

## WAS HE A MURDERER

I have always been a zealous student of physiognomy and have an irresistible habit of studying faces that I encounter in public. On one occasion at least this faculty has led me into a serious predicament.

The incident occurred on one of the railways between London and west of England.

As soon as I had conveniently disposed of my belongings in a compartment and wrapped myself in my rug, I proceeded leisurely to take a survey of my fellow travelers—a young man and a girl apparently traveling together.

The style of the young man did not please me. He looked "horsy." His attire was a great deal too "loud" for my taste, and on his little finger he wore a diamond ring—most probably a sham diamond, I decided. He was not ugly, but obviously big and strong looking, and I saw at once that he was in a very bad temper.

The girl, on the contrary, pleased me extremely; she was exceedingly pretty, and she was daintily dressed and exquisitely refined looking. I was struck by the fact that she seemed to share my objection to her companion, for she avoided his attempts to catch her eye, keeping her face carefully averted from him, and when he spoke to her she answered in monosyllables, without looking around. I noticed also that her pretty, childish face bore signs of recent weeping and that now and then her blue eyes filled with tears. I even fancied that she cast plaintive glances in my direction, as though unconsciously seeking for help and succor.

With my usual quick sympathy I soon felt deeply interested in the lovely, innocent looking young creature, who was apparently in the power of the morose scoundrel beside her, and I began to consider what means I should adopt to make her understand that I comprehended her sorrow and desired to help her. No better idea suggested itself than to offer her my copy of Punch, which I did with a deferential bow and a look which I flattered myself would reveal my sentiments toward her. I have always been told that I have a most expressive countenance.

She declined the paper, but her eyes met mine with an eloquent look, and I felt that I had established an understanding between us.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to me. I could not talk to the girl right under the eyes of the scowling villain beside her, but if I feigned sleep he might be thrown off his guard and disclose the situation to me. I forthwith gave several portentous yawns; then leaning back in my corner I spread a handkerchief over my face so as to conceal my features, but not to prevent me from seeing my companions, and after a little while commenced to snore.

By and by the snore seemed successful. The young man, after several unavailing attempts to gain the girl's attention, took hold of the tiny gloved hand which had been lying listlessly in her lap, and as she still continued to look the other way suddenly bent his head and kissed it.

"How dare you!" she cried, hastily drawing away her hand, while she turned and faced him. "How dare you touch me, even when you know—you know"—A flood of tears made the rest of the sentence inaudible.

The man looked at the girl with a half remorseful, half impatient expression. "Come, Evelyn," he said after a pause, "crying won't do any good. Forgive and forget," and he attempted to put his arm around her waist.

"Forgiving won't bring back to life," she cried passionately, shaking herself free, "and as to forgetting, I never, never shall. How could you have the heart? He never harmed you!"

"No," replied the young man, with an unpleasant smile, "and he won't have the opportunity now."

"You never cared for him," sobbed the girl; "you never had a kind word for him!"

"But I tell you it was in self defense—" "And I tell you that I don't believe it," exclaimed the girl. "He never would have harmed us, and you—you never gave him even a chance for his life." And she hid her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

By this time I was becoming almost apologetic from horror. There was but one interpretation to be put upon the conversation. The man before me—how true had been my first impressions of him—had caused the death of a fellow creature, and the pretty fair haired girl, by her very loathing and repugnance, was perhaps recklessly risking a similar fate. My blood curdled at the thought, but by a strong effort I repressed my feelings and continued to strain my ears to the utmost, and to snore as naturally as was possible with every nerve quivering from terror.

"Evelyn," said the man, evidently trying to be conciliatory, and as he spoke, forcibly drawing the girl's hands from her face—"Evelyn, surely you and I need not quarrel about the affair? I assure you I acted for the best. He would undoubtedly have proved dangerous to us both."

"Oh," cried Evelyn, looking at him with flushed, tearstained face and flashing eyes, "then, if you fancied that I was going to prove dangerous to you, should I, too, fall a victim to poison?"

As the terrible words passed her lips the engine gave a shrill whistle and the train rushed into a tunnel, the noise rendering a reply impossible. I would have given a good deal for a glimpse of the man's face at that moment, but there were no lights in the carriages.

When, after a few seconds, which seemed to me so many hours, we emerged into the sunlight again, I perceived with a sigh of relief that the man had seemingly subsided into his former state of morose sullenness. He leaned back in his seat with his arms folded and stared absently out of the window, taking no further notice of his companion, who gradually ceased crying and began to cast furtive glances at

him, as if apprehensive that she had gone too far.

Twenty minutes later we ran into a station and the train stopped. Muttering that he wanted a paper, the young man sprang out of the carriage and walked quickly toward the bookstall. My opportunity had come. Throwing aside my handkerchief I arose and leaned toward the girl, who started violently and then shrank timidly back.

"Don't be alarmed, my poor child," I said quickly, laying my hand reassuringly upon her shoulder; "you have a friend close at hand. I will not leave you till I have seen you to a place of safety. I know all; I have heard all," I added in explanation, for her expression was one of mingled terror and bewilderment. "You may rely upon me implicitly."

At this instant I saw our enemy approaching and moved hastily back to my seat, trying to look as though I had merely been awakened from my slumbers by the stoppage. As the train started again I subsided with sundry yawns into my former attitude.

I noticed that the girl gazed at me with a startled, perplexed expression, and I feared that the poor child's imprudence would attract the attention of her companion. I longed to make her a sign to be more cautious, but thought it better not to do so, and was considerably relieved when the young man unfolded his newspaper and became apparently absorbed in its contents.

Presently, to my amazement and horror, I saw the girl suddenly lay her hand upon the man's arm, put her lips close to his ear and proceed, as I felt certain, to inform him of my discovery and offer of assistance. The man, after listening to her with a look of blank incredulity, turned and glanced at me with the most vindictive malignity in his eyes. I could not hear the words with which he apparently reassured the girl; but one painfully significant sentence reached me—"I'll soon make short work of him!"

Here was a pleasing situation! I knew that the train would not stop for nearly an hour, and in the meantime I was shut in with and practically helpless in the hands of a cold blooded murderer, who, knowing me to be in possession of his secret, was scarcely likely to let me escape. The girl, in spite of her tears and protestations, was evidently completely under his influence and could not be relied on to aid me with even her feeble strength.

For a moment I contemplated a desperate leap from the carriage, but the prospect of almost certain death was too appalling. Then I thought of the communicator, but the railway authorities, with a fine perception of the fitness of the desperate outside and above the window of the carriage.

Suddenly an idea flashed through my mind. In a few minutes we should enter another short tunnel, and it was just possible that under cover of the noise and darkness I might succeed in grasping the cord communicating with the engine driver or the guard.

Putting my arm stealthily out of the window I pulled the cord with desperate force, sinking back into my seat just as we emerged from the tunnel, and then, with a thrill of intense relief, I felt the train begin to slacken speed and gradually come to a standstill. The next moment the guard made his appearance, looking wildly round the compartment for signs of bloodshed or violence.

"Mr. Murray!" he exclaimed, touching his cap deferentially to my enemy. "Was it you who stopped the train, sir?"

"No," I gasped, half choking with fear and anger, "it is I! That man is a murderer, who has escaped justice, and he has threatened me with violence! My life is not safe, nor is that young lady's. I added, pointing to the girl, who was gazing at me with well feigned astonishment.

"Lor' bless you, sir," cried the guard, with a broad grin, "there must be some mistake! That's Mr. Murray and his good lady. Mr. Murray is one of our directors."

"What has that to do with it?" I almost shrieked. "What if he were fifty directors? I tell you the man is a murderer and has threatened my life! Fetch a policeman!"

"Benson," cried the young man before the guard could answer, "put that old lunatic into another carriage. He has already been annoying my wife with his idiotic impertinence. He's evidently either intoxicated or as mad as a hatter!"

"Certainly, sir," responded the guard obsequiously. "Come, sir,—to me, in a coaxing tone which nearly maddened me—"come into the next carriage. I can't keep the train waiting any longer, you know, and you can explain it all to the inspector when we stop. Yes—quite so, sir. We know all about it; we quite understand how it happened." And before I had realized the situation I found myself half dragged, half lifted into an empty compartment, and at the mocking suggestion of my enemy the door locked upon me.

Did I get any justice or satisfaction? Not in the least. The circumstances were "investigated," with the result that my wife would be assailed got off scot free, while I was fined five pounds for stopping the train without reasonable cause. He and his wife had the audacity to declare that the conversation I had overheard referred to a little spaniel belonging to the lady, which, having been bitten by a mad dog, had been poisoned by her husband against her wishes. In vain I pointed out the improbability of the story, and explained that my suspicions were based on the unerring evidence of physiognomy. The wretched took refuge in the unphilosophical conclusion that I must be "a little cracked," a statement which my enemies did not fail to supplement with the suggestion that I must have been more than a little "screwed." Such are the gross misconceptions into which a coarse nature and uncultivated intelligence can betray the unscientific. Posterity, as Napoleon Bonaparte remarked, will do me justice.—New York Recorder.

## THE WOES OF WOMEN MANAGERS.

They Are Overrun and Beset with Applications for Places.

Mrs. Ives, the secretary of the woman's board of managers, has recently had an interview with several of the woman managers on duty at Chicago, and relates the following tale of their woes. Said she: "The ladies in the rooms of the woman's board in Chicago would find great relief and many good women would be spared disappointment could the fact be made clear to the public that there are absolutely no vacancies for appointment in that division of the exposition. Much valuable time is at present unavoidably wasted in reading and replying to applications for positions which do not exist. Each communication is attentively received, replied to and filed, and the amount of unnecessary labor thereby imposed is past comprehension to those who have not observed it.

"A large number of the applicants desire appointments as guides, which are to be supplied visitors to the exposition by the lady managers, and almost without exception the writers inquire concerning the salary which will be paid. The woman's board has repeatedly replied that no regular salary will attach to the place, explaining that the guides must look to those who engage their services for remuneration. This has been announced far and wide, but the applications and inquiries continue to arrive.

"One source of much inconvenience has been an erroneous statement made by some ignorant or mischievous person to the effect that the lady managers had offered a large prize for an ode. This has been traveling the rounds of the national press, and the consequence is a deluge of poetry which continues unabated. It is certainly harmless enough per se, but the situation becomes serious when each poem is to be examined, acknowledged—and necessarily declined—regardless of its merits. Communications of the kind mentioned are annoying because they ask what is impossible.

"But those of another description are ineffably pathetic, portraying with unconscious vividness the necessities of women breadwinners. For example, while possibly only two, and at most not more than four, matrons can be employed for the woman's dormitory the applications for these positions already number a hundred, many of them being accompanied by a powerful indorsement."—Albany Letter.

## Englishmen and Their Wives.

Irishmen are more sympathetic, more true to their wives, and in my opinion we should bear less of unloved and unlovely marriages, less of the divorce courts, if Englishmen showed more sympathy and interest in their wives. Women need more—and I speak from a woman's standpoint of view—than the conventional husband, who judges his wife from the care she bestows upon his household and his children. We need some one we can lean upon, and if a wife wishes to welcome her husband with a bright, smiling face, knowing she has nothing to hide, nothing to fear and nothing to conceal, she can only do so in the "perfect love" which "casteth out fear."

Irish women are far more virtuous than their English sisters as a rule, and I believe it is in the main because there is more oneness between them and their husbands. Those little attentions, those little words of love are not lacking in an Irishman which are so dear to every woman's heart, and more particularly so when she is tired and harassed with household cares; and these words, so often withheld, would soften a wife's monotonous duties and help to make English homes ideal homes.—Florence Nightingale in London Telegraph.

## National Suffragists' Candidates.

In the parlors of the Willard hotel Wednesday, under the call of April 26, a national convention of woman suffragists was held, under the direction of delegates from Victoria leagues of the different states. Mrs. Anna M. Parker, of St. Louis, was called to the chair, and Elizabeth Powers, of Providence, acted as secretary. Twenty-eight states were represented by fifty delegates.

On motion of Mrs. Windish, of New York City, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull-Martin, of New York, was nominated for president of the United States, and Mrs. Mary L. Stowe, of California, was nominated for vice president. The platform reads as follows:

Whereas, Under the fourteenth amendment no citizen is deprived of the franchise through law, but by custom and habit; therefore, be it Resolved, That we, the representative women of America, ask the officers in charge of the election precincts throughout the States in the coming campaign to give us the opportunity to cast our ballots on the first Tuesday in November, 1897, for our candidates. Resolved, That by the united efforts of the women voters of this nation we will drive anarchy, crime, insanity, and drunkenness from our midst by our humanitarian efforts, backed by the ballot.

—Washington Letter.

## Effect of Physical Training.

At the majority of women's colleges systematic physical training is obligatory. Each student is measured, a chart drawn defining physical deviations from accepted normal development and exercises are prescribed to counteract existing defects. From time to time measurements are made and a record kept showing the progress achieved. Records of 100 cases at the Baltimore college this year reveal a chest development of from one to five inches. The effect of this scientific hygienic training, the presidents of these colleges assert, is strikingly apparent in the condition of the girls at the completion of the four years in comparison with their physique on entering college.—Exchange.

## Women at Tuft's College.

From six to eight young women will avail themselves of the privilege granted to them by Tuft's college this year. Four rooms are to be given to them for study rooms and a reading parlor. They will be admitted with all the rights of men, have the same instructors and sit with the men in the classrooms.

## Mme. Roosevelt's Personality.

Mme. Blanche Roosevelt has an interesting personality, as this little sketch of her career shows:

Her first volume was a sketch of herself as a singer. To this succeeded a volume concerning Longfellow, whose "Masque of Pandora" she brought out in Boston as an opera with music by Alfred Cellier. The failure of the opera gave interesting glimpses of the amiability of the poet's character, which the singer and writer disclosed in her book. Her next volume was a sumptuous life of Gustave Dore, for which the artist's family furnished materials, supplementing the writer's acquaintance with Dore. Mme. Roosevelt occupies a unique position in the artistic world of Paris. Her failure as a singer she frankly avowed, and with smiling courage she took up her pen.

Her beauty of face, remarkable in its regular, sculptured delicacy, united to a lively imagination and unusual fluency of speech in Italian and French, as well as in English, has made her a welcome guest in many circles. She was petted by Victor Hugo, on terms of sarcasm and repartee with Arsene Houssaye, rapturously adoring and adored of Verdi—of whose "Requiem," when it was brought out at Milan, she wrote descriptively of its influence. "I walked home afterward in a state of comatose." There have long been rumors of a drama to be written in collaboration with Sardou. The manifest result, however, is the volume just brought out, "Victorian Sardou: A Personal Study." She is the first American authoress to be decorated by the French academy, of which she is an officer, and quoting from the gallant M. Houssaye, "She is lovely with every loveliness; her profile one that might have been designed by Apelles or Xenxis."

## The Pretty Girls Preferred.

The Boston Transcript publishes the complaint of a plain typewriter who was dismissed in favor of a pretty girl. "This girl," she says, "was not taken on because she could write faster than I could. No, the whole truth of it was the office is an outer office, with people coming in often, and she made a pleasant piece of furniture to have in the room. She could look up and smile sweetly when anybody asked her to turn off a couple of dozen lines for them. Now I was just as willing to turn off an extra letter, but I couldn't look up and smile. People with straight sandy hair and spectacles, and a broad mouth and crooked teeth are not thanked for too much smiling in this world.

"Then there was another woman, a friend of mine. She weighed nearly 180, and when the weather was warm she used to look pretty red. She kept accounts, and her mind just flew over the figures, and her columns always balanced. But that didn't make any difference. Along in July, when the weather was the hottest, she had to go. Now there's no doubt in my mind that the only reason was because she didn't look cool. The girl they got was just out of a Latin school, and the other girls had to help her add two and two, but she could wear sprigged linen frocks and she was slender."

## A Boy and His Mother.

I was passing a house the other day on one of our residence streets when the door suddenly opened and a boy rushed out—hatted and doubled up with laughter—followed by a matronly looking woman wielding a broomstick. She was also laughing, but on seeing a stranger passing she retreated into the house.

What struck me in this little domestic episode was the genial good nature on the faces of mother and son—for such they evidently were—and the casual glimpse I caught of the interior showed me that it was a home rather than a house. I imagined that the boy had been playing some pranks and that his mother had good humoredly retaliated, but it was the expression in their faces that told the story, and I thought a boy cannot go far wrong who has his mother for a chum.—Detroit Free Press.

## Before Your Eyes.

A recent biographer of Carlyle states that when he was writing his history of the French revolution it was his habit to paste on a screen in his workroom engraved portraits or woodcuts, if no better could be had, of the people about whom he was writing. The image of the man was thus steadily in his view. Carlyle held that an author must have a clear image of his subject in his mind; otherwise he could not make it clear to the reader.

Here is a significant hint to school-boys and girls who are expected to express their ideas in compositions or essays.—Youth's Companion.

## Before Dash Lies Down.

Two little three-year-old twins had as a plaything a pointer dog whose habit it was, as is customary with many dogs, to turn around several times before lying down. The twins watched this performance with interest and then running into the house said, "Mamma, Dash says, 'Ring around a posie' and then he lays down."—Exchange.

## Just Look Here.

When I went to the country,  
On that very day  
I put all my school books  
So careful away.  
I piled them all neatly,  
My very own self,  
In the closet up stairs,  
On the very top shelf.

The Thames river at the place where the girls crossed it is by no means as wide as the Hellespont; still its current is strong and deep, and the two fair swimmers have no doubt they could equal Byron's famous performance. They were not at all wearied by their feat.—New London (Conn.) Letter.

## Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

Of course all princesses are beautiful, as all princes are brave and handsome, by courtesy, but Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the betrothed of Prince Ferdinand, is really a beautiful and clever girl, quite capable of holding her own even in the troublesome little kingdom of Roumania, and already very much admired and beloved by the queen of Roumania, who so warmly espoused the cause of the English princess' deposed rival.

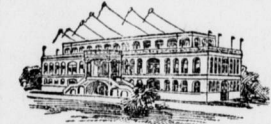
## Brides' Presents.

How the pickle forks, sirup jugs and butter knives used to be showered on brides! Now the newly wedded woman gathers in tea bells and souvenir spoons.—Food.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Children's World's Fair Palace.

The enjoyment of the Columbian exposition is not to be confined to persons of mature years. Juvenile tastes are also to be considered, and the rising generation will not be forgotten in providing amusement and entertainment.



A special proposition is one to erect a recent building for children. This building would be furnished with playrooms and other features, enabling the young to enjoy themselves.

Herewith is given an illustration of one of the plans submitted for the children's palace.

## A Thoughtful Boy.

Kenniboy is sometimes very thoughtful of other people's comfort, although sometimes he is not. He has one very bad habit, his papa says, which is waking up at half past 5 o'clock or earlier every morning, and insisting upon making remarks. His papa is usually the one to whom these remarks are made, and of course listening to what Kenniboy has to say makes it necessary for him to wake up and brush the cobwebs off his wits. Once or twice Kenniboy has been scolded for interfering in this way with other people's sleep. He has been told that he may talk all he pleases, but that it must always be in a whisper, so that his papa and mamma shall not be disturbed.

Having this lesson in mind, one morning, about two weeks ago, Kenniboy, having waked at the usual early hour, was rather curious to know just how early it was. Leaning over his papa's ear, he whispered softly into it, "Papa, what time is it?"

So soft was the whisper that papa never seemed to hear it, but slept peacefully on, and so Kenniboy tried it again. "Papa, look at your watch and tell me what time it is, please," he whispered.

This time papa was awakened. "Oh, dear, Kenniboy," he said, rubbing his eyes sleepily, "I'll never grow beautiful if you wake me up out of my beauty sleep this way every morning."

"I didn't mean to wake you up," said the boy. "But you were talking in my ear," returned papa. "How could you expect to do that without waking me?"

"I wasn't talkin. I was only whisperin," said Kenniboy. "I wanted you to tell me what time it is, and I whispered so's you could tell me without wakin' up!"—Harper's Young People.

## Before Your Eyes.

A recent biographer of Carlyle states that when he was writing his history of the French revolution it was his habit to paste on a screen in his workroom engraved portraits or woodcuts, if no better could be had, of the people about whom he was writing. The image of the man was thus steadily in his view. Carlyle held that an author must have a clear image of his subject in his mind; otherwise he could not make it clear to the reader.

Here is a significant hint to school-boys and girls who are expected to express their ideas in compositions or essays.—Youth's Companion.

## Before Dash Lies Down.

Two little three-year-old twins had as a plaything a pointer dog whose habit it was, as is customary with many dogs, to turn around several times before lying down. The twins watched this performance with interest and then running into the house said, "Mamma, Dash says, 'Ring around a posie' and then he lays down."—Exchange.

## Just Look Here.

When I went to the country,  
On that very day  
I put all my school books  
So careful away.  
I piled them all neatly,  
My very own self,  
In the closet up stairs,  
On the very top shelf.

The Thames river at the place where the girls crossed it is by no means as wide as the Hellespont; still its current is strong and deep, and the two fair swimmers have no doubt they could equal Byron's famous performance. They were not at all wearied by their feat.—New London (Conn.) Letter.

## Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

Of course all princesses are beautiful, as all princes are brave and handsome, by courtesy, but Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the betrothed of Prince Ferdinand, is really a beautiful and clever girl, quite capable of holding her own even in the troublesome little kingdom of Roumania, and already very much admired and beloved by the queen of Roumania, who so warmly espoused the cause of the English princess' deposed rival.

## Brides' Presents.

How the pickle forks, sirup jugs and butter knives used to be showered on brides! Now the newly wedded woman gathers in tea bells and souvenir spoons.—Food.



for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 128th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## NINETEEN - YEARS - EXPERIENCE In Leather.

Our stock is bound to go. There is nothing like slim figures to put it in motion. We have laid in a very large stock of reasonable goods. WE BOUGHT CHEAP—WE SELL CHEAP. A lot of goods turned quick at close margin is good enough for us. Now is the time to buy

## A No. 1 Goods—None Better on Earth At Very Close to Manufacturing Prices.

We do business to live. We live to do business, and the way to do it is to offer the very best grade of goods at prices that will make them jump. An extra large line of ladies' and gents' underwear just arrived. Call and see us. Thanking you for past favors, we remain, yours truly,

Geo. Chestnut, 93 Centre Street, Freeland.

## YOU WILL FIND US AT THE TOP IN THE CLOTHING LINE.

With more fresh styles, low priced attractions and serviceable goods than ever. The big chance and the best chance to buy your fall clothing is now offered. Our enormous stock of reasonable styles is open and now ready. Such qualities and such prices have never before been offered in Freeland. A thoroughly first-class stock, combining quality and elegance with prices strictly fair. Come in at once and see the latest styles and most serviceable goods of the season in

## MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

The newest ideas, the best goods made, the greatest variety and the fairest figures. Everybody is delighted with our display of goods and you will be. Special bargains in overcoats. Remember, we stand at the top in style, quality and variety.

## JOHN SMITH, BIRKBECK BRICK, FREELAND.

## H. M. BRISLIN, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.



## Fisher Bros. Livery Stable.

GO TO Fisher Bros. Livery Stable. FOR FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS. At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and Funerals. Front Street, two squares below Freeland Opera House.

## Wise's Harness Store.

Is still here and doing business on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.



## HORSE : GOODS.

Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Harness, and in fact everything needed by Horsemen. Good workmanship and low prices is my motto.

GEO. WISE, Jeddo, and No. 35 Centre St.

Advertise in the Tribune.

