

### BE CHEERFUL.

Though earth-care oppress thee  
And adversity twine  
Her dark wreaths about thee—  
Yet, oh, make no sign.  
Tread firmly life's mazes,  
Repressing the tear  
That fair would oft 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 bitter 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 hillside, 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 clue 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 I, 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 any one 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 whips 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."

### MODERN WARFARE.

Long Campaigns Will Give Way to Single but Decisive Encounters.

Summing up the whole question as between any two European peace-trained armies of the present day, the extreme percentage of loss to be anticipated locally, i. e., on particular brigades and divisions, will not exceed one in three (of which one is killed to four wounded), whereas for whole armies of a quarter of a million and over one in ten is the very outside punishment we may reasonably expect.

Compared to the slaughter of the seven years' war and the best contested fields of the Napoleonic period, this is very little, indeed. At Zorndorf the Russians left 21,000 out of 52,000 on the ground, and this is undoubtedly the bloodiest battle recorded since the introduction of portable firearms. Eylau, Friedland, Wagram and Brodno all exceed the figures of any pitched battle since the breech-loader appeared in the field.

Moreover, the horror of the whole thing is not to be measured by figures of percentages only, but by the density in which the killed and wounded lie, and the fate of the latter afterward.

In a modern battle 20,000 men would fall on an area of about twenty square miles; at Zorndorf the 21,000 Russians and 12,000 Prussians lay on a single square mile, and of the wounded not one in three survived; whereas, in 1870, nine out of ten recovered, and the Prussian medical staff anticipated even better results next time.

But death on the battlefield is by far the least of the two evils the soldier has to face. There is death on the line of march, and in hospitals along the road. Whereas formerly, particularly under Napoleon, ten would die by the way for one who fell in action, in the last Franco-German war only one man died of disease for two killed in action. Indeed, the health of men in the full prime of life was actually slightly better in the field than in quarters.

It may, however, be argued that, even granted that battles and marches may be less destructive, there will be more of them, because every able-bodied man being trained by war, the resistance will be more prolonged than formerly, but this prolonged endurance is only conceivable under the supposition that the leaders on both sides are hopelessly incompetent, and both fear to stake all on a single collision—a supposition that nothing tends to justify.

On the contrary, every leader brought up in the modern school is taught to understand the vulnerability of all modern military organizations, and is penetrated with the conviction that one downright "knockout" blow effects more than weeks of purposeless sparing, and where both start determined to bring matters to a climax the decision cannot be long delayed. Judging from what we know of the relative efficiency of continental armies, we believe that the first round of the great encounter will also be the last, for the momentum of the blow which decides will simply paralyze every nerve in the opponent's body, and, adding up all sources of casualties that can occur in a short campaign of this description, we conclude that at the very worst the actual cost in human life to the powers engaged will not amount to more than 5 per cent. of their several populations.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### The Deathwatch.

In 1863 I had two chums of the name of Seth and Cleero Dodge, who lived down in the forks of Coon, about four miles below us. The boys were hauling wood to town, and they told me that the woods down in the forks were alive with squirrels, and that if I would go back with them that evening they would get their father to let them have the next day off, and we would have lots of fun. I went home and got my No. 14 muzzle loader, plenty of ammunition and my dog, and went home with them. Father Dodge had built a new frame house, but it was not large enough to accommodate the family and any strangers, so Cleero and I slept out in the old log house. I shall never forget the scare we got that night. As boys will, we lay there a long time discussing the various propositions that suggest themselves to two boy chums who haven't seen each other for some time. Along toward midnight we thought we discovered the presence of somebody under our bed. To make it more certain, we distinctly heard the ticking of his watch. We became uneasy, for the ticking of that watch was regular and incessant. At last Cleero quietly slipped out of bed, went over to the new house and called his father, who came and investigated. Much to our chagrin the old gentleman soon discovered that the cause of our dread and forebodings was only a deathwatch at work in an old log by the side of the bed.—Forest and Stream.

### Debts Delayed His Burial.

The case of a burial long delayed has recently come to light at Revel, a Russian town near the Gulf of Finland. The body thus tardily interred was that of a Belgian soldier of fortune, the Duc Charles de Crocy, who had been commander-in-chief of the Russian army at the historic battle of Narva in 1700. Made a prisoner during the fight, De Crocy took up his residence at Revel, where he died in the course of events; his creditors demurred to his burial, however, until his debts were paid. So the soldier was mummified and his remains have stayed ever since in a church, where they have been exhibited to visitors as a curiosity. Now, at least, amid such pomp as was to be found among the local authorities, he has been given a fitting coffin and properly interred in one end of the vaults of the church.

It occurs to a woman very often in her conversation with a man, that other women have found it easy to fool him.



### INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

A French lady once remarked to another lady within the hearing of the writer: "You do not care so much now about your looks, my dear, you are married." There was something very incongruous in this remark coming from the lips of a lady of France, since all French women, as a rule, bear up their reputation for skill and tact in preserving their personal seductiveness, fascinations and charm even unto old age, thus showing their very great good sense and, one might say, absolute wisdom.

The very time when a woman does need to care about her good looks is after she has won the heart of the one man in the world she cared about winning. For her own sake and her husband's she should care. No man wants his wife to seem lacking in charm. And once he loses his pride in her, he very fast loses his respect for her, and where there is no respect, talk as you will, there can be no genuine, high-souled love.

A woman should make the most of herself in her husband's eyes. She should endeavor to appear the fairest, daintiest and the noblest woman of her sex. In word and deed, in her every mannerism, as well as in personal appearance, she should try her utmost to inspire her husband with respect for her, and to keep and hold him enchanted and enthralled by means of those heart and mind qualities and personal seductions that first won him. A woman who is wise in this way need have no fear of cause for jealousy. Jealousy, by the way, my dear sisters, is nothing in the world but a personal acknowledgment that you regard yourself beneath some other woman or woman in some respect. It is a tacit confession of your own inferiority!—did you ever think of that? The woman who is confident of her own worth is never bothered by even the slightest twinge of jealousy.

It is a mistake to regard marriage as detrimental to a woman's welfare from any point of view, as sometimes it seems to be regarded, judging from such remarks as quoted, on the contrary it broadens instead of narrowing woman's sphere, as when she marries her real life only begins. Then, and then only, does the supreme glorification of her sex for her begin to dawn.—Columbian.

### Smart Colored Girl.

Miss Belle Blue, who is private and confidential secretary to Gen. McNulta, the receiver of the whiskey trust, is the only daughter of Richard Blue, one



MISS BELLE BLUE.

of the leading colored citizens of Central Illinois. Miss Blue is 23 years old, and was born and reared in Bloomington. After her graduation from high school she studied stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping, and was engaged as account-keeper and private secretary in the office of the Bloomington Building and Loan Association. In that capacity large sums of money passed through her hands. When Gen. McNulta assumed the duties of his office as receiver for the whiskey trust he required the services of a confidential secretary and engaged Miss Blue for the place, and she has filled her position with competence.

### To Cure Fallowness.

Bathing, sleep, diet and exercise play their usual important parts in the restoration of the complexion. Hot baths at night, cold sponges or showers in the morning help to rid the skin of impurities and to tone and harden it. A five-mile walk or a ten-mile bicycle ride each day will start the blood to coursing rapidly through the veins.

This is the regimen laid out by one woman. She rises at 7, takes a cold sponge and a brisk rubdown, dresses in union dannels, tights, bicycle corsets and a bicycle suit, drinks a pint of hot milk and eats a few crackers. Then she mounts her bicycle, returning at about 9. She takes a shower bath, dresses for the day, eats her regular breakfast, which consists of fruit or green vegetables, eggs and coffee, and proceeds to devote herself to her work. Her luncheon is a light one, taken at 1 o'clock. It consists of consommé and toast, with a dandelion salad, sliced tomatoes, lettuce or some fresh, uncooked vegetable, or of a small chop with fruit for dessert. She devotes at least ten minutes in the afternoon to the total relaxation of her muscles and the banishment of all thought.—She lies down with the eyes closed for that

length of time, and frequently she manages half an hour.

Sometime before dinner she walks a couple of miles. She eats only the plainest food at her evening meal. At 9 o'clock she goes to her room, manipulates a small electric battery which is removing wrinkles from her face for fifteen minutes, takes a warm bath, anoints her face and throat with cream, which is carefully massaged into the skin, and goes to bed at 10 with the proud consciousness that she is lessening her years at the rate of one a week, if a woman's years are indeed measured by her looks.

### Wins the Ear of Royalty.

In whatever she essays to do, the American girl is pretty certain to win. Painting, sculpture, literature, music, and even dancing, are all open avenues to success; through them she easily attains competence, and not infrequently distinction. The American girl elected to sing—not opera, with its extraneous and superficial glamour, but songs—just songs, without footlights, chorus or scenery—and after a few years she sings before English royalty!

Among the gifted "Americaners" who have won the favor of the highest En-



MISS MARGUERITE HALL.

glish society, Miss Marguerite Hall stands prominent. Every year she goes over for the "London season," to sing in the drawing rooms of the most exclusive set of that aristocratic cosmopolis, besides appearing at concerts where only artists of the first rank are to be heard.

Miss Hall was born in Boston, Mass., to a birthright of music, her father being a well known musician, and her mother, Madam Edna Hall, a singer of New England celebrity. She is the eldest of three daughters; and while the youngest was still an infant Madam Hall took her little family to Italy, where they remained for a number of years, receiving their education from the best masters and surrounded by the most delightful social and artistic atmosphere.

It is an interesting fact that Miss Gertrude Hall, whose short stories and verses have brought her into prominence within the past three or four years, is the sister of Miss Marguerite Hall, and that the youngest of the trio is a talented painter who has already done some remarkably good work.

### Jeweled Embroidery.

Jeweled embroidery is growing in favor. Many varieties of jeweled embroidery adorned the gowns which were worn at Queen Victoria's drawing rooms in London. Real brilliants are employed; pearls are dyed to match exactly any chosen shade in the silk brocade, and lace is dotted with tiny diamonds as if they were woven in its meshes.

### Bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A bust of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which was made in Paris in 1856 by Miss Susan Durant, an English sculptor, and has been for thirty years in the possession of Lord Seymour Fitzgerald, the Governor of Bombay, has been unveiled at the New York University. The bust was purchased several months ago from Lord Fitzgerald by Dr. Wallace Wood, a lecturer on art, who brought it to this country. Miss Stowe, Hartford, Conn., a daughter of the famous authoress, says:

"I well remember going with my mother for her sittings at the studio in the atelier of the Baron de Triquet, The bust, after it was finished, was taken to London, where I saw it, and thought it very beautiful, and an excellent likeness of my mother at the age of 46. I am very glad that the bust has been brought to this country."

### Two Styles for Summer.

