carried into the house; and then the police with their bluecoats undertook to drive out the crowd.

"Off with you!" they cried. "If you stamp and prance all over the place, how do you think anybody is going to find a trace of the murderer?"

"Yah, much good you'll do!" jeered one.

"That's so! Much good you'll do!" repeated another, taking it up. "I'd like to know what the police amounts to any way when a man can be murdered in broad daylight within two blocks of the square."

"We might all be murdered in our yards and you not know it," said a third.

"It was not done in broad daylight, as you know very well; and we are not expected to prance around in back yards, looking for possible assassins," the police retorted hotly. "But get out of here, every one of you; we've got to search the premises," and with much taunting and resisting the mob at last withdrew.

Reporters for the several newspapers, the bank officials and a neighbor or two were allowed to remain; the mayor, a personal friend of the family, came in, and together they awaited in an outer room the announcement of the result of the examination by the physician.

The wound on the head was found to extend from forehead to crown.

"The whole bit of the ax," said one of the doctors; but although it was an ugly gash it did not seem to have penetrated the skull; and aside from that there was not a bruise or wound of any kind on the body.

The man breathed, and it seemed possible that he might recover if he escaped concussion of the brain.

Having done everything possible for his comfort and well-being, attention was turned to a close examination of the place, and everybody concerned, in hopes of finding something that would explain the murderous attack on Dr. Dean.

Encouraged by the knowledge that her husband still lived, Mrs. Dean had

recovered her composure, and was able to state quite clearly the little she knew of the affair, in compliance with the somewhat pompous request of the chief of police, who felt that his hour had come.

"It was late," she began. "And I came home in a great hurry; it was so dark that I could not see distinctly across the street. I hurried in and lighted the lamps, wondering where Mr. Dean could be. The children I did not expect home until after tea at their aunt's; the girl should have been here, but was not. Mr. Dean, I knew, had some work he was anxious to finish, and it was a surprise to me to find the house dark and no one about."

"Did you see or hear anything at all unusual on the street, or about the house or yard as you came in?" asked the chief of police.

All felt that it was a very serious occasion indeed, and they crowded closer and listened with intense interest, the reporter's pencils flying, as Mrs. Dean answered.

"No, I noticed nothing unusual about the place, except that the lamps had not been lighted."

"Did you meet any one who might have come from here?" he asked.

"I met no one on this street," she answered, and then went on with her story. "After lighting the lamps I went into the kitchen and found the outside door open—"

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated the chief, knowingly. "Outside door open." Was it wide open?" he asked.

The bank president frowned at the interruption.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean. "It was wide open; that was strange, and I felt that something was wrong. I called Mr. Dean several times, but got no answer, so I ran out into the back yard and found him stretched out on the ground," she faltered a little at recollection of the dreadful sight, but rallied immediately.

"It was lighter on the west side of the house, and Mr. Dean had on his gray clothes, and so I saw him quite plainly at once. He was lying on his back, the blood had streamed down over his face and I thought he was dead—and I began to scream—and to try and lift him up. He was so limp and helpless that I grew more frightened at touching him, and I thought I would faint before any one came. It seemed so long that I called and called for help before anybody heard me. Just for an instant I couldn't think what had happened, and then I knew that some one had murdered him, or tried to," and she paused, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"If you had been obliged to search the back premises for Mr. Dean you would very likely have discovered some trace of the assassin, but coming upon him at once in that condition the shock and excitement would, of course, render it impossible for you to observe the surroundings carefully," said the chief.

"It is my opinion that the murderer heard you coming and made off down the alley."

"And I am sure he ran up the alley, as he could more quickly get in hiding behind the business houses," said the bank president positively and added: "Very likely he slipped around and came down into the crowd."

The chief sniffed a little as he replied:

"He would have to have a great deal of nerve to do that. Anyhow, it is plain that he was frightened away before he accomplished his object, as the contents of Mr. Dean's pockets were not disturbed."

"His object was to obtain possession of the keys, of course," said the bank president, twirling the bunch in his fingers.

The servant girl, when she was examined, stated, with much incoherence, that she had stepped out to see a friend a couple of blocks away for a few moments; stayed longer than she meant to and was still away when Mr. Dean came in; that as she was hurrying home she saw a man come out of the alley and cross the street and a few seconds after she heard Mrs. Dean's screams.

The chief rubbed his hands and cast a triumphant glance at the bank president, as he said:

"The very man! He ran down the alley and was making for that string of old sheds and stables. I am seldom mistaken in my surmises, and the man whom I sent out to search in that direction will probably bring him in."

The girl's testimony was very important and she was looked at with interest as one who had seen the murderous villain. Questioned closely, it was found that she could not give a description of him; that he was almost on a run and held his head down; that he made across the street diagonally and was at least a half block from her, and she could tell nothing as to the color of his hair, eyes or clothing.

The men, presently returning, did not bring him in; had found no trace of him, and nothing had been discovered to give them a clue, though the whole place and the alley behind the store buildings had been very carefully searched.

The bank president grew impatient. It seemed to him that the miscreant might have been found at once had it been rightly managed.

"We must have a strong guard at the bank to-night," he remarked to one of the directors as they wended their way thither, the chief accompanying them. "I am satisfied that the fellow who attacked Mr. Dean was only one of a gang who have planned to rob the bank, and they may try it yet, although he failed to get the keys. He ought to have been taken before this."

The chief was nettled and interposed hotly.

"You intimate, sir, that carelessness and incompetency on our part has allowed him to escape. I can assure you that no one could have been more prompt and thorough in the search than we have. The depots are watch-

ed and every spot where a fugitive could be lurking has been, or is now being, overhauled."

"Oh, of course, Jenkins," the bank president answered. "You are doing as well as you know how, I suppose; but this is beyond the common town police. I shall telegraph to the city for a good detective at once."

"You can do as you please," snapped the chief, in high dudgeon.

"Certainly," answered the president, blandly.

Such a bold attempt at crime had never before been made in the quiet town, and it was excited beyond measure. The Morning News, being the only morning paper in the place, had a big scoop on its several evening rivals, and made the most of it. Column after column was filled with the stories of different people, narrating all that was known, suspected or imagined, and it sold like hot cakes.

The city detective arrived early and excited much interest and comment, but like the great man that he was, he preserved a dignified reserve and silence.

The physician who had cared for Mr. Dean through the night reported him as much better; that he had passed from unconsciousness into natural sleep, and would probably awaken rational and able to give an account of the attempt on his life. The detective requested the privilege of being present (out of sight, of course, as a strange face might excite him) when Mr. Dean rallied enough to be questioned.

The night had passed quietly as far as the bank was concerned. A number of arrests had been made and suspicious characters were reported as having been seen on all sides.

It is surprising how after-events will clear the mental vision. Many remembered distinctly the villainous appearance of men whom they had observed slouching along the streets. The detective had made known nothing of his mind on the case, except to intimate that he should probably telegraph for several men from his force in the city, and his manner only served to strengthen the air of mystery that brooded over the place.

People looked at each other with questioning eyes, as if wondering if some of their own townpeople might not prove to be implicated in the affair. It was supposed by everyone that Mr. Dean had seen enough of his assailant to be able to identify him if known, or describe him if a stranger, and business was almost suspended in the anxiety and eagerness all felt when it was whispered about that he had awakened rational.

Only the officers of the law and the bank president were admitted to the room adjoining the one where Mr. Dean lay. After uneasy movements, partially arousing and drifting off to sleep again, he had finally opened his eyes and looked about. Noticing the doctor, he said:

"Why, doctor, you here?"

The doctor merely nodded, watching him closely as he rubbed his eyes again, felt his head and then exclaimed:

"Oh, I remember now! This is to-morrow, is it not?"

"Yes, this is to-morrow," the doctor answered. "How do you feel now?"

"All right," he answered, promptly, and then added, smiling, "but that blow was a swinger, wasn't it?"

The listeners, out of sight, craned their necks and strained their ears to catch every word. He seemed to come suddenly to a full understanding, for he said, quickly:

"Why, I must have been pretty badly stunned to lie so all night. Were you frightened, Alice?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, yes," she answered, almost in tears; "I thought the wretch had killed you."

"Who?" he asked, then added: "There was no one."

"There, never mind," said the doctor, soothingly. "Drink this and don't get excited."

Though everybody was aching to hear what he had to say about the assassin, they feared the abrupt way in which Mrs. Dean had mentioned him would retard matters.

"Ought to have been led up to very carefully," muttered the detective.

"I am not excited," said Mr. Dean to the doctor. "But I want to know what my wife meant. Is it supposed that somebody attacked me with an ax?"

"Certainly," said the doctor, seeing that the truth would be the best. "And he very nearly killed you, too. Can you tell us who he was or what he was like?"

In their eagerness the listeners edged inside the door. Mr. Dean lay and laughed; then catching sight of the bank president, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Akers. You here, too?"

"Yes," said the president, "we are anxious to know all you can tell us about it—what he was like, what he said and if he let out anything about the gang—"

The doctor put up his hand. "Don't hurry him," he said. "Take your time, Mr. Dean."

Mr. Dean laughed again as he said: "There was no one here but myself; positively no one."

"But you were struck a murderous blow by someone. Don't you remember?" said the rather impatient president.

"Nobody struck me at all. I did it myself," said Mr. Dean, flatly.

There was a sensation.

"He doesn't know what he is saying. He is not rational," said someone.

Mr. Dean looked at the blank faces and put out his hand, saying: "You will find my pulse quiet, doctor. I have no fever. I know very well what I am saying. I remember how it happened."

"He certainly is all right," said the doctor. "Tell us about it, Dean," he continued.

"I usually split wood a while for exercise after coming home from the bank. There was no one at home, and

I left the kitchen door open, meaning to carry in a big armful. I got hold of a particularly tough stick and I was bound to split it. I swung the ax with all my strength, to fetch a tremendous blow, and it caught on the wire clothes line above me, bounded, turned and came down on my head before I could possibly dodge it. You see how easily that could happen. So easy that I wonder you did not discover it for yourselves," and he laughed again.

Yes, they saw now how easily it could happen. They were convinced.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the bank president, slowly, and as they silently dispersed Mr. Dean sent his parting shot after them:

"If I had killed myself I suppose you would have always believed me to have been murdered and would have fastened it upon some poor fellow and punished him for it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WHEN THEY MADE TAPE.

The Housewife of Colonial Days Knew This Art with Others.

Among the many household industries of colonial housewives, which included spinning, dyeing, weaving, and candle, soap, pen, ink, wine, glove, shoe and lace manufacture, was the making of tape, though this was considered of minor importance, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. The preparation for weaving tape on the small hand loom was the same as for making yards of linen cloth on the great looms that stood in the weaving room attached to the kitchen of colonial farmhouses.

The flax when harvested was "rippled" on the field, the rippler being a large comb fastened on a plank. The flax was beaten on the comb to remove the capsules containing the seeds. Then it was "rotted" to make the fiber soft and flexible. This was generally accomplished by laying it beneath the waters of the meadow brook or pond. Some colonial farmers laid it on the ground for the winter's snow to render it fit for the scutcher, the machine that whipped out all the particles of bark and stalk adhering to the fiber.

The next and last process before it was ready for the spinning-wheel was hacking, to straighten the flax, free it from tangles, and bring it to the required fineness. This was done by a very primitive machine called the "hatchet," an immense comb, whose long teeth were set perpendicularly in a board.

The operation of hacking required much skill, and this part of the long preparation was particularly women's work, as it needed delicacy of touch. After the flax was hacked it was carefully sorted, according to the degrees of fineness. This process was called "spreading and drawing." Then it was ready to be wrapped, in its soft, fluffy fineness, about the spindle.

The spinner seated herself at the machine, and soon the "music of the wheel" and the deft fingers of the colonial housewife brought the fiber into long even thread, ready for the small loom and shuttle, to be converted into tape.

The shopper to-day little realizes the long and tedious processes practiced by the woman of colonial times, before she could wind her linen tape into a neat roll for the workbasket's use.

Wars Growing Shorter.

With the exception of the Franco-Prussian war, the greatest war which Europe has seen since the days of Napoleon was the Crimean war, which took place more than forty years ago, and lasted about two years. The campaigns of Napoleon, of course, while they were considered short as compared with some previous wars in Europe, were certainly long as compared with the wars of the past few decades. A distinct movement in the direction of the shorter duration of wars is to be noticed in the past few centuries.

The campaign in the Spanish Netherlands lasted forty-two years. Then followed the thirty-years' war in Europe, ending in the peace of Westphalia. Civil war in England lasted from 1642 to 1660, although hostilities were not in progress all that time. The wars of the Spanish Succession, of the Austrian Succession, the Swedish-Russian war, and the Seven Years' war followed, averaging about ten years apiece. The Napoleonic campaigns covered nearly fifteen years. The Crimean war lasted from 1854 to 1856. In the war of the rebellion, in this country, the world saw the latest war which extended over four years of time.

Since 1865, with the general introduction of the telegraph, the electric cable, and the modern system of railways, war has become a matter of a few months at most. In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria in seven weeks. Prussia defeated France in about two months. The war between Russia and Turkey began in April, 1877, and was practically finished by the close of that year. The war between China and Japan began about midsummer, 1894, and ended in March, 1895. The present war between Turkey and Greece seems to be practically ended in about four weeks from the outbreak of formal hostilities. It seems to be shown by experience that two important civilized nations in these days of telegraph and railway cannot conduct wars for any length of time unless the contending countries are separated by the ocean or some other natural barrier.

The Cause.

Visitor (in Ruralville)—This is a very pleasant and homelike place, and I cannot understand why so many families should have moved away from it during the last few months, as you say.

Native—You haven't heard our young ladies' brass band yet.—Judge.

It probably pleases every man to receive a letter which speaks of encroaching on his "valuable time."

AMERICA'S NATIONAL GUARD.

The Several State Organizations Constitute an Army.

The National Guard organizations of the several States of the Union form the nucleus of the fighting force that this nation would put on the field should a war arise. The aggregate strength of these bodies is about 175,000 men, of whom about 110,000 are infantry. Of this whole number, 95 per cent. are prepared to do active service on one day's notice.

It would be difficult to find anywhere an equally large body of men who are of a better class, mentally and physically, than those in the Guard. It is considered an honor to serve in the



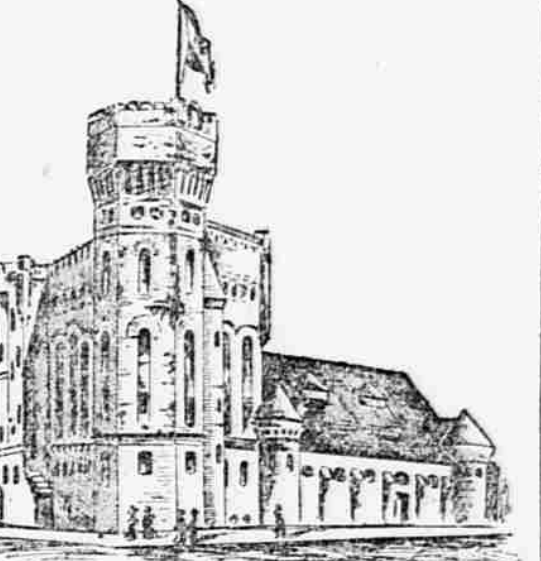
HOME OF SEVENTH, NEW YORK.

Guard and a favor to be admitted to it, and, consequently, the rank and file are selected men, the very flower of the youth of America. No one is enlisted who cannot pass a severe medical examination, or who is not acceptable as a companion and friend to his future comrades; and while a captain has a legal right to enlist any man, subject to the approval of the colonel and surgeon, he seldom exercises this right without unofficially consulting his men.

So great is the conservatism and exclusiveness in some regiments that members are actually selected, precisely as they would be elected by a club, and four or five black balls will exclude a recruit. The term in this country is not "an officer and a gentleman"—as in Europe, but "a soldier and a gentleman"—by the term "gentleman" being meant not a person who is not in trade, but a person with the manners and feelings of a gentleman, and no one who is likely to disgrace the Guard is admitted. If a mistake is made the man is expelled, as from a club, and expulsion is a disgrace keenly felt.

The armories of the Guard are, in many places, very magnificent and costly structures, equipped with all the conveniences of a gymnasium and a club house. In the Greater New York alone, \$8,000,000 have been expended on armories, and the famous Seventh owns a million-dollar structure, in Boston, the new armory of the First corps, Cadets, on Columbus avenue, is one of the finest buildings in that city; and in the West the armories are among the most important structures in large cities.

There was a time not so long ago, when Americans were the poorest shots in the world. A soldier of the civil war period shot away 300 pounds of lead before he shot his man. But during the last ten years there has been a most remarkable revival of interest in rifle practice in the United States. In New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and other States nearly every infantry and cavalry officer and man is a marksman, who has won the State decoration at the short ranges. And the sharpshooters and experts who have quali-



ARMORY OF FIRST CORPS, CADETS, BOSTON.

fied at the long ranges are numbered by the thousand. When the new rifle, already issued to the army, is also issued to the Guard, the Americans will be almost as formidable antagonists as the Boers, or the Kentucky riflemen who defeated the best troops of Europe at New Orleans.

The minor tactics of the Americans are borrowed from the Indians whom their forefathers fought. The Americans in battle never advance in masses, allowing themselves to become a target for the sake of sentiment; but line after line of skirmishers come creeping towards the enemy, hiding behind trees, rocks, or hillocks, and enveloping the enemy's flanks like a swarm of angry hornets, infuriating him because he cannot reply to unseen sharpshooters whose bullets are decimating his men. Only at the last does the reserve and support come up, and a force in close order reveal itself. This sort of fighting, it will be seen, throws great responsibility upon individual riflemen, and every effort is being made to make every American soldier a sharpshooter. When that result is attained, they will be brave men, indeed, who can stand before an equal force of Americans.

Stopping a Leak in a Boat.

In the narrative of his journey to Burmah, Captain Gill R. E., incidentally gives some scraps of information that may be found practically useful. In one of his stories, says Harper's Round Table, he describes the way in which a leak was stopped in a junk which met with a mishap while sailing up the Yang-tze river. The skipper of the boat was an old lady, a widow, whom the Captain, with shocking lack of gallantry, designated Jezebel. Her

force of lung and store of bad temper were such that none of the coolies or boat-men could withstand her, and it was only when ascending the rapids she would for a time yield her command to the pilot. On one occasion the junk ran aground and knocked a big hole in her side. Jezebel, looking at it with unconcern, remarked, between the whiffs of her pipe, "cotton wool" by which she meant that the breach was to be repaired with that material. The coolies first put on a plaster of white brown paper, mud and grains of rice. Over that they nailed a piece of wood, and stuffed the interstices with cotton wool and bamboo shavings. The patch was, of course, put on inside. The operation was a long one, and extraordinary as this method of boat repairing may appear, it proved tolerably effectual, although from the amount of bailing that was always necessary afterward, one voyager suggested that the vessel should be called the "Old Bailee."

LIVED ON MILK.

Contracted the Concentrated Lye Habit in Infancy.

Man doth not live by bread only.—Deut. viii. 3. That is as true as the gospel from which it is taken. Man lives for the most part on whatever he can get hold of, the flesh of bird, beast, fish and insects, the animal and vegetable kingdom are ransacked to tickle his palate, and the chateaux of the Carolinas even tackle the mineral kingdom in search of sustenance. But if man does not live on bread alone, can he live on milk alone, and this publication brought to the front Mr. W. F. Kitzel, of Burlington, Iowa, whose picture accompanies this article, who offers himself as an "awful example" of the nutritive properties of the juice of the cow. Mr. Kitzel has subsisted on milk for the last twenty-five years right along. Mr. Kitzel has not only demonstrated that man can live on milk alone but he has solved the problem of cheap living. He pays 5 cents a quart for his



W. F. KITZEL.

milk, and as he lives on three quarts a day he can live on 15 cents a day, \$1.05 a week, or \$57.00 a year.

Mr. Kitzel has not always lived on milk. Twenty-five years ago, when he was an irresponsible infant, he drank concentrated lye—not as a steady tippie, but just once. In the words of the song, "Once was enough for him." He gave up lye and took to milk as a more soothing if less exciting beverage.

Ever since Mr. Kitzel filled up on lye he has been unable to eat solid food. Occasionally he has tried to do so, but with most uncomfortable results. Whenever he has succeeded in swallowing the smallest piece of meat or other solid food he has been unable to take a drink of water until the offending morsel was ejected. He has not experimented for a long time now, and he takes his milk three times a day in quart doses. Mr. Kitzel puts just enough coffee in his milk to give it a flavor, and he sweetens the mixture with sugar.

He is 5 feet 7 1/4 inches high and weighs 140 pounds. He is actively employed as a collector for the Burlington Water Company, and does some clerical work besides. He is strong and vigorous.

THROWING A LINE TO WHEELMEN.

Great Possibilities of the Scheme in Hilly Centers of Population.

The problem which confronts the tired and short-winded bicycle rider at the foot of every hill, how to climb it without dying of prostration, would seem to be solved by the traction scheme, which has been used with great success. All that is necessary is a good horse a rider and a bicycle crank who cannot push his wheel up the hill. The party with the horse stations himself at the foot of the hill, where he can zoom and easily reach every bicycle rider approaching. If a



HILL-CLIMBING MADE EASY.

hazard is struck up the horseman throws the wheelman a line, which is fastened around the handle bars, and away goes the horse, tugging the wheel behind. At the top of the hill the line is cast off and the horseman gets his fee, a nickel usually, and returns to await another fat man with a bicycle.

The plan has almost endless possibilities in a hilly city and ere long doubtless the Bicycle Traction Company, Limited, will be organized to run a trust in the hauling of heavy riders up steep hills.

A \$10,000 cash wife is more desirable than a \$19,000 beauty.