

THE SHADOW ON THE BLIND

As a hospital nurse of many years' standing, I have been through some strange experiences, but perhaps none quite so thrilling as the one I am about to relate.

I was nursing a private case in a vicinity of Bloomsburg Square, and on this particular occasion I was on night duty. My patient, who was nothing to do with the story, was asleep, and I stepped into the adjoining room intending to write me letters. The room was not lighted, and feeling all at once disinclined to write, I drew a chair up to the window and looked out into the night.

The window faced one of the side streets off the square, and to-night the place seemed quite deserted. It was terribly blustering, and the street shone wet in a yellow light of the lamps. It was a particularly cheerful outlook, and I was on the point of drawing the curtains when my attention was attracted by the solitary figure of a man. He was well dressed, and wore an opera hat.

The collar of his coat was turned a high so I could only catch a glimpse of his face as he passed by the lighted lamps near, but he ruck me as being ill or excited. I could have thought no more about him, however, had he not paused suddenly in his walk and looked suspiciously up and down the street.

Apparently satisfied that he was alone he crossed the road and let himself into the house just opposite. He struck a light and proceeded to dress himself. Then the door opened noiselessly and I could see no more. Vaguely I wondered why I should feel so interested in the mysterious stranger.

So strong was my curiosity in the case across the road that after satisfying myself that my patient was all asleep I again took up my position near the window, taking care not to be observed. I had scarcely stilled myself when I saw one of the rooms lit up suddenly. I saw a man pass before the window and throw himself into a chair. He was at long alone. The door of the room opened and I saw a young woman, much bejeweled and in evening dress. I could only see her profile and a mass of yellowish hair.

He was evidently agitated, for she frequently raised her hands either in entreaty, or expostulation. He whom I supposed to be her husband, seemed entirely to ignore her. Presently he rose and poured out a glass of what looked like spirits of some kind, which he swallowed at a gulp. Then he pulled the blind down sharply. Did he feel my two eyes watching?

I was on the point of rising to save the room when something happened which held me riveted to the spot. The shadows of the man and woman were clearly cut against the blind, and what I saw sent a cold shudder through me. They were both standing now, she erect and stiff, and he with an arm raised as if to strike. Would the blow fall? Intoxicated as I felt sure he must be I trembled for the woman. Fool! did he but know that his movements were telling their own tale to an eager watcher across the road.

The blow fell, and it must have been heavy, for the woman staggered under it. She put out her arm to stay her second blow, which fell with terrible precision. I thought I heard a faint scream above the sound of the wind and the rain, and a my excitement I raised the window. Should I call for the police?

Then I reflected that after all it would be wiser not to mix myself up with a domestic brawl. Perhaps he blows which I had seen fall were less severe than the shadows seemed to indicate. But see! they were there again—the woman is on her feet; he seizes her by the wrists and presses her slowly backward into the shadow of the room, and I can see no more. Presently the lights are extinguished and silence reigns. Cold and sick with what I had seen, I was on the point of shutting the window when I saw the house door open, and the man step out into the street. This time I made no effort to conceal myself. My blood was fairly hot with indignation against the man for his cowardly and brutal assault. As he passed the window I said in a clear voice, "You brute!"

The following day the papers gave an account of a murder. It had taken place in the house across the road. With a feeling of horror I realized that I had witnessed the perpetration of the crime by the shadow on the blind, and the murderer had escaped. I had seen him pass and made no effort to bring him to justice; but then I did not know the truth. The man was of medium height and slight of build, but otherwise he was but a type of the smart society set—a unit cut in the same pattern as his fellows.

There was no peculiarity in face, figure, or walk which would enable me to identify him.

So, after due deliberation, I decided to leave the matter in the hands of the police. The woman, whoever she might be, was dead and beyond the need of human aid, and I felt convinced that sooner or later her assassin would be discovered. But the days passed into

weeks, and weeks into months, and the mystery was still unsolved. It seemed as if the man would after all escape justice.

Little did I guess that I was to be the unconscious cause of bringing his sin home to him.

It was three years since the crime. I had almost forgotten, or rather ceased to recall to mind, that weird night in Bloomsburg Square. Sometimes I thought of the murderer still at large, and could only trust he had repented of his cruel deed.

One day I was telegraphed for to attend a case at Manden Hall in Yorkshire. One of the guests—a stranger to me—met me at the station with a dogcart. He briefly explained that there had been a gun accident, and that I had had a pleasant journey, and remarked on the coolness of the evening—then relapsed into silence. It was dusk, so I could not see my companion's face very distinctly, but during the three-mile drive I was filled with a strange unaccountable sensation that he and I had met before. Where and when and under what circumstances I could not say. His name I learnt was George Orton, and I discovered later that he had an antipathy to hospital nurses.

One afternoon I was sitting with my patient, who was now convalescent, in the big entrance hall when the man who had been out shooting came in. They settled themselves in the various divans and chairs and called for tea. I was on the point of retiring when my patient called me back.

"Don't go, nurse," he said, laughingly. "Come and tell us one of your odd experiences. I am sure you have had any amount."

Smiling, I seated myself, and glanced at my audience. My eyes met Mr. Orton's and again I felt that queer feeling that he and I had met before. Then quite suddenly I recalled that night in Bloomsburg Square. "I will tell you about a murder I once saw committed without knowing it was one," I said.

"Ah! that sounds exciting," said the men in chorus. Only Mr. Orton was silent, and I felt his eyes fixed on me during my narrative.

"He saw you then?" said one of my listeners.

"Yes, he saw me. I spoke aloud as he passed under the window. I called him 'a brute' and—"

There was a crash of broken china. Mr. Orton had risen suddenly, and in doing so upset a small table containing cups and saucers. All eyes were turned to him; mine must have been the most eager, most startled, for I knew instinctively that he was the man whose shadow I had seen on the blind that night three years ago.

His face was livid, his hands were tightly clenched to hide their tremor.

"What's wrong, Orton?" asked the men. Only I was silent and motionless. My eyes were still riveted on him in a kind of horror, for his guilt was depicted on his face. The mask had fallen, he could act no more.

Yet in spite of all I felt a pang of pity for my victim, for his was not the face of a criminal. His crime must have been the result of intoxication or heated anger, not of cruelty. Did he read the softer look in my eyes? I cannot tell, but the muscles of his face relaxed; he seemed to breathe again.

The men were still pressing him for some reason for his unusual behavior and I saw him pull himself together with an effort.

"A touch of my old heart complaint," he said lightly. "Nurse, I shall want your aid, I think," he added, looking me steadily in the face.

I was silent.

"Will you undertake my case?" he questioned with a smile. I marvelled at the man's power of acting, for I was not blind to the hidden meaning of his words.

"Yes, I will do what I can," I said slowly, vaguely wondering at my own weakness.

"Thank you." The incident was soon forgotten by all save myself and Mr. Orton. Every hour I expected to hear of his sudden departure. He had already obviously suffered much; it was an awful thought to know he was in my power. I felt I could not use my knowledge for his downfall; he trusted me. That same evening I received a note from him. It ran thus:

"You know my secret—I feel you know. I read it in your eyes—I am in your hands; do as you think best; I will make no attempt at flight. If you knew the whole story you would pity the sinner, perhaps, a little. Though I have not the courage to give myself up to justice, I will allow you to do so if you desire it.—G. O."

I destroyed the letter and kept silence. If I sinned in so doing I will hope for forgiveness. George Orton and I never met again, but some few years later I received a letter from him posted from some lonely spot on the west coast of Africa. In it he told me he was spending his life in the service of others, hoping thereby to atone in a measure for the crime which had darkened his life. He concluded with some words of heartfelt gratitude toward myself. Once more I was glad that I had held silence. I had wronged no living soul, and I believed I had helped one man on to better things.—London Tatler.

A man in the State of Kansas recently eloped with his mother-in-law, and Kansas is a prohibition State, too.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY

Government Studies Opportunities for the People

PROSPERITY IS EVIDENT

Dr. Butler Says Added Intelligence Demonstrates the Value of Modern Methods of Teaching—People are Busy, Happy and Prosperous—Technical Instruction Important.

To features of an educational system often referred to in this country as "fads" Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, ascribes the wonderful progress and prosperity which within the last few years have been attained by Germany.

No one can speak of this subject with a more intimate acquaintance with facts relating to it than Dr. Butler. He was for years before his accession to the presidency of a great university an expert on educational matters, both from the practical and theoretical side.

"Everywhere in Germany," said the Doctor, "are evidences of prosperity and development. The country is filled with manufacturing establishments, which are being run to their full capacity. The progress which the empire has made in the last hundred years is truly remarkable. Since the battle of Jena, when the Germans received perhaps their most humiliating defeat, the country has taken on a new life. The development since the Franco-Prussian war is astonishing.

"This progress is due to commercial and industrial advancement, for the Germans are manufacturing for the markets of the world and are competing for trade in every land. Germany has a population of from sixty to seventy millions, and she is reaching out in every direction for opportunities to advance her interests and to find employment for her people.

"Education in Germany is practical. The pupils learn theory, and at the same time they are able to execute. The manual training which the German school boy receives is of much assistance to him, no matter what vocation he may adopt. If he becomes a skilled artisan his train-



Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler.

ing has taught him how best to carry out the idea he has conceived. If he becomes an architect his faculties are already accustomed to his work. In this country we put much stress upon the so-called three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic. There are those who would have especial attention put on those things which are in themselves the least important. How many persons use arithmetic after they have learned to count.

"Is it not, after all, more important than anything else that the pupils of the schools should be taught how to use all their faculties? There is no reason why every one should not learn to draw, just as he learns to write. Every one who would learn to draw would not make an artist any more than does every boy who now learns to write become a poet. Yet writing is useful. It is silliness to deny instruction which has demonstrated its value.

The young German goes to his work equipped, and immediately he comes under the supervision of well trained and educated men. Every factory in Germany has its chemist. No great manufacturing enterprise would be undertaken over there without the advice of scientists. There is the demand everywhere for the man who knows.

"Technical education in Germany never comes to an end. One of the most useful institutions in the empire is the Technical High School at Charlottenberg. It maintains a corps of specialists in every branch of industry. If a dyer finds that his product is not satisfactory, he takes samples of the water from his vats, specimens of his dyes and bolts of the cloth which he has colored and goes to Charlottenberg. He tells his troubles to the professor who has charge of that department. They talk the matter over with him thoroughly. The professor examines the samples and the dyer camps for a week at Charlottenberg.

"The professor will tell after he has completed his investigation that he finds such and such a fault in the process, and says that if certain changes are made everything will be all right. The dyer goes home happy. If a manufacturer of rolled beams experiences difficulties which he cannot overcome he also goes to Charlottenberg. In such cases the manufacturers do not have to pay a cent.

Coal costs most in South Africa, least in China.

DUKE OF ORLEANS' DISCOVERY.

Adds 110 Miles to Known Shore Line of Greenland.

Captain Koldewey, the famous leader of the German arctic expedition of 1869-70, wrote nearly thirty-five years ago, after he had planted his flag on the east coast of Greenland, at Cape Bismarck:

"I am fully convinced that perhaps never, or at least only in very particularly favorable years, can any ship advance along this coast. The heavy sea ice, closely joined to the land ice, gives one the impression of a rampart built for eternity."

The Duke of Orleans had chartered the Belgica for a cruise in the arctic between Spitzbergen and Greenland. He did not expect to go very far north or to make great dis-



The Duke of Orleans.

coveries, though he hoped that his soundings and other oceanographic work might add interesting facts to our knowledge of the Arctic Ocean; but the greatest chance an explorer has had for a decade came to him, and he improved it, says the New York Times.

It was the splendid luck of this princely traveler that he happened to be in the right place with a good ship when the time came to make a dash for the north. The management of the Ziegler arctic enterprise heard that the Duke was going to cruise in the Greenland Sea and asked him if he would be kind enough to call at Shannon Island and see if Fiala and his party might have reached that spot, where supplies had been sent by Mr. Baldwin, the leader of the first Ziegler expedition.

The Duke said he would call at Shannon Island. We know now that he found the Baldwin caches undisturbed, for no explorer had been near them. But there was open water to the north! The Duke of Orleans did what any man of sense would do with such an opportunity in his grasp. He got up steam without an hour's delay and set out for the unknown.

He crossed its threshold and sailed in waters where no ship has ever been before. We have, as yet, only a few details of his remarkable journey, but we may rely upon their accuracy. They were written by Lieut. Bergendahl, a Swedish officer and a member of the Duke's expedition. Returning from the north he had an opportunity to mail a letter in Iceland, and it was received by Prof. Nathorst of Sweden, a geographer of the first rank and the brilliant explorer who gave us our present exact knowledge of the remarkable Franz Josef Fjord in East Greenland.

Thirty-five years ago Capt. Koldewey, with eight men and a heavily laden sledge, left his winter quarters on the ship Germania, at Sabine Island. Amid baffling winds and deep snows the party plowed their way northward, suffering bitterly from the cold, though they tugged very hard at the sledge ropes. When they discovered and named Cape Bismarck their supplies were so reduced that they were forced to retrace their steps to the ship.

Between Cape Bismarck and Independence Bay, discovered by Peary on his journey across the inland ice, still stretched an unknown coast about 400 miles in length. It was the only part of Greenland's periphery that was entirely unknown. It will be necessary to determine the trend of all this coast before we can accurately outline on our maps the greatest island of the world.

The Duke of Orleans has reduced the length of the unknown coast line by 110 miles by steaming that distance to the north of Cape Bismarck. There are now only about 290 miles of shoreline to be surveyed to give us a fairly accurate idea of the shape of the island.

The Belgica party made a rough survey of the unknown coast from Cape Bismarck to the parallel of 78 degrees 16 minutes north latitude and gave the name of Terra de France to the new shores of Greenland they had discovered. They report that Cape Bismarck is not a cape, as Koldewey believed it to be, but is an island.

The east coast of Greenland has now been explored from Cape Farewell at the southern end of the island to the Belgica's farthest, a distance of over 1,400 miles in a straight line and far greater following the shoreline.

The success of the Duke of Orleans this year cannot fail to stimulate exploration on this side of Greenland, and it will not be surprising if the east coast is thoroughly well mapped within ten years.



FROM HEAD TO FOOT

You feel the good that's done by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cleanses, regulates and invigorates Stomach, Liver and Bowels and so purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system.

In recovering from "grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other exhausting diseases, nothing can build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease that comes from foul or Weak Stomach, a torpid Liver or Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bileousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Serofulous affections, the "Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Don't be hypnotized, deceived, or over-persuaded into accepting a substitute only that some selfish medicine seller may make a greater profit on the inferior article. The "Discovery" has a great record of nearly forty years with thousands of cures behind it.

For several years ago my blood became impoverished and I became run down in health. I had no appetite, could not sleep, and was practically unfitted for work. Suffered from innumerable boils and was in bad shape. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery relieved me of my wretched condition. The medicine built up my system and restored me to a normal condition of health. I can speak most highly also of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has been used in my family for years in cases of female troubles.

VALENTINE FRANK, Buffalo, N. Y.

140 Goodrich Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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lids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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RAILROAD NOTES

Special Excursions and Reduced Rates.—Of Interest to our Many Readers.

MILTON FAIR—REDUCED RATES and special train service via Pennsylvania Railroad on account of the Milton Driving Park Association Fair at Milton, Pa., October 3, 4, 5 and 6, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell on these dates round-trip tickets to Milton and return from Bellefonte, Lock Haven, East Bloomsburg, Mt. Carmel, Millersburg, Middleburg, and intermediate stations at rate of single fare for the round trip (minimum rate, 25 cents). Tickets good going and returning only on the date of issue. 2t

REDUCED RATES TO SCRANTON via the Pennsylvania Railroad, account Firemen's Parade Day. On account of Parade Day, Firemen's Association, State of Pennsylvania, at Scranton, Pa., Thursday, October 5, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Scranton on October 4 and 5, good going on those dates and good returning until October 6, inclusive, from Muncy, Millinburg, Middleburg, Georgetown, Shamokin, Tomhickon, and intermediate stations, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

OLD HOME WEEK AT HARRISBURG. Excursion tickets at single fare for the round trip via Pennsylvania Railroad. On account of Old Home Week at Harrisburg, October 1 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Harrisburg at rate of single fare for the round trip (minimum rate 25 cents) from the following points on dates specified: On October 1, 2, and 3, tickets, good for return passage within five days, including date of sale, will be sold from Paoli, Nescopeck, Williamsport, Altoona, Frederick, Baltimore, and intermediate stations. On October 3, tickets, good for return passage on that date only, will be sold from stations between Philadelphia and Berwyn, inclusive, and from stations between Wilkes-Barre and Wapwallopen, inclusive. On October 4, 5, and 7, tickets, good for return passage only on date of issue, will be sold from Wilkes-Barre, Williamsport, Altoona, Philadelphia, Frederick, Baltimore, and intermediate stations. For specific rates and further information consult nearest ticket agent. 2t

King Christian's Palace. Fredensborg, where year by year King Christian's descendants gather in patriarchal fashion, is about two hours' distance by rail from the capital. The palace contains about 400 apartments, including a vast-domed hall where dinner is served every evening, and the various suites of rooms devoted to the use of King Christian's sons and daughters when returning for a space to Fredensborg, says Woman's Life.

It is said that one of the simplest is that occupied by Queen Alexandra, whose little possessions are treasured most carefully. Fredensborg has many memories of the late Queen Louise.

Buccaneer Fish. The blue buccaneers are among the most voracious of all fish. Swift, strong, armed with efficient teeth, they possess unlimited appetites and they know not the meaning of mercy or fear. Most destructive of all our sea fish, they rival the worst of the carnivorous species of South American waters. They are the wolves of the sea, and very frequently they destroy for what appears to be a mere love of butchery. They move in large schools and they never hesitate to attack fish of almost twice their own size.

Observing Yukon Day. What St. George's Day is to Britain, what Dominion Day is to Canada and what Independence Day is to the American republic, is August 16 to the Yukon. It was on that day nine years ago that Skookum Jim washed out his famous pan on Rabbit Creek, whose result was the bringing of thousands of people to the country and enriching the world by \$120,000,000 in gold.—Yukon World.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

FOR PILES, ONE APPLICATION BRINGS RELIEF. SAMPLE MAILED FREE.

At Drugists, 25 cents, or mailed. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John streets, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork and other causes.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. \$1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, \$5. Sold by Drugists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Med. Co., William & John Sts., N. Y.

WHISKY STORED IN GERMANY.

Distillers Find it Cheaper Than Paying Taxes in This Country.

It is not generally known that Louisville distillers and warehouse men own warehouses in Germany in which considerably more than a million gallons of Kentucky whisky is stored and will some time be returned to this state, says the Louisville Herald.

The reason for storing whisky in Germany is to save money, although there may be the contributing reason of securing a sea flavor. The national law formerly provided that whisky must be taken out of bond inside of three years, and the tax of \$1.10 a gallon must be paid on it when taken out. It also provided that if whisky be exported such tax would not have to be paid on it at the time of the taking it out, and, further, that it might be re-imported upon payment of \$1.10 a gallon. The duty on imported whisky which is not made in America is \$2.25.

Many distillers and warehousemen found it cheaper to export the whisky and import it later than to borrow the money for internal revenue taxes. An enormous quantity of whisky was then sent abroad, and, as Germany is the only country which will admit it without payment of a duty it was sent there. Both Mexico and Canada impose a heavy duty. The distillers figured that the cost of transportation both ways was cheaper than the later cost on the money with which they would have to pay taxes at the time. They could keep the whisky stored in Germany many years, or as long as they wanted to, and bring it back in small quantities, so they were not put to the embarrassment of borrowing very large amounts of money for taxes. Congress has since passed a law allowing whisky to remain in government warehouses eight years before the internal revenue taxes are paid.

Educating Children's Memory.

As children, part of the Jap's education is learning to notice. A tray with a dozen things on it is given to the child for a few minutes, when it is taken away from him and he is required to repeat from memory the name of everything that was on the tray. Gradually the numbers of things are increased, and the time he is allowed to look at them decreased, until noticing becomes a habit, and in a single, cursory glance catches up the main idea and details in an almost magical way. One mother, who heard of the method, was so struck by its simplicity and by the value of quick observing that she tried the experiments with her own children—not with trays and objects, but in their walks. She found that the children develop splendid memories as well.

Odd Form of Coal.

One of Colorado's greatest discoveries in the form of innovation in coal is interesting experts and scientists in that state, where a deposit four and a half feet in thickness has been prospecting for two miles in extent and has yielded coal in the strikingly peculiar form of little cubes and hexagon-shaped columns. It separates easily, the seams give off little dirt or dust, it burns with a blue flame, retains heat a long time and makes little ash.

It breaks to a small nut size and is considered suitable for hard coal burners and grates. Many regard the new coal as one of the most valuable finds in this almost unknown empire of riches.

The Oath in Siam.

The formula of the oath of office in Siam is long and complicated. It is also very violent. For example, here is such a form of it as high functionaries go through in swearing solemn fealty to their sovereign:

"May the blood drop from my body; may my head break in two; may the crocodiles devour me; may I be compelled to carry water in wicker baskets to quench the flames of hell; may I suffer the most horrible tortures until my years are as many as the grains of sand by the sea if I violate this, my solemn oath."

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