

Cherry Hill: A Story of Confinement

How Jesse Pomeroy, Boy Murderer, Has Familiarized Himself with the Sciences and Languages During His Long Incarceration.

In a small stone cell, ever since the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, there has been locked up in the Massachusetts State Prison in Charlestown a life prisoner whose name is familiar to all New England, perhaps to a large portion of the reading public. Since he has been there the United States has added 30,000,000 inhabitants. He is the only prisoner in Massachusetts undergoing continuous solitary confinement.

The warm and cheering sun never shines upon him. For thirty years his face has never been seen to brighten with a smile. Regarding this extraordinary character New England knows more than any other part of the world. He has been the subject of more than a hundred books, and has been the subject of more than a hundred plays. He has been the subject of more than a hundred plays. He has been the subject of more than a hundred plays.



He would place a cup of water for the bird to bathe in.

welcomed in his mind the one topic that has been his constant contemplation all the years—that of justice.

"Do you really think they would?" he responded.

"Yes, Jesse, I actually think that it would happen."

"Would that be justice?" was his only comment.

Pomeroy's harping on the subject of justice is the keynote to his whole present mental state. His philosophy, his religion, his attitude toward the world, is based on the idea of justice. He has been the subject of more than a hundred books, and has been the subject of more than a hundred plays. He has been the subject of more than a hundred plays.

There will be presented for the first time many facts hitherto unpublished regarding Jesse Pomeroy. It is against a fateful and gloomy background that the public memory still nurtures the name of Jesse Pomeroy. He is neither a hero nor a villain, but a man whose life has been a tragedy. He has been the subject of more than a hundred books, and has been the subject of more than a hundred plays.

For thirty years his face has never been seen to brighten with a smile.

Such officials, with the exception of Pomeroy's heart-broken relatives, monopolize the personal facts of his existence. The relatives also bitterly oppose any publicity that will keep the subject ranking in the public opinion. The Governor and the Attorney General and the District Attorney who prosecuted him, the lawyer who defended him and the Governor who spared his life—all have been dead many years. New Governors, new keepers year after year become responsible for his fate. He has been the subject of more than a hundred books, and has been the subject of more than a hundred plays.

He is better than might be expected shown by the amount of reading he accomplishes with the use of only one eye. Vision with the other eye is obstructed by a white film, which with years has become almost opaque.

Customarily every day he sees nobody except the deputy in charge of Cherry Hill. This alert watchman constantly patrols the corridors and at frequent intervals comes to the cell and speaks to Pomeroy through the grating without engaging in needless conversation.

one of Pomeroy's eyes had to be removed because of his injuries. This is said officially to be untrue, but is based upon the fact that the vision of one eye has always been impaired.

Escape had abandoned. Since the explosion Pomeroy has taken less interest in planning an escape by force. Were he ever to break through the two foot walls of Cherry Hill he would be only as near freedom as are the other prisoners in the main yard. In this open space he would be conspicuous to the guards on the walls and towers, and would only be a mark for rifle fire. Were he to escape the bullets he would still face the necessity of scaling a twenty-two foot wall without a ladder.

More potent than these physical difficulties, however, a mental suggestion given to him has made him resigned to his fate unless he should gain leave to make his exit by the front door. The following conversation once took place in his cell:

"If you ever did succeed in getting upon the streets, Jesse, the people feel so bitter against your deeds that they would hang you to the nearest telegraph pole."

This sentence nearly crushed him. There he has never been known to smile in thirty years. His mind all the years has been troubled with the plot of an almost classic tragedy in which he has been a part—namely, the Greek drama, "The House of Atreus," the helpless prey of superhuman fate.

Unable to believe that the deeds of the boy were the deeds of his will, Pomeroy felt convinced that he was not responsible for what he did. The mature boy of long ago, has thought out for over which he had no control, his actions, course. He cannot see the ethics or the justice of a society that punishes him for what he has done. He cannot believe that there is a God that would allow justice to be heaped upon him. For this reason Pomeroy refuses to tolerate the teachings of religion. He has no belief in God, no faith. He reasons that if there were a God, this superior force, would not permit society to punish him. In such a predicament, feeling himself a victim of fate, it is not remarkable that

Curiosities of Cut Glass

Did you ever hear of the famous glass press made for the Infanta Isabella, of the wonderful cut glass service owned by George W. Childs, of the immense punch bowl, decorated with the Stars and Stripes, presented to the late President McKinley. All of these are American triumphs of the glass blower's art, and justify cause pride not alone on account of their beauty but from the fact that this ancient craft of glass making should reach perfection in a new country.

Only within the last fifty years has been known that America's hands have been known to make superior glass. This is found in few places—the Berkshire Hills being one—and a sand pile of the finest and whitest required is worth a fortune.

It is the mixing of this sand with different bases, red lead, potash, saltpetre, and soda, which makes it harder and gives it lustre. Oxide of lead is used for the finest glass, and great care is taken in every stage of the manufacture. It gives a clear tone when struck and by metallic oxides the color can be changed to any desired shade.

It requires a temperature of 1,000 Fahrenheit to fuse a glass mixture—a heat not to be imagined. The prepared batch is put into a crucible or clay pot, which is heated, for it is made by men who tread

Possibilities of Fruit Tree Grafting.

THOUGH every one has heard of the cross fertilization and hybridization of plants, there are many who would be puzzled to give a clear definition of either. Cross fertilization is common in nature, and consists of bringing the pollen of one flower to the pistil of another, the flowers being at different parts of the plant or on different plants of the same species. But hybridization requires that the pollen of one species or genus should be carried to the pistil of another species or genus. Although this process does occur in nature, it is extremely rare and is considered an artificial process.

The fascination for the gardener lies in the fact that the result can never be foretold, but if there is one, it is something new and strange. There are many surprises, and there are great limitations in the work. For instance, the apple and the plum, though nearly related, have never been hybridized, and the same is true of the carrot and the gooseberry. The parts not wanted in the flower to be fertilized must be cut out, great precautions being taken to guard the flowers from bees which might bring pollen, and after all, no result may follow.

Luther Burbank has a great reputation as a hybridizer, for he has had many and striking successes. One of them is the seedling plum, which has resulted after many years of experiment. Some eighteen years ago he started with some seedlings from France, of what are called Prunus, from a fruit which has been known as a curiosity for hundreds of years. The fruit is about the size of a small cherry, like the damson plum in flavor and color, and with a stone partly covering

Gambling on the Weather

PERHAPS in no country is gambling every form and for stakes of every size so prevalent as in India. But a particular kind which is peculiar to this land is that which is the fashion during the rainy season. This is called *rain betting*, or *rain speculation*, and has the advantage over most forms of gambling of allowing no opportunity to chance to "fix the returns."

Those who think themselves weather-wise, and there are many all over the world, bet according to their opinion, and it rests with the elements to decide who wins. The betting may take place any time, or a rain gauge, which is recognized by both parties in the transaction, should be placed in a room where the weather is being observed, and by the other side sit the bookmakers, and by their side a gorgeous brass bound box, native Indian and sand box. These men look the same as the gambler thinks the rain will descend. The means for settling the question are very simple and are of two kinds. One is a long gutter running along the eaves of the house or building, at the end of which there is a small hole, into which a spoon is fixed. Through this narrow aperture the water trickles when the rain falls in the form of a slight drizzle, or a rain shower, which is recognized by the bookmaker. The other method of settling the amount of rain which falls is a rough kind of rain gauge supported on posts some seven feet high and standing in a trough.