

THE OTHER SIDE.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

"One who drew
Aside life's curtain and looked through."
—Gwynn Miller.

"But my dear fellow, I am as confident of what I assert as I am that my name is what it is," and James Benyon darted a keen questioning look at his friend.

"Really, Jimmy, you have got hold of a most unaccountable fad now. Whatever suggested such an idea I cannot make out. You are usually so full of prosaic common-sense. I wonder what Gwynn would say if she could listen to your scientific diatribe."

"Now, Tom, all joking aside, just listen to me for a few moments, and I will try and convince you of the truth of what I have said. It is my firm conviction that the power of electro-magnetism in such a case as I have stated is absolutely almighty, and that, properly applied, and due precautions being taken, it is possible to hold converse with those who have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' as you put it, and, mark you, not only hold converse, but, providing the vital tissues are not impaired by disease or old age—bring them back from the gates of death, and place them once more among the living, breathing multitude."

"I should be rather chary of attempting the experiment, old man, unless I was sure of my subject," said Tom Wrayton, rather nervously.

"Why, Tom, what possible danger could there be? There might be a certain distaste, in the case of a relative or dear friend, that would be minimized, take our own friendship for instance; what objection could you have to holding a chat with me after I had left you?"

"None that I can see."

"Oh, darling, you cannot mean it?" "I do, Tom."

From the adjoining room came the sounds of a vase, the melody softened and mellowed by distance. Gwendolen Howard remembers that air for ever after. She turned now, and regarded her companion with tearful eyes. His face was sunk in his hands, and his breath came heavily.

"Why don't you speak?" she cried at last, impatiently, "if even but to chide me."

Tom Wrayton raised his face, and looked at her steadily with his sad troubled eyes.

"Gwen, if you can tell me you will be happier as you are, I will utter no other word; but not if—"

"Of course I shall be happy," she answered quickly, "or, at least as happy as I could be without James. Oh, Tom, I do wish you could see what I mean. I feel somehow that it cannot be right to do as you wish me. I ought never to have promised such a thing. Oh, forgive me, for—give me—and forget—"

"It is easy to talk of forgetting," he replied suddenly, almost fiercely. "Oh, dear, I can never forget you. You have my whole heart, and oh, I thought you did love me. Did you not all but promise to be my wife? You were surely not playing with me?"

"No, no, no, I did mean it, oh, I did, but then I began to think of my poor—poor—James, in his cold grave—and oh, Tom, have pity, have pity."

"Gwen," he whispered, in a voice choked and hoarse with emotion, "my darling, must it be so, must I leave you, be nothing to you, I who love you so?"

Again the slow dreamy valse melody floated towards them; whilst a mutual friend approaching Gwendolen mentioned that their dance came next on the programme.

She rose and put her hand on the newcomer's arm, and as they turned to leave the conservatory, with an imploring look Tom Wrayton said: "Good-bye, Miss Howard. I may not see you again, so allow me to wish you every possible happiness."

Then he left the conservatory by another door—the room written plainly on his handsome, kindly face, and a softer, more tender light shined from his eyes—without so much as a backward glance; and Gwen entered the ball-room, with difficulty restraining the tears that were perilously near the surface.

The earth seems overhung with a pall of sable, and the rain is pouring with merciless fury from the inkly skies. But tempestuous as is the night Tom Wrayton, with a traveling valise in his hand, feels it not. He walks, unheeding the downpour, as though nothing could stay his purpose. On and on, far from the busy haunts of everyday life, far into the quiet country. Until at length he reaches a quiet "God's Acre" shrouded by giant trees, whose far-reaching arms seem to protect the quiet sleepers like those of some fond all-mother.

As he walks through this quiet "city of the dead" varied thoughts flit through his mind. He thinks of the past, the happy past, which for him has left nothing but sadness; then thoughts come of that recent night of terror when his best loved friend was taken from beneath his home a silent corpse; then a tender look takes the place of the sadness as a girl's face smiles into his own, and this seems to revive him, for with quickened steps he threads his way carefully between tall monuments and lowly graves, until he stands at last before a massive mausoleum in a retired corner of the "sleeping city."

Taking a dark lantern from his pocket, with a small key he opens the heavy door of the vault and enters the chamber of death.

How still and awesome! Placing the lantern in a position to throw its beams round the vault he stands for a moment and looks around him. On one side rest the oaken receptacles which hold the moldering remains of the long departed, whilst standing in the center of the tiny room, upon a stone foundation—is that for which he is looking. He goes straight up to the beautiful casket, and reads the inscription:

"JAMES BENYON—AGED 28,
"Till He Come."

With a face from which every vestige of color has vanished, he unscrews the massive lid, and then turns away, his face working pitifully, and his hands clasping each other in a frenzied manner.

Calmly resting, apparently in quiet repose, lies the friend who so recently fell on sleep. The handsome face is composed, and wears a smile, the heavy silken mustache covers the smiling lips, and the white, blue-veined lids fall naturally over the well-known kindly eyes.

Tom Wrayton looks at him reverently. Then he takes from his traveling case a battery and appliances, with several tiny bottles, and placing them in an evidently prearranged manner, proceeds by the aid of the minute directions given on that memorable night—which seems so long ago—to adjust the apparatus with reverent fingers upon the cold clay before him.

Though more than life is at stake, he is coolly professional, knowing that weakness now would spoil all.

But the calm face often hides deep emotion, and the suffering of those few minutes was to Tom Wrayton an eternity of anguish.

After all his arrangements are complete, a strange eerie feeling creeps over him, and he hesitates to add that single touch, which, though once so skeptical about, he now feels assured will send the revivifying electric current rushing and pulsing through the form of his friend.

At length pulling himself up with a start, he places his finger on the knob of his battery and so completes the circuit. Counting the seconds he gazes on the quiet face before him. Then he waits a few seconds, and once more applies the wonderful power.

Quietly, dimly, as the first pale streaks of dawn flash athwart the eastern sky, a change comes over the sleeping countenance before him. It is as if some master hand had breathed into the sculptured stone and made it live.

The white shroud of death gives place slowly to the tinge of crimsoning life. All this time Tom Wrayton stands with set face, gazing upon his friend.

Does one thought of what might be, but for this, intrude itself upon him? Does one single wish to leave his work incomplete occur to him?

No, no, from that manly, honest heart rises nothing but thankful praise to the Omnipotent for so much success.

But see! Slowly, very slowly, the lips of erstwhile dead unclose, and a weak sigh issues therefrom.

No time must be lost now, and without a moment's delay Tom Wrayton administers a cordial from one of the bottles with which he has provided himself.

Then the blue-veined eyelids twitch and flutter, there is a short, gasping, fight for breath, and for the first time a traveler has returned from "beyond the gates of death." Electricity has achieved one more triumph—science is once more victorious, and James Benyon lives again.

"Tom!" There is triumph and thankfulness as well in the voice that speaks, after so long a silence.

Tears stand in Tom Wrayton's eyes, as he replies: "Jimmy, we have conquered."

"Thank God!" replies the other, leaning on his friend, "for this sweet hour! Tom, I wish I could tell you all the solemn mystery—but I cannot. I do not regret it, it was worth the loss."

Then silence fell upon the friends, and nothing but the wild tumult of the storm outside disturbed the quiet of the tomb. Then Tom spoke: "James, the world will not believe this."

FAMILY SCRAP BASKET.

The best dusters are those made of yard-wide cheese cloth cut square and neatly hemmed.

Alcoves and recesses for beds are admirable. They cannot be properly ventilated to keep the mattresses and bedding sweet.

A new way to serve grape fruit is to remove all the edible part from the skin, placing it in deep dessert plates with a liberal allowance of pulverized sugar.

EXCEPT by definite instruction from a skillful physician, a sick person should never be awakened to take medicine, for under nearly every circumstance sleep is the first and best of nourishers and restoratives. It is nature's own medicine.

HERE is a nice strawberry sauce that can be used with any pudding: "Beat to a cream one-half cup of sweet butter and two cups of powdered sugar; add a heaped half pint of strawberries. Mash the fruit thoroughly and beat it into the sauce."

Brooms are bent out of shape by being allowed to rest on the floor instead of being hung up. Dipping them once or twice a week in a kettle of boiling suds is the careful housekeeper's method of making them last twice as long as they otherwise would.

This is said to be an effectual vermin exterminator: Dissolve two pounds of alum in three or four quarts of boiling water and apply, while hot, to every joint or crevice where ants and cockroaches congregate. It is useful to pantry shelves and bedsteads, for kitchen floors and base boards. Use a brush in applying it.

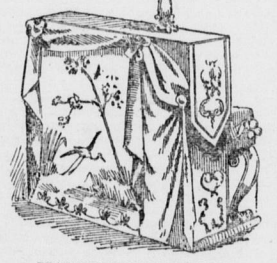
SHADES for the windows of a house should not be selected until the color of the interior decorations and the surroundings have been fully considered. Glaring colors like bright blues and greens are apt to be as disagreeable inside as on the outside. Plain white awnings are found to look better after the second year than faded striped ones.

PAINT, however old and dry it may be, can be removed from carpets or draperies by a liberal use of chloroform. Saturate the spot, keep it closely covered for half an hour, then brush out. The liquid destroys the oil in the paint, leaving only a powder that usually comes out with no stain, unless of very delicate fabrics. In obstinate cases, the application may need to be repeated several times.

DRAPERY FOR PIANO.

It hides the Ugly Wooden Back of the Instrument Completely.

The drapery on the cottage piano is quite a new invention, giving an unusual perspective to the otherwise very prosaic looking wooden back. To begin with, a panel of light-colored Japanese gauze or painted satin is nailed straight on the wood; it is then framed by a darker drapery arranged with a door curtain, should a thing material be chosen for the drapery, it is desirable to arrange it previously on a loose frame, and nail the same on the piano. The ends are covered plain with pieces of colored cloth, handsomely embroidered. Here again, on account of opening the piano, it is better to have the upper and lower parts made separately; the top one can be made to hang down a little and finished off with a point and fringe, like the model given in the accompanying illustration.



DRAPERY FOR UPRIGHT PIANO.

prosaic looking wooden back. To begin with, a panel of light-colored Japanese gauze or painted satin is nailed straight on the wood; it is then framed by a darker drapery arranged with a door curtain, should a thing material be chosen for the drapery, it is desirable to arrange it previously on a loose frame, and nail the same on the piano. The ends are covered plain with pieces of colored cloth, handsomely embroidered. Here again, on account of opening the piano, it is better to have the upper and lower parts made separately; the top one can be made to hang down a little and finished off with a point and fringe, like the model given in the accompanying illustration.

He—I have been suspecting that for some time.—N. Y. Weekly.

It Was Too Kind to Her. She—They say this photograph doesn't do me justice.

Her Younger Brother—Well, I wouldn't feel hurt if they do say so. Justice should always be tempered with mercy, anyway?—Chicago Record.

Plenty of Sleeve. Husband—My dear, don't you think that dress a—er—trifle immodest? Wife—Immodest! Goodness me! Just look at the sleeves.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Belief. Miss Sears—I have come to believe that marriage is a failure.

Ethel Knox—Aren't you thankful to have escaped such a fate.—N. Y. World.

It All Depends. Unmarried Lady—It must be a great thing when husband and wife are of one mind.

Married Lady—That depends on whose mind it is.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Blessing in Disguise. Clara—Carrie is very short sighted, poor girl.

May—Yes, but her ailment has compensations. She can't see herself in a mirror.—Town Topics.

Not Quite Barbarians. Bostwick—And is it true that you Chicagoans eat with your knives?

Hogaboom—Why of course we do! D'ye think we eat with our fingers like savages?—Truth.

A Satisfactory Answer. Mike—How far is it to Hoboken, sor? Bill—Who do you want to see in Hoboken?

Mike—Meself before noight, sor.—Judge.

Perplexity. He stood on the steps at midnight. With wibbly wabblery knee. And wondered and wondered and wondered Where the blamed keyhole could be.—Duffalo Courier.

A Sufficient Reason.

The admission of a stranger, who had moved into the vicinity but recently, into full membership in the church bothered Deacon Johnson very much. He disliked the man, and felt quite convinced he was not worthy to become a member, but he could make no definite charge against him. When the church session had the man's application under consideration, the deacon protested against his admission. When pressed to give his reasons, he said: "Wal, pahson, de fac' ob de mattah is I feels dat he's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Dat's a hebbly chadge, Brudder Johnson," said the parson. "W'y do you tink so?"

"I dun'no, but it bears to me he don't bleat jest like de rest ob de flock."—Harper's Magazine.

An Observant Youth.

It was Bobbie's mother's birthday—her thirtieth, some said, though there were others who were disposed to credit her with three or four years more. Bobbie, too, had his ideas on the subject apparently, for at breakfast he said:

"How old are you, mamma?"

"Oh, nineteen or twenty," was the answer.

"Humph!" said Bobbie. "Seems to me you're growin' backwards."—Harper's Magazine.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.



Miss Frank—I believe in woman's rights.

Jack Cleverton—Then you think every woman should have a vote?

Miss Frank—No; but I think every woman should have a voter.—Scribner's Magazine.

A Rapid Transit.

"How long did it take you to cross the ocean?" asked Gus De Smith of a very aristocratic young lady from Europe.

"I was seven days on the water."

"Seven days? Why, when my brother went across it took him eight days."

"Probably your brother went over in the steerage. I was first cabin passenger," she replied, proudly.—Tammany Times.

The Secret Safe.

"And you ask me to marry you!" exclaimed the proud beauty, scornfully. "You Hiram Jinks, I would not for the world have any of my friends know you have subjected me to this humiliation!"

"Then we'll not say anything about it, Miss Rockeey," said Hiram, looking about for his hat. "Great Scott! You can't feel any more sneakin' over it than I do."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting There by Degrees.

Little Boy—Papa, won't you get me a nice round stick to roll hoop with?

Papa—Of course, "And won't you buy me a hoop to roll?"

"Y-e-s."

"That will be lovely. Then you will have to buy me a bicycle so that I can keep up with the hoop."—Good News.

He Shut Him Up.

"Does this razor cause you any unnecessary pain?" asked the barber.

"No," replied the victim; "by holding my breath and clenching my teeth I think I shall be able to endure it without taking any more gas."

Silence reigned thereafter.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Matrimony's Weak Point.

She—If every atom of the human body is renewed every seven years, I cannot be the same woman that you married.

He—I have been suspecting that for some time.—N. Y. Weekly.

It Was Too Kind to Her.

She—They say this photograph doesn't do me justice.

Her Younger Brother—Well, I wouldn't feel hurt if they do say so. Justice should always be tempered with mercy, anyway?—Chicago Record.

Plenty of Sleeve.

Husband—My dear, don't you think that dress a—er—trifle immodest? Wife—Immodest! Goodness me! Just look at the sleeves.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Belief.

Miss Sears—I have come to believe that marriage is a failure.

TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

A Patient Loses Exactly Fifty Pounds in Six Months.

Savill gives an account of his treatment of obesity that presents some features of special interest. A man 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighing 284 pounds was admitted to the Paddington infirmary to be treated for an ulcer. This patient, 68 years of age, was unable to walk, chiefly by reason of his bulk. He was put upon a diet of one pound of cooked fish and one pound of lean, cooked meat a day and a pint of hot water sipped at intervals every two hours. The fish and the meat were distributed in meals, according to the taste of the patient, but no bread, vegetables, milk or any other article of food was allowed. The patient was a person of intelligence and did everything toward the success of his treatment, managing to drink five or six pints of hot water during the day. Weight decreased steadily. On admission, September 21, it was 284 pounds; on October 2 it was 274 pounds; on November 18 it was 256 pounds, and on December 4 it was 246½ pounds. At Christmas there was some latitude given in diet and the result was a prompt addition to his weight of seven pounds, but by January 15 weight was reduced to 230 pounds. After four months' treatment the diet was modified by the addition of two small slices of bread and butter at breakfast and supper and milk and sugar in his tea night and morning.

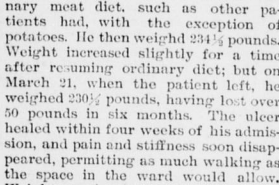
On February 7 he returned to ordinary meat diet, such as other patients had, with the exception of potatoes. He then weighed 234½ pounds. Weight increased slightly for a time after resuming ordinary diet; but on March 21, when the patient left, he weighed 230½ pounds, having lost over 50 pounds in six months. The ulcer healed within four weeks of his admission, and pain and stiffness soon disappeared, permitting as much walking as the space in the ward would allow. Weight remains the same (230½ pounds), the man being now on ordinary diet, but drinking no beer. His health is excellent.—London Lancet.

UNIQUE SAW VISE.

How an Ingenious Carpenter Got Out of a Dilemma.

A good mechanic will generally have his tools in good order, but through accident or the meddling of some careless or ignorant individual, even a good mechanic may find tools out of order and requiring attention before they can be used.

Our artist the other day sketched a carpenter who, evidently having become tired of a dull saw, resorted to the expedient illustrated. Not having a suitable vise at hand, he inserted his



AN EXTEMPORIZED SAW VISE.

saw back downward in a kerf in the timber on which he was working, and proceeded to file his saw as though it were held in the most approved manner.—Scientific American.

The Image on the Retina.

Many years ago the rumor gained circulation in some circles that certain doctors had found pictures in the eyes of deceased men, which proved to be the images of persons and things that they had last looked at before dying; and, further, that these doctors had utilized their knowledge so as to help to discover a murderer by a post mortem examination of the eyes of the murdered person. Nothing seems to have come out of these rumors, except a vague idea in the minds of reading people that the eye of a dead man retains the image of the last thing looked at. The idea has been settled as erroneous one. The retina becomes of pale white color soon after death, and the pellucid fluid in the cornea, which does not exude in the living state, but is constantly absorbed and renewed, oozes out gradually after or a short time before death, and forms that obscure film before the cornea which destroys its transparency.

Proven by Photography. A recent Ohio lawsuit, involving the ownership of one thousand five hundred acres of valuable real estate, was settled by the aid of photography. The turning point of the suit was as to whether an old deed, executed seventy-five years ago, had five signatures or only four. There were spaces for five, but only traces of four were visible. The clerk of the court was ordered to have the deed photographed by an expert. He took it to Washington for that purpose. The negative developed some evidence of the missing signature, but on enlarging it ten times the whole name came forth distinctly.

Man with a Double Heart.

When the Mercer county (N. J.) Medical association was in session a few years ago a colored individual named William King came before them for examination. He claimed to have two hearts, but a careful examination revealed the fact that his heart was double instead of being two separate blood-pumping organs. Besides having two distinct pulsations, which could easily be felt, he had wonderful control over his double life organ, being able to stop its beating for sixty seconds without inconvenience.

Equine Susceptibility to Cold.

Horses succumb to cold quicker than any other animal.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, BOSTON, MASS. ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup, and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. KIRKHOPE, Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers in America. We sell the best quality of harness and carriage at a low price. We have a large stock of harness and carriages on hand. We are located at Elkhart, Ind.

Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed same as sold for \$55. Surreys, \$65 to \$100. Top Buggies, \$37.50. Farm Wagons, \$55. Road Carts, \$45. Delivery Wagons, \$45. Road Carts, \$45. Bicycles for men, women & children.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Surreys, \$65 to \$100. Top Buggies, \$37.50. Farm Wagons, \$55. Road Carts, \$45. Delivery Wagons, \$45. Road Carts, \$45. Bicycles for men, women & children.

Our Harnesses are sold at Wholesale Prices.

No. 1, Farm Harness. RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS. 8 percent off for cash with order. Send 4c. in stamps to pay postage on 112-page catalogue. Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Where to Attend School

We impart a thorough knowledge of the COMMERCIAL STUDIES at the cost of less time and money than other schools. THOUSANDS owe their success in life to the training they received here. We made BREADWINNERS of them. We want you to know us; write and we will tell you all about this LIVE SCHOOL. N. B. We assist graduates to positions. PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE, 1705-1710 Chestnut St., PHILA.

Wheeler & Wilson NEW HIGH ARM No. 9.

Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM. Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver Spots, Blackheads, Sunburn, etc. Restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all other preparations and perfectly harmless. At all druggists, or mailed for 50c. Sent for Circular.

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a skin preservative. It is made without a rival for the purity. Absolutely pure and delicately perfumed. At all druggists. Price 25c. Address G. C. BITTNER & CO., Toledo, O.

Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

SEWS EITHER CHAIN OR LOCK STITCH. The lightest running, most durable and most popular machine in the world.

Send for catalogue. Agents wanted. Best goods. Best terms. Address Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE OPPONENTS OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

You judge our organization without complete understanding of our principles or our position on current questions. There is ONLY ONE authorized organ of the General Order of the Knights of Labor and that is this:

Journal of the Knights of Labor. The best reform weekly paper in America.

SUBSCRIBE FOR IT. READ IT. Price, \$1 a year. 84 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fortunes Made and Saved.

Wall Street Daily News, (established 1879) in speculation or investing in Railway Stocks and Bonds.

Subscription, \$3 per year. Sample copies free. Address E. Martin Black, editor, No. 49 Exchange Place, N. Y.