

He stayed in the...
To let his name be known...
He wanted to be...
And he wanted to be...
The best of his kind.

With her gentle beam she
Concoals a daily prayer
For riches and renown that he
And she may jointly share
She has a trick of her own
To let the world be bright, some day,
With him beside her there.
— R. Kiser.

A PERFECT DISAPPEARANCE.

By TALBOT SMITH.

HE long and sensational trial was over, and in spite of the earnest, whole-hearted attempts of the prisoner's counsel, had terminated in the only possible verdict. All was over for Winthrop Lyle. The judge, in a queer, quavering whisper, and drawn on the fatal headgear of doom in a manner to suit his peculiar taste, and spoken these words which even the most callous cannot bear unmoved, and for the next twenty-four days the doomed man was walking the sorrow-stricken path of the Valley of the Shadow. From that awe-inspiring moment Winthrop Lyle was no longer wholly human. A metamorphosis had changed the convict into a being whose soul was already knocking at the Eternity Gate.

The condemned man heard the verdict unmoved, save for a tremulous movement of the lips, which the most self-contained can never wholly hide, and passed down those footwork steps so many unfortunate have trod to the cell apportioned him. Here, by special permission of the Judge, he had an interview with his brother without the restrictions of a watching warder. "I expected nothing better," said the prisoner, "and nothing remains for me now but preparation for the end so close at hand." This "as said in a loud voice in order that the warder standing outside the door, which was just ajar, should hear and form a mistaken conclusion.

When Eustace Lyle left the prison he carried with him, and concealed in an inner pocket, a letter which Winthrop had written when the case seemed hopeless, and had managed to slip unseen into his hand. Not until he was at home again and behind a locked door did he venture to read it. It ran thus:

Before the day of execution comes I shall be far away from this place—dead. I want you to do one thing and promise another. Leave \$10,000 with my lawyer, Rooome, to be given to any one who asks for it, be he beggar, tramp or scoundrel. And promise me that if I escape no one of my family shall make the slightest effort to find me or follow me.

Ordinary means of escape are out of the question. I shall be sheltered night and day by two armed warders, who are relieved at intervals of four hours. I know, and you will yourself see, prison doors are to be opened only from the outside, and were I to succeed in overpowering the guards and opening the door, some twelve other doors and gates would have to be negotiated ere I breathed the outside air.

I have calculated the periods of duty and relief of the six men told off for "condemned cell duty," as it is called, and find two warders, Cox and Foster, both young men, will be my guard from 10 to 11 a. m. on Sunday next, when I shall be at exercise in the prison yard. You must get at these men, not ostensibly, but by ordinary courtesy. They use The King's Crown, and, as I know from experience while here, appreciate a good cigar. Spin a yarn of bonded cigars to be purchased on Saturday, or the day after to-morrow, and you wish to share the delicacies with them. You need make no secret of our relationship. Give them a dozen or so each on Sunday morning as they enter the outside gates. Their hours of duty are from 8 to 12. I shall smoke after breakfast, as I am permitted, and as all will be safe in the condemned corridor, will persuade them to join me. They will, for the odor of my undecorated cheroot will be an insupportable lever.

The drug any does not take action for sixty to ninety minutes, according to the dose. This will bring us to the hour of exercise. So far so good. Now, listen. The foreman of the work has a sick wife and a screaming brood. Approach him, offer him a handsome set-off to pay and pension on condition that when at work to-morrow he keep the work of the wall they are repairing may be loosened; this will be insufficient alone, but the ladder always used in working hours must be inadvertently left behind when leaving for the night. You can guess the rest. The foreman gets the sack for "gross neglect of duty," and falls back smiling on my comfortable, check, and I, well, I never mind. When the news of my flight reaches you, look upon me as dead and buried in Newton Churchyard. In fact, it won't help you to do otherwise.

Winthrop was in good spirits at the close of his brother's visit, and kept himself in the same mood for the next few days, in spite of the trying scenes of farewell with his friends and relatives. The Lyle family, wealthy and powerful, was bent on preventing by any means the disgrace of the scaffold. It was a great triumph for justice when influence, intrigue and the skill of the lawyers came to naught in court and elsewhere. Even public opinion, won to sympathy by the brilliant struggle which Lyle made for his life, by his talent, his spirit, his beauty of face and manner, his steady and solemn declarations of innocence, was resisted and overcome by the officers of justice.

The care taken to prevent a prisoner under sentence of death from escape or suicide is very thorough, but it reminds one of the care taken by railway companies to prevent accidents. No matter how perfect the system, it depends on men for success, and engine drivers will drink, signalmen fall asleep, telegraph clerks miss the right word and guards fall to swing a warning lantern. Everything worked successfully. Wealth and the rank of the convict achieved wonders, and an escape which read more like a romance of Dumas than a chronicle of Newgate occupied public attention for the usual nine days. Every one remembers the stir created by Lyle's disappearance. The officials, mad with rage and shame, really exhausted the means at their command to find the criminal. Finally the case was put into the able hands of Detective Lord, one of the smartest and most vigilant men in the secret service.

His efforts came to naught within a year. Lord held on for six months longer, studying with infinite patience, actual and theoretic, that promised something. Lyle had vanished into thin air. Had he dissolved into elementary gases at the prison gates, he could not have left less trace of his path into the world. Not one clew ever led to any result, not even to a decent theory of his escape. Lord continued the pursuit out of pure fascination for a mystery which overtaxed his powers and took the edge off his natural shrewdness.

pleasure, but cared nothing for music or wine or food. And he learned enough of drugs to poison his wife too cleverly.
"How could he have been so hard and cruel?" said Frau Ganz, with a sigh.
"I don't believe he did it," said Josef, softly. "His lawyers, the great public, his relatives, and many good people believed him innocent. Lord says the case got an awful shifting, and the more they sifted the less certain some were of his guilt, while others were more certain."
"But the art, the art!" cried the impatient detective.
"Ah, yes, the art, to be sure. Well, first, how I described Lyle accurately! I might say he was just the opposite to myself in most things."
"Two young men," answered Lord, "couldn't be and look, less alike."
Josef smiled.
"I arrived in this country about the time he escaped from jail. I could read English then, and, I remember, the newspapers were full of him. But until I met you the case did not interest me. Let me show you what the principle forces a man to do, when it is successfully carried out. You think it means running away to Brazil or Florida, in a wig and blue spectacles, as they do in a play. No. The man who disappears according to this principle, must escape, not only from his pursuers, but from his friends, and, above all, from himself. He must change his country, never meet old friends again, get a new language, a new trade, a new place in society, a new set of parents and relatives, a new past, a new habit of body, a new appearance. He must think, speak, walk, sleep, eat and drink differently from in past days; he must change the color of his hair, skin, eyes; in fact, he must become another man as really as if he had changed natures with a particular person."
"Der gondry is safe," said the professor, with a huge laugh, "and so is der profession of detective. Who could bragtise dose rules; and if dey could, 'what use would be detectives?'"
"It makes fine talk," said Lord. "All very well, if such things could be done. As they can't, your theory isn't worth a straw. It's impossible."—New York Tribune.

Another intelligent elephant, working a few years ago on a new bridge in Ceylon, had a young one to whom she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable. Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest. One night about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance. As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was their old friend, the inconsolable mother. When they reached the camp they found that the trunk had returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence. Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to procure a baby elephant.

Wilhelmina a Farmer Queen. The Queen of Holland is an enthusiastic farmer. A dairy has been established in connection with the Royal Castle at Loo, and it is run on quite businesslike lines by its owner, large quantities of butter and milk being sold regularly from the dairy, which is now self-supporting and profitable. Another hobby of the young Queen is photography, and, like Queen Alexandra and other distinguished amateurs, she is quite an expert with the camera. A pretty story is told of the Queen's fondness for the accomplishment. Noticing a peasant woman on one of her drives in picturesque costume, holding a baby in her arms, she asked permission to take a picture, to the great delight of the woman, who received a present after the snapshot had been taken, while the baby got a kiss from the Queen.—Westminster Gazette.

The Larger Life. I am quite clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved, like anger, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because our fathers and mothers did it; all of which may be the very reason why we should not do it. There is no one's home where, if he wants to enlarge his life in caring for people outside of himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend definitely. And we shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of life.

Russia's Fur Trade Decreasing. The wealth of Russia in furs is being rapidly sapped. It is reported that in a certain district of the Yenisei government, where fifty years ago hunters annually shot 28,000 sable, 6,000 bears, 24,000 foxes, 14,000 blue foxes, 300,000 squirrels, 5,000 wolves and 200,000 hares, hardly a sable can be found today. The blame is laid to the wanton destruction of wild animals in the course of the hunting expeditions. No steps seem to have been taken to put a stop to this.

A Mixed Metaphor. The following, as a pulpit mixed metaphor, beats any that you quote, writes a correspondent to the Westminster Gazette. It was heard in a York church some years ago, and can guarantee its genuineness. "An open door is presented to you, my brethren; if you will but embrace it it will afford you an abundant harvest."

"BEST MAN" IS OF SCOTCH ORIGIN

Bridgroom's Onerous Duties in Olden Times—He Gave the Bride Away and Passed the Cake and Cups.

I may be a surprise to some people to know, says the London Globe, that the phrase "best man"—the bridegroom's nearest attendant—is of Scottish origin. In the North, also, the principal bridesmaid used to be called the "best maid." Neither expression has much to recommend it. It is a great pity, indeed, that "best man," an inelegant and in itself meaningless phrase, should have so completely ousted from our common everyday speech the good old English name of "bridesman" or "bridesman." Another old name is "groomsman," and, in days gone by, the bridegroom was attended, not by one friend, but by several, who were known as the bridesmen or groomsmen.

The term "best man" came into use, presumably, to indicate the one of these who took the lead in performing their various duties and was in closest attendance upon the bridegroom. In recent years the custom of having groomsmen has been occasionally revived, but it has not become general. At a fashionable wedding, four or five years ago, the bride was content with five bridesmaids and two pages, whereas the bridegroom was supported by no fewer than nine groomsmen.

But at the present time such an array has by no means the same meaning, nor are those attendant friends of so much use, as in the days of old. The forerunner of the best man was the bridesman, whose duty it was to bring the bride to the bridegroom. In most countries where the real or pretended capture of the bride was an essential part of the ceremony, and wherever traces of the very ancient custom of bride capture existed, the friend or friends of the bridegroom had the important office of capturing the lady and bringing her to her lord.

In one of Dryden's plays there is the line: "Between her guards she seemed by bridesmen led," and Brand tells us that at many old English weddings the bridegroom was led to the church between two maids, and the bride by two young men, holding her by the arms as if unwilling. This was evidently a survival of the idea of capture. But whichever idea lay at the back of the practice, it was clearly a survival connected with the custom of marriage by capture. Later the bridesman had various functions to perform which have now become obsolete. There was still a trace of the capture idea in the old duty at one time assigned to the bridesman of giving the bride away. He led her to the church and then acted the part now filled by the lady's father or other near male relative.

In the old seventeenth century ballad of the "Golden Glove," which used to be a great favorite at rural gatherings in all parts of the country in the old, unsophisticated days, before the melancholy monstrosities of the modern English ballads and songs out of use and memory—in this ballad there are the lines which allude to the custom named: "I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried, "To wait on the squire and give him his bride."

And it has been pointed out that the same custom may be hinted at in the marriage service rubric—"The minister receiving the woman at her father's or friend's hands."

Among the Shropshire peasantry in quite recent years something of the old custom seems to have prevailed. Miss Burne, in her delightful book on "Shropshire Folklore," says that at weddings in humble life the bride's father is seldom and her mother never present. As a rule the only companions to church of the bride and groom are the best man and the bridesmaid. In such circumstances it is obvious that the lady must be given away by her lover's friend, on whose arm she has walked to church. A still more curious thing is that it is considered lucky, Miss Burne tells us, for either the best man or the bridesmaid to be already married. "I have really seen," she writes, "a married woman acting as bridesmaid." Less than twenty years ago a Newport newspaper, describing a village wedding, said that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, of "accompanied the happy couple and performed the offices of best man and bridesmaid, respectively."

Another old function of the bridesman, or bridesquiere, as they were sometimes called, was to carry round the cake and the bride's bowl. The bride's bowl, or cup, was handed round at a wedding, so that the friends might drink the health of the newly married pair—a kind of loving-cup ceremony. But before the proceedings had reached this pleasant point, it had been the duty of the bridesman to lift the bride over the threshold. This is an ancient and widespread custom, the meaning of which has caused much shedding of ink. In the west of Scotland, of old, says Mr. Napier, in his book on the folklore of that region, "the threshold of the house was disenchanted by charms, and by anointing it with certain unctuous perfumes, but as it was considered unlucky for the wife to tread upon the threshold on first entering her house, she was lifted over it and seated upon a piece of wood, a symbol of domestic industry."

The custom is not confined to European peoples, for a somewhat analogous practice exists in China, where the bride is carried into the house by a matron, and at the door is lifted over a pan of charcoal. Apart from marriage, even in this country, there are folk who are careful on entering a house to step over and not on the threshold. There is a world of lore, indeed, surrounding the subject of the

LITTLE THINGS

WORTH KNOWING

A shaving of wood curls up owing to contraction on one side and expansion on the other. This expansion is accelerated by what is known as the "back iron" or "cap iron," which is used in most planes.

The operating expenses of a bank with a capital of \$100,000 is 2.34 per cent. of the loans and discounts, but the operating expenses are only 1.33 per cent. if the bank have a capital of \$1,000,000 or more.

Crane and Friedlander, who have experimented on its baceraicidal properties find that roasted coffee is a decidedly active agent in the destruction of germs, including some of the more serious and important ones.

Lions and tigers have little endurance, and their lung power is remarkably weak. They can outrun a man and equal a fast horse in speed for a short distance, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile or so.

There is a tree just beyond the New England railway arch on the Middlebury road in Connecticut, which has grown through a solid rock many tons in weight, making a large fissure, which would require a dynamite explosion to duplicate.

The house fly, with a total life of about ten days, develops in these periods: Egg from laying to hatching, one-third of a day; hatching of larva to first moult, one day; second moult to pupation, three days; pupation to issuing of the adult, five days.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone lighthouse stands. At low water it is thirty feet in diameter, at high water the base of the lighthouse, the diameter of which is twenty-eight and three-quarter feet, is completely covered by the waves.

More than eight million of the 13,500,000 people in Mexico do not work. Counting out the children and aged there remain 3,774,148 possible producers, who produce absolutely nothing. Then—and there is an astonishing figure—there are in domestic service 1,488,024, as against 116,000 of dignified salary earners.

HUNTING FOR TALISMANS. How Professor Somerville Made an Expedition to an Indian Temple. When the late Prof. Somerville, of the University of Pennsylvania, the learned collector of gems, charms and talismans, had set his mind on some curious kind of one of his meetings with Oriental, nothing could bar the way. Were it in the centre of the Desert of Sahara or on the topmost pinnacle of the Himalayan Mountains, he would go after it and keep up the search until the treasure was found, purchased and placed on exhibition at the university museum.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

Last Thought. The thought of her tressourer frer, Of her dress, her gloves, her veil; Of the stately way she should tread the aisle, And how to manage her trail. Of bridesmaids, ushers and guests, The minister—then she said: "I've forgotten something, I guess. Now let me see—O yes!" 'Twas the man she was going to wed. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

La cated. Mother—"I hope you are not at the foot of your class this week?" Johnnie—"No'm. Just about the ankle."—New York Sun.

Went to Water. Her Mother—"Did you turn out the gas when Tom left?" Kitty—"No'm. Tom turned it out when he came in."—St. Paul Dispatch.

She Enjoyed It, Perhaps. Book—"Did you enjoy your trip West?" Cook—"Er—somewhat. I had my wife with me."—Chesica (Mas.) Gazette.

Reassuring. Mr. Thinne—"Is there any danger of that dog of yours biting me?" Hiram Cloverport—"No, siree, that dog don't bite bones; he just gnaws 'em, that's all."—Brooklyn Life.

Nothing Dull About It. "It's funny the way poets speak of 'dull care,' isn't it?" "Why, what's funny about that?" "Well, every care I ever had was most awfully sharp."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Limit. He—"Frank isn't so bad; he's only a man of the world, you know." She—"If that was all, I wouldn't mind; but Frank goes further; he thinks himself the man of the world."—Boston Transcript.

Time Was Too Short. "So," sobbed Ilina Vaselinovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle. Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?" "Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."—Fort Worth Keizer.

Same Thing. "He's employed by the railroad company now, I understand." "Yes, he has charge of the puzzle department." "The what?" "He makes out the time tables."—Exchange.

The Tramp's Taste. Tramp—"Can you give me something to eat, lady?" Lady—"There's the wood pile." Tramp—"I can't eat wood, lady." Lady—"You can saw it, can't you?" Tramp—"I'd rather eat it, lady. Good morning."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fatal Ray. Mamie—"No, Billy, I can't give ye no hope, fer I never expects ter marry—but if I ever does, I gives ye mo woid dat ye'll be mo foist husbind."—Woman's Home Companion.

Victim of Feminine Weakness. Dave—"What's the matter with your eyes?" "Billy—"Oh, I sat between two girls on the car. One girl's hat jabbed me in one eye with a bunch of straw, and the other girl's hat jabbed the other eye with a quill."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Realism Explained. "That was a splendid ball fall you made in your death scene last night," remarked a young member of the company to the eminent tragedian. "Yes," he said, "and I'd like to lay my hands on the blithering idiot who soaped the stage floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Reply Unhappy. "Edwin, am I the first woman you have ever loved?" she suddenly asked him when he was measuring her finger for the ring. "Yes, Mamie," he blurted out, being somewhat disconcerted. "The others were only girls."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Sense of Propriety. "It was careless of me to say I admired Bacon," remarked the young woman with glasses. "Did you offend some Shakespearean student?" "No. It was a Chicago pork packer. He frigidly remarked that he didn't care to talk shop."—Washington Star.

Wary's Sensitive Side. Lady—"Now, you can cut down that little tree for me, and I'll find you a good dinner. Why, what are you crying for?" The Wary One—"Oh, lady, I was just a-thinkin' of that beautiful song, 'Woodman, Spare That Blooming Tree,' and I'm that sensitive I couldn't do it, lily—I really couldn't."—New Yorker.

Sure to Do It. "And you say you saw the man knocked insensible by footpads and deliberately left him in that condition in a lonely place?" "Sure, that's just what I did. I knew he'd come around all right." "What reason had you to be so certain that he'd come 'round'?" "Reason! Why, the man was a bill collector."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

