

CHURCH MUSIC.

Then swelled the organ; up through the choir and nave the music trembled with a thrill of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave of blue of mellow thunder rose, until the hushed air shivered with the throbbing of the organ.

Then, pausing for a moment, it stood still. And sank and rose again, to burst in spray that wandered into silence far away.

—Lowell.

**WHY CONVICT 73 BROKE JAIL.**

A MAN stood up at the cross-bar grating that admitted light and air into a small prison cell. He was watching the fast fading light, and waiting a coming hour, and as he stood there, gulping the clear evening air into his cramped lungs, his emotions grew so strong in him that he kept himself from crying out from sheer excitement he grasped the bars of the grating with such force that the knuckle bones of his hands seemed on the point of breaking through his skin.

The man was Convict 73. He was described in the prison register as "Samuel Henscott, fifty-three years, transferred from Pontonville, under sentence of eight years p. s. (three years expired) for stealing money entrusted to him as cashier of Statenford Bank.

The cell in which Convict 73 was confined was the worst, from an official point of view, in the prison. No other cell in the place afforded such facilities for escape, and for this reason the compartment was seldom used. But it happened that at this time the accommodations of the prison were taxed to the utmost, and, it being necessary that the cell should be occupied by some prisoner, 73 was turned into it.

"Resigned," was how the chaplain had described 73 after their first interview, and it really appeared to the other officers that Samuel Henscott was satisfied with the justice of his penalty.

He was not resigned; never was man less so, but he had played the part, waiting for what he was waiting as he stood panting with excitement at the cross-bar grating, longing for revenge on the man he knew had committed the crime for which Samuel Henscott had become Convict 73.

The work before him was not tedious, for he was prepared for this hour, occupying his secret moments in loosening the cement which formed the lower stone of the casement in which the ends of two bars of the grating were imbedded. This stone removed, the grating lost its fixity and the two perpendicular bars were soon forced out of the upper sockets, which left the two horizontal bars sufficiently wide apart for Henscott to squeeze himself, feet foremost, between them.

He dropped a couple of feet to the wide gutter, just succeeding in maintaining his balance, and crept along round the corner to the buttress he had noticed from the exercise yard.

He passed over the outer wall, encountering no one, and along a road for about 200 yards when he turned and went he hardly knew where. When he found himself in a large, well-kept garden, and before him he saw the dim outline of a house and some trees behind it, looking like a gigantic skull with one bright yellow eye—a yellow window—blinded through which a strong light flooded onto the dewy lawn beneath his feet. That was the window, he thought, behind that blind—in that strong light sat the man he had broken jail to meet.

It was a long French window, and it stood ajar, and the soft night breeze stirred the blind slightly.

Henscott cautiously crept to the window, crouched down and pushed the blind a little aside so that he could see into the room between the blind and the framework of the window. He saw a man sitting at a table reading, and he started to his feet.

"Riverley," he whispered, panting.

Noislessly he pulled open the window, and for a moment he stood with his foot on the threshold, striving to control his intense excitement. Then he dashed the blind aside and bounded into the room.

"I have come, Riverley," said 73, in a low voice, trembling with suppressed passion; "I have come to reckon with you, as I see by your face you understand."

"Where have you come from?" Riverley said faintly. "But you need not answer, for I can guess. You have escaped from prison, you're being hunted and want me to assist you. I cannot, I dare not."

"You know better than that, Jack Riverley. You know that if I were starving—starving, and you stood by me with the most tempting foods, I would not beg a crumb from you! No!—I have escaped, and I am probably pursued; but it is not assistance I'm seeking here, but revenge—and you know it, you know it. You cannot play the innocent as you played the friend, Riverley. But if you wish to hear the story of your perfidy and crime from me—from me, you shall. You played my friend—you won your way by the charm of your manners into my full esteem and confidence; you did it with an object. You played my friend until you had the chance for which you had been waiting. You knew when there would be two thousand pounds in the bank safe, and that I always carried the keys about me. You drew me, trading on my love for billiards, to accept the challenge of Mr. Makeshall to play him on the night when you were certain that the money would be in the safe, and while we played you took the keys

from my coat pocket, and went to the bank and stole the money.

"And you abandoned me. You allowed me to be arrested, tried and condemned, without stirring a finger to save me, and it was not until I had been imprisoned that I guessed how and by whom I had been tricked, befooled and ruined."

"You courted Marie, taught her how to love you, and then poisoned her life by shaming me; that was part of your vile scheme. You used her to win your way to my esteem, and you knew that in my love for her I should love whom she loved, and who loved her. And where is she? God knows! Where can a homeless, friendless felon's daughter drift to in four long years if she has not died, then she is worse than dead, and you—you have slain her body and soul."

"You have ruined the man who trusted and befriended you, and have killed the girl who loved and believed in you! What mercy do you hope from me? What less than your vile life could I demand?"

"I did betray you," Riverley gasped. "I did betray you. I had to have the money to save myself from ruin. I never thought—never—that it would fall on you, and to the very last I believed you would get off. And when I found you were condemned I had no courage to confess, because—because of Marie. Listen—listen to that!"

He held up an arm, and looked imploringly at Henscott, who, struck by his words, and thinking some one might be approaching the house, bated his breath and listened.

A low, strange cooling sound struck on his ears, and glancing round the room he saw it proceeded from a low cot which stood in the shade of a corner of the room.

"I married her—your Marie," said Riverley, speaking excitedly and very rapidly. "She never doubted your innocence or suspected my guilt, and she was almost happy. I did not trick her into loving me; she was my love. I married her, and there's our child."

Henscott said nothing for a minute. He stood and stared stupidly at Riverley. Then:

"And Marie?" he said in a whisper. "She is dead."

Not a muscle of Henscott's face tightened or relaxed. After pausing a moment, as if weighing the meaning of the word, he stole over to the corner, and knelt down on one knee. He drew back the cot curtains with a trembling hand, and looked down at the little pink face, into the blue eyes which looked up at him.

"We call her Marie," said Riverley, faintly.

"Marie!" repeated Henscott, almost inaudibly.

Henscott's head sank lower and lower over the cot, until his hair touched the infant's face.

"Marie, Marie, Marie!" he whimpered.

He stooped over lower, and kissed the warm, velvet cheek of the child, who flung herself over on her side, because his beard was harsh.

He watched her for a few seconds more, then rose.

"Her child—his child!" he muttered. "Better that I than he—"

He stooped down and rearranged the curtains tenderly. He moved slowly toward the window.

"Wait here," he said, gently, and he went out.

Riverley waited. He waited till day-break, till dusk again, and through the night. And then he understood.

Riverley and little Marie were still waiting when, more than three years later, Henscott came back to them after his release from the prison to which he had returned.—New York News.

A Monkey and an Opera Glass.

The pet monkey of a German professor, having made his escape, climbed into a tree and defied all attempts to catch him. Well knowing the imitative habits of the animal his master hit on a curious plan to regain his pet. He looked at the monkey through an opera glass, pointing the small end at him for some time, and then he retired to a short distance, leaving the opera glass on the ground. The imitative monkey descended from the tree, and, taking the opera glass, gazed after a similar manner, at his master, who seemed to the deluded ape to be half a mile distant. The monkey, still looking through the same end of the opera glass, supposed his master was several hundred yards distant, when the latter, reaching out, secured the chain and led the victim of an optical illusion back to his cage.

Photographers' Wages.

The ability to take pictures with a camera in an amateurish way has filled the land with peripatetic semi-professional photographers. They live in tents or shacks on next to nothing at all, and actually manage to lay up a little money. Sometimes they marry and take their brides along. Possibly they have done much to lower the wages of professionals. I am told that \$100 a month is a fair and reasonable compensation in this city for the services of a skilled photographer of the highest grade. I never knew one in a small city or town that was not as poor as a church mouse.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Printing in Turkey.

All printing establishments in Turkey, according to a new law just passed, may have only one door, and that opening on the street. Windows must be covered with close-meshed wire netting, so that no papers can be handed through. A statement must be made a year in advance of the amount of ink required, which will be supplied by the State. A specimen of everything printed is to be kept and must be shown at any time to a police inspector on pain of a fine.

**Pluck and Adventure.**

A NARROW ESCAPE.

SPEAKING of bears reminds me of an experience I had on Cat Island, a small chunk of land in Arkansas, and on the St. Francis River, in 1878," said an old resident of Arkansas, "and it was one of the most thrilling experiences I ever had in the woods. I was farming on Cat Island that year. It is a dense, wild section, the underbrush made up of bamboo and other matted and tangling vines was almost impenetrable, and altogether it was simply impossible for a man to get through the woods without cutting his way through, and he had to crawl nearly all the time at that. In 1878 bears were almost as thick as wild cane in that section. They made a savage attack on my corn crop, and I had resorted to all sorts of expedients to get rid of them, but without any sort of success. Every night they would invade my cornfield, get an armful of corn, as much as a bear could carry in his arms, which is no small amount, and would take it on to the den. When they first began the attack I spent many nights in the persimmon trees at the back fence line of the place watching for them. I had a small scaffold built in every persimmon tree along the fence line, but I believe a bear can smell a human being ten miles if the wind happens to be favorable. During the nights I watched from the persimmon tree the wind was blowing back toward the woods, and not a bear entered the cornfield. But this is not the point I had in mind. One drizzling afternoon I went out into the woods several miles back of the place hunting for one of my mules, and just took my gun along to be on the safe side of an emergency, for in addition to the great number of bears that season catamounts and panthers were plentiful.

"I was alone, with the exception of a couple of green, untrained hound pups, who wouldn't leave my heels under any circumstances until the little experience I am about to relate. After winding around for some time I came upon a rather large, hollow tree, the base of which aroused the suspicion in my mind that it was the abode of some kind of an animal. The hound pups strengthened this belief by whining and scampering around through the undergrowth in a half frightened sort of way. The opening at the base of the tree was about as large around as a whiskey barrel. I concluded that I would catch a glimpse of daylight at the top, for the tree had the evidence of being hollow all the way up. I leaned my shotgun against the tree and shoved my head through the opening in the side of the tree. My head and face were literally covered by a shower of wood dust. There was a heavy, deep roar in the body of the tree, and as quick as a flash a big, black, ponderous something dropped to the ground, and in an instant I found myself face to face with a bear. He shot his head out through the hole, showed me his teeth—teeth which seemed to me to be as sharp as daggers, and they were not short, either. I found my hound pups at home. They didn't return with me, and if they had I couldn't have told just how they got back. I left a fine breech-loading shotgun leaning against the tree, and it's there yet, so far as I am aware. The bear actually blew his breath in my face, and I became panic stricken, and to save my life I can't tell whether I went over or under the cane in getting out of the woods."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HIS LAST MESSAGE.

When Mrs. Johnson, the prisoner's friend, was dying, her thoughts were still of the cause to which she had devoted her life. She talked about it to the Bishop of Rochester, who was with her, declaring that the inspiration of her life had been her unwavering faith in an accessible spot in every soul, no matter how sunk in sin that soul might be.

"Don't you believe that it is there?" she asked.

The bishop hesitated. "Perhaps," he answered, gravely, "it is more truly a matter of hope than of faith."

"Then," she replied, instantly, "you couldn't do the work."

Several years ago one of our prison chaplains told the story of the man who taught him the faith that Mrs. Johnson declared necessary.

He was a man who had been convicted of robbing a bank and sent to prison for a long term. After he had been there a while another man was accused of complicity. The second man had a wealthy father; if the son could be convicted, the father would indemnify the bank for its loss.

One day two unscrupulous lawyers went to the prison to see the convict. They sat on the edge of his bed and talked to him for a long time. They both could and would procure a pardon for him, they declared, if he would only testify that the second man was guilty.

As soon as they were gone the prisoner sent for the chaplain. The poor fellow was weak and ill, and terribly excited.

"Don't let me see those men again!" he cried. "They offer me pardon, and God knows I'd like to be free; but I can't do it. Arnold wasn't with us. He wanted to go, but I said, 'Arnold, you have a father and mother. Don't go!' and he didn't. Do you understand? He wasn't with us!"

The chaplain quieted him and promised that he should not be troubled again, and after a while went away. A few nights later there came an urgent call; the convict was dying of hemorrhage. When the chaplain

reached him he was beyond speech but he made a sign for paper. The warden handed him his pass-book and pencil. With a supreme effort the weak hand wrote four words—the burden of all his thought: "Arnold is not guilty."

He died a few hours later; but beneath the common convict, paying the just penalty of his crime, had been revealed, dimmed and blurred, it is true, but not destroyed, the spirit of a hero.

CAUGHT IN HIS COON TRAP.

Silas Remy, who lives on Chapline River, in Mercer County, is a famous trapper. Monday Silas and his little son spent all the afternoon setting traps along the river cliffs and set their last one just at nightfall.

This was one of Silas's own invention and most effective in catching coons. On the river bank was a log that every coon that passed would visit, and here Silas set his trap. An augur hole was bored in the log, a crawfish was dropped in, and four long steel nails, as sharp pointed as needles, were driven in at an angle so that Mr. Coon could thrust in his hand for the crawfish easily enough, but not withdraw it, because the points of the nails are like barbs that thrust into his paw, and the harder he pulls the deeper the barbs stick into the flesh.

So when Silas had set his trap, as it was now almost dark, he thrust in his finger to feel the points. They seemed to be set about right—in fact, were set so nicely that when he tried to withdraw his finger he was in Mr. Coon's plight exactly. One of the barbs entered his finger and almost before he knew it all had him tight. The more he struggled the deeper his barbs sank into his flesh. This was anything but a laughing matter to Silas. His old knife was too dull to make any headway in cutting the nails, so after thinking the matter over he started his little boy home with a lighted lantern to get the pincers to pull out the nails. The boy made his way up the cliff, lost his way, fell over rocks and logs and extinguished the lantern. Unable to get his bearing, the lad slept under a ledge of rock and came near freezing. Meanwhile Silas sat astride the log in a pouring rain and thought Sunday-school words. But a real danger began to threaten him. The river began rising rapidly. It crept up until it reached the lower end of the log.

As daylight approached it began to rock slightly and Silas knew an end was floating. Higher and higher rose the water, and Silas knew that if he washed into the current with the log death was certain. In his desperation he pulled his dull barrow and literally sawed his finger off above the middle joint and the log floated away. In five minutes afterward another trapper came along and found him. He was so chilled that he was unable to walk home alone.—Louisville Evening Post.

HOW SCOTT MET DEATH.

In the United States, the free hunters approach the mountains by three main routes. It was coming down the Platte that poor Scott's canoe was overturned, his powder lost and his riles rendered useless. Game had retreated to the mountains with spring's advance. Berries were not ripe by the time trappers were descending with their winter's hunt. Scott and his famishing men could not find edible roots. Each day Scott weakened. There was no food. Finally Scott had strength to go no farther. His men had found tracks of some other hunting party far to the fore. They thought that in any case he could not live. What ought they to do? Hang back and starve with him, or hasten forward while they had strength, to the party whose tracks they had espied? On pretense of seeking roots, they deserted the helpless man. The next spring, when these same hunters went up the Platte, they found the skeleton of poor Scott sixty miles from the place where they had left him. The terror that spurred the emaciated man to drag himself all this weary distance can barely be conceived; but such were the fearful odds taken by every free trapper who went up the Platte, across the parched plains, or to the headwaters of the Missouri.—Outing.

BEAR ATTACKS A SLEEPER.

At Hamilton City, Mich., T. Calwell, night operator for the Pere Marquette, had a hand-to-hand fight with a bear and carries many marks of the struggle. He was asleep at his desk about 2 o'clock a. m., and was awakened by the bear, which entered through an open door. Before he could escape his face, chest and arms were nearly torn to pieces.

After a fight lasting five minutes Calwell got free and jumped through the window, carrying the sash with him and cutting himself in many places. Calwell routed out some section men, and a shotgun was obtained. Bruin was found asleep in the office of which he had dispossessed Calwell, and the party opened fire on him, killing him with one discharge. His weight was over 500 pounds.

A LIFE-SAVING NAIL.

August Nelson escaped death at the Diamond Mine, Leadville, Col., in a marvelous manner. He, with two other men, was going down the shaft 800 feet in a bucket, when he disappeared. The bucket continued down to the lower level, the men expecting every moment to be crushed by Nelson's body. But he did not fall. Investigation showed a large nail in the shaft had caught his rubber coat and pulled him out of the bucket, and he hung suspended for ten minutes. He kept perfectly still, for if he had moved he would have fallen 800 feet and been killed and probably killed his companion.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Funny Side of Life.**

THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE. His lordship needs to settle up, Nor hesitates to own He's looking for an heiress Who needs to settle down. —Puck.

TROUBLE SURE TO MEET YOU. "Oh, cheer up!" said the sympathizing friend. "If you go around looking for it, trouble is always sure to meet you more than half way."

ABOVE ALL HIS FELLOWS. "Is Jinks successful as a chauffeur?" "Well, I should say so. Why, he's been arrested eight times in the last two weeks."—Chicago Post.

WHERE THE OBLIGATION LAYS. The Patient—"Of course, doctor, if my appendix has got to come out, that settles it." The Doctor—"No. You settle it."—New York Herald.

A SCIENTIST.



"Why d'ye plant them 'ere cabbages zig-zag, Jim?" "I doos that ter put th' snails ort the track."—Ally Slopser.

HE HAS TO BE.

"They tell me your son is a close student." "He has to be. I don't allow him but a dollar a month spendin' money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

"Can you tell me the nearest way to reach Buffalo street?" "C-c-c-certainly. It's j-j-just up th-this s-s-s-say, I can, I can go with you and show you quicker than I can say it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MAGNIFICENT WORK.

"A magnificent work, his latest story, you say?" "Magnificent! Why, it's the finest story that has been published this century." "Indeed? What's the general idea?" "Oh, half-morocco, gold or uncut edges, cloth edition, finished in four colors, with illuminated pages to every chapter!"—Baltimore News.

DIFFERENT.

"If your father called me that," said the ambitious young man, flushing with indignation, "he did me an injustice. I take some interest in politics, of course, but I am not a lobbyist in any sense of the word." "You don't quite understand me, Mr. Peduncle," said Miss Flyppe. "He didn't call you a lobbyist. He said you were a lobster."—Chicago Tribune.

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.



"I understand she proposed to Mm." "No-o, not exactly; but she dictated his proposal to her."—New York Journal.

CONVICTED.

"Were you ever engaged in a train robbery?" asked the prosecuting attorney, looking at him severely. "I was never indicted for train robbery," answered the witness, evasively. "That is not the question," said the lawyer. "I will ask you again. Were you ever a train robber?" "Judge," said the witness, turning imploringly to the dignity on the bench, "must I answer that question?" "You must," replied the judge, "and remember, you are under oath." The witness turned pale and his knees trembled beneath him. "I suppose it's got to come out. I sold books and bananas on the cars for a whole year when I was a boy," faltered the miserable man.—New York Herald.

**SCIENCE MECHANICS**

It is likely that in epidemics of typhoid fever—especially among soldiers in camp—inoculation will hereafter be practised. Summing up the results of the experiments made during the South African war, Dr. A. E. Wright says that in the aggregate the proportion of deaths to cases among the inoculated is approximately half that among the uninoculated.

An interesting discovery in the shape of an ancient flint mine has just been made in the neighborhood of High Wycombe, England, in connection with a railroad cutting. The mine was discovered in excavating a hill. A specimen of a primitive pick was found, made of the antler of a stag, with its points worn perfectly smooth. Many of the partially disintegrated masses still bear the marks made by these picks in the hands of their prehistoric miners.

Professor Ramsay, of London, recently showed an experimental proof of the aurora borealis. Between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet he hung an exhausted glass globe with a metallic ring at the top. An alternating current discharged through the ring in the globe produced an angular glow, and when a current was sent through the coils of the electro-magnet the glow was deflected downward in streamers resembling those of the aurora. The spectrum of the natural aurora shows the presence of krypton, and in Professor Ramsay's experiment krypton was produced in the discharge through the rarefied air within the globe.

A form of guy anchor for holding in position poles carrying electric wires is designed like a screw, so that it can be placed in position without digging, filling or tamping; thus no disturbance of the ground is effected, and a tremendous load can be placed on the anchor without displacing it. Actual tests with a five-inch (disk diameter) anchor showed that a pull of 8000 pounds was necessary to draw it from its position in a three-foot hole in sandy soil; which pull is 3000 pounds greater than the breaking strain of the size of guy usually attached to this size of anchor. A twelve-inch anchor withstood a pull of 36,000 pounds when bored into five feet of clay.

A patent was recently granted to Alonzo Ramsdell, a conductor of an elevator in the City Hall of Chicago, for a metal which he claims will not rust under any conditions. He was at one time a metal-worker and is acquainted with the properties of various metals, and he says he has made an alloy, the composition of which he means to keep a secret, which has many of the qualities of iron and is almost as cheap, but which has a rust-repelling feature which will make it very valuable for the construction of pipes of various kinds and building purposes. He says his claims have been vindicated by experiments and that conclusive tests have been made by a number of disinterested foundrymen of that city, and in every case the sample of metal was found to resist the action of dampness effectually.

During the recent turbulent times in the anthracite regions certain individuals turned to the huge piles of mine refuse, called culm, which litter the coal fields. The finely divided coal recovered from these heaps which had been exposed to the elements for a great many years, and the coal taken from river beds where it had been submerged for perhaps a decade, found a ready sale, especially in manufacturing concerns. When the purchasers undertook to burn it under their boilers it was found practically valueless. The scientific explanation why this coal was really, after all, not coal, is illustrated by a recent communication to the Paris Academie des Sciences by M. Moissan. Coal is amorphous carbon, and the French savant found that while the temperature of the combustion or amorphous carbon is between three and five hundred degrees Centigrade, yet oxidation takes place slowly at much lower temperatures, either in dry or moist air. Now combustion, or burning, is only rapid oxidation, and it is plainly obvious why the fine coal which had been exposed in piles or under water for a long time had so materially deteriorated. Of course, the oxygen of the air and water had gradually combined with it, and, slowly, but surely, burned it up without either heat or fire.

Italy's New Brigand. Varsalona, the Sicilian brigand whose notoriety has overshadowed that of Musolino, is still at large, notwithstanding the unremitting efforts of the Government for his capture. Two torpedo boats are cruising off the Sicilian coast to prevent his escape to the Italian mainland. A prize of £1000 is offered for his arrest; the Provinces of Palermo and Trapani, where he is supposed to be, are continually patrolled. His father and one of his brothers, notorious miscreants, died in prison; another brother was implicated in a case of burglary, and a third was killed in a street brawl. To avenge his brother's death Varsalona committed his first murder in 1893. Since then twelve other victims have fallen under his unerring aim. The man is rich, and the source of his wealth is blackmail. He regularly collects landowners' contributions, which vary according to the importance of their estates, and when the money is not forthcoming the cattle and crops of the defaulter are sure to suffer, and the defaulter himself runs great personal risks.—London Express.