

LIVING IN HIS WIFE'S TOMB; VOWS HE WILL NOT LEAVE HER

New York Man Has Spent Ten Years in the Gruesome Lodging-Place—Fitted It Up With Reminders of Former Home—His Own Casket Ready for Him.

After a long-kept vigil at the bedside of his dying wife, poor old Jonathan Reed sat silently and wept. It had been a hard fight with the grim monster, but death had won, and now the lonely heart, after many a year of close companionship with the chosen sharer of his joys and sorrows must face the world alone. All was over; his wife was dead. Her poor emaciated face rested on a flickering lamp, and the rays of a peaceful little lamp shone now and then over the rigid features, while the cold wind howled around—and through the cracks of the strange ramshackle old buildings on the outskirts of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On a table near the bed stood a few glasses, some water, and several small vials, the contents of which had been used as elements in the great last battle. And beside the table stood the doctor, his head bowed in sympathy with the one who had been left behind; a mute though forceful witness to the folly of resistance against the will of him who calls his people home.

For more than 40 days and nights had this grim man of science fought to lead his patient away from the valley of the shadow, but his fight was unavailing; gradually she sank until with arms unfitted in a mute appeal to the one man on all God's earth she loved, she fell back on her pillow, and into the great beyond.

A DOUBTLESS DEATH. Not a night had her husband slept, not a moment had he left her side. He saw her falling day by day; he watched her life and with her life his fondest hope wasted bit by bit, and when the final crash arrived he stood beside his dear one, dazed, helpless, the very embodiment of agony, until kind tears fell to his cheeks and helped him wash away his deeply rooted sorrow.

Then came the undertaker with his business-like air—the flowers—the usual letters of sympathy—the watch by the side of the poor, inanimate form of clay; and then the rumbling hearse, the curious crowd outside, and last the slow march to the final earthly resting place. Through all this aged man—then past 60—set firm his jaws and mourned as only many men can mourn, men whose hearts are struck down hard and deep. He followed the hearse alone, and then back through the silent and wind he went to settle up his earthly affairs. The doctor must be paid, the household bills settled. This done a silent, though deathly farewell to the little world must be taken—for when Jonathan Reed's good wife passed away there was a double death; her husband had sworn he would never leave her. And he kept his word.

LIVED IN A TOMB. The deathbed scene was enacted ten years ago. Today in a vault in Evergreen Cemetery, near the city of New York, now fast reaching the allotted three score years and ten, his snowy head falling on a sunken chest, his eyes fixed upon the face of one he loved, He is Jonathan Reed, who has lived ten years in the grave of his long loved life partner.

Must companionship cease when one is taken and the other left? Does the fire of youthful love die when the sun of life runs low? Must and must, though the dead may be, and they be left alone? Reed's life in his home-like vault in Evergreen where Mary sleeps is his answer to such questions.

"I told her I would never leave her; that it would be her and her only, forever, and that I would be with her," he said the other day in a voice of emotion. And he zoned retro, spectively across the shimmering little lake nearby, while the weeping willows swished their long branches in the water with a "Yes, yes," as if in confirmation of his words.

Forty-five years ago Jonathan Reed and Mary Guild were united in wedlock. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder," said the clergyman, but there was no need of the warning in their case.

It was a case of proper mating; a mating that did not end at the grave when one was taken away. It is an example that would give divorce its death blow. It was taken seriously by those tugging to break the oppressive chains of matrimony.

PROMISE TO HIS WIFE. There were 35 years of happy wedded life.

"It is a singular thing that my wife should have been so beautiful," said the old lover, in speaking of his married life. "She was beautiful in all things. Lovely, loving and lovable. She was my inspiration and guide. I was successful in business and in many other things, and it was all due to her. So why should I remain devoted to her?"

Then, as told, death came one day, and menacingly hovered over the home.

"You must go," said the agonized husband. "You will die and the world will be changed for me. Yet the remainder of my life shall be devoted to you."

"I will be always by your side. I will keep you from the mud and from the clay. I will always be doing something that I consider beautiful to your memory."

"And because there had never been any confidence withheld from each other, I told her of my plans to do just what I am doing now; that I would build a beautiful tomb and sit by her side every day. Whether she knows or not that I am keeping my word I cannot say, but I believe she does."

A BEAUTIFUL SITE. For ten years and more, summer and winter, fair weather and stormy, through all the seasons, Reed may have been found at the Reed vault in Whispering Grove of Evergreen.

A more beautiful spot for a final home could scarcely be found. A knoll reaches down to a peaceful little lake bordered by trailing willows and shrubbery. The vault is on the side of the knoll facing the lake.

Evidence there are a plenty of Mr. Reed's declaration that he would ever do something which he considered beautiful to his wife's memory. The vault itself is a handsome one, having some in its simplicity of architecture rather than in elaborate decoration. Flowers, flowers everywhere, with a huge polished globe surmounting its front side as the chief feature of ornamentation.

Beautifulization has been left for the husband to perform with his own hands. On the roof of the vault at the side and in great urns in front, are flowers. Flowers everywhere, and of the sort that she loved.

Bits of the old home also are in evidence as ornaments. Here and there may be seen white door knobs tracing a pretty border around a flower box, a pan or kettle that had been used by the mistress in the performance of domestic duties, continue to serve her at her grave in the form of receptacles for flowers. Other oddities, usually foreign to a cemetery are noticeable, all of which the cemetery authorities indulgently permit out of respect to the devoted husband.

Everything is well kept. Grass, flowers, the enclosure before the vault, where there are several iron benches to accommodate visitors, everything is immaculately neat, showing much attention bestowed upon the place by its owner and keeper.

MR. REED'S PHILOSOPHY. "Sentiment," said the old man, dreamily, as he watched two yellow butterflies fluttering above a bed of pansies. "Or, 'The Privatesman Ashore.' (Adapted with grateful acknowledgments from the picture by Mr. Howard Pyle, U. S. A.)

"Privateer, n.—A private craft, fully armed, cruising under letters of marque, acting in concert with the supreme authority of the country, the object generally being to annoy the commerce of a hostile nation."—See Dictionary.

cause goose-flesh to creep up the spinal columns of the superstitious or nervous.

HAS BIRD AND CAGE. Each casket is handsome and costly, but both are covered with draperies that once served as portieres in the home. A table and chair are at one end of the vault, the table piled high with an endless array of household goods. Books, vases, a bunch of wax flowers under a glass globe. Tildes, cushions and fancy work fashioned by feminine fingers, pen-cushions, photographs, pictures are here, everywhere within the limits of the vault. In the ceiling are other household mementoes, noticeable among which is a brass parrot, small quarters, but the parrot, like its dead mistress, needs no more.

In one corner are piled the garden implements used by Mr. Reed in keeping the exterior of the vault and the little room. In the center, there are a rake, a shovel, a spade, sprinkling can and similar articles. On a shelf is a pair of water and a tin dipper.

Yes, it does look "homelike," as the living room of a family, and if the visitor has any hesitancy about declaring it to be so immediately upon entering, he will certainly come away with the conviction that his eye meets the perforated cardboard motto hanging above the archedway to the vault, which bears the familiar old appeal, "God Bless Our Home."

"TO LOVE AND CHERISH." Thus, day after day, year after year, Jonathan Reed is fulfilling his promise to her, and to cherish, in the distance from the door of his vault he can see the great city of New York, all its towers, its lights and darknesses. The joy of his life, his wife, is before him, and the chirp of the crickets, the twitter of the birds and the tolling of the graveyard bell.

"It isn't loneliness, though," he said, "nor am I at odds with the spirits of my departed friends. To bestow kind words, tenderness and good deeds upon her was all I wanted, and it did me more good than I have my money, my care and all that I had than to enjoy it alone. The only thing I have to regret is that she did not live longer so that I could have done more for her."

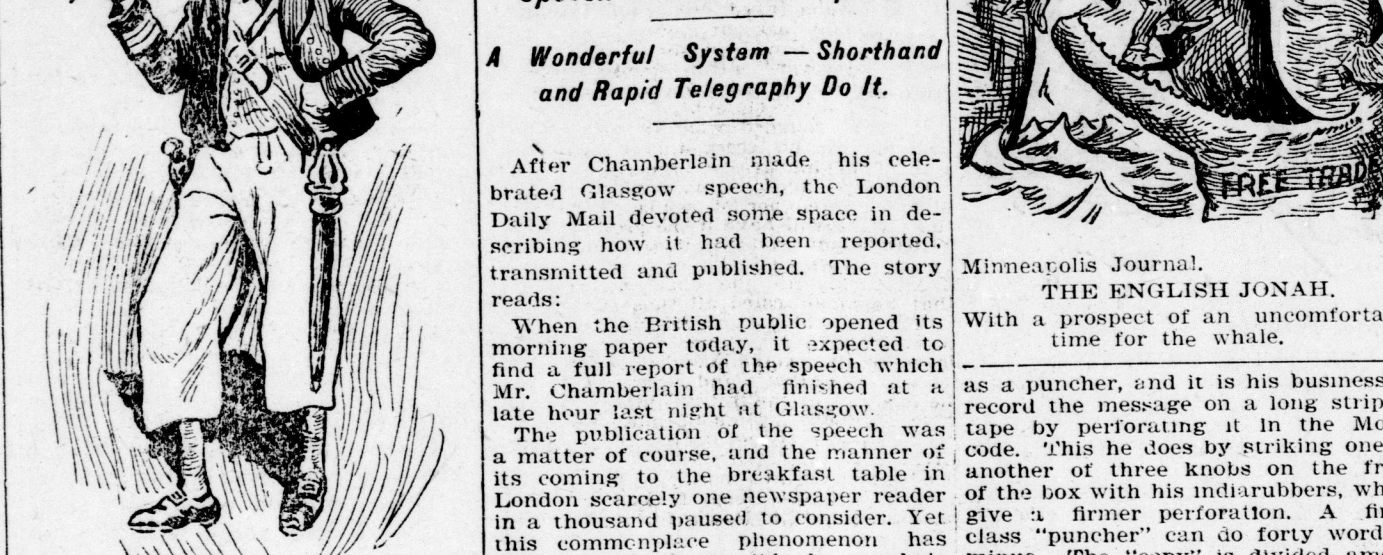
"Divorce? It is all due to mis-mating and to selfishness."

THE LATEST CHAMBERLAIN CARTOONS.



St. Paul Pioneer Press. THE WILLIAM TELL OF BRITISH POLITICS. Chamberlain—If you don't believe it, look in the mirror.

150 REPORTERS FOLLOW "JOE" How Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow Speech Reached the Papers. A Wonderful System—Shorthand and Rapid Telegraphy Do It.



Minneapolis Journal. THE ENGLISH JONAH. With a prospect of an uncomfortable time for the whale.

After Chamberlain made his celebrated Glasgow speech, the London Daily Mail devoted some space in describing how it had been reported, transmitted and published. The story reads:

When the British public opened its morning paper today, it expected to find a full report of the speech which Mr. Chamberlain had finished at a late hour last night at Glasgow.

The publication of the speech was a matter of course, and the manner of its coming to the breakfast table in London scarcely one newspaper reader in a thousand paused to consider. Yet this commonplace phenomenon has only been made possible by a whole string of almost miraculous inventions, and by years of machine-like operation.

The machine had begun to work some days before Mr. Chamberlain began to speak. From each of the newspapers—seeing that a good place was allotted to his staff, interviewing the postal officials, perhaps existing some of the best of the local short-hand reporters to assign his own men.

The general postoffice had been duly notified that special press telegrams on a large scale would be sent. A small army of telegraph operators had come up, and a number of wonderful "Wheatstones" had been in operation since the morning of the preparation for last night's hour or so of frantic work.

A preface of energetic pencil-sharpening from the ranks of 150 reporters, and Mr. Chamberlain began to speak. Each newspaper or agency had its little group of half a dozen to fourteen reporters arranged along a table. In charge of each group is a "chief," watch in hand. He acts as a time-keeper for his men, and as the "chief" of the group, the "chief" is the first to begin to write. So he writes for perhaps five minutes, when the man with the watch by a slight tap of the table or a whispered word indicates that Smith's "take" is over, and "Brown follows," and already the reporter next to Smith is covering sheet after sheet, and the mysterious shorthand symbols. So the work goes on in spells along the table.

Yet it is a very short, breathing space that each reporter enjoys. Once more he leans forward and strains himself to write—this time in longhand, for he is transcribing the words he has already taken down. From this moment his senses are aware of nothing but the pages in front of him. He has become a machine, and his brain is useless. He is the retention of one idea—the need of haste. The speaker may make the most astounding pronouncements, the audience may cheer itself hoarse or drown the speaker with hisses, but Smith is oblivious of it all. It may be that Smith can follow the speaker, but he is not conscious of the fact, but even then only for physical reasons.

After a time he looks up and throws his first batch of "copy" to the "chief," who rapidly numbers the folios and hands the lot to one of a number of messengers who are in waiting.

In an short a space as may be the messenger has reached the postoffice, and the copy has been delivered to the "chief" of the "Wheatstone" line. The line is finished he pulls a lever. Without any further attention the machine takes the further of matrices, spaces the words automatically, and the line is exactly, casts from them a solid line of type, and sorts out the matrices into their proper compartments, and on again. And all the while the operator is continuing his typewriting work. Again no time is lost.

Cheap Fuel for Everybody. Beaver Brand Charcoal is the cheapest fuel for cooking and heating. Try a half bushel sack. Ten cents, all grocers.

A national pantheon is being erected by the Mexican Government in the City of Mexico, the estimated cost being \$5,000,000. It is to be built on a memorial and a sculpture for Mexico's great men.

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-places of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says: "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

Groves of the eucalyptus tree, known as blue gum, or manna gum, are cut to the ground for fuel when they are five or seven years old, and every six to eight years subsequently. The yield from each cutting is commonly 50 to 75 cords of four-foot wood per acre.

A PLEASANT MEDICINE—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to begot painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parke's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

RAISED ON LACTATED FOOD. HARRY ALBERT GRIFFITH, Montreal West, P.Q., now eighteen months old, and fed daily on LACTATED FOOD from time of birth.

LACTATED FOOD makes healthy, hearty and happy babies.

Hammer Made of Water. Take a small stoppered flask and fill it three parts full of water. Then, with the stopper out, set it upon the fire in a saucepan of salt water. Salt water boils at 102 degrees, and you will thus obtain enough heat to cause the water in the flask to boil. As soon as the escaping vapor has driven out the air remove it from the saucepan, cork it quickly and by means of sealing wax prevent the risk of any air re-entering. The vapor of water contained in the flask will condense as it cools down, and thus produce a vacuum sufficient to exemplify the so-called water hammer. Gently turn your magic flask upside down and then upend it quickly, or else shake it briskly to and fro. In either case you will observe that the water will strike the side or bottom of the flask as though it were one solid mass, making a noise as though a hammer had struck it. The reason of this is that the water is now no longer divided into isolated drops, as it would be if open to the air, but behaves exactly as though it were a solid body. Our apparatus also serves for another experiment. You can succeed in making the water in the flask boil by simply blowing on it.

In order to do this place the bottle in the saucepan of boiling water once more, this time without taking out the stopper. Remove it now and allow the ebullition to cease. After a little while apply a lump of ice to the upper part of the flask, and you will see the water begin to boil again quite curiously, although by this time it may be little more than tepid.

New York Herald.

SIR W. M. V. HARCOURT, TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN

An Amusing Story of His Absent-mindedness.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt should be a soured and embittered man; for he has been repeatedly disappointed in his aspirations, and has in turn coveted the post of lord chief justice, the speakership of the House of Commons, the woolsack, and the premiership, but has in each case seen these posts, which he would have adorned with impressive dignity, go to others. Yet with all this he is the most cheery, genial and big-hearted of men, a typical Englishman, straight as a die in the estimation of friend and foe alike, his one fault of character being his impatience with bores and his inability to conceal his contempt for fools. Like his young friend, Lord Spencer, he is so new at absent-mindedness, and an amusing story is related of him in this connection. In the middle of a busy season Sir William, in fulfillment of a long-standing engagement, marked in his pocket-book, went out to dinner on a Monday night. He fancied he observed, on making his entrance to the drawing-room, that his host and hostess looked surprised and even embarrassed. The mood was, however, momentary. He was thereafter welcomed with accustomed effusiveness, and had an excellent dinner in such agreeable company that he refrained from complaining that the table was perhaps a little crowded. On Tuesday and Wednesday he kept other dinner engagements, of which he had made careful note in his book, and on each occasion observed with even less hope of understanding an almost frightened look passing between his host and hostess when his name was announced. But the embarrassment proved transitory, and Sir William had thoroughly enjoyed the evening. On Thursday he dined out again, but on Friday on entering the house where he believed that he was expected for dinner that evening, he encountered the butler, an old acquaintance. The man, with less mastery of his emotions than better bred people, started back when he recognized the statesman, gazing at him, open-mouthed.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Sir William. "Didn't you expect to see me to dinner?"

"Yes, Sir William," replied the butler, "but it wasn't for tonight. It was for next week."

Closer investigation of Sir William's engagement book explained the mystery. It was arranged in pages, each one noting a week's engagements. Sir William, in his haste, had unwittingly turned over two pages, so that the week keeping engagements which really fell due a week later.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

USE Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

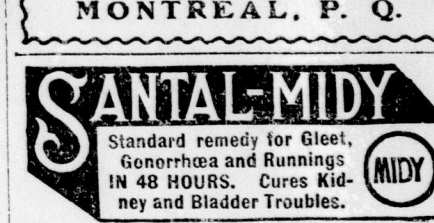
Because they yield THE MOST and BEST FOR THE MONEY



The Finest Cocoa in the World 40 Highest Awards in Europe and America.

Our Choice Recipe Book, sent free, will tell you how to make Fudge and a great variety of dainty dishes from our Cocoa and Chocolate.

ADDRESS OUR BRANCH HOUSE Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. 12 and 14 St. John Street MONTREAL, P. Q.



Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings. 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but many so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

The Canadian Pacific Railway sold last year at its subsidy land nearly 2,500,000 acres at a price averaging less than \$4 an acre. In the previous year it sold less than 1,000,000 acres at price averaging a little over \$3 an acre.

"I WANT THE WORST CASES OF CONSUMPTION"

SAYS DR. SLOCUM

All Sufferers from Throat and Lung Troubles who have been given up as "Incurable" are invited to give Dr. Slocum's System of Treatment as fair a trial as their Local Physician

Dr. Slocum is fighting disease as no other man has fought it, and from hundreds of homes in Canada the Clutch of Consumption is being curiously relaxed, joy and gladness reigning once more. (This is verified by the thousands of testimonials on file in this office.) This free Trial Treatment is worth \$1.25, and is given absolutely free in order that all sufferers desiring in good faith to test Dr. Slocum's System of Treatment may have the privilege of doing so. Simply write, mentioning your druggist's name, to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Persons in Canada seeing Dr. Slocum's Free Offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

IMPORTANT. As this box, containing the most advanced and complete system of treatment, is sent by express, we ask you to pay express charges amounting to 25 cents upon the delivery of the box to your nearest express office. Or if you desire you can remit us 25 cents, and box will be sent prepaid.

Free Trial Treatment \$1.25 Cents Worth of Medicine FREE

consisting of the above series of Remedies: PSYCHINE (pronounced See-keen), a germ destroyer; OXOMULSION, a "food-medicine"; OXOJELL, a Catarrh Specific; and COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT for all coughs and colds.

Here is a combined treatment that does what one medicine can never do, and it has been prescribed with wonderful success in the most advanced cases of consumption. These remedies are not secret or patent medicines, nor are they meant for the cure of all diseases. They comprise a system of complete medicinal

and tonic food treatment which must be taken by different classes of sick people under different conditions, according to complete instructions which go with each box.

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