BE CHEERFUL.

Though earth-curve oppress thee And adversity twis-Her dark way aths about they

Trend firmly life's mazes, Represent the terr That fals would oft guab forth Poor wanderer here.

Yet, oh, make no sign.

Perhaps on the morrow Prosperity's sun May shine so thy pathway, And surrow he done.

The way, once so desciate, May take a new turn, And bright flowers erst hidden Our eyes may discern.

Cheer and Oh, there's magic You hear them in the streamlet, In sours of the birds.

Look up-see them written In the depths of blue; Press coward, look opward-The light will break through

THE GHOST OF A GALLOWS.

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 dogcart to the ground, apparently stone dead, and the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitterest enemy.

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



"AS A DROWNING MAN THINKS, SO DID "," in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master he saw to an instant that the man was dead. Then he looked at me. I was still re-

viewing 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 thi ambush and dexteriously 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

fuside 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 valu. There was not the slightest clew to the murderer to be seen.

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

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside of the bedge 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 wind 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 in-

spiration. The murderer might never be found. At all events I could not lay hands on him just then. Why not take the train | ville knew me, I had not mentioned my

for my life see any other course open. So I streed the animal to still greater speed and pulling up at a bend in the jumped down and ran, just in time to ing off.

morning and thrust me into the snenviable position of a suspected murder-I had received a telegram from had just seen murdered, asking me to following words and in obedience to this summons I the Pinkerton force, reached Hopeville bloodlest battle recorded since the in- my dear, you are married." There which is carefully massage that taken an early morning train down shortly after noon, having been teles traduction of portable firearms. Eylan, was something very incongruous in providing the providing train down the providing train down the providing train down the providing train down to be provided and this is undoubtedly in the care so much now minor you are married." There which is carefully massage that the providing train down the providi come down immediately to Hopeville, from New York. Hopeville is an excedingly unpretentions 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 valu for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a bired 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 hapof 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 ran toward the prostrate figure, while | declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself had not spoken for five years, and 1, 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 doo telegraph for me to come down to Hopeville, but on second thoughts I concluded that some business of importance in connection with certain inerests 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 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



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 be probably did not know who I was. No one else in Hope-

and make good my own escape while | intention or going down there to anythe sportunity presented itself. It one in New York. My only hope by in seemed a tetrible thing to thus fee keping perfectly seeinded sutil the from justice because of a crime which thing had blown over, and this I I had not committed, but I could not | thought I could do as well in my hotel

in Philadelphia as enywhere else. Then when I would arrive at this point in my reasoning the thought of extreme percentage of loss to be authroad before I reached the station I that clew that the detectives were puted locally, i. c., on particular briworking or would come to me and I gades and divisions, will not exceed one seramble upon the train as it was mor- would break into a cold perspiration in three (of which one is killed to four from nervousness and anxiety. How I wounded), whereas for whole armies of It was a curious fresh of chance, if ever got through the night I cannot a quarter of a million and over one in indeed, it was chance alone, which had tell. As soon as I could get into my, ten is the very outside punishment we brought me down to Hopeville that clothes in the morning I procured a may reasonably expecmoraling newspaper. There I found a Compared to the slaughter of the sevfuller and more/thrilling account of the en years' war and the best contested murder, most of which I skimmed fields of the Napoleonic period, this is Randolph Cutting, the man whom I through burriedly until I reached the very little, indeed. At Zorndorf the

graphed for by Mr. Cutting's family. Friedland, Wagram and Brodino all this remark coming from the lips of a proud consciousness that the They at once set to work upon a clew exceed the figures of any pitched buttle lady of France, since all French womfurnished them by Davis, the groom, since the breechloader appeared in the en, as a rule, bear up their reputation if a woman's years are in fatal shot was fired. Davis was sitting. Moreover, the horror of the whole personal seductiveness, fascinations who was with Mr. Cutting when the field. with is back to Mr. Cutting, but hap thing is not to be measured by figures and charm even unto old age, thus pening to look toward the side of the of percentages only, but by the density showing their very great good sense road he saw a man, whom he recog- in which the killed and wounded lie, and, one might say, absolute wisdom. sized as a discharged servant of his and the fate of the latter afterward. The very time when a woman does employer's, level a pistol at Mr. Cut- In a modern battle 20,000 men would need to care about her good looks is ting's head and fire. Mr. Cutting fell fall on an area of about twenty square after she has won the heart of the one to the ground and Davis jumped to his miles; at Zorndorf the 21,000 Russines man in the world she cared about winmaster's assistance, only to find him in- and 12000 Prussians lay on a single ing. For her own sake and her husstantly killed. The horse had taken square mile, and of the wounded not band's she should care. No man wants fright and run away, when Davis hap one in three survived; whereas, in 1870, his wife to seem lacking in charm. And fest some without feeling to book up and superficial glamon pening to look up saw a figure in the nine out of ten recovered, and the Prus- once he loses his pride in her, he very roadway. Instinctively he ran toward sian medical staff anticipated even fast loses his respect for her, and sines before English roads him, but the man darted behind the better results next time. hedge and Davis lost sight of him. He But death on the battlefield is by will, there can be no genuine, highwas able, however, to identify the mur- far the least of the two evils the soldier souled love. derer fully when he was arrested by has to face. There is death on the line A woman should make the most of the detectives late last night. The man, of march, and in hospitals along the herself in her husband's eyes. She whose name is James Simpson, was road. Whereas formerly, particularly should endeavor to appear the fairest, pened, by the terms of the will most found in an empty hay shed, not two under Napoleon, ten would die by the daintiest and the noblest woman of her overy miles from the scene of the murder, way for one who fell in action, in the sex. In word and deed, in her every When confronted with his crime he be last Franco-German war only one man mannerism, as well as in personal apcame panie-stricken and made a full died of disease for two killed in action. pearance, she should try her uttermost

> And that was the pearest I ever came to being hanged.-Philadelphia Times



Wisdom of Fools.

side Courtships," is made up of short ring, and where both start determined stories dealing with the influence of to bring matters to a climax the deciswomen, exerted often by chance, upon ion cannot be long delayed. Judging men's careers.

In its twenty-three chapters Dr. Farrar encounter will also be the last, for the treats of the "allegorical method" of momentum of the blow which decides exerges as untenable, and deals with will simply paralyze every nerve in the the dangerous results of the "supernat- opponent's body, and, adding up all ta, the receiver of the whisky trust, is ural dictation" theory. Necessarily, sources of casualties that can occur in the only daughter of Richard Blue, one the book will arouse wide attention and a short campaign of this description. keen controversy.

has gathered much interesting matter engaged will not amount to more than relative to the cause represented by the the best plan to go right in rather than | Chicago Hebrew Mission-the convertions, Pall Mall Gazette. get off at any out-of-town stations, as | sion of the Jews to Christianity. The there would be much less risk of being | leading article is by Prof. H. M. Scott, and is to the effect that Judaism can- of Seth and Cicero Dodge, who lived ligion.

ton," is said to be practically an auto- with squirrels, and that if I would go biography. The real facts concerning back with them that evening they the burning of her husband's Persian would get their father to let them have translation, "The Scented Garden," are the next day off, and we would have told, and her real motives given. One lots of fun. I went home and got my of the interesting features of the book No. 14 muzzle loader, plenty of ammuis found in numerous and important nition and my dog, and went home with letters from Gen. Gordon which have them. Father Dodge had built a new never before been published.

Technical Publishing Company brings any strangers, so Cicero and I slept out out "Naval Engineers and the Com- in the old log house. I shall never for- of the leading colored citizens of Cenmand of the Sea." It is devoted to get the scare we got that night. As tral Illinois. Miss Blue is 23 years old, proving that Great Britain must insti- boys will, we lay there a long time distute many reforms in respect of the cussing the various propositions that engineers in its navy and points out suggest themselves to two boy chums what is certain to happen otherwise by who haven't seen each other for some detailing two imaginary wars. As En-time. Along toward midnight we gland whips France, which treats its thought we discovered the presence of engineers properly in one, and the Uni-somebody under our bed. To make it ted States, which treats them even bet- more certain, we distinctly heard the ter in the other, the moral is not ob- ticking of his watch. We became un-

The American Youth, the weekly or- regular and incessant. At last Cicero gan of the Waifs' Mission, seems to be quietly slipped out of bed, went over to fed on the literary fat of the land. The the new house and called his father, editor, Susan Gibbons Duval, has not who came and investigated. Much to only made of it an excellent juvenile our chagrin the old gentleman soon dispaper, but has secured stories and arti-covered that the cause of our dread and cles from the ablest pens. Anthony forebodings was only a deathwatch at Hope's new story, "Victory of the work in an old log by the side of the Grand Duke of Mittenheim," is begun bed.-Forest and Stream. 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 seph Jefferson, and a score of others almost equally noted The American land. The body thus tardily interred ride each day will start the blood to Youth evidently has a high standard was that of a Belgian soldier of for- coursing rapidly through the veins, and lives up to it.

Women as Pack Animals,

The new woman will find much needof Alaska. There women are convertthirty pounds each, and here and there a woman laboring under a 100-pound pack.

She Recovered.

that rallroad accident yet? tune of ten thousand .- New York Tri- of the vaults of the church.

kind, he usually kys the blame on a "false friend."

MUDERN WARFARE.

Lone Campaigns Will Give Way to

Fingle but Decisive Encounters. Summing up the whole question as between any two European peacetrained armies of the present day, the

Russians left 21,000 out of 52,000 on "Detectives Warden and Seabury, of the ground, and this is undoubtedly the care so much now about your looks, noints her face and throats

Indeed, the health of men in the full to inspire her husband with respect prime of life was actually slightly bet- for her, and to keep and hold him enter in the field than in quarters.

even granted that battles and marches sonal seductions that first won him. A may be less destructive, there will be woman who is wise in this way need more of them, because every able-bod. have no fear of cause for jealousy. led man being trained by war, the re- Jealousy, by the way, my dear sisters sistance will be more prolonged than is nothing in the world but a personal formerly, but this prolonged endurance acknowledgment that you regard youris only conceivable under the supposttion that the leaders on both sides are women in some respect. It is a tacit hopelessly incompetent, and both fear confession of your own inferiority!to stake all on a single collision-a supposition that nothing tends to justify.

On the contrary, every leader brought Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of the up in the modern school is taught to twinge of jealousy famous "John Ward, Preacher," has understand the vulnerability of all finished a group of five short stories, modern military organizations, and is which will apear under the title, "The penetrated with the conviction that one downright "knockout" blow effects Hamlin Garland's new book, "Way- more than weeks of purposeless sparfrom what we know of the relative ef-Dean Furrar's new theological work ficiency of continental armies, we beis on the eve of appearance in London. Heve that the first round of the great we conclude that at the very worst the In the Jewish Era Mrs. T. C. Rounds actual cost in human life to the powers

The Deathwatch.

In 1863 I had two chums of the name down in the forks of 'Coon, about four erty, because it is not a proselyting remiles below us. The boys were hauling wood to town, and they told me that the "The Romance of Isabel, Lady Bur- woods down in the forks were alive frame house, but it was not large Francis G. Burton writes and the enough to accommodate the family and easy, for the ticking of that watch was

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 Fintune, the Duc Charles de Croy, who had been commander-in-chief of the woman. She rises at 7, takes a cold Russian army at the historic battle of sponge and a brisk rubdown, dresses Narva in 1700. Made a prisoner during ing emancipation in her Indian sister the fight. De Croy took up his residence at Revel, where he died in the ed into pack animals at times. Not an course of events; his creditors demurunusual sight is to see a long pack red to his burial, however, until his train of dogs loaded with twenty or 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 White-Did old Green recover from as was to be found among the local authorities, he has been given a fitting Black-No, but his wife did-to the coffin and properly interred in one end

It occurs to a woman very often in When a man makes a mistake of any her conversation with a man, that other women have found it easy to foo.



INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

French lady once remarked to lates a small electric batts another lady within the hear removing wrinkles from b another lady within "You do not lifteen minutes, takes a wa for skill and tact in preserving their ured by her looks,

where there is no respect, talk as you sings before English royalty!

chanted and enthralled by means of It may, however, be argued that, those heart and mind qualities and perself beneath some other woman or did you ever think of that? The wom an who is confident of her own worth is never bothered by even the slightest

It is a mistake to regard marriage as detrimental to a woman's welfare from glish society, Miss Marguet any point of view, as sometime it stands prominent. Every seems to be regarded, judging from goes over for the "London s such remarks as quoted, on the contrary it broadens instead of narrowing exclusive set of that aristowoman's sphere, as when she marries mopolis, besides appearing it her real life only begins. Then, and where only artists of the first then only, does the supreme glorifica- to be heard. tion of her sex for her begin to dawn .-Columbian.

*mart Colored Girl.

Miss Belle Blue, who is private and confidential secretary to Gen. McNul-



MISS BELLE BLUE.

and was born and reared in Bloomington. After her graduation from high school she studied stenography, type- 1856 by Miss Susan Durant, writing 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 whisky 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 Sallowness. 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

This is the regimen laid out by one in union flannels, tights, bleycle corsets and a bicycle suit, drinks a pint of hot milk and eats a few crackers. Then she mounts her bleycle, 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 consomme 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 eves closed for that length of time, and frequent ages half an hour.

Sometime before dinner comple of miles. She eats on est food at her evening a o'clock she goes to her me

Wins the Ear of Roya In whatever she essays American girl is pretty cens Painting, sculpture, literap and even dancing, are all ope to success; through them she tains competence, and not is ly distinction. The America ed to sing-not opera, with n -just songs, without footly Among the gifted "America have won the favor of the



MISS MARGUERITE HAT

Miss Hall was born in Bosts to a birthright of music, herf ing a well known musician mother, Madam Edna Hall, a New England celebrity. She est of three daughters; and youngest was still an infan Hall took her little family where they remained for a ! years, receiving their educa the best masters and surrous most delightful social and mosphere.

It is an interesting fact to Gertrude Hall, whose short s verses have brought her in nence within the past three years, is the sister of Miss M Hall, and that the youngest d is a talented painter who ha done some remarkably good

leweled Embroiders Jeweled embroidery is gro vor. Many varieties of jet broidery adorned the gowns w worn at Queen Victoria's rooms in London. Real brill employed; pearls are dyed to actly any chosen shade in the cade, and lace is dotted with monds as if they were wor

Bust of Harriet Beecher A bust of Mrs. Harriet Stowe, which was made in sculptor,

meshes.



STOWE.

Hartford. daughter of the famous SAYS:

"I well remember going mother for her sittings at U in the atelier of the Baron del The bust, after it was find taken to London, where I sas thought it very beautiful, an cellent likeness of my mother age of 46. I am very glad that has been brought to this cou

