

# Through a Telescope

A Tragedy in the Alps That Was Seen by One Who Kept His Own Counsel.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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If you go to Interlaken it is quite possible you may see the man who told me this story. You will find him standing almost any day when the atmosphere is transparent and the glorious Jungfrau looms up beautifully in a notch between two of the foothills, standing beside the main street of the town, showing the mountain through his telescope to tourists at half a franc a "look." I do not mean to say that he put the facts at the bottom of his yarn together as a story. Nevertheless they are a story, and it is my part to arrange them in proper form. Here it is as he told it to me, with certain transpositions of mine necessary to its ready understanding:

One day a few summers ago I was standing here showing people the mountain when a party came along consisting of a young girl and two young men. The girl and one of the young men were Americans. The other young man, I judged from his accent, was French. The American man was a quiet, steady looking fellow. The Frenchman was handsome, with all the vivacity of the French people, while the girl was one of your American beauties. The names of all three I afterward learned, and I shall never forget them. The American man was Archibald Wallace; the Frenchman was Jean Le Verlan; the girl was Alice Clark.

"Oh, there is a telescope!" exclaimed Miss Clark as she approached me. "Do let's have a look."

With her American impulse she put her eye to the eyepiece, while I made the adjustments.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said enthusiastically. "What beautiful slopes! What awful gulfs! But it is fascinating. I'm crazy to go up there."

The very next afternoon I was standing here, as usual, waiting for people to come along and pay me for a look through my telescope, when, seeing a mass of snow on the mountain beginning to move, I put my eye to the glass. After witnessing an avalanche turning the glass about over the mountain I saw three figures, two men and a woman, not far above the snow line. My glass did not reveal their features, but I suspected they were the party who had been with me the day before.

I watched them for some time. After awhile I saw one of the men stroll away around a snow covered rock, where he was screened from the others, and look over a cliff. Then he went part of the way back and, I fancied, called—of course I could not hear him—to the other man, for the latter went around the rock and joined him, and the two stood on the edge of the cliff together looking over. Suddenly I saw one figure behind the other and the front one fall over the cliff.

There was a steep incline at the cliff's base of hard snow. The moment the figure that had fallen struck this snow I saw him glance, then shoot down on the surface. He passed behind a peak, and when he again appeared I saw him still sliding. Then he slid around a bend and disappeared.

As soon as I was convinced that I should not see him again I turned my glass back to the other figure. He was running toward the woman. When he reached her there was a pantomime which indicated he was telling her that the other man had fallen over the cliff. But I knew very well that he had pushed his friend—or enemy, as the case might be—over. While I could not distinguish the woman's features, I knew by her motions that she was terribly moved by the tragedy.

She went with the remaining man to the cliff, and the two seemed to be looking down at its base to see if they could get a glimpse of their companion. Then they turned away and descended the mountain.

I was satisfied that one of the men had pushed the other over the cliff and that they were Wallace and Le Verlan, though I could not tell which was the victim. I knew full well that the matter would soon be reported and resolved to keep my own counsel, curious to know in what form the tragedy would be made known.

The same night I heard that a terrible accident had happened to a young American stopping at the J. hotel. I went there and got the story from the concierge. He said that while a Mr. Wallace, an American, was looking over a cliff a crust of snow had given way under his feet and he had fallen 100 feet to the bottom. He had doubtless been killed. A party was being made up to go the next day to look for his body.

Making further inquiries, I learned that he had gone up the mountain side with a Jean Le Verlan, a Parisian, and a Miss Clark of Philadelphia. While I was permitting people to tell me about what I knew much more than they, Le Verlan passed me. He looked very somber, as one might be expected to appear who had witnessed the tragedy he had reported. I tried to detect the look of a villain in his face, but failed. Either he was not guilty, as I supposed, or he carried the consciousness of his guilt so well that it would not betray him.

The next morning I joined the party that set out to find Wallace's body, my object being to follow, if possible, the

route he would be forced over and to determine whether he could have escaped with his life. Having reached the bottom of the cliff, the party were surprised to find no traces of the body, and we all followed the incline to the point where it had disappeared from my view. A short distance beyond this there was a fork in the possible route, one branch leading to a gradual rise, upon attaining which he would have soon stopped; the other leading to the edge of a crevasse into which he would have fallen to an unknown depth.

Every member of the party agreed that Wallace must have slid into the crevasse. As for me, I said nothing, thinking the chances either way were even. We returned to Interlaken, and the party reported the result of their investigations, with the opinion that the body, being in the crevasse, could not easily be recovered. I resolved to await developments. If Wallace had escaped we should hear from him within a reasonable time.

A few days later an old gentleman came up to me while I was standing beside my telescope and asked me if the place from which the American had fallen was visible from where we stood. I assured him that it was and directed my telescope toward it. He put his eye to the glass and since it was in the center of the field of view seemed to recognize it at once.

"If any one had been looking through your glass at the time the accident occurred, would he have seen it?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "Can figures and faces be distinguished up there through your telescope so as to know them?"

"Not surely."

"Could you see an act in which two figures were involved?"

"Not very clearly."

Something in the man's voice was familiar to me. As he turned and faced me I saw that he was "made up," as the theatrical people say. Then something suddenly burst upon me: Was it a droop of one shoulder? Was it the interest he had manifested in the tragedy? I could not tell, but I knew the old man was young Wallace disguised.

"I was looking through my glass," I said, "when that tragedy occurred."

I felt a grip on my arm, and the man was fairly glaring at me.

"Were you? What did you see?" he said, trying to master his emotion.

I told him what I had seen as I have told it here. He would not permit me to leave out the slightest detail. When I had finished I added:

"You are Mr. Wallace, and you were pushed over that cliff. I saw enough to convince me that what I witnessed was an attempted murder. Now tell me of the man's motive."

He told me that Miss Clark was an American millionairess; that he had known her at home and they had recently become engaged. In Paris Le Verlan had been introduced to the girl, had joined the party with whom she was travelling and had been trying to win her. Doubtless recognizing that Wallace was the main obstacle in the way of getting her and her millions, he had attempted to put him out of the way.

Wallace had landed where I supposed he would land, being only shaken up by the glance he had made at the bottom of the cliff. Realizing that if he accused Le Verlan of trying to murder him he would have no evidence of the fact, he had disguised himself and returned with a view to watching his rival without being known to him. He had not yet made himself known to Miss Clark, being desirous to discover how she felt toward his would-be murderer. From what he had observed he feared that Le Verlan was making some headway in his suit, but could not tell. His fiancée had been apparently much shocked.

Having learned that I would be able to testify, Mr. Wallace resolved to make himself known to Le Verlan and Miss Clark. He came to see me the next day and described the scene as it occurred at the J. hotel. He had taken a private parlor and sent a message to Le Verlan and Miss Clark that if they would come to the apartment they would learn something of George Wallace.

They came, the girl looking hopefully anxious, the man very much agitated. Wallace, who was dressed as an old man, threw off his disguise and stood before them as himself. The girl started toward him with a cry and fell in a swoon in his arms. The man stood looking like a serpent about to strike a final blow for life.

Wallace put out his hand and touched a bell. Le Verlan stood trembling like a leaf. A waiter entered, and Wallace told him to call the proprietor. He came, and Wallace declared himself to be the missing American and denounced Le Verlan as his would-be murderer.

At that moment Miss Clark came to herself and heard his accusation.

I never learned what became of Le Verlan. I heard nothing about a trial and inferred that Mr. Wallace and his fiancée shrank from prosecuting him. But the next summer while I was showing the Jungfrau to some tourists I heard a familiar voice say:

"Can you show me the cliff from which Wallace, the American, fell?"

I turned. There stood Mr. Wallace himself with the American girl on his arm.

"Mrs. Wallace and I would like to see the place," he added.

But the lady shrank away with a shudder, and her husband failed to induce her to take even a glance.

Yes; I made something out of it. Wallace had given me money before he left Interlaken and gave me more when he returned. I invested it in some American securities he recommended.

## THE SILVANDO.

Queer Whistling Language of the Canary Island Natives.

In Gomera, one of the smallest of the Canary Islands, the silvando, or whistling language, survives. A correspondent writes: "A traveler must land at the little port of San Sebastian and there find a muleteer from the interior. With him he must ride up the steep bridle paths that wind through the mountains. When no longer any living thing is within sight and the wilderness is only broken by the crimson flower of the cactus growing in the clefts of the rock, the muleteer dismounts, sets his fingers together at a right angle and whistles them in his mouth. An arrow of piercing sounds shoots across the ravines and up the stony terraces into the fastnesses of the mountains. A moment's pause and there comes a thin, almost unhearing, answering whistle from far away. Conversation begins and, as the sounds rise and fall, are steadfastly echoed and transmitted by the hills.

"Then comes the ghostly reply, and then question and answer follow without hesitation or misunderstanding. Perhaps the stranger will ask, 'What are you doing there?' Answer: 'There is a traveler with me. One of our mules is lame. Can you bring us a fresh one?' 'Yes, I can. Do you want anything else?' 'You might bring some milk along if you have any,' and so on. That the conversation is correctly interpreted is presently confirmed by the arrival of the mule and the milk, and the distance that separated the parties to the dialogue turns out to be about three miles.

"Long notes and short notes, rising and falling tones, go to make this marvelous means of communication. No record is to be found of its origin or history, and it will be a thousand pities if scientific investigation is not made before the silvando is added to the list of dead languages, as assuredly it will be within the next two or three generations."—Chicago News.

## STRANGE COMPANIONS.

The "Happy Family" and a Kitten and a Hawk.

The first public exhibition of a "happy family" in England was given about fifty years ago, when there were shown a monkey, a cat, several rats and three or four pigeons in one cage. The monkey was on excellent terms with the cat so long as puss would allow him to warm himself by cuddling her; otherwise he would show his vexation by slyly giving her tail a nip with his teeth.

The birds perched on the cat's back and pecked at her fur, and the rats were as friendly with their natural enemy as if she were one of their own sort.

A lady walking in the Isle of Wight observed a little kitten curled up on a mossy bank taking a midday nap. As she stopped to stroke it a hawk swooped down and, pouncing upon the kitten, hid it from sight.

The lady, fearing for the life of the kitten, tried to rescue it, but the hawk firmly faced her, stood at bay and refused to move. She hastened to a fisherman's cottage and told the inmates of the impending tragedy.

"It's always so," they said, laughing. "That hawk always comes down if any one goes near the kitten. He has taken to it and stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep."

The lady, greatly interested, made further inquiry and learned that the kitten's mother had died, after which the nursing was missed for several days. One day the hawk was seen about the cottage picking up scraps of meat and carrying them to the roof of the cottage.

The fisherman climbed up and found the lost kitten nestled in a hole in the thatch and thriving under the care of its strange foster father. It was brought down and restored to the cottage, but the hawk would not resign his charge and was always at hand to rescue the kitten from the caresses of strangers.—Philadelphia North American.

## Dictionary Lore.

"Poison" and "potion" are doublets, the former being an older form of the latter. Both are derived from the Latin "potare," to drink, and "poison" in its original sense signified merely something to drink.

While the word "human" used as meaning "a human being" is now only colloquial or humorous, Lowell in the introduction to the "Biglow Papers" chided Bartlett for including it in his "Dictionary of Americanisms" and remarked that it was Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer and that it is found also in the old play of "The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

## A Flame Combination.

If a small quantity of chlorate of potash be powdered and mixed with an equal quantity of powdered sugar a candle may be lighted by means of the mixture without matches.

Place a little of it in the depression around the wick of a candle that has been previously used and then touch the mixture with a glass rod the end of which has been dipped in oil of vitriol. It will burst into flame, lighting the candle.

## An Evasive Answer.

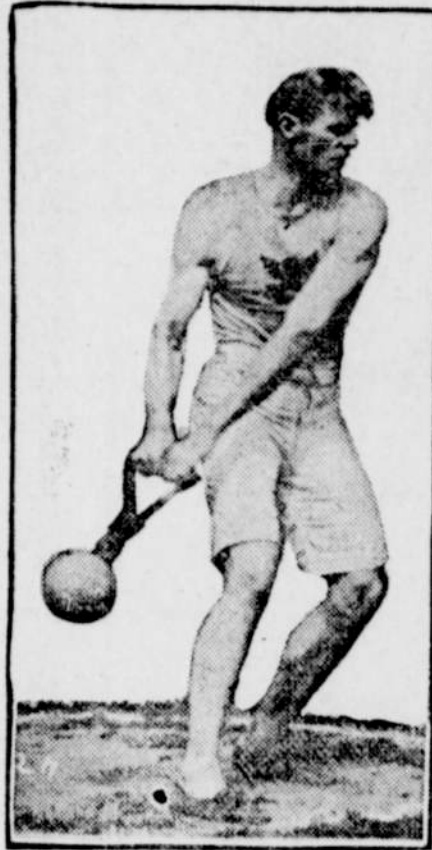
"We dined at Mrs. Crankleigh's last night."

"I suppose you had a good dinner?" "Well, we found out that Mrs. Crankleigh is an active member of the society for boycotting all the high priced foodstuffs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE SPORTING WORLD.

### Sheridan to Tour the World.

Immediately after competing in the national all-around championships in San Francisco next July Martin Sheridan, world's famous athlete, will leave this country on an around the world tour, which he expects will keep him away from America for the best part of two years. Though it would seem that a westward course would be the easiest, Sheridan will work eastward, making Ireland his first stop. After a day with his people the big cop will



MARTIN SHERIDAN.

hop over to England and Scotland and then work his way by easy degrees through all the athletically inclined nations of Europe, Russia included. From there he will go on through India and China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia and Hawaii before coming home to America. He says nothing just now of visiting South Africa, but the chances are he will tackle that proposition along with the others.

Sheridan has had the travel bug for a long time. He has seen a good part of the earth's surface, but he wants to see more, and, above all things, he wants to win where national championships are held.

### Gotch Touts Cutler.

Frank Gotch is credited with saying that Kid Cutler is the best qualified wrestler in America to take his place when he gets ready to surrender the championship title. Gotch has taken an interest in Cutler and has taught him a number of his tricks. He says, however, that Cutler has a serious fault. Gotch says:

"Ideas are all the Chicago boy lacks. He cannot see ten things at once. He gets one idea into his head while working on the mat, and he cannot move it to one side for another. When I am wrestling I can see ten holds at once. I am working for any of them, and as fast as one offers itself I try for that, but at the same time watch closely for another.

"Cutler and I have matched strength in our arms and shoulders. He is my superior from the waist up. He is also fast on his feet, but not quite as fast as I am. He is not quite as strong in the legs as I am, but otherwise he is fully as good. In my opinion there is not an American wrestler of today who can throw Cutler, and I think the next time he meets Zbyseo he will turn the fat man on his back. Remember, now, what I have predicted and watch the outcome."

### Turfman Sanders Back in Game.

Millard Sanders, who was racing up and down the grand circuit thirty odd years ago, when John Splan, Orrin Hiekk, Charles Marvin, John E. Turner and the Goldsmith brothers were in the zenith of their popularity, is to be seen in grand circuit company the coming season after an absence of several years from big ring company.

For the past three seasons Millard has been training the Sterling Holt horses at Indianapolis, occasionally going to a half mile ring with some promising colts, but devoting all of his attention to the Sidney Dillon stock, with which he has had uniformly good success.

### Keene Not Quitting Turf.

James R. Keene will have a bigger and stronger stable than ever in training next season, although he managed to carry off leading honors last year with more than \$112,000. In 1907 Mr. Keene's horses won more than \$400,000, a world's record.

He has made liberal nominations this year to the important stakes for which entries closed recently. The Keene turf venture in England will not be entirely abandoned, but more time will be devoted to racing in America during the coming season.

### Lord to Captain Red Sox.

Harry Lord, third baseman, who was the first of the Boston American players to sign for next season, has been appointed captain by Manager Pat Donovan. Lord was the leader of the Red Sox in 1909 after Doc Gessler was released to Washington. Harry is a magnetic player, and it is the general opinion of the fans that if he had been captain of the team all during the 1909 campaign the Red Sox would have finished at least second and might possibly have won the pennant.

**FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN**  
BY **PETRIGG**  
REGISTER, ROCKFORD, ILL.  
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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### SHOULD PLAY SAFE.

Considering the deplorable condition in which seed corn is admitted to be for the coming season's planting, it will be the height of folly for any corn grower to plant seed from any ears that have not been given a careful individual test. There are several types of testing racks and boxes on the market which are very handy, but the homemade tester will answer the purpose very well if one hasn't the price. The idea to be carried out is to take at least six kernels from each ear, so arranging the testing box that one has an accurate reference between the six kernel groups and the ear from which the groups were taken. Perhaps the most convenient means of doing this is by fixing a shallow box as long and broad as desired and about five inches deep, spreading moist earth or sawdust in the bottom to the depth of two inches and on this placing a piece of white cloth about ten inches larger than the box all around, which has been marked off in squares of about two inches and a half and numbered in consecutive order. The ears from which the kernels are taken should be in such order that the operator will know from which ear each group of six kernels is taken. When the squares all have their quotas of six kernels each a piece of cloth of about the same size as the first should be placed carefully over the kernels, and when this has been placed so as to cover all the kernels and with edges extending outside the box a third cloth should be laid on, and on this should be spread the sawdust or other material which is to be used, and this moistened sufficiently so as to make germination possible. When loaded the testing box should be placed in a warm room, and when it has stood about a week the covering should be raised at the corner, and if the germination has proceeded far enough to tell the story the first cloth, with the sawdust, should be carefully removed. The cloth immediately over the seed can then be removed without disturbing or dislocating the kernels which lie beneath, when the story of the germinating power of the ears will be plainly told. In deciding which ears to eliminate it is just as necessary to discard ears whose kernels show weak vitality as those which fail to germinate at all. Only those should be selected which show vigorous root and shoot development in at least five out of six kernels. If the scarcity of seed corn necessitates the use of ears showing only four good kernels, this fact should be kept in mind in selecting plants for the planter boxes, as more seed will have to be used to secure the desired stand. Unless a careful method of testing individual ears like that outlined above is followed there will be thousands of fields of corn next season that will have half a stand of corn or less.

**OPPORTUNITIES CLOSE BY.**  
With the present rapid movement of population to the western states and the quite complete occupation of the oldest areas, the writer is convinced, as are many others, that the young men seeking a new field would do well to look over carefully opportunities in the central and New England states, particularly along the line of twenty to thirty acre tracts, which may be worked intensively to garden truck, small fruits and poultry. The relative value of such tracts, which may be had at very reasonable prices, would depend chiefly upon the workable character and fertility of the soil and nearness to a market where the produce of the farm could be disposed of at good prices. Many an easterner is operating just such areas as these in the manner indicated and is not only making a living for himself and family, but is accumulating a snug bank account. One could readily get track of such a tract by sending a three line advertisement to any agricultural paper of general circulation published in the section in which one wishes to locate.

### THE HOTBED.

It is none too early to begin making plans for the hotbed, which should be located in a sheltered, sunny spot. The bed can be started much earlier if the preliminary work—digging the pit, making the frame and laying by a supply of soil—was done last fall before trees up. In such case all that will be necessary will be to put in the pit and pack down about ten inches of fresh horse manure, wet it with seven or eight pills of water, allow it to stand until the heating process gets well started and then put on four or five inches of earth. As soon as this becomes warm enough the seed may be sown. If the preliminary work was not done last fall, one would have to wait until the ground thawed sufficiently to permit the digging of the pit. If the work is delayed as a result of this, the early things may be started in boxes in the house and later transplanted to the hotbed.

## Notice to Contractors

Bids will be received at the residence of R. Pomeroy, near Lampa up to and including April 10, 1910, for the grading of one mile of road in district No. 20. Grade to be 14 feet wide with a turnout every 100 feet.  
9-4tx R. POMEROY, Supervisor.

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## In The Circuit Court of The State of Oregon, in and for The County of Coos

T. F. Lewis  
Plaintiff  
vs  
Rebecca Lewis  
Defendant

Suit in Equity  
For Divorce

To Rebecca Lewis, the above named defendant:

In the Name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, which prescribed time is six (6) weeks, the last day of which time will be Thursday, the 5th day of May, 1910.

And if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint by the said time, the plaintiff will apply to the court for a decree forever annulling the marriage contract existing between yourself and the said plaintiff.

This summons is published in the Bandon Recorder, a weekly newspaper published in Coos County, Oregon, for six (6) consecutive weeks, beginning March 24th, 1910, and ending May 5th, 1910 by order of publication made by the Hon. John S. Coke, Circuit Judge of the State of Oregon at Chambers in Coquille, Oregon, on the 24th day of March, 1910.

Geo. P. Topping  
Attorney for Plaintiff

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