TRAGEDY OF TWO LIVES

How Cheiro the Palmist Read the Hands of a Corpse.

A FATAL MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

A Mysterious Midnight Visitor and a Journey That Revealed a Story of Love and Scalousy, Death, Remorse and Retribution-A Fatal Mistake.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Associa-Seated in my room in London one evening toward the end of the summer of 1892, I was surprised and annoyed to be told that a gentleman down stairs in a carriage

wanted to speak to me. In the first place I was surprised because it was past 11 o'clock, and in the second I was annoyed because, after a long day's work, I needed rest and sleep to prepare for another busy day that was sure to follow.

However, I went down stairs and found a rather elderly gentleman waiting in a closed carriage. Without any more introduction than that of "Good evening," he said, "Sir, will you come with me this moment and read without asking any questions the hands of a person that I shall cause you to meet?" I cannot tell whether it was out of love of adventure or love of reading hands that, without any hesitation, I agreed to go.

I stepped into the carriage, and in a few moments was being rapidly driven off in the direction of Hammersmith. I tried to get my companion to talk, but such a thing was evidently out of the question. At last, tired of trying, I lay back in the carriage, feeling a little bit queer as to my journey and my destination. I noticed the carriage was a hired one. It might have come from any livery stable in any portion of the city. My companion was evidently a gentleman in every sense of the word. By the flashing light of the street lamps I could see the long refined hands, with their delicate looking fingers that twitched pervously and impatiently at each stoppage or obstacle in our path. His face, though bronzed and heavily lined, was handsome, with dear cut aristocratic features. His hair, slightly gray, was cut short, and altogether there was a good deal of the retired military officer about his personality.

As we drew near Hammersmith he became more and more excited, and, to my fright and astonishment, as we turned into the Richmond road he pulled a large black silk handkerchief from his pooket, and insisted that I should be blindfolded. It was useless remonstrating. He was firm and determined. The more I resisted the more he insisted, and as I had resolved to see the adventure out to the end I at last agreed. Ten minutes later I felt the carriage turn in from the road, and in another second the grating of gravel under



INSISTED THAT I BE BLINDFOLDED. the wheels told me that we were driving up some avenue to a private house. In another second the carriage stopped, my companion got out, and telling the coach man to wait assisted me out of the carriage, up some steps and into a house. He let me sit down for a moment while he lit the gas, and then, without speaking, led me to a richly carpeted stairs, and thus, arm in arm, we slowly and softly ascended

On the first floor he stopped, and opening a door led me into an apartment which to my watchful, excited senses, seemed cold and uncanny. He conducted me to a chair, and as I sat down undid the bandage on my eyes, and hurrledly saying he would be back in a second left the room. The bandage had been so tight that I could not see for a few moments. When I did, I sat bols upright in my chair, my very hair standing on end with fright and

Instead of the brightly lighted salon, filled with waiting guests, which I naturally expected, I found myself sitting in the moonlight by the bedside of a woman -a corpse.

The window at the head of the bed was

open. A faint breeze from it played with curls of fair hair upon her forehead and rose and fell like a living thing beneath the shroud. On her breast lay an ebony crucifix, in startling contrast to the marble whiteness of her throat. Her face bore no marks of pain nor yet of peace. The last sigh I would say had been one of sorrow. It is hard to die when one is young, especially if one is beautiful, and this woman was both.

I was still standing, lost in wonder, con jecture and dread, when the door opened and my companion of the journey appeared. He quickly drew down the blinds, and lighting a lamp on a small table drew it toward the bed. Then, motioning me to be seated, he pulled back the shroud. and with subdued excitement said: "These are the hands I want you to

I had read hands under all kinds of peculiar circumstances before, but never anything so ghastly, so horrible. Besides, what right had I to make that woman's hands speak when her lips were silent? Let the dead past bury its dead. I would be silent too. I had barely come to this determina-tion when something like a breath of cold air seemed to touch me. Whether it was fancy or reality I cannot say, but I cortainly felt as well as thought that some-thing whispered in my ear: "Do not hesi-tate. Read and tell the truth." At the same moment I seemed to lose all power of will. I seemed to be controlled by invisible power or influence. I felt drawn toward the bed, and with a shudder I found myself stooping down and taking

those dead hands tenderly in my own. In order to give-me more light, my com canion lit another lamp, and as there was no other table on which to place it he drew the ceffin, that stood at the foot of the bed. to the side, and as he placed the lamp upon it I read on the black plate the simple in-

AGNES MORTON,

Only 24, and yet her hand showed great trouble and anxiety, but the marriage line seemed to have redeemed all by the great love she bore her husband. As I read detail after detail the agony of mind shown on my companion's face grew more and more terrible in its intensity. I went on to speak of some secret affection that had been in her life from her childhood,

out to-a relative, a brother. With a cry like that of one stabled so the heart with a knife, my companion tell forward on the bed-senseless. I dropped the dead hands I was reading and rushed to his side. In a sats he recovered, and as his eyes



BY THE BEDSIDE OF A CORPSE. fell upon me he passed his hand over his temples, as if to recollect and account for my presence. Then, to my surprise, as he remembered, he nervously clutched me by the arm, hurried me from the room, and without offering any explanation be excitedly said: "I have heard enough. I have heard all I want to hear. Go, sir, for God's sake, and leave me! Some day perhaps I

will send for you and tell you all," Eight months passed. I neither saw nor heard anything of the strange episode until one evening a cab drove up to the door and I was requested by the driver to go with him to a private hotel near Charing Cross. On reaching the hotel I was shown into a private sitting room and found a man lying on a couch waiting to receive me. He held out his hand, apologizing for not rising. His voice was familiar. I remembered him at once as the companion of my strange adventure. He had changed so terribly it would indeed be hard to recognize him except for his voice. Instead of the smart, military carriage that I had noticed about him at first he had a shrunken, broken down appearance, as of a man who had lived a lifetime in these short months. His hair had grown white and thin, and his drawn face, that spoke of remorse and pain, was torrible to see.

'Ah, you remember me," he said. am glad you have come. I want to tell you all now. I feel I must unburden my heart before it has ceased to beat. Sit close, will you not? My voice is not very

As soon as a hacking fit of coughing had subsided he said, "You remember that night last August when I took you to a house outside London and you read for me?" I nodded assent, and he went on: 'Well, that woman had been my wife. A few years before that, when returning from active service in India, I had met on the steamer coming home a very beautiful woman, who was returning to England with no other companion than her maid. We became close friends on the voyage, and before we reached England I found for the first time in my life that I was madly in love. I was 40 years of age, a man who had seen active military service. She was scarce 20, a beautiful young creature, and yet from the first I felt certain there was some mystery about her life that

she was anxious to conceal.
"One evening in the Mediterranean we were pacing the deck together when I chanced to mention this. She started, but quickly recovering herself said lightly, Ah, colonel, women are children of mystery, and if we are to keep friends remember I am to keep my secrets.' Later in the evening, as I turned that sentence over and over in my mind, I became convinced that her words were more serious than I at first thought. It became at last a struggle between my love and my pride. I reasoned that, after all, a man had no right to demand to know everything about a woman before he met her, or she of him. and I determined to go to her that very night and tell her how madly I loved her and ask her then and there to share my

fate. "A fitting opportunity arrived. I found her alone at the stern of the ship, looking away to where the wake of the vessel lay like a white road behind us. I stole up to her softly, and slipping my hand in hers drew her toward me. As she turned I saw her eyes were filled with tears. She had been crying. 'Agnes,' I said. 'I love you Confide in me. Why are you crying?

What is this mystery!'
"Taking my hands in hers, she kissed them, and with hot tears falling like rain she said: 'I cannot, I dare not, tell you. If you do love me, never ask me to tell my secret. Let that be the sign of your regard.

" 'Agnes,' I said, 'there is only on question that I will and must ask. Once you answer that you may keep whatever secrets you like. "Do you love another man, and, if not, can you, will you, love me⁵¹¹ With her head bent down, she said softly: 'I do not love any other man. I have never loved, but I love now. I love you with my heart and soul.'

'When we reached England, we were married. We lived an ideal life together for nearly three years. I never asked any estions of her past life, nor she of mine. One day the post brought a letter from India addressed to her. I took it to her, saying: Why, whom do you know in India? I did not imagine you had friends there. She started; her eyes filled with tears; she uttered a few disconnected words, burst out crying and left the room.

"Had I followed her, had I tried by kindness to earn her confidence, all might have been well. Alas, as it was, my naseemed to undergo in one instant some terrible change. Jealousy took charge of my heart, stamped out my love, raged like a hot fire through my veins, and rushing in on my brain maddened me like the sting of a scorpion. I kept away from my wife for days, narsing my jeal-ousy and brooding over my misfortunes, until at last I decided on a plan of action and afterward of revenge. I could see now why she dissuaded me from leaving the army. She knew I should be sent back to India again, and she would go too. But I would watch her, I would gain proofs of what I wanted, I would lay those proofs be fore her, and I would have the satisfaction of making her confess the truth. I returned to my home. I met my wife with a smile, but with a glanco she saw it was false, and I watched her shrink into herself, as some flowers do at the approach of night,

'Few people can realize what real jealousy means. Few people sympathize with this form of madness, and yet how tarri-ble, how absorbing, how awful it is! The woman I had loved became in my eyes my greatest enemy. I could feel her from me as I approached. I smiled on her, but my smiles seemed to freeze her; my kisses were not stimps that she could not bear. I would enter my drawing room and take the point of vantage from which to observe her. I would grouch behind trees in my garden that I might watch her as she passed. I would bribe the post-man that all letters went through my hands. I would rise as retain, and stealing

into her room watch her brough the dark ness till I feared sometin. my eyes would burn her with their fleroeness. "One night I was rawarded. I stole in-One night I was rewarded. I stole the to her room and/ound her writing a letter and watched her fears Lill with ever word she wrote. It was not many it was made erous, but I could not below. I stole softly across the room, and it will be her her shoulder, said and were

an affection she had nourished in silence, some one she had supported and helped by her money, some one her whole heart went ture and to the day when in spills of all.

we shall meet. I am sending you a check care Banker Bros., Calcutta. accept it, dearest. I am rich. You are struggling with poverty. Now, premise me you will use it for my'-

"I could read no more. Mad with jeal onsy, my worst fears confirmed, I crept back to my room, detarmined to end my life and set her free to go back to India to the man she loved. I had a medicine chest in my room, in the bottom of which I kept a bottle that contained an Indian drug that promised certain and swift death. opened the chest and saw it lying among other poisons. Then I sat down to write to my wife, telling her I had discovered her treachery, and that by the dawn of another day she would be free to return to India to marry the man she loved. I took out my will, read it carefully, that there could be no flaw, that she might receive all my property without trouble or annoy ance. 'The other man is poor,' I thought Ah, well, if I make any sacrifice, I may as well make all. Yes, she must have everything. It will make up for the three years she has waited for happiness.

'While engaged in writing I could hear her moving in her own room. Ah, she cannot sleep, I thought. She has one of her attacks of neuralgia. Her nerves are broken down. Well, she will have rest when I am dead. Then I heard her door open. I listened. She was coming to my room. I had scarcely time to close my writing desk when she knocked. I went to the door and found her in a loose wranper, standing on the threshold. 'Oh, Ar thur,' she said, 'I am so sorry to disturb you, but I am suffering such agony! Will you give me some laudanum out of the medicine chest, that I may get some case? As I did not speak, but held the door open, she entered and went toward where I kept the medicines, but seeing the chest open in an instant she forgot her pain, and rushing to my side said: 'Arthur, Arthur, are you ill? Forgive my being selfish lately. I was hurt by your manner toward me, but I see now you have been ill, very ill perhaps. What is the matter? Do forgive me, darling?

"I longed to take her in my arms, but I could not, dared not. I could not trust myself to speak, for I feared my voice would falter and I would break down. In the morning, I thought, my letter will speak. She will know then what I know now. I pushed her from me roughly, perbaps brutally, in my anxiety to cut short such a painful interview, and quickly handing her a small bottle, just sufficient for one dose, turned back and resumed my seat at my desk. Slowly and reluctantly she went toward the door. She paused for a moment on the threshold. Our eyes met. She said 'Good night!' I said 'Goodby!'

"Troubled and disturbed, I recon menced my letter. I did not like what I had written. It seemed too harsh, so I tore it up and commenced another. I did this again and again until I was surpised to find the day breaking and my deed not 'After all,' I said, 'a few lines will do,' so again I took my pen and hastily

"'Goodby! I have discovered all. You are now free. May you be happy!" "I put the letter in an envelope, addressed it to her and then made a few other preparations for the end. She will be asleep now, I thought. I will steal into her room, kiss those lips I have loved so much, then return to my own room and—well, the rest is easy.
"I stole softly into her room, and stand-

ing at the door watched the first rays of dawn gliding over her pillow. Creeping to her side, brushing back my tears for fear they would wake her, I bent down for that last kiss. Her lips were cold as ice. 'My God! What is the matter?' I cried. I tore back the clothes; I pressed her to my heart; I kissed her hands, her face, her breast, till suddenly a cold finger seemed to write across my brain the awful thought-she

"You can easily understand what had happened. In my excitement I had given her, instead of laudanum, the poison I in-



HE HELD OUT HIS HAND. tended to use myself. The only point I cannot explain is my going for you on that awful night and getting you to read those dead hands. It was well I did so. You said that some one she loved, a relative, had been a burden on her and had ruined her life. You are right. The man to whom she had sent the money was her own brother, who had fled from England in disgrace. I have lived only that I might carry out her wishes in regard to him. I

I have returned to die." Three weeks later I was the sole mourn er who followed to the grave the remains

have been in India. I have seen him there.

of Colonel Morton. CHEIRO THE PALMIST.

Competent. "Can you support my daughter?" "I think so, I have supported some of the best emotional people on the road."-Detroit Tribune.

At the Counter.

They stood behind the counter, two rather pretty girls, h ruffles on their shoulders and Lillian

Russell curls, And, oh, their hearts were merry and their tongues were running fast Of their lovers, and their dresses, and their pleasures now and past, When there wandered to the counter, with a

tired and worried face.

A quiet little woman who asked to look at lace One of them looked her over with a cool, contemptuous stare, Then chatted on, "Oh, Daisy, I wish that you'd

been there!" bet that he's alive! credulous persons to enable her to pursue

And my dress was that pink satin that we sold her continental journey until autumn,

dress for Grace."
"If you please," there came a weary voice, "I want to look at lace." ought to seen her hair!

It was curied and frizzed to death-and don't you tell-but I don't care— I don't believe the half of it grew on her head And her custoom-well! before I'd wear such a

garment to a ball!

And how she over gets a fellow with that lookin "Will you kindly," said a weary voice; "will you let me see some lace?

I saw that fellow-you know-that was over in the silks; He's just too gone for anything on that stuck up Susy Wilkes. ver" - Here the customer, up plucking heart of grace, Spoke boildly: "Piease to wait on me. I want

salesgirl paused, impatient such persist-ence to discover. to see some lace."

A Confiding Candidate For Con-

nubial Bliss and Cold Cash.

A SAMPLE MATRIMONIAL "AD."

A Fresh Verification of the Theory That the Fools Are Not All Dead Yet-"You Pay the Draft; I'll Do the Rest" Was the Burden of Her Song. The sage opinion ventured by the burnt

ork philosopher that "there is a fool born every minute" seems to find credence with the patrons of the matrimonial mivertisement columns of some of our pretentious metropolitan contemporaries. It is evidently for the purpose of reducing the supply of fools that these columns are conducted. The bait dangled before the eyes of the aspirant for matrimonial bliss is always of the most tempting description. The advertiser is invariably rich, healthy and handsome and endowed with uncommon moral, social and intellectual quali-

That such a one should need to go begging in the matrimonial market seems remarkable; that such begging should be successful seems preposterous. Yet there is abundant evidence that many fine gudgeons are hooked by the glittering bait of the matrimonial advertisement. Witness the following notice, which appeared in a New York paper, and its sequel:

A REFINED and accomplished young American lady, a good housekeeper, just completing her education in Europe, worth \$40,000 and living unhappily with her guardian, wishes to correspond with some good, the man living in America who is matrimonially inclined; n bjection to country life; no adventurers need answer; no attention will be paid to replies unless the writers contemplate immediate mat-rimony and give full name, age, present occupation and state their financial standing. The photograph of the writer must also positively be inclused. Address Matrimonial, box 900, 403 Oxford street, London, England.

This tempting "ad." caught the hopeful eye of a young St. Louis man, who wrote to the "accomplished young American lady" and pictured himself in glowing colors. He was literally rolling in wealth, and all he needed was a handsome wife to help him spend it. We have the word of our veracious contemporary, the St. Louis Republic, for it that he received the following letter in reply:

CARLSHAD, Austria, June 6. My DEAR FRIEND—Among the many replies that I have received to my matrimonial advertisement signed Box 900, 403 Oxford street, London, England, yours is the only one I intend to answer. I do not know why, but it seems as if I was guided in my choice by God and the



WINNIE WOODWARD. [Taken from the photograph sent to St. Louis.]

spirit of my angel mother. I was born and reared in New York city. My mother died first and then my father. I am the only child. My father's will left me his entire property, with my uncle as sole trustee until I marry, when his power over me ceases, thank God. orever. My property consists principally of bank stocks and railroad bonds.

Now, my uncle, who came here from London to drink the mineral waters for his health, in order to carry out his own selfish ends denies me the company of all young men and constantly forces upon me the society of his son, a wretched dude, whom I despise and whom he wishes me to marry in order to keep the money belonging to me in the family. I would rather kill myself than marry him, and this state of affairs has become unbearable to me. I met a lady in London who advised me to advertise for a husband. She met her husband that way and leads a very happy life.

Of the man to whom I would give my heart I

would not ask if he possessed a dollar, so long as he was good and true and gave me his love and attention and was willing manfully to do his duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call him.

I was brought up in the Protestant faith, but

am very liberal regarding religion. I am now 20 years old and in perfect health. I am considered a good pianist, and I know that I am a good cook and housekeeper. My feelings would never allow me to stray from the paths of rec-

titude and virtue.
Having decided upon this step, I intend to carry it out to the end. I am going to put my-self absolutely in your hands. All the correpondence in the world would not bring us any ser than we are now. We must meet face face and eye to eye. I must go to you, and if I am to go I must start very soon. My uncle after his course of treatment here is going to Japan and Intends to take me and his son with him. My belief is that when we meet at your home we can come to an understanding in an hour and be married the same day. If you are dissatisfied with me when we meet, why, we can part good friends. If we marry, which l feel is a foregone conclusion, we will force a settlement of my estate at once.

I have been to the shipping office and learned that it will cost me about \$300 to come to you first class. As it would be impossible for me to secure the money without arousing suspicion, I will draw a draft on you today for the amount. In the meanwhile, should my uncle wish to start on his journey, I will feign sickness and compel him to wait until the money arrives from you. I will then take the first train for London and will telegraph you from there what ship I will take for America.

Do not write me here, as my uncle might get the letter. Simply pay the draft; I will do the rest. Awaiting with greatest anxiety the day of my departure to begin a new and happier

life, I remain your loving future wife,
WINNIE C. WOODWARD. The letter was written on autograph stencil paper and duplicated by the mimeograph process. Therefore it is supposed that many thousands of them were sent out. Doubtless the advertiser, male or fo-"I s'pose that Charley looked too cuter" "Yot male, has secured enough money from credulous persons to enable her to pursue when some other brilliant idea will flit And I had that woman make it that made the into her head, and she will proceed to cash it as she did this one. It is perfectly safe to announce, however, that any one contemplating matrimony and awaiting the "And Mary Jenks was there. Oh, girls, you arrival of the fair "Winnie" to complete the contrast had better go home and raise another crop and then marry some nice American girl who has not had the advantages of a European education.

WITH BABIES FOR BAIT.

An Interesting Method of Catching Crocodiles In India.

"We used to have great sport in India going out after crocodiles with Hindoo bables for bait," said an ex-army officer of the British army to a New York Sun man. "The baby wasn't balted on a hook like a minnow or a fishwerm, but simply secured on the river bank so that it couldn't creep or toddle away or tumble into the river. Some bables don't like their being ence to discover.

"There's only veilings here," she said: "the lace is three rooms over!"

—New York World.

made crocodile bait of, but that fact increased their value to the sportamen, for then they yelled and made a great noise,

waiting to hear, and they'd come hurrying from all directions to have a chance at the

babies.
"Where did we get these babies for bait?
From their mothers. All the fellow who wanted to go crocodiling had to do was to noise abroad his, intention, and it wasn't long before native women would flock in with babies to be rented out for bait. The ruling price per head for the young heathen was about 6 coats for the day. Some mothers required a guarantee that their offspring should be returned safe and sound, but the most of them exacted no such agreement. The bables were brought back all right, as a rule, but once in awhile some sportsman was a trifle slow with his rifle or made a bad shot, and the crocodile got away with the bait, but that didn't bappen often.

"If your bait is in good form for crocodiling and starts in with protesting yells, you may expect to get your crocodile very soon, but if the baby proves to be what is known as a sulker and takes the situation in quietness and patience you may have to wait some time before you get a shot. I used to have the option on an Indian baby that was the most killing bait for croco diles in all that part of India. I killed more than 100 crocodiles with that youngster as a lure before she outgrew her use fulness. She had the most persistent and farreaching yell I ever heard come out of mortal being, and no crocodile could re-



sist it. She was a real siren in luring the big reptiles to their fate, and I was very sorry to see her grow and get too big for balt and have to give her up. That dusky infant always commanded a premium in the market, and her mother was very proud of her indeed.

"After he had secured his baby at a proper spot it was the custom of the sportsman to hide behind a convenient bush or blind and wait for his game. If his bait was lively and of good lung, he would not have long to wait. I've seen half a dozen crocodiles come hurrying from as many different parts of the river toward a baby five minutes after it was set. With such a rush as that, though, the sport becomes a trifle trying to the eyes of the baby, but generally the first crack of the rifle will scare the big reptiles back into the water, all except the one you have sent your bullet into, and he, if your aim has been good, will flop over and thrash about for a few seconds and then give up the ghost But in a short time back will come the others again, and if you have time you can eventually stretch them all on the bank. A considerate sportsman, though will not work his baby more than 15 minutes at a time. Then he will have his native servant soothe it and refresh it from a nursing bottle, which is part of a croco dile hunter's equipment. I have killed six crocodiles over that favorite baby lure of

mine in less than a quarter of an hour. "I was in Florida a year or so ago and tried to hire a baby to experiment with for alligators after the method in India, but folks who owned babies down there didn't seem to enter into the spirit of the and I couldn't get one. I compre mised on a rather lively and complaining dog. He was a success, and I had quite a lot of fun, although the sport was a good deal tamer than it would have been if I had only had a baby for bait."

"Tramperies" For the Tramps. The most unique proposition for the suppression of the "tramp," of whom so much has been written since the common weal movement was inaugurated, comes from E. Hofer, a California philosopher. Mr. Hofer proposes to organize "tramp communities," in which the professiona tramp shall be subject to vigorous law, the first of which is work. Deprived of citizenship and freedom, the inhabitants of each "trampery" shall be forced to solve by means of hoe and spade the problem of his own living. Intoxicants and tobacco are to be unknown quantities, while regular bathing and cleanly attire will be rigid ly enforced. The proposition provides for state and county control of the tramp communities.

Ventriloquism Extraordinary.

"At Raglan castle," said Mr. Gan-thony, the ventriloquist, "I gave an entertainment in the open air, and throwing my voice up into the ivy covered ruins said, 'What are you doing up there?' my amazement a voice answered, 'I climb ed up 'ere this mornin just to see the folk and 'ear the music. I won't do no harm.' I replied: 'Very well, stay there and don't let any one see you. Do you hear?'. The reply came, 'Yes, muster, I 'ear. ' This got me thunders of applause I made up my mind to risk it, so I bowed, and the boy never showed himself.

Reducing the Menagerie Supply. Mr. Savl's elephant hunting expedition excites the Indian press on account of its wonderful success. In eight weeks he secured 220 elephants, all near Jalpaiguri. He also bagged three tigers and a tigress respectively 10 feet 2 inches, 9 feet 8 inches, 9 feet 7 inches and 9 feet-one rhinoceros, an elephant of 10 feet, five leopards and six sambul, besides small game. Mr. Savi sold all the elephants except 26 before leaving Jalpaiguri.

She Fooled the Fond Females. The most remarkable trial on record was that of Mary Hamilton, an English woman, who was brought into court on Oct. 7, 1746. She was one of the greatest frands of the day; having succeeded in de luding her own sex in a most extraordi nary manner, it being clearly proved at the trial that she had at different times and places married not less than 14 other women of various ages.

Very Curious. "Walk up," shouted a showman, "and inspect this curious phenomenou-a real live woman fish, the only one in existence!" The place was crammed. The curtain se, and a young woman, dressed all in black, appeared on the stage and said: "Ladies and gentleman, I am the woman

fish. There's my marriage certificate. My husband's name was Fish. He was killed last summer through a fall off a scaffolding, and as he has left me with four children unprovided for I will take the liberty to go round and make a collection on their behalf."-Tit-Bits.

A Tragedy. Sitting on the side verands. Screened from view by leafy vines, Edward toward his dear Amanda Tenderly at last inclines "Do you love me, dear?" he asked her,

"Love me faithfully and well?"

And if she does not she masks her Cold indifference very well.

Round her waist his arm goes stealing. On his shoulder rests her cheek.
Both of them just now are feeling.
Too inthralled with bliss to speak.
Then a shriek of terror gave me
Chills that made my blood run thick.
"On, that horrid June bug! Save me!

Kill him, darling! Kill him quick!"
-Somerville Journal

FELL OVER A PRECIPICE.

He Had a Bear For a Companion and Wa Not Hurt by the Fall.

The members of a hunting party recent ly returned to Phenix, A. T., from the Sierra Nevada mountains tell of a thrilling adventure one of them had there. The party consisted of five old hunters and they took two Indians along with them to perform the hard labor.

After exploring the country at the bas of the hills and finding no game three of the party concluded to try one of the



OVER THE PRECIPICE.

mountains, their companions continuing their hunt in the canyon below. Thos who climbed the mountain found nothing worth expending their powder upon for several hours, and finally selected a large flat rock near the edge of the precipice and began to eat their lunch. While thus engaged they heard the pe-

culiar grunt of a grizzly bear in the thicket near by and knew that they had a fight on their hands. There was but little food upon the mountain top, and the bear was undoubtedly hungry. In this condition they were well aware that he would attack them without a moment's hesitation. The savory odor of the food cooking at the campfire had attracted him, and he was determined to have it at any cost. They did not have long to wait before the shaggy animal appeared through an opening but a few yards from them. All three fired at him, but only succeeded in enraging the brute. Two succeeded in taking refuge behind large trees, but the other was immediately in front of the animal, and it was impossible for him to get out of the way. The bear came with such rush as to knock the hunter down and had passed very nearly over and beyond him. The man seized the bear by the throat with both hands, and the unequal struggle for life commenced. The precipice was but a few feet away, and in their struggles they went nearer and nearer to it, neither having inflicted any serious injury upon the other, until finally the hear lost his foothold and fell, dragging the hunter after him.

It was 2,000 feet to the bottom of the canyon, and the other hunters naturally supposed that their companion had been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below, but, to their surprise and joy, heard a cry for help. Hastening to the edge of the rocks. they saw the man clinging for life to a fir tree which grew out of a niche in the rocks. He had fallen into the tree and had succeeded in obtaining a lodgment there. It was still a serious question as to which was a matter of very great congratulation. A rope was improvised from a wild grapevine, and within half an hour the man was with his comrades again. somewhat brulsed, but with no bones broken. Descending the mountain, they found the bear dead, with several bones broken.

THE CITY DIRECTORY GAME.

A Novel Form of Gambling Indulged In by Chicago Girls. There is gambling in Chicago—no doubt of it. Three buds of promise in summer gowns came flutterring into a West Side drug store, where a Record reporter

was idling, and went to the soda water fountain as if by instinct.

"Will you let us have the directory, please?" said one of them. The bulky volume was laid before her. 'Now, girls, remember, the last figure counts, right hand page, and each one gets three cuts. I'll begin."
She opened the book and said, "Oh-h-h!"

while the two giggled with delight. The page was 1708. "Put down 3 there," said she. Anoth-

er cut bought 467. "That makes 10. Now I get another. Good! That's 5 more. Fifteen isn't bad."



THE CITY DIRECTORY GAME.

The second girl opened at 269, so that 9 was her first count. Next time she "cut' 3, and the last number was 7, making her, as she observed, "high man." The third one began with 76, added 5 and collapsed on the third trial, for the

right hand page was 1451.
"I'm stuck," she said, with the philosophic air of a thorough sport. She began to rummage in her purse, and the highly entertained drug clerk drow three choco

late ice creams.

He observed, after the girls departed, 'That's the first time I ever knew the city directory was a gambling implement."



"Harry, you have taken the largest peach You should remember that Doddie is the "That isn't my fault."-Adapted From



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