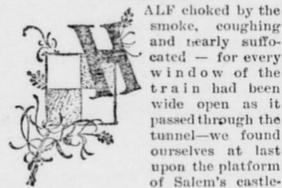


WERE NOT BURNED.

BY BOHEMIAN.



ALF choked by the smoke, coughing and nearly suffocated—for every window of the train had been wide open as it passed through the tunnel—we found ourselves at last upon the platform of Salem's castle-like depot, striving to recover from the effects of the inhalation of coal and other offensive gases.

"This," exclaimed the investigator of old Salem mysteries, "is to give us a foretaste of what the poor witches had to endure when they were consumed at the stake in those intolerant days of fanaticism and bigotry."

And that showed how little the investigator knew of the real facts and circumstances. What a false impression the general world has will herein-after be apparent! O, much abused Salem! How grossly distorted have been the narrations of the deeds of the kindly gentle, tender and considerate early city fathers!

"Salem witches! Buy a witch," said a decrepit vendor, holding up a wraith and uncanny looking toy.

"No," replied the investigator, with a shrug of the shoulders; "it would remind me of what the poor creatures suffered at the stake."

Once more, persistent error and mistaken sympathy.

So we pursued our way through the ancient town with its quaint houses and rarer old-fashioned aspect. After inspecting the stores, we finally passed before a child, a black-eyed little gypsy, and the investigator asked:

"Can you tell me where the witches were burned?"

"No," was the prompt response, "nor anybody else!"

"Dear me! Weren't there witches here?" with consternation.

"Oh, yes," with childish earnestness. "Lots of them."

"And weren't they burned?" earnestly.

"No," indignantly. "They were only hung. Everybody that comes here thinks they were burned. No one was ever burned here." With touching local pride.

It was comforting to have a disagreeable delusion dispelled at once and we began to feel that we had much regained tolerant and tranquil old Salem town.

"Yes," continued the child, acting as mentor, "they were hanged on a tree."

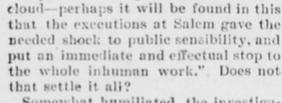
"Not a gallows?"

"No; nineteen of them on a tree."

And indeed these, as we afterward learned, were words of truth which fell from the little one's lips. Anyone who tries to find where the witches were burned will seek in vain. And the visitor ask an able-bodied citizen where the witches died a fiery death, if he dare! The latter will cast upon the former a look of profound scorn and amazement, he will make the stranger feel that he has committed an unpardonable offense. With his lip curling with contempt at the aspersion cast upon his beloved town, he is apt to respond: "Burned, sir? Do you take our ancestors for barbarians? No one was ever burned in old Salem. They hanged the witches; not burned them."

You apologize profusely, and—"I am sure it was very kind only to hang them! You must pardon my laboring under such a misapprehension. Not burned; only hanged."

Parental-like, it should be stated, an authority in Salem has written: "The bald facts of the case are written; and we must suffer for them. Let us not suffer, also, from reckless misstatement. If there are any gleams of sunlight breaking through the gloom



THE WITCH HOUSE, SALEM.

—any silver lining behind the dismal cloud—perhaps it will be found in this that the executions at Salem gave the needed shock to public sensibility, and put an immediate and effectual stop to the whole inhuman work." Does not that settle it all?

Somewhat humiliated, the investigator tried to assume an air of confidence and asked the child with jocular bravado:

"And are there any witches here now, little one?"

"Why do visitors always ask such silly questions?" asked Miss Disdainful, with all the scorn of eight years of age.

"I suppose because we don't know any better," was the humble response of the repentant stranger.

"If you'll promise to be sensible, I'll show you where the courthouse is," brightly.

"I promise," meekly.

She paused before a building in no way remarkable for its appearance, which bore the following inscription on a bronze tablet:

Nearly Opposite This Spot
Found in the Middle of the Street,
a Building Devoted, from 1677 to 1718,
to Municipal and Judicial Uses.
In It, in 1692,
Were Tried and Condemned for Witchcraft
Most of the Nineteen Persons
Who Suffered Death on the Gallows.
GILES CORNEY was Here Put to Trial

on the same Charge, and, Refusing to Plead, Was Taken Away and Pressed to Death in January, 1699. Twenty-one Persons Were Tried Here for Witchcraft, of Whom Eighteen Were Acquitted and Three Condemned, but later set Free, Together with about 150 Accused Persons, in a General Delivery which Occurred in May.

"Here," said Miss Eight to Mistress Eight-and-Twenty, "Giles Corey was pressed to death. The witches were taken in a cart from the jail through St. Peter, Essex and Boston streets, nearly to Aborn and then to the highest point at its southern end."

"Why, you know all the facts splendidly."

"Yes," proudly. "I've showed lots of people around. Now this is the witch house," pointing to a dark building set so far back from the sidewalk that there was room for a drug store in front of it.

"Ah, the witches lived there!" with anticipation.

"No, they didn't," pouted Miss Disdain.

"Then why is it called the witch house?" With disappointment.

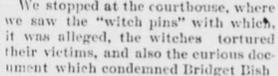
"Some people just called it that, though they say there were once witches examined there."

"Well, that much is consoling," exclaimed the searcher after the historic. "What a mysterious, haunted, ghoulish, ghoulish old place has!"

"But I don't believe they were," decisively announced the child. "They say so many things to people who come here!"

"Little girl," said Eight-and-Twenty, severely, "do you know it is not easy to rhapsodize in your presence?"

"I don't know what 'rhapsodize' means," replied Miss Eight, tranquilly. "I believe you," returned Eight-and-Twenty, warmly, "the mysterious and



GALLOWS HILL, SALEM.
The romantic will have little interest for you.

We stopped at the courthouse, where we saw the "witch pins" with which, it was alleged, the witches tortured their victims, and also the curious document which condemned Bridget Bishop to be hanged by the neck till she was dead and buried—the last two words having been afterwards crossed out.

"Did they really use the pins?" was asked.

"My mamma says there never was witches and so they could never have used the pins," was the dignified response. "But you ought to know."

"Still there are the pins. Who can question each evidence? It is right before your eyes."

"Yes," she added, "and there would have been a lot more of them if people hadn't stolen them before they were sealed up in a bottle. I can't see," philosophically, "why visitors ever stole such little things as pins."

"For their historical value, my dear."

"I don't know what that is," she returned placidly.

We felt as if we were really well posted on the subject of witches when we had finished our excursion to Gallows hill, and then, in gratitude to the little one, her pockets were loaded with "gibraltars" and "black jacks," which "immortal confections she received with dignified appreciation. These candies have long been associated with the history of Salem. A writer has aptly said of them, as our search for literature bearing on the subject reveals; "Salem gibraltars speak for themselves; their fame has been widespread for more than 60 years, but perhaps the true story of their first appearance in the town which they helped to make famous is not generally known by the eating public. Mr. Spencer, an Englishman, came to this country about the year 1822, and, being desirous of obtaining work, was taken into the employment of Mr. Merritt, the expressman, who during a long life secured the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. While in his family he experimented with the making of gibraltars, and succeeded so well that they met with a ready sale, which placed him in a comfortable position; and it is probable that his mother soon followed him from England, as no old inhabitant of Salem can separate the idea of a gibraltar from a wagon driven by Mrs. Spencer from shop to shop, to supply the numerous wholesale customers. At first their means must have been limited, as a weekly purchase of the soft white paper in which the candy was neatly wrapped was as large an outlay as it could be made, and it may be that this wise economy was an efficient aid to the extensive business following these very small beginnings. Then gibraltars, when fresh, were almost as hard as their Spanish namesake, losing the brittle quality in course of time, but never melting into stickiness. The retail price was a silver four-pence half penny for seven, and many a child used to spend his or her whole allowance in the purchase of the tempting sweets."—Detroit Free Press.

Distance at Which Sound Is Heard.
The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards through the air, the noise of a railway train 2,500 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, an orchestra or the roll of a drum 1,000 yards; the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards, the croaking of frogs 800 yards, and the chirping of crickets 800 yards.

—Albert L., emperor of Germany, had only one ear, the other having been cut off by a saber stroke during a cavalry fight. He concealed the deficiency by allowing his hair to grow very long.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A whale of average size has a jawbone 25 feet in length.

During 1895 there were 1,561 post offices burglarized in the United States.

The lord mayor of London wears a badge of office which contains diamonds valued at \$300,000.

Everybody in Starbech, Austria, over five years of age is a chess-player. The game is taught in the schools.

The Philadelphia mint has the oldest known coin. It was coined 700 years before the Christian era, in Aegina, Greece.

An ostrich lives about 30 years, and the average annual yield of a bird in captivity is from two to four pounds of plumes.

A labor exchange in Coquille, Ore., is to operate a tannery, a soap factory, a cannery and a laundry, and divide the profits among the employes.

A blotting-paper towel has been invented. After a bath, the bather arranges himself in a cloak composed of blotting-paper, and in a few moments he is dry.

Several prudent young ladies in Atchison, Kan., have formed a society, and each has solemnly pledged herself not to marry a man whose salary is less than her own.

In San Francisco, according to a local paper, there are 300 healthy people who are so fond of providing for the future that they have already selected an heir and paid for their coffins.

The present king of Norway and Sweden, Oscar II., ascended the throne September 12, 1872. Including the present king, Sweden and Norway have enjoyed the rule of 47 sovereigns.

The present king of Italy is King Humbert, who ascended the throne January 9, 1878. Victor Emmanuel, his father, ascended the throne of Sardinia in 1849 and became king of Italy March 7, 1861.

The present king of Korea is named Li Chung, without any Chang attachment to his cognomen. He ascended the throne in 1864 and will remain there until the Russians or Japanese drive him off.

From the time of Julius Caesar to that of Constantine the Great the popular name for a Roman emperor was Cæsar; after the reign of Constantine the sobriquet in the eastern empire was Constantine.

The present head of the Swiss confederation is President Joseph Zemp, whose term began in 1894, December 15. The Swiss confederation of August 1, 1291, is regarded as the foundation of the Swiss republic.

The house of Bourbon furnished kings to France, Spain and Naples and sovereign dukes to Parma. At one time it was said that the humblest member of this royal family was more influential than a prince of any other.

At the Dry Goods Store.
Moired poplin in two-color effects.
Small checked chevrons for girls' frocks.

Very large muffs in black, brown and gray furs.
Cardinal and emerald-green neckscarves for men.

Black velvet coats edged with Persian lamb.
House waists of evening shades of corduroy.

Collarettes of grebe for velvet capes or gowns.
Tiny-patterned taffeta for girls' party dresses.

Tam O'Shanter's of rough camel's-hair materials.
Many moulton muffs to wear with gait costumes.

Poke bonnets of velvet edged with fur for little ones.
Rough boucle cloth coats for boys under ten years of age.

Muff chains of gold links, plain and studded with jewels.
Draped vests of black or gray lamb fur on cloth gowns.

Misses' plaid gowns trimmed with black velvet ribbon.
Iridescent bead edgings in all colors and narrow widths.—Dry Goods Economist.

THE WORLD OF LETTERS.
Louis Imogene Guiney and Stephen Crane are becoming known in France through recent translations.

Mrs. Oliphant, who has written 78 novels, never writes in the daytime. She thinks the stillness of night conducive to good writing.

Mr. Clark Russell's new sea story, "The Two Captains," is almost ready for serial issue. It will probably appear in book form early next year.

Amelia Barr is dramatizing her novel, "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," for the actor E. H. Sothern, at the request of Daniel Frohman, the theatrical manager.

A new edition is about to issue of Mary Mapes Dodge's charming story, "Hans Brinker," which will have more than a hundred drawings made expressly for it in Holland by the artist Allan B. Doggett.

At the Massachusetts Chautauqua at South Framingham a vote taken on the question of the five greatest works of fiction resulted as follows: Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

FOR THE GIRLS.
A girl of 15 wears her skirts just above her ankles.

Blanching the hair is not only out of fashion, but intensely vulgar.

If you object to using vaseline to increase the growth of your hair, why not try washing it in tar soap?

A young girl should make no engagement, either of a social or a business nature, without informing her mother.

All That Was Lacking.

He had been away on a business trip for quite a long time, and had brought his wife a handsome fan on his return.

"It's just perfectly lovely, Harry," she said. "It's the daintiest and most beautiful fan I ever saw."

"I'm glad you like it," he returned, with evident gratification.

"How could I help liking anything so pretty?" she asked; and then she added with a sigh: "I only wish I could carry it some time."

"Why can't you?" he demanded.

"No gown to go with it," she answered, promptly. "There ought to be a gown to match, or at least one that wouldn't look shabby beside it, if—"

She got the gown. He kicked himself for two days, and ever thereafter bought fans to match what she already had.—Chicago Post.

Valuables.
Witherby—That's a nice little safe you have for your home, old man. I suppose that is for your wife's use.

Plankington—Not much. She hasn't even the combination.

Witherby—You must keep something very valuable in it, not even to let your wife know the combination of it.

Plankington—You bet I do. I keep all my collar-buttons and shoestrings in that safe.—Demorest's Magazine.

An Lacking.
Now flies the leader hattie,
Now flies the old straw hat;
The pig is appetitive
And rolling in his fat;
And all the scene suffices,
To chill the weary soul,
With reference to prices,
Of kindling wood and coal.
—N. Y. Truth.

His Best Imitation.
"Have you any good substitutes for coffee? My doctor says I must quit using the genuine."

"O, yes, we have several excellent and wholesome substitutes for the genuine article."

"Well, give me a pound of what you consider your very best."

(In a whisper) "James, bring me a pound of that 'pure ground Java.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Gentle Hint.
Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button, which the bullet struck.

Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it?
Mr. Spriggins (meekly)—Nothing, only the buttons must have been on.—Boston Traveler.

Caught in His Own Net.
Wife (examining the bill)—Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught last Saturday?

Husband—There were just 12; all beauties; why?

Wife—The fishmonger has made a mistake—he only charges for half-a-dozen.—Tit-Bits.

A Knowing Wife.
She—What kept you out so late last night?
He—Taking inventory.

"I knew it by your breath. You will keep on taking inventory until you get in jail and disgrace your family, and then you will be satisfied."—Texas Sifter.

An Optimist.
"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"
"Remarkable."
"Caught some beauties, eh?"
"I didn't get a nibble."
"But you said you were lucky."
"I was. I fell into the river and didn't get drowned."—Washington Star.

A Long-Felt Want.
Since the theater hat before your eyes
Shuts out the stage, alas!
We trust somebody will devise
An X-ray opera glass.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

TIMELY PRECAUTION.
Mr. Society—James, go to the grocer's and get me a strong onion at once.

James—An onion, sir?
Mr. Society—Yes, an onion; I am going to a leap year ball to-night.—Detroit Free Press.

Rapid Transit.
A case of oil
A slumbering coal;
Another soul
Has reached the goal.
—Cleveland Leader.

Three Balls.
Razze—I thought you said that a mackintosh was impervious to water.
Dazze—So they are.
Razze—Not much. I had mine soaked before I had it a week.—Bay City Chat.

Amount of His Injury.
Fogg—The train at the time was going at the rate of 60 miles an hour. I was brushed off by a porter.
Fenderson—Were you injured?
Fogg—To the amount of a quarter.—Boston Transcript.

Couldn't Carry It.
"How in the world did old Filibuster manage to leave Cuba?"
"Because he couldn't devise any way of bringing it with him."—Detroit Free Press.

Entirely Original.
Mrs. Cooke—Do I make faces when on my wheel?
Mr. Cooke—Yes, dear; but they're not like the faces my mother used to make.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Important Point.
Professor—Erositates ignited the temple of Diana at Ephesus and—
Isaac Goldheim (interrupting)—
Was it insured?—L'Illustrate de Poche.

SELECTIONS OF VERSE.

When the Wife Is Gone Away.

When the wife has gone away, they tell me that I seem
Like some one that's a-walkin' an a-talkin' in a dream.

I move so quiet round the house, an' speak so soft an' low,
Or sit there by the window, where her sweet ceraniums grow—

Or take the willer rocker beside the old fireplace,
An' stare above the mantel, where I see her pleasured face.

For hours and hours together! I'm "strange," the neighbors say,
An' they don't know how to take me, when the wife has gone away!

The mockin' bird keeps singing in the old mulberry tree,
An' from the little garden the roses nod to me.

The mornin' sky is jest as bright—an' anything to blame—
It's jest my heart ain't beatin' right, jest me that ain't the same!

You see, when folks have lived so long together, through the years,
That sometimes brought 'em gladness an' sometimes sighs and tears,
They kinder feel like they was one, an' hard it is to part;

An' they time each other's absence by the beatin' of the heart,
An' so, I'm always lonesome when the wife is gone away.

It seems jest like it's winter round the roses of the May;
An' there ain't no joy in livin', an' there ain't no place or rest,
Till once more we're united, an' I fold her to my breast.

—Frank Stanton, in Salt Lake Herald.

Abijah Wilfred Goggins.
Abijah Wilfred Goggins has (to simply state the truth),
A record which is spotless as a walrus' snowy tooth;

He's never been to sociables, to parties, nor to balls,
He's never been to theaters, nor dizzy concert halls;
He's never nursed his vanity before a lookin'-glass;

He's never ogled charming girls, nor stood to see them pass;
He's never used tobacco, nor by opium been beguiled;

He's never drunk a glass of beer, nor ardent spirits wile;
He's never seen a horse race, nor a prize fight's brutal strife;

He's never bet a dollar on a contest in his life;
He's never yearned for riches, nor begrudged with envious eye;
He's never stol'n a penny, and he's never told a lie;

He's never spoke an angry word, nor evil utterance swore;
He's never done a single thing his conscience might deplore;

In short, his moral record (to reiterate the truth),
Is beautiful and spotless as a walrus' snowy tooth;
And I promulgate the fact, impart the same with joy,
For Abijah Wilfred Goggins is my darling baby boy!

—Harlem Life.

"When I Get Big Enough."
"When I get big enough"—I hear the happy children say—
"I'll do so many wondrous things I cannot do to-day."

And so through all their childish years their little heads they puff
With dreams of what shall come to pass
"When I get big enough."

"When I get big enough!" Ah, me! since I was but a child
That one sweet star of help and hope has all my life beguiled,
And like a solace it has come when ways were steep and rough,
To guide me to the smoother paths, "When I get big enough."

And "men are only boys grown tall." I dream the same glad things
As when a happy child I roamed on Hope's triumphant wings,
In some glad haven, crowned with rest, beyond the world's rebuff,
I'll gather all the joys to be, "When I get big enough."

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Night and Sleep.
The clouds grow clear. The pine wood glooms and stills;
With brown reflections in the silent bay;
And far beyond the pale blue-misted hills
The rose and purple evening dreams away.

The thrush—the veery—from mysterious dunes
Rings his last round, and outward lik- a sea
The shimmering shadowy heart of heaven un- veils
The stary legend of eternity.

The days' long troubles lose their sting and pass;
Peaceful the world and peaceful grows my heart;
The gossip cricket from the friendly grass
Talks of old joys, and takes the dreamer's part.

Then—slight at last, for all that smile or weep—
The silent healer—and her servant sleep.
—Archibald Lampan, in Youth's Companion.

A World of Love.
When that her little arms are curled
(About my neck they twine),
She "loves me—loves me all the world,"
Hence all the world is mine!
And sweetly do the heavens above
Smile on that wondrous world of love!

Not royally my mansion towers;
So humbly doth it rise
That you may lose it in the flowers
That bloom 'neath tranquil skies.
And yet for all I do opine,
The very world God made is mine!

And rich am I when poorest seeming,
With wealth to match the worlds above,
When, sweetly on my bosom dreaming,
She bringeth me her world of love!
Her love my life, my wealth, my world;
—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Autumn Gold.
Prince and beggar, sage and clown,
Here are treasures fit for all,
Where the sun comes glinting down
'Monest the leaves that sigh and fall,
Far and near an answering light
Shines as sunset clouds unfold
O'er the forest on the height,
Blazoned fair with autumn gold.

Kindler by much it seems,
As the twilight fades away,
Than the yellow coin which gleams
Oft to mock us and betray.
Wet with dew-drops, not with tears;
Tenderly bestowed, not sold,
Nature bids us gild the years;
None may lack for autumn gold.

—Phillander Johnson, in Detroit Free Press.

A Fine Old Chap.
I like this kind old sunny soul,
Whom nothing can annoy;
His pleasant smile is e'er the same,
To fill my heart with joy.

I like his quaint, ungainly shape;
I like his big round face,
Although he's clumsy through and through,
To me he's full of grace.

Indeed, he's sweet enough to eat—
Feet, elbows, legs and head—
This very old old gentleman,
Who's made of gingerbread.
—R. K. Munstick, in Harper's Round Table.



Evolution

works by two factors; viz: Heredity, or that which tends to permanency, and Environment, or that which tends to variation. The first reproduces the past; the second adapts the present. This is true also as to

Business Evolution.

It is fortunate if a business man has the hereditary endowment of honesty, industry and perseverance, but these are not of themselves sufficient to ensure the highest success. He must be open to the influence of environment, in close sympathy with the spirit of progress, and quick to adopt modern ways and means. The

Successful Men

of former generations would not succeed today with the same means they long ago employed. Neither should the business man of today expect the largest success without intelligent and persevering use of modern methods. Among modern ways of obtaining and maintaining business, nothing is more reasonable or adaptable than

Advertising.

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