

AT THE SCAFFOLD STAIRS.

With face of gold upon his coat,
And powder on his wavy hair,
A courtly smile upon his lip,
He passed beside the scaffold stair.
The headman waited, cowed and grim
With stains of crimson on his skirt.
With stains of crimson on his skirt,
But a few slender hand he bent,
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

She gathered close the kerchief's fold,
To hide the beating of her heart;
But answered softly as he went,
"The best a moment that we part."
The crowd grew dim, and far away
She seemed to hear a morning lark;
And all his song was set to words—
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

Why the Chief of Police Resigned

STONE, the city editor, cleared his desk and made mental note of what had been accomplished, and what remained to be done. Then he leaned back and lighted his last cigar with a feeling akin to contentment.

It was that hour of the night when newspapermen reckon time as almost invaluable. Only the occasional entrance of a boy on some errand disturbed the nominal quiet of the big room where the reporters worked as only reporters can under high pressure. A few hours later a headless public would glance over its papers with little or no thought of the immense wear, tear and strain that had been necessary to make this modern, up-to-date sheet.

But the city editor's chair had not displayed more than a feathery rim of white ash when, as is sometimes the case in the hazy hours of early morning, the unexpected happened.

"Train robbery at Melrose," shouted the telephone boy.
Every man in the room was on his feet. Melrose was close in and each reporter was quick to realize that in order to get a good story for the morning's paper some very brisk hustling would be necessary.

Stone rushed to the telephone in an effort to find out from police headquarters something more definite concerning the robbery. He got little satisfaction. The police had a long standing grudge against the Post for criticizing the force—witness Chief Busby had been palpably lax in his duties. Busby's appointment by a partisan Police Board had been against the united protest of the better element. His incompetency was early manifested, but like many another vain, weak man, he believed himself to be an object of persecution. And so, taking their cue from Busby, the police had organized a virtual boycott and were plainly disposed to hold out against the Post when opportunity offered and to favor the other papers in the matter of news.

With this powerful agency playing into their hands, the Call and Bulletin, opposition papers, had scored more than once against the Post. This condition of affairs did not tend to lessen the tension between the Post and Busby's men.

"The captain says he's nothing further to give to the papers," snapped the officer at the station, in answer to Stone's query.
"Does he know anything more?" persisted the city editor. "Won't he give us the source of his information and its exact wording? Won't he give us something to work on?"

"He says he will not; to do so would defeat his own plans."
"Defeat his own plans is good," returned Stone sharply. "Tell him this: We'll print more facts concerning this robbery in the morning than Busby and his whole force could secure in a week. And Stone jammed the receiver upon the hook with naggy impatience.

He felt in the same second, however, that he had placed himself in a delicate position, and must either make good or lose prestige. What he had said was boastful beyond doubt, but he meant to keep his word if there remained any reward for determined action.

While a good man kept at the telephone to obtain information from all possible sources, a rush was made for the telegraph room. There it was discovered that Melrose could not be "raised." The telegraph company reported many wires cut between the city and Melrose, evidently the work of the robbers.

No regular train for Melrose would leave until 6:19 a. m., and to wait until a special was made up meant losing precious time.
Rushing back to the local room the city editor shouted his orders.

"Here, Buller, we've got to make that twelve miles in a vehicle of some sort! You go, too, Dickman! Never mind the cost. Get to Melrose under the whip if it's now 1:30. Wire particulars if you can; if not, ride back at a dead run."

Buller heard the last order as he went out of the door. Dickman seized his coat and ran out with it on his arm. The police reporter, unable to get anything further out of the captain, had ridden up from the station in a hack and now rushed in breathless. Learning of the plan, out he went after Buller and Dickman.

Buller caught the first team in sight, a splendid pair of the wily broncho type, hitched to a Post delivery wagon. Dickman was quickly beside him on the seat, and Harris, the police reporter, grabbed the end-gate just as the wagon swung around the corner. A second later the horses, frightened at the sudden demands made upon them, were rearing madly east toward Melrose.

"The men were too full of the important and unexpected mission to talk much for the next few minutes. After leaving the city, Harris told his companions the little he had been able to learn at the station. From long acquaintance with local criminals, he had come to possess valuable knowledge as to their individual capabilities for resistance. He had formed an idea as to how long it would take them to work within a certain time of leaving of the city. The chances were many in one that it's Jim Garrison and his men. Well prepared Harris had saved him on two similar occasions."

Said the lights of the city were far behind and the darkness seemed to

HENROOST ROBBED BY A SHARK

The Robber Caught in the Act, With Chicken Feathers Between His Teeth.
It is not often that a shark breaks into a man's henroost and steals his chickens. Such a case, however, is on record at Pointe-a-la-Hache. Emmet Hingle told the story as he showed a visitor around his father's back yard, which was full of lively and intelligent young chickens. Mr. Hingle has only had a few years' experience as a lawyer. His veracity is therefore unquestioned. He introduces the matter by remarking:

"We lost a great number of our chickens last year by a shark."
"White or colored?" asked the visitor incredulously.

"A shark, man—a shark from the Gulf—eight feet long."
"Did he walk all the distance of some in a fish car?"

"The affair is not as impossible as you are inclined to believe," remarked Mr. Hingle in an aggrieved tone. "You notice the levee in front of the house, well, each year during the equinoctial season a strong southeast wind blows the waters of the Gulf into Pointe-a-la-Hache and floods the town. The water is three or four feet deep. We have to go in skiffs from the front of the house to the levee. Last year, as usual, when the floods commenced, we drove all our chickens into the big henhouse. Naturally, when the flood became deep they could not come down to eat. In order to feed them we rigged up a rope parallel to each roost, and slowly pulled a basket of corn from one end to the other. In this way the chickens had to eat 'standing up.'"

"I did not know that chickens ever ate sitting down or in a reclining position," interjected the visitor. "However, that may have been their custom during the days of the Romans."
"It was only a method of expression," continued Mr. Hingle. "I meant that the chickens stood on the roost and ate the corn as it passed before them in the basket. Well, we had been feeding them in this way for a few days when we noticed that they had begun to diminish in number. We then began to count each morning, and found that four or five disappeared each night. We finally decided to watch. I rigged myself up a platform in the chicken-house and went out to spend the night. From 10 o'clock until 4 nothing happened, and I was becoming pretty well tired, thinking probably that the negro had seen me and would not make another attempt while I was there. As the gray light began to dawn, however, I heard a series of splashes, and looking toward the rear I saw a large shark jumping the fences as if they had been hurdles. Naturally I was very much surprised. When the shark had jumped our fence he disappeared under the water. I was looking all around for him when I heard a noise in the henhouse, and looking down I saw the shark. He had come in by diving through the large hole through which our chickens had gone into the yard when they awoke in the morning. You may imagine my consternation. I was alone in a henhouse with a chicken-eating shark, and I had no adequate assurance that he was not also a man eater. The shark did not wait for an introduction, balancing himself upon his tail, he grabbed a chicken from the roost and swallowed it whole. He repeated the feat until he had eaten six, and then, diving through the hole, went leaping over the fences again, evidently very much pleased. He had failed to see me, otherwise he might have bitten me in the leg."

"Well, to make a long story short," continued Mr. Hingle, "we waited for him next morning and stopped the hole after he had entered. We then killed him with a rifle."
"Taking the visitor to the rear gallery Mr. Hingle showed the jawbone and teeth of the shark. In the teeth were a number of chicken feathers."

"We managed to kill him before he had time to pick his teeth," remarked Mr. Hingle modestly. — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Honilies For the Home.
The most becoming thing to any woman is that which she can best afford to wear.

Overdressed people convey the impression that they are mortgaged to their clothes.

Don't expect a ruthlessly plucked husband enthusiastically to endorse the assertion that fine feathers make fine birds.

Your wife can tell you just how much you really know about women—but she won't.

If you trust your wife half as much as you do your banker the chances are more than two to one that she won't be the first to break.

Many a much-visited society woman can tell you how hopelessly empty is a life filled with money. — New York Times.

Why Men Are Curious.
When a married man manifests a peculiar keenness to discover the cost of any article of dress worn by a woman it usually is due to his desire to reproach his wife with having been overextravagant in paying more for something that does not look half so well. The chances are, however, that he will not be able to tell the difference between a frock of sleazy cotton-back satin that was dear at the \$8.95 that the other woman paid for it and one of durable quality peau de soie that was cheap at the \$25 that his wife paid for it at the marked-down sale. Secretly most men believe that their wives are the best bargain finders on earth. Openly they forever are seeking to entrap them in some act of extravagance. — New York Press.

Sultan Decorates Children.
It is doubtful if any American family has ever received as many foreign decorations as that of Mr. Leshman, United States Minister to Turkey. According to the European press the Sultan has presented to him the gold medal of Lakat, to Mrs. Leshman the Grand Order of Chekafat, to Miss Mariba Leshman, their oldest daughter, the same order of the second class, and to Miss Nancy Leshman, who is only seven years old, the Chekafat Order of the third class. Another young lady who has been honored by the Sultan in the same manner as Miss Nancy is the eight-year-old daughter of the British Ambassador to Constantinople.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN of the MARVELOUS FUTURE

New Steam Locomotives That Will Reel Off Seventy-five Miles an Hour Without Stopping For Water or Fuel!

In a report published in April last, summarizing up concisely the practical results of the experiments in high-speed electrical traction made last autumn on the specially prepared military railway line between Berlin and Zossen, the fact was noted that as a more or less direct corollary to those tests, the German Society of Mechanical Engineers had offered a series of prizes for the best design and specifications for a steam locomotive and group of cars which would collectively form an express train capable of carrying 100 passengers and their baggage with personal comfort and at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. The purpose of this competition, as was then stated, is to provide a unit of the equipment for the attainment of greatly accelerated speed in railway travel, which can be adapted to the present State railways of Prussia without the tearing up and relaying of tracks with heavier ties and rails that would be required for rapid electrical service.

An interesting forecast of the pending competition has been given by Mr. Arthur Kirchhoff, editor of a technical publication in Berlin devoted to engineering and machinery, in which a description is given of certain features of the new locomotives, which are to be tested over the Berlin-Zossen line next year. The specifications require that this express engine and train of the future shall be able to maintain for three consecutive hours a speed of 120 kilometers (74.5 miles) an hour, without stopping for water or fuel, and at a minimum expenditure of motive power. Mr. Kirchhoff's outline of how this is to be done will have a definite interest to American engineers.

During the experiments of last autumn an attempt was made to determine as accurately as possible the waste of power entailed by the friction and resistance of air to railway trains at different rates of speed. It was found that while at a speed of eighty kilometers (fifty miles) per hour this resistance on a still day was about thirty-two kilograms (67.2 pounds) per square meter of the surface of the front end of the car, the rate increased very rapidly with the augmentation of speed, so that a pace of 150 kilometers (93.7 miles) the resistance rose to seventy-five kilograms (157.5 pounds) per square meter of impinging surface. Every projecting part, every window, door or other indentation which could form a pocket to catch the wind created by such high velocities, increased the resistance to be overcome, so that in all future experiments the economy of rapid transit will require that the factor of air resistance shall be taken into careful account. This, according to Mr. Kirchhoff, is to be done by enveloping the engine and train, from pilot to rear platform, in a shell of sheet steel, jointed so as to secure flexibility in passing curves, and so constructed as to inclose the locomotive and cars in a continuous tube, uniform throughout in size and presenting no projecting irregularity which shall catch the resisting air. The front of the engine will be pointed or wedge-shaped, the sheath will inclose as far as possible the running gear of the cars, and even the wheels of both engine and cars will be closed disks of metal instead of, as now, spoked wheels with openings to catch the air.

It will be remembered that in the recent experiments on the Zossen line the electric motors, conductors and transformers worked to the entire satisfaction of the experts in charge, and that the maximum practicable speed and the consequent success of the trials were limited only by the track, which gave way rapidly when a speed exceeding seventy miles an hour was attained. This was indeed the unexpected and most important fact brought out by the trials, viz., that an electric motor, as at present constructed, exerts at high speed a greater strain upon the roadbed than a steam locomotive. It had previously been claimed, with apparent reason, that being a rotary motor, without the reciprocating motion of pistons and connecting rods, the electric locomotive would avoid the pounding of the track caused by the unbalanced parts and oscillating strain of the steam locomotive. It was therefore a surprise to find that above a certain speed the strain exerted on the rails by the electric engines was even greater and more fatal. This is now explained by the fact that the centre of gravity in the electric engine hangs much lower than in the steam machine, and what is still more important, the whole weight of the steam boilers, cylinders, pilot, etc., is carried on springs, while in the electric engines used at the trials the motors and all the heavier working parts were hung directly upon the axles, thus adding a crushing weight to the blow delivered by the wheels upon the end of each rail. Attempts have since been made to devise a system of springs to avoid or lighten this defect, but, so far as can be learned, with only very limited success.

The new steam locomotive, we are assured, will be specially constructed to meet this difficulty. It will rest on twelve wheels, viz., two pairs of drivers located at the middle of the machine with a four-wheeled pilot truck in front and rear. Upon these three points of support the boiler and superstructure will be hung upon springs, carefully adjusted to take up as far as practicable the inevitable vibration and oscillation. The engine will be of the compound type, with three cylinders, and in order to secure the most perfect practical balance of working parts two of these will be connected outside, as in an ordinary locomotive, while the third, or high-pressure cylinder, will be hung at the centre and connected inside, working upon a middle axle crank, set at ninety degrees from the crank pin of the two outside cylinders, which are set opposite each other. The boiler will have an interior heating surface of 200 square meters, more than double that of a standard German

express locomotive as now constructed. Throughout the entire train, superfluous dead weight will be carefully avoided. Instead of carrying ten tons of water the new tender will be built to take only half that amount, but will be rigged to take up water en route, as has been successfully done on some American lines. As now planned the new engine will have, theoretically, a coal consumption of 1.12 kilograms (2.52 pounds), per effective horse power hour, as against 1.25 kilograms (2.625 pounds), which is the standard of economic efficiency in the best locomotives of the present German type. It will be interesting to compare this forecast of theoretical efficiency with the actual results which may be attained when the new engine is tested, which will probably be done during the course of next year.

MADE THE BUTLER LAUGH.

A Cockney Host's Scheme to Make the Hilarity Unanimous.
"While I was in Melbourne," said a Washingtonian who recently visited Australia on a business mission for a Philadelphia manufacturing concern, "I was present at a star dinner given by an Englishman who had only a short time before struck it rich in the gold fields. He was middle aged and a cockney of the cockneys. He had been poking around the aridiferous hills of Australia with a pick for more than twenty years before he struck the ledge that made him a millionaire many times over."

"He was a bachelor, and when I got to Melbourne he had only recently got his magnificent domicile in running order. He had about two dozen servants, the top man, of course, being a characteristically grave and imperturbable English butler, a fellow as stiff as a lamppost and with about as much humor in his carcass as a nippin."

"The stag dinner was a pretty jolly affair. It was attended by about twenty well known men-about-town of Melbourne, and some performers from the Melbourne vaudeville theatres were engaged to entertain the guests.
"The English butler presided over the feast with the solemn manner befitting his kind. The fun ran around the table like a breeze after the wine began to operate, but nary a grin crossed the features of the haughty butler. He stood at the sideboard as straight as a persimmon tree, with his arms folded, and his countenance was like a mask of tragedy when the host and all of the guests were all but rolling out of their chairs with laughter.
"I was sitting on the left of the host, and I observed that the preternatural gravity of the butler was getting on the host's nerves. Whenever the laughter was at its height the cockney millionaire would glance up from beneath his bushy eyebrows at the butler, only to perceive that not so much as a muscle of that dignitary's face was twitching."

"Blime me! I heard the host mutter savagely to himself two or three times, 'w'y don't that bloomin' cove larf, y'know?'"
"Even when the vaudeville people began to execute their cut-up stunts the butler never gave the slightest indication that he saw anything funny in the proceedings. Finally a monologue chap whose lute of talk really was screamingly funny, got the floor, and it wasn't long before he had every man at the table just a-rocking and holding his sides. The host's eyes glided upon the butler's face to see if the professional entertainer even was capable of drilling a grin out of his face. But it was no go. The butler stood like a rock. To all intents and purposes he might just as well have had paralysis of the facial nerves."

"The cockney host couldn't stand it any longer. He jumped out of his chair—showing that he was just a bit unsteady on his legs, which was natural enough, considering the way the corks had been popping—and rushing upon the butler and catching him around the waist he threw the imperturbable servant onto the floor, threw open the butler's coat, dug the fingers of both of his strong, pugy hands into the butler's ribs to tickle him, and bawled as he leaned over the man:
"Larf, y' bloody Stoughton bottle, larf! That's right, larf! Larf till y' bust, y' bloomin' cove!"

"The butler, convulsed with uncontrollable shrieks of laughter under the tremendous tickling he was undergoing, yelled to be let up before he went off into 'steries,' but his employer went right on tickling his ribs with all his might until the butler was exhausted. Then he let him up.
"Hi! knowed HD make y' larf, y' bloomer, an' now that ye've larfed, I'll give y' a r'ise in y'r wages," said the host, gleefully, resuming his chair. The butler got up and the feast went on." — Washington Post.

Heaviest Tonnage Ever Hauled.
A new tandem locomotive, recently completed for the New York Central Railroad by the Schenectady works, drew 108 loaded freight cars from DeWitt, near Syracuse, to Albany, last week, in eleven hours. This is the heaviest tonnage ever hauled by a single locomotive. The 108 cars contained about 9,000,000 pounds of freight. On a previous occasion the same locomotive hauled 100 loaded cars between the two points named in nearly an hour less time.

The Cool Summer of 1816.
Speaking of cool summers, a correspondent of the Boston Herald notes that in the summer of 1816 planting and harvesting all over New England went almost to naught, and there was great suffering for want of sufficient food. Snow and ice in various parts of New England were reported during June and July. The year 1816 was called "the year without a summer," and also "Eighteen-hundred-and-starve-to-death."

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE FAIR

New York City.—Black and white is the favorite combination for separate blouses, many of the season's most



LADIES' FANCY WAIST.

beautiful creations being developed in these fashionable colors.
The waist illustrated is made of ivory silk crepe embroidered in large black polka dots. It is mounted on a glove-fitted featherbone lining that closes in the center front. The back is plain across the shoulders and drawn down close to the belt, where the fullness is arranged in tiny plaits.
The full vest is included in the right shoulder seam, and permanently attached to the lining. It fastens invisibly on the left side. The vest is made of plain white crepe trimmed with alternate bands of ecru lace and black velvet ribbon. Similar trimming is applied in the back to simulate a round yoke.
The full fronts are arranged in three backward-turning tucks which are ticked down for some distance and

figure. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arm.
The full fronts are applied to the lower edge of the front yoke and fall in long, loose folds over the bust. A comfortable rolling collar completes the neck. It is edged with a narrow pleating of albatross. The neck is fastened with black velvet ribbons tied in a bow with long ends.
The sleeve is shaped with inside seams only, fits the upper arm closely and flares in a graceful bell at the wrist. Half way between the elbow and fastened beneath a bow, over which the sleeve droops prettily.
Bands of lace heading run through with narrow velvet ribbon finish the collar, yoke and sleeves.
To make the dressing enque in the medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

Two Shades of Blue Used.
Two shades of blue in a gown, one blending perfectly into the other, are frequently seen nowadays, and this does not apply only to blue, but also to other colors, and if properly blended the effect is beautiful.

Yellow Coming Into Favor.
Various shades of yellow are coming into vogue. They appear in laces and embroideries, also in gowns. Delicate tinted champagne color is the favorite of these shades.

A Pretty Gown.
A pretty gown is of buff batiste, with white embroidered dots; garlands of silk embroidery in dull greens and reds; tabs of black velvet on the front of the waist.

Dainty White Frock.
The frock shown here is developed in white silk with tucked mousseline and point de Venise laces for trimming. The waist is made over a fitted body lining that closes in the back, and is cut slightly low at the neck.
The full fronts and backs are gathered and arranged over the lining. The underarm seams are joined separately



LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE.

provide becoming fullness at the bust. The waist blouses stylishly over a black velvet girle.
A high collar, decorated with ecru lace medallions, completes the neck. The elbow sleeves are shaped with inside seams only and tucked to fit the upper arm closely. Puffs, formed by the fullness below the point where the stitching ceases, are gathered and arranged on narrow lace elbow bands.

Tafteta Petticoats.
There is a furore for tafteta petticoats of every description. They have almost entirely taken the place of the white cambric and embroidery underskirts. The evening petticoats are most elaborate, some being made of peau de soie trimmed with lace and importations, while the cut is quite as important as that of the outer skirt. When all is said and done, the tafteta petticoat is not such an expensive luxury, especially for the evening, when pale shades can be worn many times without their getting soiled. They save the hem of frocks as well as the laundress' bill, for a muslin petticoat can seldom be worn more than twice without a visit to the washtub. This, if the skirt is cut after the fashion of the hour, must necessarily be expensive, owing to the multiplicity of frills, which are an absolute necessity on the properly shaped underskirt of to-day.

Evening Dressing Sacque.
To make the waist in the medium size will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with three-quarters of a yard of contrasting material for trimming.
Albatross is a material much used for dressing sacques this season, and it is a little more satisfactory than flannel, as it is not quite so heavy. The fabric is shown in the large illustration in a delicate shade of violet, trimmed with two widths of black velvet ribbon.
The garment is shaped with shoulder and underarm seams only, and has a plain square yoke, back and front. The full backs are gathered at the upper edge and applied to the yoke. At the belt the gathers are arranged on a band, and the garment drawn into the

and the silk forms a stylish blouse over the sash that ties in a bow at the left side. A collar of inserted tucking completes the neck. It is of unique shaping, and gives a broad effect to the shoulders.
The sleeves are short, full puffs that are arranged on narrow arm bands from which depend frills of silk.
The skirt is gathered at the upper edge and applied to the body portion, closing at the back. It is trimmed with a gathered flounce that gives a smart flare to the skirt.
Bands of lace are applied on the sleeves and at the top of the flounce. The dress is simple and stylish. It may be made of lawn, dimity, Swiss, or any fine wash fabric, and is also appropriate for cashmere, albatross, velvet or challis. If the collar is made of the same material, it may be trimmed



DRESS FOR A GIRL.

with rows of French knots or feather-stitching.
To make the dress for a girl of eight years will require three and one-quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch material.