

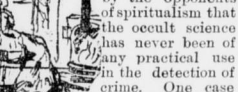
FAITH

ask not the world of science... I know my Father's might...

OUR MURDERER;

The Sea Gives Up Its Dead.

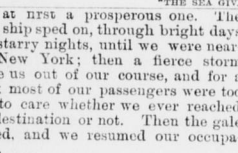
BY BARBARA THORNE.



This often asserted... of spiritualism that the occult science...

I had been sent to Paris upon business connected with a bank robbery...

I was especially fascinated by a young husband and wife, of whom I could not learn much except that they were New-Yorkers...



Mr. and Mrs. Tracy did not appear, however, and I was shocked and amazed to learn that the lady had died during the storm...

Of course the explanation of the lady's sudden death seemed reasonable enough to everybody except myself...

But I kept my own counsel for a crime had been committed all evidences of it had been swallowed up by the sea...

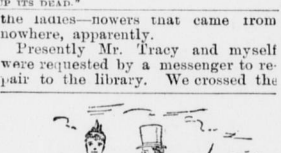
plan to force a full confession from him. I smiled a little doubtfully at this...

"Yes, I know all that," answered Rose, "but you bring him here and I think we will force a full confession from him before many weeks roll by."

The result of this conversation was that Mr. Tracy soon became quite a frequent guest at our little home...

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are favored to-night by having in our midst the great matronizing medium, Dr. Clayton..."

Nothing very terrifying occurred. Some familiar airs were played by unseen agencies, and bouquets of natural flowers were bestowed upon some of the ladies...



Presently Mr. Tracy and myself were requested by a messenger to repair to the library. We crossed the hall and entered the room...

We were not alone. The phantom-like figure of a woman stood by a window, apparently gazing out into the radiant night...

"My companion sank upon his knees in piteous, abject terror. 'Oh, Genevieve, forgive me, forgive me!' he cried. 'My God, I have suffered—how I have suffered! Pity and forgive me!'"

VERY EXCITING SPORT.

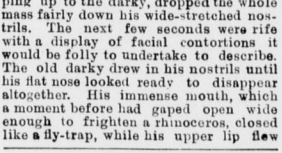
CATCHING ALLIGATORS IN SOUTHERN SWAMPS.

Traps Laid for Sawarians and How the Savage Beasts Sometimes Fall Into Them—Rejoicing by the Entire Colored Population When the Captive Is Finally Killed.

OR days after having left the plantation of Col. Jim Thompson, near Alligator Swamp, N. C., Denton, in self and Caleb, our colored guide, continued our journey...

It was populated pretty thickly in a few sections only. The great swamp tracts, covering thousands of acres, contained but few whites, however...

While one stood on each side, poking their poles at his eyes whenever he tried to get up, the other, who stood on the rope and pole and soon had the noose over his head, then, with a yell of satisfaction, the darkeys all got hold of the heavy rope and pulled it taut...



"Swallowed my yaller pup las' week, did you 'fermal scoundrel?" "Chawed up ole Gabe's cat, uml haunp!" Gess you clean creatin' 'sturbance in dis yer place!"

Speaking of that stereotyped answer of the bookseller, "We haven't the book in now, but will send and get it," the "Listener" recalls a story...

"The Tail of Roberto." Speaking of that stereotyped answer of the bookseller, "We haven't the book in now, but will send and get it," the "Listener" recalls a story...

HOW GLASS IS BLOWN.

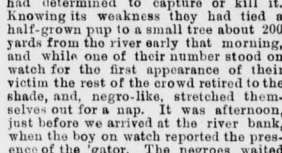
AN HOUR IN THE INTERIOR OF A GLASS FACTORY.

Many Beautiful Forms Produced Without Much Aid from Tools or Machinery—An Art in Which Little or No Progress Has Been Made in the Last Three Hundred Years.

HAT the glass-blowing industry ought to be one of the principal factors of the commercial prosperity of the United States is apparent at once to any one who considers how instinctively the average American takes to any mechanical art which demands personal smartness and activity rather than complexity...

Withal, glass-blowing as an art has receded rather than advanced within the last three centuries, just as painting has done. The Venetian artists in glass have left no successors. Beautiful effects are still obtainable in stained-glass windows and ornamental goblets, but the collection of sixteenth century relics is not indicative of modern progress...

It follows that when colorless glass is desired the use of sand in which the metallic oxides referred to are distinguished by their absence.



There had been great trouble in keeping the singers up to the pitch, and, as the village shoemaker performed on the violoncello, permission was obtained from the pastor to introduce this instrument into the gallery to sustain the voices.

Here is a Genuine Touch of Pathos. A lady living on Sixth street, who has a window full of flowers all in bloom, answered a ring at her door bell the other day to find a little girl shivering on the doorstep.

A lady living on Sixth street, who has a window full of flowers all in bloom, answered a ring at her door bell the other day to find a little girl shivering on the doorstep. "Please, ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?"

SOFTLY AS IT FLIES.

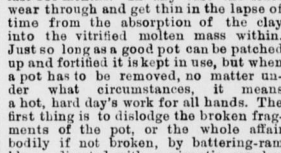
It is the scissors-grinder who likes to see things dull.

The man who "catches it from all sides" ought to make a good ball player.

M. Effwell's daughter is to be married. Of course she will go on a wedding tour. "Voice from the cage: 'The saloon,' he solemnly drawled, 'is the house that Jagg built.'"

EVERY one in a while the banana peel looms up as a sad reminder of the roller-skating craze. "When a woman loves a man she goes the whole hog, even to the war on his nose. It isn't this way with man."

MAMMA—Don't let me speak to you again, Tommy. Tommy—You bet I wouldn't if I knew how to stop you. "What is sweeter than to have a friend who can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.



SPEAKING of the hoped for rise in the American merchant marine, it is in order to remark that a little smack often develops into a courtship. LEVEL means flat, yet the man who would feel flattered to be called level-headed would object strongly to being called flat-headed. "Oid, isn't it?"

URGENT Suitor. With any sort of management we could certainly keep alive on \$800 a year. She—Yes, dear, but I would sooner be comfortably dead. "Got a stiff neck George?" "Yes, 'Cold?' "No; a pretty girl sat a few seats behind me in the theater last night, and I had to turn round so often, you know."

SCHOLAR—Teacher, is it proper to talk about the face of the globe? Teacher—Yes, Willie. Scholar—Say, teacher, where is the back of the globe's head? "It is not easy to be a widow," said Mrs. Faun Pas, when the forlorn state was under discussion at a new convention. "One must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign its ignorance."

HOPEFUL AS IT FLIES.

It is the scissors-grinder who likes to see things dull.

The man who "catches it from all sides" ought to make a good ball player.

M. Effwell's daughter is to be married. Of course she will go on a wedding tour. "Voice from the cage: 'The saloon,' he solemnly drawled, 'is the house that Jagg built.'"

EVERY one in a while the banana peel looms up as a sad reminder of the roller-skating craze. "When a woman loves a man she goes the whole hog, even to the war on his nose. It isn't this way with man."

MAMMA—Don't let me speak to you again, Tommy. Tommy—You bet I wouldn't if I knew how to stop you. "What is sweeter than to have a friend who can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.



SPEAKING of the hoped for rise in the American merchant marine, it is in order to remark that a little smack often develops into a courtship. LEVEL means flat, yet the man who would feel flattered to be called level-headed would object strongly to being called flat-headed. "Oid, isn't it?"

URGENT Suitor. With any sort of management we could certainly keep alive on \$800 a year. She—Yes, dear, but I would sooner be comfortably dead. "Got a stiff neck George?" "Yes, 'Cold?' "No; a pretty girl sat a few seats behind me in the theater last night, and I had to turn round so often, you know."

SCHOLAR—Teacher, is it proper to talk about the face of the globe? Teacher—Yes, Willie. Scholar—Say, teacher, where is the back of the globe's head? "It is not easy to be a widow," said Mrs. Faun Pas, when the forlorn state was under discussion at a new convention. "One must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign its ignorance."

HOPEFUL AS IT FLIES.

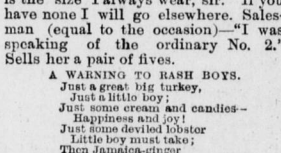
It is the scissors-grinder who likes to see things dull.

The man who "catches it from all sides" ought to make a good ball player.

M. Effwell's daughter is to be married. Of course she will go on a wedding tour. "Voice from the cage: 'The saloon,' he solemnly drawled, 'is the house that Jagg built.'"

EVERY one in a while the banana peel looms up as a sad reminder of the roller-skating craze. "When a woman loves a man she goes the whole hog, even to the war on his nose. It isn't this way with man."

MAMMA—Don't let me speak to you again, Tommy. Tommy—You bet I wouldn't if I knew how to stop you. "What is sweeter than to have a friend who can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.



SPEAKING of the hoped for rise in the American merchant marine, it is in order to remark that a little smack often develops into a courtship. LEVEL means flat, yet the man who would feel flattered to be called level-headed would object strongly to being called flat-headed. "Oid, isn't it?"

URGENT Suitor. With any sort of management we could certainly keep alive on \$800 a year. She—Yes, dear, but I would sooner be comfortably dead. "Got a stiff neck George?" "Yes, 'Cold?' "No; a pretty girl sat a few seats behind me in the theater last night, and I had to turn round so often, you know."

SCHOLAR—Teacher, is it proper to talk about the face of the globe? Teacher—Yes, Willie. Scholar—Say, teacher, where is the back of the globe's head? "It is not easy to be a widow," said Mrs. Faun Pas, when the forlorn state was under discussion at a new convention. "One must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign its ignorance."