

## Mystery of the G. L. W. Railway.

By Solving It Peter Joyce Cleared Himself of the Suspicion of Murdering His Superior.

Peter Joyce had just been discharged from the employ of the G. L. W. Railway Company at Manassas Junction. There were several machine shops in the place connected with the road. The company had been throwing off its men, but in the latter part of October, 1892, there was an unexpected increase of work, which recalled many of the idle men to their posts and sent skyward the hopes of those who remained.

Joyce was checking to himself over the situation when, on Oct. 21, he received a blue envelope. He took it mechanically from the paymaster's hand, stood in the doorway for a moment like a man who has been stunned from a sudden blow, and then, with an oath and some other words of which he was scarcely conscious, turned and left the place, not observing the strange glances sent after him as he went down the tracks.

It was quite dark when he went out, stumbling over the rails like a drunken man in the rain and sleet which had begun falling an hour before. He was so full of anger and shame at the occurrence that he could scarcely see where he was going, and as he actually ran into the end of a flat car, raising his arms only in time to avoid a dangerous contact with the bumpers.

He would not go home yet, to the dreary little room in the boarding house he called home. He crept into a deserted coal shed and sat down upon the rough clinkers for an hour or more. Mason had discharged him, and for what? Over and over again he reviewed the man's sharp voice, the quick, impetuous words, his own voice making some reply which he could not now remember. And then the glances of the men of which he was only too well aware as he started down the tracks.

But as he was stealing along like a wretched wolf between the lines of heavily loaded freight, he stumbled over something in his path, and the next instant he was kneeling above the body of one who lay in the whole world than any one else in the whole world. He managed to drag the body from the rails where it would have been left so that a passing train would decapitate it, and in less than five minutes afterward he burst into the shanty of one of the night watchmen, covered with perspiration, his eyes rolling like those of a man taken in a sudden fit.

"The man, Thompson, the man!" he gasped as soon as he could find his voice.

"The man? What man?" returned the watchman.

"Mason, the superintendent! Bill, what a sight!"

"What do you mean, Pete? Speak out like a man! Accident, wreck, fire, what is it?"

Joyce staggered to his feet.

"Come out with me, Bill, and see." And off they started on a run from the shanty, dodging the shifting freight cars and moving engines with a recklessness peculiar to men of their class; and so made their way at last to the place where the body was lying.

Thompson stooped and looked it over with a troubled face.

"A bad job, Mr. Joyce," he began in a constrained voice. "It is—do you?"

It was hard to speak the words, but Joyce understood, and in the dim light, amidst the falling sleet, he raised his hand solemnly.

"Before God, William, I didn't! I would not have had the strength to do it!"

Thompson stood up and rubbed his hand across his eyes, as if trying to think of something.

"Let's go back to the shanty, Pete. There's no one there, and we can talk it over together."

Once inside the hut the watchman bolted the door, pulled down the curtain at the window and faced his mate.

"What we have to do must be done quickly, Pete. Some one will surely be along before midnight." Again he looked over the trembling form of Joyce doubtfully. "I only wish I knew what to do with you, Pete, until the clouds roll by. It looks stormy for you now, my lad."

With a sudden inspiration he went to a little desk and wrote something on a sheet of paper with a pencil.

"Here, Pete, take this. It's an order on the lower shops for a couple of crowbars and a coal shovel. It is dated five o'clock, and if any one asks me about it I will say I sent you down there about quitting time, not knowing you had been turned off."

"When you get there, for the love of heaven patch up some kind of a story which will agree with mine that I will send them by the phone, and be careful what you say! If you—"

He stopped and ran to the door, lowered his light and looked out. When he turned to Pete his face was white.

"There's men coming up the tracks now! Here, crawl out of the window and I will shut it after you. Be quick, Peter, run, man; run for your life!"

Thompson closed the window after him, lit his pipe and was busy sweeping the floor when the men rushed in. At their first words he sank back in his chair, gasping and trembling.

"Where is he? Who did it? When did it happen?" he asked.

Consummate acting it was, and not a man that went back with him to the scene of the murder suspected that he had been there before that night. The men did not say much at first, but

stood around the body examining it with awe-struck faces.

"Where's Joyce tonight?"

The words were the ones that the man had been most dreading, and in an absent minded manner he turned to the questioner.

"Pete?" he replied. "Why, I sent him out on an errand to the lower yards about 5 o'clock, but I did not know the poor fellow had lost his job until later. I would not wonder if he was talking to the men around the shops about something to do there."

"We understand that Joyce made some threats tonight when he was discharged."

How harsh and rasping the voice sounded.

"Pete's been there, ever since, for I talked with him over the phone only a minute before you came in," he said. "And another thing. Look at the long red marks on the man's throat. Pete's hand could never fit those dents, not on your life."

The men drew aside and stood hesitatingly in the doorway, evidently reluctant for some reason to go out again into the darkness. In a few moments the railway surgeon came in and examined the body with a puzzled look.

"I have seen many a man killed in my day," he said, at last, "but I never before saw a man who had been killed in the way this man was."

"I would have been here sooner, but as I was passing under the railway bridge at Elm street my horse shied at something I could not see, and I had to drive him back a little way, and come on foot. I never knew him to act that way before."

The men went away together after a while, removing the body in an ambulance.

It grew colder with the morning hours, and Thompson, lifting some fresh coals to the stove, heard a noise at the window behind him. With a cry of terror, he turned about to look into the wild and panting face of Joyce, who had crept up behind the shanty and was looking in to see whether it was safe for him to enter.

But his clothing was shockingly torn, his face and hands covered with blood and soot.

"Something chased me on the way back through the yards over the tops of the flat cars," Joyce said. "I hid once under the old plough near the water tank, and there it lost me."

"What was it?" gasped the watchman.

"It's Satan himself, Bill. It did not make any noise, but it kept up with me all the time."

"When I stopped it stopped, and when I went to run it would run, too. I crept under a train of boxcars, and there it lost me. I could not see it, but I heard it breathe."

"Merciful powers, Bill! It's time now for No. 1. Hear it whistling in the distance? Have they struck it, too?"

"She's coming through the yards now. Lord, see the stream of fire, and what does Wilson whistle that way for?"

"Hear that, Bill. The alarm whistle is answering him. Is it a fire?"

The night was still intensely dark and not a sign of fire could be seen as the two men stood in the door of the shanty and looked out. But way down the line they could hear the shrill blasts sounding from the siren as it passes through the outskirts of the place, sounding like a human being screaming in distress and mortal agony.

Instantly all the telephones in the place went, and Thompson was busy as he ran to and from the freight office near by answering the calls.

"They all think it is a fire, Pete," he exclaimed as he came in at last, dripping wet. "But the yards are as black as coal; indeed, you can't see the second line of freights from here. I never see it worse, beats a London fog."

"Isn't that screeching awful, Pete? You can be sure that there is death and destruction to pay somewhere along the line."

When the long night came to an end there was a curious crowd gathered about the superintendent's office, where a bulletin had just been issued. At the sight of Thompson and Pete approaching them, there was a sudden hush and the men fell back so that they could gain access to the bulletin, and many eyes were watching the men as they stood together on that morning of fate, and waiting to see what they would do and say.

"You read it, Bill," whispered Pete; "my eyes are sore and I can't read."

Thompson unconsciously held up his hand like a witness to the word as he read out the words:

"Engineer Wilson of No. 4 killed in his cab by some mysterious agency at 3:30 this morning. Train derailed, several killed and wounded. Engineer evidently strangled. Further particulars later on!"

There were already whispers circulating among the men that they would not work any longer for a haunted road, and they suddenly began to leave the place, while Thompson and Joyce went back to the shanty.

"Bill," said Joyce as they entered the place, "I was the man that they suspected, and I will be the one to clear up this thing, if I die in the attempt."

"Lord, Pete, don't do it," replied the other in a panic. "Man alive, don't do it! Think of yourself, my lad!"

"Thompson, tonight I shall go out alone to meet this terror! I don't want any help; for like as not we would be

bring into one another during the night watch. This—this thing only follows up one man at a time, it seems, and I shall go."

And so all day long the two men wrestled with each other upon the matter, but the more Thompson pleaded the more resolute became the young man at his side.

All day there was a strange quiet prevailing about the yards, and at half-past five Joyce crept out of the watchman's place and started off down the tracks alone.

There was not a sound to be heard except the puffing of the switching engines working more than a mile away, and soon these became silent.

Whenever Joyce came to a break in the lines of freight he would creep through the opening inch by inch, his arms extended. At midnight he went into a deserted flagman's house. He unlocked the door, went in and warmed himself over the still glowing coals which had been left in the stove.

He remained there for half an hour looking out of the little window, until the increasing chill inside led him to rise to his feet, examine his arms and then—

What was that which passed in front of the place? Surely that was not a whiff of smoke, a column of soot, travelling across the rails!

In an instant he was in the open air, running swiftly alongside the course which the unexplainable terror was taking, with only a single line of flat cars between them.

Not a sound reached him, while his heart beat almost to suffocation. Step by step he advanced, now stopping to look beneath the cars, now standing and listening at their sides.

At last he came to an opening in a long line of freights, and there, not 50 feet distant and made visible in the dim light which came from the lower shops, he saw the dreadful form, its eyes like coals of fire, standing upon the ground on the other side of the train, its great shaggy arm reaching across the intervening space as if searching for his throat.

The round of his revolver seemed to wake all the echoes of the surrounding hills, and with a shrill scream, a roar of fury, the horror leaped into the air, over the top of the flat car directly at his head.

He ran through the opening between the cars, turned about and faced it again, as it raised itself for a second clutch at his throat. Again and again he fired directly into its eyes, and still it screamed with an early voice as it tried with desperate energy to reach him.

Even when he saw it at last begin to stagger and reel back against the side of the flat-car, he drew the hatchet hanging in his belt and struck at it repeatedly, until it lay at last a shapeless bulk at his feet.

In the morning light it was dragged back to the company's offices and examined by the railway surgeon and other officials with almost astonishment, it being pronounced to be some form of great ape, neither a chimpanzee nor gorilla, which had doubtless escaped from a distant travelling show, possibly breaking out from a boxcar in which it had been transported during a night ride.

But the memory of its presence in the switching yards of the G. L. W. Railway Company lasted for many a month, and for a long time afterward it was difficult to find men who were willing at any wages to work on the night force in the vicinity of the lower shops.—New York Sun.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

Australia wants 300,000 British wives, Canada wants 90,000, and the Cape would like 20,000.

It is not easy to explain why a white cat with blue eyes is deaf, but this seems to be a rule with few exceptions.

The biggest panorama ever painted was of London by Mr. Homer. It covered 45,000 square feet, and was exhibited at the Coliseum.

The bears in Norway amuse themselves by climbing telegraph poles, and, squatting on the cross-arms, swaying themselves to and fro. In many cases the poles fall.

A gentleman in London, who likes to be a little ahead of the fashion, has a half-tone picture of his residence on his visiting cards. Underneath the picture are these words: "My house. Come and visit me."

Icebergs in the Arctic regions are neither so large nor so numerous as those seen in the Antarctic seas, but they are usually loftier and more beautiful, with spires and domes. When the sun shines on them, they look like a fairy city.

The prince of Rampore has a peculiar method of celebrating the birth of a daughter to the ruling house. He issues an edict when the daughter is born that a sum of money be deducted from every state employe equal to one week's pay, which is expended in paying for the expenses in connection with the general rejoicings.

**Army and Navy Aggregate.**

The standing armies of the world, and its navies, aggregate 9,300,000 men. In case of war the European nations can raise their armies to 9,800,000 men. Chinese soldiers get \$1 per month and board themselves. Between 1791 and 1813 France raised armies that numbered 4,556,000 men, three-fourths of whom were killed or died of wounds and diseases contracted in the field. Is it any wonder that the Frenchmen of today are under-

# THE WORLD'S WONDERS ON DISPLAY

## St. Louis Working Night and Day to Be in Readiness For the Opening of the World's Fair on Saturday, April 30th Next.

The first few thousand car-loads of the twenty thousand cars of exhibits that will arrive at the World's Fair in St. Louis within the next few weeks have been received and unloaded. Large forces of men are employed night and day in receiving and placing the valuable products from many nations of the world as they come in. Any one who has not been over the World's Fair grounds cannot, with the wildest stretch of his imagination, realize the magnitude of this latest and greatest of Universal Expositions. With its thousand buildings spread over an area of two square miles, enclosed by six miles of fence, the great World's Fair glistens in the sun, and is the centre of interest to all this part of the country.

The management has very considerately arranged many of the principal exhibit palaces in a compact group. While there are more than twenty-five buildings of considerable size given up to exhibit purposes, the very large buildings are some fifteen in number: eight of these, the Palace of Transportation, Machinery, Electricity, Varied Industries, Education, Manufactures, Mines and Metallurgy, Liberal Arts, are situated in the north-

palaces. Near by are the Government Fisheries building and sea coast defense guns.

The Palace of Agriculture is the largest of the Exposition buildings and stands in the central western part of the grounds, upon a high elevation. This building covers twenty acres of ground, the equivalent of a small farm, and contains many thousands of exhibits, not only from the States of the United States but from countries of the world. The Palace of Horticulture stands directly south of the Palace of Agriculture and is 400 by 800 feet.

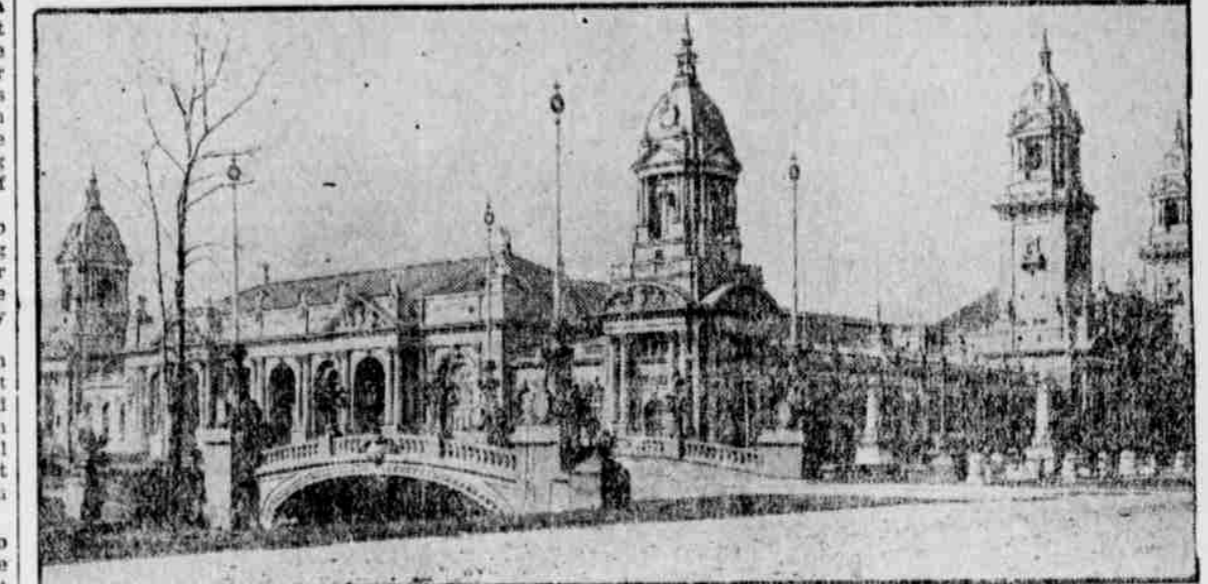
The Palace of Art, composed of four large pavilions, is one of the most interesting parts of the Fair. The several buildings contain a total of 135 galleries, filled with the priceless treasures of Europe and America, gathered with great care by discriminating committees. As an example of the care with which these selections were made, Italy may be taken as an example. Some four thousand paintings were offered, yet only four hundred could be selected. One of the four buildings of the Palace of Art is devoted entirely to statuary.

The Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game is in the western part of the grounds, covering four acres. The

physical culture exhibits is situated in the western part of the grounds, and adjacent to it is the fine large athletic field, with amphitheatre seating twenty-seven thousand people. Upon this field the games will take place during the summer.

In this hurried glance at the Exposition of 1904, we must not forget that very interesting quarter, known as the Pike. This is the amusement street of the Exposition. The visitor will certainly open his eyes in amazement when he sees the array of amusements spread out for his delectation. It is a long story in itself, to tell what has been prepared for his entertainment. The Pike is considerably more than a mile long, and upon either side are arranged about fifty elaborate and extremely novel shows. Some of them cover as many as ten or eleven acres each.

The World's Fair will open on Saturday, April 30, with fitting ceremonies. Upon that occasion an anthem written by Edmund Clarence Steadman will be sung by a chorus of six hundred voices. The music—by the eminent composer, Professor John K. Paine, of Harvard University—as well as the poem, was written especially for this occasion upon the invitation of the Exposition. Frank Vander-



PALACE OF MACHINERY, WORLD'S FAIR, COVERS TEN ACRES.

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eastern part of the grounds. The main entrance to the Exposition will let the visitor into the centre of this group. As each building covers from eight to fifteen acres and contains several miles of aisles, lined on either side by most interesting exhibits, the visitor will see his time slipping away with a world of things yet remaining to be seen.

The Government has spent more on this Exposition than it has ever expended before. First, it gave \$5,000,000 to the general fund of the Exposition, upon consideration that the city of St. Louis would raise \$10,000,000. This of course was promptly done. Then, the Government appropriated nearly a million and a half more for buildings and exhibits, and a few weeks ago decided to make a loan of \$4,000,000 to the Exposition in order to have the elaborate plans carried out to their completeness. The Government cannot lose much on this investment at St. Louis, for the reason that St. Louis returns in internal revenue taxes for the Eastern half of Missouri alone, over \$15,000,000 a year.

I wish I might describe the great beauty of the Government building. It is 800 feet long and stands on a broad terrace upon the hillside, overlooking the grand group of exhibit

new science of forestry has here a most interesting exemplification.

In the central western part of the grounds are many of the Foreign Government Pavilions. Some fifty foreign nations are taking active part in the World's Fair, several of them spending more than a half-million dollars each. These are England, France, Germany, Brazil, Japan and China. Japan alone has brought seventy-eight thousand exhibits.

The displays from the Philippine Islands form a very attractive feature of the Exposition. There are some eighty thousand of these exhibits arranged in buildings upon a reservation of forty acres, lying west of the Palace of Agriculture.

About thirty acres are given up to an exhibit of the North American Indians, their industries and home life. A large space is devoted to the aerial concourse. Here will be held the series of airship trials and contests, upon which the Exposition has planned to expend \$200,000. Of this sum, \$100,000 is to be given as a grand prize to the aeronaut who will sail an airship in the quickest time over a four-centimetre course.

The quadricennial Olympic games are to be held at the World's Fair this year. A large building devoted to

stucken, director of the Cincinnati Orchestra, has written a march, and Henry K. Hadley, of New York, has written a waltz, also upon invitation of the Exposition, for its musical programs.

The central feature of the Exposition, or what is intended to be the most beautiful scene in the whole grand picture, is made up of Cascade Gardens, the Colonnade of States and the Hall of Festivals. The gardens with their cascades and statuary, and the elaborate architectural features, are nearly a half a mile from east to west and represent an expenditure of one million dollars. It is the most ambitious scheme of ornamental gardening ever undertaken at an Exposition, or elsewhere. The Festival Hall, 200 feet in diameter and 200 feet high, contains the largest organ in the world, and has a seating capacity for thirty-five hundred people.

Practically all St. Louis is preparing to accommodate World's Fair visitors. The private homes will be open for the reception of guests throughout the Exposition. The prices will be from \$50 to \$1.50 per day for each person for rooms. Restaurants are so plentiful that meals may be had in almost any locality where the visitors may happen to stop.

<b>RUSSIA'S VICEROY.</b> Admiral Alexeieff a Master Mind, a Master Will and a Masterful Hand. Admiral E. I. Alexeieff, described by Senator Beveridge in his book, "The Russian Advance," as "a master mind, a master will, altogether a masterful man," is the subject of an interesting article by Charles Johnston, in Harper's Weekly. Admiral Alexeieff has tolled for years at the building of a new region of Russian influence, a region nearly as large as the combined area of France and Germany, and with a fringe of possible future acquisitions many times greater, only to see the whole of his life work threatened with dissolution. "In this lifework," says Mr. Johnston, "he has accomplished miracles almost, facing conditions of great and unexpected difficulty, amid surroundings alternately picturesque with the glamor of the East and squalid with intrinsic and physical wretchedness." Through all these difficulties Admiral Alexeieff has acted with constant resolution, force, rapidity, and constructive power.	<b>MUSIC AND ANIMALS.</b> The Puma is the Most Sensitive to the Influence of Melody. Some very curious experiments have recently been carried out in the German Zoological Gardens in order to ascertain the actual influence of music upon animals. The instrument was the violin and Herr Baker was the performer. Of all the animals the puma was the most sensitive to the musical influence. His moods changed rapidly, according to the nature of the melody, the animal frequently becoming very excited and nervous. "Just like a Frenchman," as the report says. Leopards were entirely unconcerned, but the lions appeared to be afraid, although their cubs wanted to dance when the music became lively. The hyenas were very much terrified, but the monkeys were merely curious. The experiments are to be continued, and with a variety of instruments, in order to distinguish between the mental states which are actually produced by the music and those which are merely the result of an unusual experience.—Scientific American.	<b>X-RAYS AND DIGESTION.</b> This Process Causes Their Enlargement, as Does Muscular Activity. That the processes of digestion, as well as mental and muscular activity, seem to cause the emission of X-rays, is the conclusion reached by M. Lambert, in France, after a series of interesting experiments. He believes that these curious rays are produced by fermentations, especially by those concerned in the digestion of albuminoid matter. In his experiments on digestion, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, M. Lambert placed a small quantity of fibrin in tubes containing in one case activated pancreatic juice, and in another artificial gastric juice made by mixing five per cent. solution of pepsin with a four per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid. From these tubes the X-rays were emitted, and were detected not only by producing increased luminescence of a phosphorescent screen, but also photographically, thus removing the subjective element from the experiment. As a result of these experiments, M. Lambert believes that in the course of digestion the fibrin undergoes strains which act to produce X-rays.
<b>Prosperous Yucatan.</b> Yucatan simply boils over with prosperity. Her railways are paying, her banks grow fat dividends, and her multi-millionaires are buying the best there is to be had, whether it be luxuries for the family or a first-class education abroad for their sons.—Mexican Herald.	<b>Interesting.</b> To hear the music of sweet bells and also to test solid silver, take a solid-silver tablespoon, and the two cords of equal length to the handle. Hold the ends of the cords to each ear, at the same time closing the ears with the fingers. Then by a motion of the body swing the spoon, letting it strike the back of the chair or like wooden object. You will hear no sound what music you will hear. Try it, and see.—Woman's Home Companion.	<b>New Ration for Army.</b> Hash will probably be honored by governmental recognition. Commissary officers in different parts of the country, under orders to make experiments in the use of hash, have issued canned hash to some of the troops with most satisfactory results. If future experiments are as satisfactory, hash will probably be introduced as a part of the ration of the army.