

### The Murderer.

"This be your doom"—the judges said  
To one whose hands with blood were red—  
"Hanged by the neck till you are dead."

The felon staggered from the dock,  
Then paled to hear the clerk  
His wailing moments grimly mock.

Then on his wrists they clasped the gyves—  
For law holds fast on murderers' lives  
From sentence-day till doom arrives.

He passed, an instant, in the street  
For the last time the sky to greet,  
And sunshine—no'er before so sweet.

The sheriff's men who jailward led  
Locked as if following the dead,  
And moved along with measured tread.

Under the prison's frowning gate  
He passed the threshold of his fate,  
And parted there with human hate.

A keeper by the stairway said,  
"One moment pause to give him bread"  
And whispered, "he belongs to death."

As the cell-door to swing began,  
A shudder through his body ran;  
Twas opened by the murdered man!

The specter-victim's ghastly grin  
Welcomed the convict-guest within—  
At last the murderer saw his sin!

Only his eyes that specter saw  
These grating cell-bolts slowly draw,  
Harking the vengeance of the law.

The felon stood at the dark throne,  
And heard these words, "I claim mine own—  
You no'er again shall be alone."

His veins seemed filled with molten lead  
As constantly the specter said  
"Hanged by the neck till you be dead!"

Through the face whereon he fed—  
The purest milk, the sweetest bread—  
Sickened him with its hue of red.

Through the face that specter gave no peace—  
"My laughing voice shall never cease;  
Nor shall the scaffold yield release."

To souls like thine by crime perplexed  
Encore shall preach from spectral text  
Ever in this world and the next!"

—New York World.

### "A WOMAN'S WORK."

I was at Lake George; my husband  
was in Europe.

"Well Kitty," said my husband, re-  
turning from business one evening earlier  
than usual, "I must be off to Europe by  
the next steamer."

"To Europe!" I exclaimed. "How  
delightful! I thought we were going to  
Lake George."

"Yes, darling, you shall go to Lake  
George, but I must go to Europe."

"What!" I almost screamed, "and  
without me?"

"Come, come, little one, don't pout  
those pretty lips of yours, and I will tell  
you why."

"I don't want to hear anything at all  
about it if you are going away without  
me," and I threw myself petulantly upon  
the sofa.

"Don't be unreasonable, Kitty, but  
listen to me."

So, taking a seat by my side he told  
me all. The manager of their branch  
house in England, it was rumored, was  
guilty of some very strange—to say the  
least—transactions. My husband, being  
the younger partner, was deputed to  
make the necessary inquiries, and of  
course such a case brooked no delay.

He would take me with him, but he  
knew that a trip to Europe combined  
with the hurry and scurry of business  
could afford me no pleasure.

And that is how it came that I was at  
Lake George without any husband, and  
the knowledge of this story fell in my  
possession.

We were a merry party—four in all—  
Grandmother Hungerford, my sister  
Alice, my brother Tom, and last, though  
I hope not least, your humble servant,  
Kate Cleaveland.

Alice was a bright-eyed, light-hearted  
romp of seventeen, and as full of mis-  
chief as an egg is full of meat, as the  
saying is. Tom—well, Tom was a  
broad-shouldered, good-natured young  
fellow of twenty-two, and cared for nothing  
particular but a game at billiards  
and a good cigar. Grandmother—I  
know not how to describe her—except  
that she was the nicest, kindest, best  
old lady in existence.

We had been at the lake about a fort-  
night, Tom escorting us about in his  
boat, in idleness, returning to his  
billiards and cigar immediately he got  
us back to the hotel, when we were in-  
troduced to a Mr. Arthur Chesney.

Mr. Chesney was tall, well-made,  
handsome-featured, a most delightful  
companion, talked exceedingly well, and  
one of the most enthusiastic admirers of  
nature I ever met.

Time had rolled two more weeks to-  
ward eternity, during which period Mr.  
Chesney had somehow or other taken  
the place of Tom as escort. With him  
we had visited Shelving rock, Black  
mountain, Rogers' slide and Anthony's  
nose, the ruins of Ticonderoga; in short,  
nearly every point of interest.

"Do you know," said Alice to me,  
one evening, after our return from a  
most delightful jaunt to Sabbathday  
point, "I think Mr. Chesney is falling  
in love with you?"

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "A mar-  
ried woman?"

And yet it must be confessed I had  
noticed that he paid me more attention  
than he did Alice.

"You may say 'nonsense' as long as  
you like, but no woman receives the  
attentions of a gentleman without know-  
ing it."

"Upon my word, miss, for a young  
ady of seventeen you must have had a  
great deal of experience!"

"Yes, dear," said Alice, demurely, "I  
am the same age you were when you  
were married."

"If I thought such a thing as you  
say, I would get grandmother to take us  
home immediately."

"It is my turn to say 'nonsense'  
now," replied Alice. "Why, what's the  
reason?" He doesn't know you are mar-

ried, and it would be capital fun to have  
a little flirtation with him; besides, it  
would punish him for neglecting me."

"Does he not know I am married?"  
I asked.

"No; how should he? When Tom  
introduced him he did it in his usual  
slovenly manner. 'This is my sister  
Kate; this is my sister Alice; my grand-  
mother, Mrs. Hungerford.'"

Alice imitated Tom's manner so ad-  
mirably that I could not help laughing.

"Well, well," said I, getting into  
bed, "I will think about it."

The next day we went fishing on the  
lake, and Mr. Chesney's attentions to  
me were more marked than ever. And  
—to my shame be it recorded—I en-  
couraged them. Alice, the sly puss,  
pretended not to notice anything in Mr.  
Chesney's behavior beyond ordinary  
politeness, but I observed that Grand-  
mother Hungerford was more sober and  
seclude than usual, so I asked:

"Are you not well, grandma, dear?"

"Quite well," was the reply, "but I  
think we had better return to the  
hotel."

That was the end of our fishing, for  
Grandmother Hungerford's wish was  
most always a command, so we had  
nothing to do but to obey.

"Kate," said my grandmother, as she  
was about retiring for the night, "I  
wish you would come to my room; I  
want to speak to you."

"Certainly," I said, and rose to fol-  
low her.

"Not you, Alice," who had risen  
also, "I want to see Kate alone."

"What could she want with me?" I  
thought; yet my heart told me, and  
all full of conflicting emotions, I entered  
the room with her.

"My dear," said my grandmother,  
seating herself and smoothing her dress,  
as was her wont when she had anything  
important to communicate, "I wish to  
tell you the story of a friend of mine."

"A story!" I exclaimed, jumping up,  
somewhat relieved, for I expected a  
lecture. "Then by all means let us  
have Alice here."

"Sit down again, Kate; this story is  
for your ears alone."

I saw by the gravity with which this  
was said, that it was no common story to  
be told, so wonderingly I resumed my  
seat.

Heaving a little sigh, and brushing  
away a tear, my grandmother com-  
menced:

"The story that I am about to tell  
you has not been told for forty years,  
and I would not tell it now, did I not  
think that circumstances demand it."

"Forty years! why, what a long time  
ago!"

"Yes, it is a long time," and my  
grandmother sadly shook her head,  
"but long as it is, I was then acquaint-  
ed with a young girl, whom I will call  
Marion Orme."

"Then it is not a real story, grand-  
ma?"

"If you mean a true story, it is. But  
I shall disguise the names."

A true story with the name disguised!  
My curiosity was piqued, and I deter-  
mined to find out the real actors in it, if  
I could. I became all ears.

"People called Marion beautiful; be-  
that as it may, she was a good girl, of  
that I am sure, though somewhat  
thoughtless and giddy. At last she was  
married, and none loved her husband  
more than she."

"And why shouldn't she love her  
husband," I interpolated.

Motioning me to silence by a wave of  
her hand, my grandmother continued:

"After two years of wedded happi-  
ness, business called her husband away,  
and Marion was sent to spend the sum-  
mer with an old friend of hers on Wash-  
ington heights."

Here was a parallel case to my own,  
so I listened, if possible, the more in-  
tently.

"New York in those days was not the  
city it now is, and a journey to Wash-  
ington heights involved as much prepara-  
tion as a trip to Lake George does now.  
So, after taking an affectionate leave of  
her husband, Marion was bumped along  
in a lumbering old stage-coach to the  
residence of Mrs. Van Dusen. Clara  
Van Dusen, who had been one of  
Marion's bridesmaids, received her with  
open arms, and, perhaps, it would be  
difficult to say who was the happier of  
the two. The first evening was spent  
as is usual in such cases when two young  
girls meet—for indeed they were nothing  
else—after a long separation. Clara  
showed Marion all her new dresses and  
knick-knacks, and Marion unpacked her  
trunks for the edification of Clara."

"The next morning, Clara, on entering  
Marion's room to announce breakfast,  
said, carelessly: 'Oh, Marion, I forgot  
to tell you last night that Mr. Clarence  
Arlington is staying here. He is the  
son of an old friend of my father's. I  
have been plucking him about you, and  
have told him he mustn't lose his heart.'  
'What nonsense,' Marion answered,  
laughing; 'a man doesn't lose his heart  
to a married woman.'"

"My heart beat violently."

"Nothing more was said on the sub-  
ject; but at the breakfast table Marion  
was introduced to Mr. Clarence Arling-  
ton by Clara, who simply said, while a  
roguish twinkle beamed in her eyes:  
'This is my dear friend, Mr. Arlington,  
Marion Orme.' All women like admira-  
tion, and Marion could see before the  
meal was finished that Mr. Arlington  
admired her. He paid her the most de-  
voted attention, and before a week was  
over he became her most constant at-  
tendant."

"So like, so like," I thought.

"Mr. Arlington was to leave a few  
days after Marion's arrival, but on one  
pretext or another he prolonged his stay.  
To do Marion justice, it must be said  
that she did not court his attentions;  
but they were tendered so gracefully,  
and with such an air of polite deference,  
and she thought no possible harm of  
receiving them. Clara would often joke  
Marion upon Mr. Arlington's devotion,  
as she called it; but with some light-  
hearted jest Marion would purry the  
thrust, and continue receiving the hom-  
age of her admirer."

"My grandmother paused, I had a  
stinging sense of indefinable dread  
upon me, yet I begged her to continue.

"The end of Marion's visit was  
drawing nigh, and she usually told Mr.  
Arlington so. That very day, as she  
was sitting in the library alone, Mr.  
Arlington entered, and—as was the cus-  
tom in those days—threw himself upon  
his knees, and declared his love for her.

"Poor man, poor man!" was all that  
I could say, while the tears began to  
well in my eyes.

"Yes, poor indeed," said my grand-  
mother, and resumed her story.

"You forget yourself," said Marion,  
rising, knowing in her own heart that  
she had gone too far; 'how dare you ad-  
dress such words to a married woman.'  
'Married!' and he started back as  
though Marion had struck him a blow.

"Yes, sir, married," and she looked de-  
fiantly at him. Mr. Arlington stood as  
one suddenly bereft of his senses; then  
passing his hand over his face, as if re-  
calling some lost thought, said: 'So  
fair, and yet so cruel; 'tis better as it is;  
she can have no heart.' Mr. Arling-  
ton, said Marion, 'if by any action of  
mine I have led you to suppose that I  
could regard you other than a friend,  
I am very sorry.' 'Sorry!' he re-  
torted, with a bitter laugh; 'for pas-  
time you play with a man's heart till it  
bleeds, and then you're sorry!' 'I am  
sure,' faltered Marion, 'it is through  
no fault of mine that you have been led  
into this mistake. I accuse you of noth-  
ing,' he rejoined; 'in all probability I  
was too presumptuous, for that I ask  
your forgiveness, and that you may  
never suffer as I suffer now is my most  
earnest prayer.' So saying, he gave  
Marion a look of mingled agony and  
reproach, and strode from the room.

Wiping her eyes, with a suppressed  
sob, my grandmother continued:

"Full of remorse, and with strange  
forebodings of evil, Marion retired to  
her room, there to torture herself with  
the thought of having been guilty of all  
manner of crimes. 'Had she given Mr.  
Arlington any encouragement? Encour-  
agement meant unfaithfulness to her  
husband, and unfaithfulness meant  
—what? The idea was too terrible,  
and in a flood of tears she threw herself  
upon the bed in the vain hope to obtain  
some relief for her aching head and  
heart."

"Heaven help her!" I ejaculated,  
most fervently.

"How long she lay there she never  
knew, but she was suddenly aroused by  
the sharp report of a pistol that re-  
sounded through the house. Hastening  
to the door she saw the whole house-  
hold in commotion, and all with  
blanched and scared looks. 'What,  
what is the matter?' she asked, but re-  
ceived no answer; so, following with the  
others, she came to the room occupied  
by Mr. Arlington. There upon the  
floor he lay with a pistol bullet through  
his brain, and on his breast was pinned  
a paper on which were these words:  
'A woman's work.'"

My grandmother's tears were falling  
fast now, and she made no effort to re-  
strain them. I was also crying; going  
to her I knelt beside her, and kissing  
her, endeavored to soothe and comfort  
her.

"Smoothing my hair, my grandmother  
said: 'Heaven keep you from such an  
experience, my child.'"

"Amen," I said reverently.

When we became somewhat more  
composed, I, still kneeling at my grand-  
mother's feet, looked up into her face  
and asked:

"And what became of Marion Orme,  
grandma? Is she still living?"

"She is."

"Have I seen her?"

"You have."

A sudden light broke in upon me,  
and I blurted out before I had time to  
think: "Are you not Marion Orme?"  
My grandmother nodded.

The following summer my husband  
made another trip to Europe; I accom-  
panied him. Upon the dock at Jersey  
City, to see us off and wish us good-  
speed, was Mr. Arthur Chesney; hang-  
ing fondly upon his arm was his newly-  
made wife—my darling sister Alice.

### Facts About the Human Body.

The skin contains more than two mil-  
lion openings, which are the outlets of  
an equal number of sweat glands.

The human skeleton consists of more  
than two hundred distinct bones.

An amount of blood equal to the  
whole quantity in the body passes  
through the heart once every minute.

The full capacity of the lungs is about  
three hundred and twenty cubic inches.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is in-  
haled and exhaled at each breath in  
ordinary respiration.

The stomach daily produces nine  
pounds of gastric juice for digestion of  
food; its capacity is about five pints.

There are more than five hundred  
separate muscles in the body, with an  
equal number of nerves and blood ves-  
sels.

The weight of the heart is from eight  
to twelve ounces. It beats one hundred  
thousand times in twenty-four hours.

Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth  
of an inch in length, which will make  
the aggregate length of the whole about  
nine miles.

The average man takes five and one-  
half pounds of food and drink each day,  
which amounts to one ton of solid and  
liquid nourishment annually.

A man breathes eighteen times a min-  
ute, and three thousand cubic feet, or  
about three hundred and seventy-five  
hogheads of air per hour.

### Paper Barrels.

It is claimed that the new paper flour  
barrels are not only cheaper but more  
tight and durable, as well as lighter,  
than those of ordinary construction. By  
an improved method of manufacture,  
these barrels are composed of straw  
paper pulp, which is run into a mold  
made out the shape of one-half of a  
barrel cut vertically. The pulp is sub-  
jected to a powerful hydraulic pressure,  
and, when reduced to the required thick-  
ness, the ends of the halves are cut off;  
the pieces are then placed in a steam  
drier, the sides are trimmed evenly and  
the substance thoroughly dried. It  
comes from the drier ready for making  
up into barrels. There are three heavy  
wooden hoops and two hoops fastened  
together, and into grooves cut in the  
staves, the paper halves, which have an  
average thickness of three-sixteenths of  
an inch, are slid. The ends of the bar-  
rel are made of paper of a similar thick-  
ness, constructed on the same principle  
as the sides. The barrels are manufac-  
tured entirely by machinery, and the  
halves are cut so true that two pieces of  
the same size will readily fit together.

### Trade Journal.

A Silesian sculptor has chiseled, out  
of common coal, a fine bust of the Ger-  
man emperor.

### "After the American Fashion."

A young student at a ball at Peeth,  
Hungary, resented the attentions of one  
of his fellow guests paid to a young  
lady whom he chose to esteem his par-  
ticular sweetheart, and took advantage  
of the first opportunity that offered to  
tread on his rival's toes. Next day the  
latter called on him.

"You have insulted me grossly," he  
said, "and I demand satisfaction. Be-  
ing the insulted party I have the right  
to choose the means of justifying my-  
self. I suggest a duel after the Ameri-  
can fashion."

"What the deuce is that?" demanded  
the insulted.

"Simply to put a white and black  
bean in a hat and draw without look-  
ing."

"And then?"

"Well, then, the one who draws the  
black bean is bound in honor to blow  
his brains out within ten days."

The student lost. Nine days later he  
burst into the room of a friend in great  
agitation.

"For the love of heaven lend me five  
florins, old boy!" he exclaimed.

"Five florins!" was the response;  
"why, I haven't got the ghost of a brass  
penny."

"Then," cried the duelist after the  
American fashion, "I am a doomed man!"

"Doomed! How?"

"Read."

And he handed him a note, while he  
drew a revolver and flourished it with  
melodramatic desperation.

"Sir," meanwhile read the friend,  
"nine days ago I challenged you to a  
duel after the American fashion, and you  
lost. To-morrow it is your duty as a  
man of honor to blow your brains out.  
As I am hard up at present, I will, how-  
ever, sell you your life for five florins.  
You will find me waiting at the door."

"And is it for this you want the five  
florins?" asked the reader.

"It is. I must have them, or kill  
myself."

"With what?"

"With this!"

And he exhibited the revolver.

"Old boy," said the mentor, eagerly,  
"there is a gunsmith shop next door.  
He will give you five florins for that."

"Happy thought!" exclaims the  
duelist. "I'll book it!"

And ten minutes later he had ran-  
somed himself.

### Snow in Norway.

It is always with a slight feebling  
anxiety that we read about heavy snow  
storms in this country, for we know  
that they mean, or may mean, the stop-  
ping of traffic at this point or that. So  
much the more curious it is, when open-  
ing a Norwegian newspaper, to meet  
with passages like this: "Fortunately,  
we have had much snow in this  
part of the country, and there is good  
hope that it now will remain solid on  
the ground for the season." But in Nor-  
way the snow is itself a means of traffic,  
and that an important one. When the  
snow falls, the lumber trade, for in-  
stance, one of the most important  
branches of the industry of the country,  
is seriously embarrassed. The trees are  
felled during fall and winter, and these  
huge, giant trunks which it would be  
next to impossible to transport in the  
summer time over the steep, rugged  
ground, where horses cannot be em-  
ployed, are in winter time drawn easily  
along on the smooth, solid surface of  
the frozen snow. Tied together in im-  
mense bundles, they are thrown down  
in the dry river-bed, and when spring  
comes and the snow melts, the bundles  
are carried down by the stream to the  
very gates of the lumber-yard. Thus  
the snow, which to us is an impediment,  
is to the Norwegians an aid, and it is  
even something much more, for it is,  
indeed, one of the great national poets  
of the country. It makes the houses so  
warm and so cozy; it makes the land-  
scape so soft and so mild; and it makes  
people so merry and full of new plans  
and new ideas, for it brings them to-  
gether. Neighbors who, in summer  
time, cannot visit each other because  
the journey along the bad roads—which  
creep in zigzags through the glens, along  
the clefts, over the peaks—takes two or  
three days, can now reach each other  
in a few hours, setting out on their  
snowshoes or in the light sledges  
drawn by reindeer, in a straight line,  
across the glens, the clefts, the peaks,  
everything being buried under the  
snow or bridged over by.

### Trichinae.

This is a parasitic disease, caused by  
eating pork infested with minute hair-  
like worms, called trichinae. It is only  
since 1860 that the disease has been  
fully investigated and understood, but  
it can now be traced back, under other  
names, at least two centuries. Since  
the above date it has been recognized  
wherever pork is eaten raw or imper-  
fectly cooked; and there have been  
many epidemics of it.

The trichinae, after passing through  
the stomach, rapidly multiply in the  
intestines, and thence they work their  
way into the substance of the muscles  
generally and of the internal organs,  
where they soon roll themselves up into  
coils, like worms of the earth.

If comparatively few trichinae are taken  
into the stomach, either because the  
pork is but slightly diseased, or is eaten  
sparingly, or the meal is not repeated,  
the disease is light and soon over.

In severer cases there is vomiting;  
diarrhea, followed often by obstinate  
constipation; profuse sweating; fever;  
great pain in the limbs; difficulty of  
chewing, swallowing and breathing;  
hoarseness, often with entire loss of  
voice; neuralgic attacks and sleepless-  
ness, except in children, with whom the  
opposite condition of stupor prevails.

In the milder cases the patients begin  
to recover in five or six weeks; in severer  
forms, convalescence is deferred for four  
months, while the full strength is not  
restored for a much longer time. A  
fatal termination is very common, gen-  
erally from paralysis of the respiratory  
organs. In children, recovery is the  
rule. No means have yet been found to  
destroy the trichinae.

American hogs seem to be especially  
liable to the disease. They should be  
sold for the market, home or foreign,  
only after legal inspection. Bathorough  
cooking kills the trichinae. Lard, of  
course, having been subjected to a high  
heat, cannot contain them.—*Youth's  
Companion.*

### Roses in Winter.

At a recent regular monthly meeting  
of the New York Horticultural society  
the business was to elect half a dozen  
new members and to listen to the read-  
ing of a prize essay. Mr. Peter Hender-  
son, the veteran florist, offered in No-  
vember last a special prize of \$25 to the  
writer of the best essay on "Rose Culture  
for Winter Blooming." The prize  
went to William Bennett, florist, Flat-  
bush. Mr. Bennett advised that cuttings  
should be taken from the strongest roots,  
as early as January if possible. In  
March plant them in the rose-house. The  
border in which they are to be set  
should be of strong loamy soil, with no  
manure. Drainage of the border should  
be perfect. While the roses are grow-  
ing during the summer months, they  
must be well watered continually. The  
varieties best to grow for winter are  
Bon Silene, Safrano, Sprunt, Cornelia  
Cook, Neplus, Douglas, Madain, Tal-  
cot, Pearl of the Garden and Marshal  
Neil. These comprise all shades of  
color known in roses. Pruning should  
be done sparingly; roses are usually  
hurt by overzealous pruners. The tem-  
perature in the night should not average  
above fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and  
by day seventy-five degrees. Finally  
Mr. Bennett said that the causes of  
failure to produce winter rose blooms  
are not only that the border is usually  
manured too richly, but also that the  
borders are badly drained and the roses  
too closely pruned. Great care should  
be taken to begin the temperature low  
when the rose-house is closed up in the  
fall. If weather permits, the tempera-  
ture at the beginning should be forty-  
five degrees in the night, ranging up to  
fifty-five degrees in daylight.

### Clothing a Client.

The Eureka (Nev.) Leader is respon-  
sible for the following story: A young  
lawyer of Eureka, who has just been ad-  
mitted to practice at the bar, had the  
responsible duty assigned to him by  
Judge Rives, last week, of defending a  
criminal confined on a charge of robbery.

The budding Blackstone visited his  
client, and was shocked to note his  
shabby appearance and generally un-  
washed and unkempt appearance. As  
this was his first case, our legal friend  
was naturally anxious to acquit his  
client, and in pursuance of this laudable  
ambition he concluded that if the pris-  
oner presented a cleanly and respectable  
appearance before the court and jury,  
his chance of getting off would be en-  
hanced, and, acting on this idea, the  
lawyer not only sent to the jail his best  
suit of clothes for the fellow to wear,  
but also dispatched a barber to the  
scene, with instructions to shave, sham-  
poo and cut the man's hair. It was all  
done, and the thief came into court look-  
ing as neat as a newly-elected candidate.

But, unfortunately, one bad mistake  
had been made. The barber had shingled  
the fellow's hair down to a close  
crop, and in consequence a worse-shaped  
head or a more villainous set of features  
never were revealed. The impression  
on the jury was so marked that they  
rendered a verdict of guilty without  
leaving their seats. It was time and  
coin thrown away; and not only that,  
but it is said that Blackstone had to get  
out a writ of replevin to regain posses-  
sion of his clothes. After this he will  
rely on testimony, and let personal ap-  
pearance take care of itself.

### Don't Waste Vital Energy.

The most vigorous persons do not have  
too much vitality. People generally in-  
herit a lack; or at least find that much  
vital energy has been permanently lost  
in their childhood and youth, through  
the ignorance or carelessness of their  
parents. Often it is impaired by wrong  
indulgence in early manhood. The en-  
deavor with all persons should be to  
husband what is left, be it much or little.

Therefore:

1. Don't do anything in a hurry.