

Jael's Example

"Ah!" said the councilor to the lawyer, "you have just shown a striking example of those powers of deduction in which resides the genius of a magistrate. If this infinitesimal detail, which had surely gone unnoticed by a duller comprehension, had escaped your attention, there is no doubt that the criminal would never have been found out."

"On what fine threads does the threads of justice hang suspended! And while we are telling of such things, I can tell you a story, even stranger than yours, in which I played a part similar to your own."

"I also discovered a criminal under such extraordinary conditions that the whole thing savored of a miracle. I do not say this to exalt my own powers, for I should never have discovered anything had it not been for the evident collaboration of fate or Providence, whichever you choose to call it."

"What you say awakens my lively curiosity," said the lawyer, lighting a fresh cigar. "Pray, begin immediately."

"Willingly; but first I must take you into my library. I know that you are a lover of rare books, and before I begin I want to show you mine. I am not postponing my story, I assure you; I am only leading the way to it, as you shall see."

"The two men arose from the table where they lingered over the nuts and made their way into the library, a large room, its walls lined with books."

Every collector has his especial fad. Herr Councilor Otto Grotius delighted in Bibles.

It was his greatest boast that he owned several editions that were lacking in the richest library in Germany, that belonging to the ancient University of Göttingen. With infinite pride he took his rare volumes from their shelves, saying the last two books of a modern and very shabby appearance. As he handed them to his guest he said:—

"This edition is one of my treasures."

"What! this common reprint of the century before last?"

"Exactly, my dear sir, for two reasons. First, the two books were given to one of my ancestors by Frederick the Great himself, who annotated one of them upon the margin more wittily than respectfully, as might have been expected from a friend of Voltaire."

"Secondly, and here I hope you will give me your closest attention, the first volume in place of a book-mark, has this little scrap of yellowed paper, very insignificant in itself, but nothing in the world would induce me to move it from its place for it was this little slip of paper that furnished me with a clue to the mysterious event of which I am about to tell you."

"When I was married my ever regretted wife brought me, as part of her dowry, this little estate, which we gladly made our home. You have been so good as to admire our old garden, with its box bordered plots and bright flowers, but I did not dare take you further and descend from the beautiful to the useful, to go from the park to the vegetable garden."

"I am sorry I did not, now, for it is probable that you have never seen a haunted house, and I might have shown you one, or one that is supposed to be haunted."

"Its appearance has nothing sinister about it, this little house in which my valet swears that he has seen wandering white-robed forms. It is a small, one-story affair, covered with honey-suckle, and clambering roses. As you draw nearer, however, you see that the windows are broken, the chimney stopped up, and the walls inside decorated with a wild growth of fungus."

"When my wife and I first came here this cottage was inhabited by the gardener and his wife. The man's name was Josias, and as he had formerly worked for my father-in-law, I kept him to work for me. I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget this man's face. He must have been about 50 when we came here, a tall, vigorous looking fellow, all muscle, with a head I can only describe as square. His eyebrows met in a straight line across his face. He had thick red hair, and no beard."

"His face showed ambition, obstinacy, and callousness. He had, it seemed, tried several times to free himself from the state of dependence in which he was born, but his enterprises had all been failures, and he bewailed his lot bitterly."

"I will be rich some day, though, he would always conclude. I don't know when or how, but it will come."

"He was stern with other men and harsh towards animals. He would strike the dog, for example not angrily, but coldly, as if for his own satisfaction."

"The servants detested him, and the peasants feared him as one endowed with powers of witchcraft, pretending that he had the evil eye, and could force any one to do his will."

"Josias married, very late in life, a young girl who, innocent herself, did much to further the reports of his power, for she was everywhere believed to be a victim of his witch-

craft. How else, they demanded, would he ever have persuaded her to marry him?"

"Always deathly white, with yellow hair and blue eyes, she trembled before her husband like a bird fascinated by a snake. Furthermore, she was subject to strange periods of lethargy. She would remain several days in a sleep so like death that the first time it occurred she was nearly buried alive."

"Such were the husband and wife. I had, however, no fault to find with Josias personally, so I kept him in my service, treating the rumors that I heard as false, and of no importance."

"In addition to his garden work, Josias had certain things to do about the house. One Saturday, the day he was accustomed to wax the floor of my library, I entered the room unexpectedly and surprised him standing near the shelf with this same Bible in his hand."

"At my entrance he closed the book hurriedly, but, an interesting point, not before he had marked the page with the slip of paper that I showed you, an account of the expenses for the first week of July."

"I said nothing to him about the incident, seeing from his nervousness that he felt as if caught in a fault. He put the volume back in its place, and as it was not the one marked by the Great Frederick there was no occasion to remove the book mark."

"Just here, my dear sir, is where the mystery begins."

"The next day, which was Sunday—pray, observe the date—the cook appeared anxious about Frau Josias whom she said she had not seen the whole day. She finally went down to the gardener's cottage and found the unhappy woman lying upon her bed, white and rigid."

"Another of her attacks," said Josias without any apparent emotion, in answer to her enquiries.

"Someone suggested sending for the doctor, but Josias forbade it, saying vehemently:—

"No! no! I haven't any money to waste on doctors. She will come around all right, just as she always does."

"And it was not until three days later, when symptoms of decomposition began to show themselves, that they sent for a doctor. He could only confirm the death of the poor woman, a fact that astonished no one."

"A month before, a point to be noted, Frau Josias had inherited a large sum of money, and had immediately made her will in favor of her husband."

"You are doubtless wondering what connection there can possibly be between these events and the book-mark in the Bible. But have patience!"

The councilor paused for a moment to enjoy his guest's interest and then went on.

"After his wife's death, Josias, who was now worth several thousand thalers, left us and went away to set up for himself in the district of F—. We learned later that fortune, so long sought by him, continued to smile upon him, and he became burgomaster of his village. But he was never seen here in S—, and he never came back to the cemetery in which lay Frau Josias."

"It was not long, moreover, before this cemetery disappeared. It was so damp there that dangerous miasmas developed, threatening the inhabitants of the neighboring houses. At first, the authorities merely ordered it to be closed, but ten years later they decided upon its total suppression and planned to run a new road directly through the cemetery."

"In the month of July the work began and the laborers digging in the soft earth brought the first bones to the surface. One morning just as the men were about to begin, they saw an old beggar who had made her way into the cemetery by a hole in the wall, and who was picking up the wooden crosses for firewood."

"Suddenly they saw her start back, as if overwhelmed with fright, meanwhile uttering a terrified cry. They ran to question her, and by gestures and broken words she made them understand that in the ground before her she had seen the head of a dead person move."

"Look, look now!" she cried. "Every one drew back instinctively. In very fact a head was moving, stirred by no one knew what supernatural powers. One workman declared that the minister ought to be fetched. Another with more brains ran in search of the doctor. They came to tell me of it also, and I reached the cemetery just as the doctor arrived."

"The latter made merry jests at the superstitions of the laborers, and, bending down, discovered a toad which had somehow made its way inside the cerebral cavity and could not get out again."

"Do you see?" he said laughing. "But his laughter died away. Another discovery made him silent. This was a long nail, fine as an embroidery needle, which, inserted at the base of the brain, traversed the entire head."

"'H'm!' he said. 'The murderer was a clever man! Death was instantaneous, there was no blood, and, thanks to the hair, no apparent trace. My worthy predecessor probably thought death due to a rupture of a blood vessel in the brain.'

"How are we going to know the name of the victim and the other—the murderer? I thought anxiously. As if in answer to my question, just then one of the workmen overturned

the crosses of the four graves that were in the corner of the graveyard. On one was the inscription:—'Here lies Cornelia Josias.'

"Suddenly, a thought rushed through my mind, lighting up my perplexity as the lightning illumines the dark clouds of the tempest. I believed I knew the name of the murderer, but I needed proofs before I could make my knowledge known."

"I rushed home to the library, where we are sitting now. I opened a book. It was this Bible. The proof was there. I no longer doubted I was sure."

"The next morning the police entered the house of the Josias. They found him seated at the table. The chief of police approached him, placed his finger at the base of Josias' brain, and said:—

"Josias, I accuse you of murdering your wife!"

"The miserable wretch trembled violently, and his teeth chattered as he stammered:—

"Yes, yes! God is avenged. The book! oh! I stifle!"

"He fell dead, stricken with apoplexy."

"And now, open the Bible at the page where I opened it upon returning from the cemetery, at the page which Josias himself marked, 'the day before the crime. Chapter IV. of the Book of Judges, and the 21st verse. Read it aloud.'"

The lawyer took the volume and read:—

"Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent and took a hammer in her hand and went softly unto Sisera and smote the nail into his temples and fastened it into the ground, and Sisera having been killed in this manner, passed from sleep unto death."

HORSES WITHOUT SHOES.

Australian Trainer Says They Are Lengths Faster.

The shoeing or rather plating of race-horses is a question widely discussed in England just now, especially since J. Brewer, the Australian trainer and ex-jockey, has aired his views. He is of the opinion that too much attention cannot be paid to the matter, and that in the shoeing alone centres the great success of the racer. In years gone by, shoeing used to be studied in a perfunctory manner, the system adopted being rather of the haphazard-lucky order. When the results came out all right they were taken for granted, and no great effort was made to shape them beforehand. Almost all trainers then worked on the same plans, and they won in turns. Sometimes one was found to be more clever than the other.

In a recent interview in Sporting Sketches, Brewer unburdens himself thus: "Light plates are, of course put on racehorses before they are sent out to gallop for money, their ordinary working shoes being temporarily discarded. One cannot be too careful in this respect, or no cash will be won. A small advantage makes a lot of difference at the winning end. Lightness is trumps and nothing beats the aluminum plating. Every ounce you take off a horse's feet is pounds off his back. A man does not run far money in heavy boots, that is if it is his own money."

HE IS STRUGGLING FOR.

"In Australia I have often run horses without shoes when the going was good, not greasy after rain. They are lengths better when they run barefooted and the difference is not likely to be fully appreciated except by sportsmen who test it practically on their own account. And, mind, you this is no mere theorizing with nothing at stake. For instance, such horses as The Gaffer, Battalion—one of the best horses that ever came to England from Australia—and Tornado, which I trained at Epsom, ran without shoes when they won. Why, I might beat Sceptre with a good plater if that famous mare had heavy shoes on. There was such an illustration in the Duke of York Stakes. It was a narrow squeak and it might have been a piercing shriek if those working shoes had been a trifle heavier."

"Of course, the old selling steep-chasers wear big, heavy shoes. That is, when they are not trying. Such risks are certainly not taken when the money is on, because if the pot boils over, a waste of steam may cause a blow-up. Generally speaking, racehorses are not taken to the blacksmith's, as are ordinary horses, to be shod, since the blacksmith goes to them, and the work is done in their box. Needless to say, it is very skillfully and carefully performed as a rule. Horses are not often pricked in shoeing; that may be an excuse for something else in exceptional cases—for we do not always hear the truth about flyers in the paddock, when we are itching to bet, even if we go about with our ears open instead of our mouths—a characteristic attitude. Why we do not frequently experience a disagreeable taste is another of those great sporting problems which continue to worry us in moments of despondency after backing several horses as if to the manner born. Oh, yes, we do know our luck."

"I use very thin plates, and when I pin my faith in a crack do not run him without them. I do not want a slip-up round the last turn when my champion is taking his place and when I stand to win more in a minute than I can afford to lose in six months."

PLACES TO GO FOR HEALTH

CAN'T CATCH COLD WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

If You Want to Escape Cancer You Must Go to New Guinea.

Explorers in search of the North Pole may die of cold, but never of a cold. The fact is that nasal catarrh is practically unknown within the Arctic Circle. This seems to prove what many physicians have long urged—that an ordinary cold in the head is an infectious illness caused by a specific microbe. The cold of the Far North either kills the microbe outright, or so acts upon the mucus membrane of the nose that it renders it proof against the infection.

Speaking of the Arctic regions, it is worth mentioning that a year spent in the extreme north is worth all the hair tonics in existence to the bald. Arctic whalers and explorers have, almost without exception, testified to the amazing growth of the hair on their heads during exposure to below zero temperatures. Indeed, it is said that if the roots of the hair are not absolutely destroyed, even persons completely bald can regain their hair by spending twelve months among the eternal ice.

No disease has made more terribly rapid strides within the past few years than cancer, and none has more greatly exercised the energies of physicians and men of science to fight it. Dr. Alfred Wolf has collected an immense mass of statistics concerning the disease, which go to prove that it is far more frequent in cider and beer drinking countries than in those where wine is

THE USUAL BEVERAGE.

Thus, the South of France is far freer than the North. Secondly, he has shown that thickly-wooded districts suffer worse than those which are naturally bare or from which the trees have been cut. Sussex, Warwickshire, and Devonshire—all well-wooded countries—suffer alarmingly from cancer, and matters are even worse in the provinces of North-Eastern France, Bavaria (in Germany), and in the Austrian Tyrol.

It is therefore advisable for those who fear cancer to move into open country where trees are scarce. The safest part of England is the Black Country, where the death-rate from cancer is but a third of that in the three counties above mentioned.

In Borneo and New Guinea this terrible disease is quite unknown. Dr. Pagel, who has been practising for more than ten years in the former island, has not only never seen a case of cancer there, but has never even heard of one, nor of its allied disease, lupus. New Guinea, so far as can be ascertained, seems equally free.

The latest idea is that countries subject to severe forms of malaria are immune from cancer. Certainly cancer is very rare on the West Coast of Africa. It is almost unknown in the swampy regions of Central America and of

THE AMAZON VALLEY.

The Sunderbunds also, those great swamps on the Hooghly, east of Calcutta, in whose depths lie many native villages, are also free from cancer.

Everyone knows that high grounds are the best refuge for patients afflicted with any form of consumption. The higher Alps will in almost all cases give a new lease of life to the consumptive patient. But neither the Alps nor any other mountainous resort can compare for a moment with the desert lands of Southern California. Here, if the patient arrives before the disease has absolutely devoured his lungs, he can live in the dry, clear atmosphere for years. In almost every case the tubercular symptoms at last disappear, though if the patient leaves the refuge, it is more than probable that they will recur, and a relapse will rapidly put an end to his life.

Another safe refuge for those threatened with consumption is the high veld on the west side of Northern Cape Colony. There is a large patch of mountainous country inland from Port Nolloth where tuberculosis is said to be absolutely non-existent.

For sufferers from bronchitis there is probably no place like the inland part of Florida. There is a small town of that State to which the postmaster, a strong and active man, was twenty-two years ago brought on a couch so ill with bronchitis that no doctor gave him more than

A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE.

In the northern part of the State of Michigan is a small stream known as the Boyne River. The population living in its neighborhood are remarkable for extraordinary longevity. No special virtues were attributed to the stream itself until one day, about five years ago, an old man, named George Keyes, fishing in the river, hooked a large bass, and, in his efforts to land it, slipped into the water. Keyes was nearly eighty years old, and so severely afflicted with rheumatism, that he was forced to walk with two sticks. Horrified at his unexpected ducking, which he expected to bring on a severe attack of pain, he struggled out, and hobbled away home. To his utter amazement, instead of becoming

worst, by the time he reached his house he felt better than he had for months. Ascribing his improvement to his involuntary bath, he went back next day and took another. After a week's treatment he was cured.

Since Keyes' wonderful recovery the Boyne River district has been found to be impregnated with lithia, iron, and other substances. Residence there is said to be an absolute specific against rheumatism of all kinds. —Pearson's Weekly.

RICHES OF ESQUIMAUX

ABOUT THE WEALTH HE IS POSSESSED OF,

Kor-ko-ya Has a Window in His Hut, and is Contemplating a Table.

Upon Frobisher Bay, on the eastern shore of Baffin Land, frequented only by whalers and walrus hunters, lives Kor-ko-ya, the richest Esquimaux in the world. Affluence is a relative term, largely modified by environment, and the New York plutocrat would be as helpless, despite all his means, if dropped in Frobisher Bay, as would Kor-ko-ya, if transplanted to Fifth-avenue says a letter from Seattle.

Of late years the Esquimaux "millionaire" has been acquiring the luxuries of civilization. Two summers ago he placed a window in his house. What an advance that means on ordinary Esquimaux methods may be understood by recollecting that the average "Inuit"—their own name—lives in a snow house in winter and in a tent of skins during the summer. Kor-ko-ya's house is built out of wooden planks, the wreckage of ships cast away in that perilous quarter, and in civilized climes a man would not lodge cattle in it. But it is as a metropolitan mansion to the habitants of his neighbors. A year or so ago he added an oil lamp to his possessions and the last season a whaler brought him up a stove. His progressive tendencies are now the subject of discussion among seasoned whalers in half a dozen ports, and it is said he is to have a table next year.

HEAD OF HIS SET.

The Esquimaux are anything but thrifty. Saving is an unknown art with them. They will gorge themselves with food to-day if they kill a seal, though they may starve tomorrow. It is a tribal custom also to divide the spoils of the chase with the unlucky, just as it is to exchange wives, and therefore they take what the fates provide in the matter of food and clothing, and no man worries himself.

Kor-ko-ya, however, is a man apart; the exception that proves the rule. He is 61 years old, having first seen the light in a little native village north of the present Danish town of Julianashaab, in West Greenland.

He was a keen trader as well as an expert hunter, and he brought from his neighbors and sold to the whalers. By the time he was 20 he was a leader in the tribe and his "iglas" its hub and five years later he was the undisputed head of the little community, which he has since made the largest and most influential in all the Baffin region.

HIS GREAT RICHES.

His wealth has now grown to great proportions, the region and materials considered. He has probably not a dollar bill in his possession, for money would be of no use to him. But he has enough and to spare of everything essential to existence in that desolate land. He owns no fewer than ten kayaks (canoes for men) and sixty bone-tipped double-bladed paddles. He also owns four oomeaks (women's boats), with thirty single paddles for their propulsion. His stock of harpoons, lances and walrus hide ropes is both large and perfect, and he is the admiral of his own fleet. He and his allies killed the past season over sixty walruses, and his stock of blubber for the winter consisted of seventy-two ilaks or black logs, weighing about 100 pounds each. Besides, he bartered as much more to the whalers with hides and tusks, and in part payment received the stove above mentioned.

HAS TEN WIVES.

It is, however, in wives that he is considered richest. He has no less than ten of them, all of whom can be discarded without the formality of divorce and transferred to other members of the tribe in exchange for desirable members of their feminine property. The Esquimaux woman must be strong of jaw and persistently industrious, for the archaic method of keeping skin garments soft and pliable is for the women to chew the skins all over from time to time. This constant practice gives the women jaws and teeth strong enough to bite pieces out of tin pails, which they will often do on board the whalers, being given an empty preserve can if they will bite a fragment out of the lid.

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge remember that." "I shall not, be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed." "Clerk, I've—er—had an addition to my family, sir." Employer (abstinent-minded): "Addition? Well, if it's correct, enter it in the ledger."

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