

MIZPAH.

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
A part, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me!"

This is my prayer,
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine will be;
If mine will lead through parching sands
And thine beside the sea;
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me.
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be,
I'll leave thee to the care of Him,
Who cares for thee and me.
"I'll keep you both beneath my wings."
This comforts, dear,
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me;
So we are near.



JOE'S pencil, paper and arithmetic were before him, but the bustle usually attending the important ceremony of preparing his examples for the next day was missing.

Was this quiet boy with his chin in his hand the laughing, noisy little fellow who was constantly getting up to run around his chair in order to change his luck when his answers wouldn't agree with those in the back of the book; who whistled and sung and talked to himself and interspersed his severe mental exertions with accounts of the day's doings; who scratched his head and drummed on the table and dragged his feet until his mother sought refuge in her room and declared she wondered how Miss Lucy ever put up with him and fifty more for five hours.

His father looked at him wonderingly and put down the paper preparatory to questioning him, when suddenly Joe heaved a deep sigh and began to work. But the figuring hadn't gone on very long before he fell into another brown study and then went over and leaned against his "pa," who was the confidant of all his sorrows. He had more than



GETTING UP TO RUN AROUND HIS CHAIR.

a dim suspicion that his parent had not been the model boy of the school, and so could sympathize with him.

"Pa, do you think a person ought to get mad at you for just doing one wrong thing?"

"Well," said pa, judiciously: "that depends. The one thing might be very serious, you know."

Joe was thoughtful for a moment and started back to his work, but after a few attempts put down his pencil, saying: "I think I'm sick, pa; I can't do my examples. Will you write a note and ask Miss Lucy to excuse me?"

"Why, sonny, Miss Lucy will excuse you without any note, won't she, when you tell her you were sick? Where do you feel sick?"

"Oh, I'm just sick all over, Pa, did you ever chase a crazy boy when you were little?"

"Yes, I did. There was one lived near the school, and—" Mr. Harris began smiling at the recollection, but Joe interrupted him.

"Did you ever hit your teacher, or steal a cat, then?"

"My heavens, boy! What's the matter with you, anyhow? You would better tell me the whole story and clear your mind. Now, what has a crazy boy to do with hitting your teacher and stealing a cat?"

"Well, Crazy Willie is a crazy boy who comes to school sometimes, and he always has a wheelbarrow. He's bigger than you, pa, but he hasn't any mind. Some of the children say his mother whipped him so much when he was little that he got foolish. But, anyhow, whenever he comes to school the boys and some of the girls, too, have a lot of fun teasing him.

"To-day he came and we were all teasing him and stealing his wheelbarrow to make him chase us, and Miss Lucy came along. They all ran away when they saw her, and Willie got his wheelbarrow and went home. When school began Miss Lucy asked who had been teasing Willie, and Harry Taylor and I stood up. I wouldn't have stood up, only Miss Lucy looked at me and I just had to, and Harry wouldn't hold out only Miss Lucy caught hold of him when he was running outside; so he knew it was no use to deny it. And, anyhow, Miss Lucy always finds out everything.

"Then Miss Lucy gave it to us. She said that even the wild Indians were good to people like Willie and that boys who would tease him would do anything mean. She knew none of the girls would do anything like that, and you should have seen Margaret looking so good, and she was the one, pa, who took his coat and ran with it. But afterward in school she cried and said she was sick and teacher let her go

home. I think she felt bad about Willie.

"Miss Lucy told Harry and me she didn't like us any more and she didn't want us to come around her, because she thought we were dangerous; we might hit her. I water the plants when I finish my definitions in the afternoon and when I went after the bottle she said: 'No, Joseph Harris, you needn't go. I haven't any conference in you. How do I know but you might squirt water over the engineer?' And he's bigger than you, pa."

"After a while a note came around saying the basement cat was gone and she asked the children if they knew anything about it, and she looked at me and Harry as if she thought we took it, and when she said good-night to Harry and me she didn't smile at all. Then after school all the other boys said we ought to be ashamed; and, pa, every one of them would have been in it, only they didn't come early enough. Harry and me went over to Willie's house and Harry gave him the nickel he was going to buy a stamp with, but I didn't have anything. I think I'll give him my best necktie, if ma will let me. He likes anything red. Do you think Miss Lucy will ever like me again? She said Willie wouldn't be that way if he could help it and we ought to be thankful we were all right.

"I wish ma would let me give him some pie and cake. I don't think he ever gets any. I wish I hadn't teased him, because he's only a little boy in his mind, Miss Lucy says, and it isn't fair to tease a boy, is it, pa?"

Mr. Harris consoled Joe as well as he could, then said: "Now I tell you what to do. Instead of doing your examples to-night just write Miss Lucy a letter and you and I will walk over and leave it at the house. We'll put it under the door and then ring the bell and run away just as if it were a valentine."

"What shall I say, pa?" said Joe, smiling.

"Oh, just tell her all about it. I know she'll forgive you."

Joe labored in the agony of composition, his father refusing all assistance, and produced this masterpiece:

"Dear teacher: I'm sorry I teased Willie I didn't do it would make you mad at me I want do it again and if my ma lets me I'm going to give him my red necktie that my uncle Joe gave me crissmas herry gave him a nickel he had saved up and hes going to give him a piggin any one he wants even his fantail my pa ran after a crazy boy when he was little and he never hit his teacher or stole a cat hes real good I herd my ma tell miss black he was the best man in the city he always brings his envelope home without taking out a cent. Your loving scollar,

"JOSEPH HARRIS."

"Pa" had much ado to keep from smiling when he read this, but managed to say gravely: "That will do very well, but I think we must have a few spelling lessons some time."

On the way over to deliver the important letter "pa" remarked that the boy he had chased wasn't so very crazy and knew enough to take care of himself very well.

"But of course," he added, "it was wrong to tease him at all, though we generally got the worst of it."

A happy little boy ran to meet "pa" on his way home from work the next evening and a beautifully written letter with a gold monogram was carefully produced. It said:

"My Dear Little Pupil: I forgive you from the bottom of my heart and I am going to ask you to forgive me. I am afraid I am as fond of teasing as any boy in the world. When I got home from school last night I thought I had been as cruel to you as you have been to Willie—more cruel, because I ought to know better. What I said to you and Harry was my way of teasing. Let us both start fresh to-morrow and I hope we will both remember as long as we live that 'what is fun for the boys is death for the frogs.' If you don't understand what that means I will read you the story. Ask your mother if you may come over to my house next Friday evening. I want to show you and Harry some things I have. Your loving teacher,

"HELEN LUCY."

"And she let me water the plants and take a note to the engineer, too," he added.

"Miss Lucy is a daisy," said his father, "and I don't think she'll teach school very long."

"Why, pa?"

"Oh, I'll tell you some other time. We'll go over to Willie's to-night and take him the cake your mother promised to bake for him. I got him work to-day where he can use a wheelbarrow all day and get \$4 a week for it. I thought I would get square with myself for chasing the boy that lived near me when I was little. I never felt bad about it until to-day, though."

And "pa" smiled.—Chicago Record.

What a Diamond Expert Says.
Damp, murky weather practically kills the diamond business. No dealer dare buy for fear of cheating himself. The purest white diamond will on one of these dark, foggy days take on a straw color, and to all appearances is off color. Always pick out a diamond on a clear day, but see to it that you have a good light on the gem, for many dealers tint their ceilings and walls a delicate hue, "which gives the stone a bluish tint which it does not or should not possess in a clear light."

Quickly Turned the Joke.

A Kansas City man went into one of the meat stalls at the city market, and finding a comely young woman in attendance, thought he would joke a bit with her. "Madam," he said, gravely, "I want a yard of pork." "Yes, sir," said the young woman, quickly, and, turning to the boy in the back of the shop, she called: "Charlie, wrap up three pigs' feet for the gentleman."

A MYSTERY IN IOWA.

GREW OUT OF AN UNNATURAL MARRIAGE.

A Pretty Girl's Union to a Crippled Miser—His Changed Nature—A Mysterious Death—Life Imprisonment for the Young Wife.

From Sigourney, Iowa, come the details of a tragedy growing out of a union of lives in which there was not yet 20 years of age has been found guilty of poisoning her crippled husband and sentenced to spend the rest of her life at hard labor in the State penitentiary.

The young woman's name is Sarah Kuhn. She is of English parentage and her maiden name was Crane. She was born and brought up on an Iowa farm. At 16 she was sent out to earn her own living, and then began the sordid romance which has left her behind prison bars. It began when Sarah fell in love with Andrew Smith, a broad-shouldered young farmer of little more than her own age, who was by no means so much in love with her. For a year or so they went about together and the farmers' wives said no good of the girl. Then the young farmer's attachment cooled; and here the cripple whom Sarah is accused of murdering came into the story.

Charles Kuhn was woefully deformed. Inflammatory rheumatism had twisted his legs so as to bring the knees together no matter how he stood, and he walked with a corkscrew gait. Besides this disease had left one of his long arms entirely useless. He was known as a miserly, hard-working German, who toiled early and late in his shoemaker's shop for sheer love of the money his labor brought him and once

at her trial the will was made to tell strongly against his widow, though it was not shown that she inspired, urged or sanctioned the action by a single word and it was pointed out by her lawyers that under the laws of the State of Iowa, where a will is made and the wife is the beneficiary in whole or in part, and it is proved that she took the life of the testator, the will becomes inoperative so far as she is concerned.

A Fatal Trip.

Labor day, about a month after the will was made, was the cobbler's last. On that day he and his wife drove to an entertainment at What Cheer. Nothing was developed at the trial to show that the wife planned or suggested the trip. While the couple were in the village the husband purchased a dozen bottles of beer, which he placed in his buggy. He left his wife alone in it later, while he wandered about the streets. Then they started home. What occurred on the drive only the wife has told.

"When we were a short way out of town," she told the sheriff afterward, "Charley opened a bottle of beer and we both drank some. He was in a good humor and after finishing that bottle he asked me to sing him a German song I knew. I held the reins and sang while he opened the second bottle. He joined in the chorus. He drank from the second bottle and then he passed it to me, saying that it tasted bitter. I drank a little, but not much, and he drank more. Then he set the bottle down, and I saw that something was wrong. He lay on his side mumbling. I thought the beer had gone to his head. When we got near old man Snyder's house he began to cry that I had poisoned him. Then I shouted, too, and Snyder came out into the road."

Snyder was the principal witness against the woman at her trial. He testified that when the buggy reached



KUHN AND HIS WIFE AND THE FATED RIG.

his house Mrs. Kuhn was crying "Come quick, my husband is dying." He came to the buggy and Kuhn told him to take the reins and drive as fast as he could to the doctor's, because he'd been poisoned.

"What else did he say?" said the county prosecutor.

"Well," said the witness, "I hesitated about taking the reins. His wife said she didn't know what was the matter with him, but he'd been drinking beer and eating bologna, so I climbed into the buggy and drove toward the doctor's. When we got pretty well down to the place where you turn I asked whether we should go to the doctor's or home, and his wife said it would be better to take him home. Then he cried, 'No, take me to Dr. Busby's; she's poisoned me!' I thought not, and told him so, and she said: 'What makes you talk so, Charley? What will people think of you talking that way?' He kept saying: 'She poisoned me, Snyder, she did.' Then she would say again that she had not, and for a while he wouldn't say anything. One time during the drive he turned to her and asked: 'Why did you do it?'"

The doctor was not at home and the cripple, still crying that he had been poisoned, died in the buggy on the way to his cottage. An autopsy revealed traces of strychnine in his stomach and in the beer left in the bottle in the roadway was found enough strychnine to kill a dozen men. On the roadway over which the couple was driven there was discovered a small glass phial half filled with strychnine. It bore the name of a New York firm. On the trial it was brought out that this was found on the side of the roadway on which the wife had driven. No evidence of a purchase of poison by either husband or wife was discovered.

The prosecution argued that the woman, tired of her crippled husband, poisoned the beer in the wagon in the few moments when she was left alone by him in the village. The defense showed that she had no means of uncorking the bottle and argued that Kuhn himself, fearing that his wife would carry out her threat to leave him, had bought the strychnine contemplating murder and suicide on his way home. It was urged that Kuhn's dying declaration was an opinion rather than a statement of fact, and therefore inadmissible. The jury, composed of solid farmers, however, regarded it as the essential feature of the testimony. To the last the wife protested her innocence.

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MRS. SARAH KUHN

near where the cobbler lived, he introduced him to Sarah Crane. Six months later Kuhn asked the girl to marry him. She told him he was crazy and ordered him away. The cobbler appealed to his friend Smith again. What persuasions Smith used to his sweetheart nobody knows, but three months later Kuhn and the girl were married. Smith's father, who is a justice of the peace, married them, and the only witness they heard of the match, declared that they would never see their daughter again. They kept their word till she was in jail.

With the marriage the cobbler's habits changed. He bought his wife everything she asked for and her neighbors began to say that she had not done so badly after all. The only thing that troubled her crippled husband seemed to be the fear that she might leave him. One day she lightly threatened to do so. He sought his friends and asked them what more they thought he could do for Sarah. The next day a villager met him coming out of a lawyer's office in Sigourney.

"I've just finished the best job I ever did in my life," said the cobbler.

"What was that?" asked the villager.

"I've just willed all I own to my wife," was the reply.

A month later the old man was dead.

CURIOUS CONSIDERATIONS.

Out of 120,000 farmers in Norway all but 11,000 own their farms.

Cotton exports brought to this country \$119,000,000 more in 1900 than in 1899.

Texas has been regarded for some years as one of the coming States in the petroleum industry.

Electricity is to be used as a separator. It is claimed that it will be an economical factor in dealing with metals.

Eastern Texas is getting into rice growing in earnest. The output for this season will not be less than 30,000 tons.

Dublin has only forty acres less of parks than London. The latter has 1,800 acres. Still both cities are short of breathing spots.

A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth whatever the person owning it may ask. At \$1,000 it would not be deemed extravagant.

In an old curiosity shop near Westworth is a fishing bag formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, bearing his initials and the date 1646.

American exports of corn have averaged 173,000,000 bushels a year since 1895, an increase of 254 per cent. over the preceding five years.

At numerous mines in Siberia 2,000 men and 500 horses are used on a single property to produce gold not exceeding \$5,000,000 per annum.

The Penobscot tribe of Indians which numbered 245 in 1880, is now about 400 strong. Maine appropriates annually \$8,000 for their benefit.

With the beginning of the new year Greenwich time was adopted as the standard in Spain. Holland and Belgium took such action years ago.

The costliest theater ticket was the first one sold for the Jenny Lind concert in New York in 1850. It brought \$650 and was bought as an advertisement.

Arizona newspapers declare that deer, antelope and mountain sheep will soon be exterminated there unless immediate steps are taken for their preservation.

Lord Curzon calculates that the famine has cost about seven hundred and fifty thousand lives in India, though a much smaller number died directly of starvation.

The number of letters passing through the London postoffice averaged 50,000 daily in 1801, rising to 300,000 in 1840, to 2,600,000 in 1870, and to 8,300,000 in 1900.

Umbrellas were not known in this country until a year or so before the Revolutionary war, and it was more than a century thereafter that they came into general use.

WAS NEW AT THE SPORT.

Novice at Deer Hunting Killed Three Bucks on Successive Days.

"Well, boys, let's each of us travel by himself today and see if we won't have better luck." There were four of us sitting at the breakfast table; three old hunters and one who was new at the business; no meat in camp, poor hunting, but a determination and firm belief that we would obtain our hearts' desire in time. Of course, the new man was assigned the least likely old woods road, easy to follow, one that no deer would ever see in.

Well, we came back at night, one by one, empty handed. All but the new man. He had sat down to eat his dinner on a log, and a big buck had walked out into the open and our "new man" had blown a hole through him with his new 30-30. Our new man was no longer new; he was a subject for respect and congratulation.

The next day we asked him, "Whither away?" "Oh, that old woods road is good enough for me," he said, "for I can't get lost in it, you know; you know, I am no woodsman." At night we three old hunters came in, only to find our friend taking his smoke and cleaning his rifle. Yes, he had taken his lunch on that same old log, and while eating he caught sight of a fine buck and killed him, not five rods from the place where he had dropped the first one.

"The law only allows me one more, I believe, so tomorrow I'll take the same old beat, if it's all the same to you fellows," and sure enough, he took that same old road and severely wounded a large buck as he was crossing it. Being unused to the woods, he would not follow the trail, but got two of us, and after going a short distance we found the deer lying down, badly wounded.

This was the greatest piece of luck that I ever heard of, as each and every one of these three deer (it was in the days when three deer were allowed to a man) was a large, fat, handsome buck, with fine head, and the best part of it all was that the new man wore his honors easily and gracefully.—Maine Sportsman.

Metals Need Rest.

It may sound strangely to hear persons talk about a "tired steel axle" or a "fatigued iron rail," but that sort of talk is heard along railways and in machine shops and is considered correct. "What caused the axle to break?" asks the railway superintendent. "Fatigue of the metal," answers the inspector. Sineus of steel can tire as well as muscles of brawn, and metal that does not have its rest will cease to do its work and may cause great damage. At least so the engineers say.

English and French Words Alike.

It is not such a very distant jump from the English to the French language. There are 3,000 words used alike in French and English without variation in spelling. The variation is in the pronunciation.

Forewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system; otherwise it would rapidly accumulate—fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy nerves.

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. has no equal. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs.

No other remedy so thoroughly and effectually cleanses the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and debilitated, and renovates the entire system. It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

Mr. E. E. Kelly, of Urbana, O., writes: "I had Eczema on my hands and face for five years. It would break out in little white pustules, crusts would form and drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used all the medicated soaps and salves without benefit. S. S. S. cured me, and my skin is as clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Siegfried, of Cape May, N. J., says that twenty-one bottles of S. S. S. cured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., suffered for years with Boils. Two bottles of S. S. S. put his blood in good condition and the Boils disappeared.

Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical advice free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

For Telephone Girls.

Shower baths are being put in the Paris telephone exchanges for the use of the telephone girls. It is thought that this will aid them in keeping their health. In America the girls in many telephone exchanges have long enjoyed this comfort.

Absurd Sayings.

De Tanque—Conventional salutations are absurd. A man will often say absent mindedly that it's a nice day, when it's raining cats and dogs. O'Soaque—Yes; I treated a blind man to a drink yesterday, and he said: "Here's looking at you."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Hard to Suit.

Executive—I would appoint your man, but he is too ignorant for the police force. Heeler—Den put him on de school board.—Moonshine.

To Increase Governor's Salary.

A proposition is being urged in Tennessee to increase the salary of the governor to \$5000 a year. It is now \$4000. It is thought also that the state should supply an executive mansion for his use.

Pain From a Hornet's Sting.

The pain produced by a hornet's sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound and so instantaneous is its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow in the face.

New Zealand War Medals.

The New Zealand government intends to strike 140,000 war commemoration medals, and to distribute them among the school children of the colony. The cost will be about £12,000.

Circumference of England and Wales.

If a cyclist were to ride around the coast of England and Wales, he would cover a distance of about 2500 miles.

Manufacture of Glucose.

Glucose is now manufactured largely from corn starch. Its commercial value lies in its use as an adulterant of cane and beet sugar.

Spheres of Influence.

"Spheres of influence" embrace pretty much all that is worth appropriating of Africa, territorially six-sevenths of the continent.

No Sunday Shines in Boston.

Bootblacks may not do business in Boston on Sunday.

Negro Official in a Trade Union.

It is the custom of the Alabama district of the United Mine Workers to elect a negro as vice-president.

Ahead of Time.

Hostler—What was that man talking about? Livery Proprietor—He said he merely came in to ask if we were going to have any automobile sleighs to hire out.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Smallest Salary Paid a Governor.

The smallest salary paid to any governor of a state in the United States is that of the governor of Vermont, who receives only \$1,500 a year.

The Art-Box.

"Why, Madge, where are all the tassels on your new box?" "Oh, I stepped on some of them and other people stepped on the rest."