£200 Reward

Little Archie was our only child, and very precious to us. The gratitude of both myself and my wife can well be imagined when I tell that our boy was once courageously snatched from death by a stranger. My photographic establishment was in the High Street of a London suburb. One day, whilst engaged in tying up a small parcel of "cabinets" for a customer, was startled by a scream from the street, followed by shouts from the passers-by. I rushed to the window just in time to see a pair of carriage-horses about to trample my boy under their feet, when a man sprang from the pavement and caught up Archie in his arms.

Another instant, and the little fellow must have been either killed or severely injured. Archie, save for the fright, was unhurt. I ran out of the shop, took the lad from the stranger's arms, and grasped the man's hand. I begged of him to accompany me into the shop—to see my wife—to let me try and thank him; but he would not hear of any such thing. Could I see him again? Would he leave his address? But no, he would hear of nothing, and he almost pulled his hand out of mine and hurried away.

It was a great worry to us to think we could not in some way prove how grateful we were to him. I described him to my wife, and we both kept a sharp look-out in hopes of seeing the plucky stranger who had kept our Archie safe for us once again. Some months passed by, and we neither saw him nor heard anything of him.

It was toward the end of August, and trade was getting slack. I was ruminating in my shop one day, when my old friend William Glover came in. William was a butler in a large West-end mansion owned by a wealthy bachelor, and had acquired a liking for photography.

"Ah, Bradbury," he said, cheerily, "you're looking as dull as some of your plates. What's the matter? Trade bad?'

"Couldn't be worse," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I can relieve you of a spare camera if you like to lend me one for a few weeks. I'll pay you, of course. The fact is, the governor's going to Scotland, and, as he dispenses with all formality when in the Highlands, he has decided to leave me to task in what little London sunshine is to be found in the early days of September. I shall have plenty of spare time, so I thought I'd borrow a camera from you and try my hand. You might develop the plates for me?"

"With pleasure," I answered. "Why, I've got the very thing, one I use for out-of-door and instantaneous work, as handy and portable a little camera as I know of."

Well, we soon fixed up matters. The camera I lent to Glover was one holding a dozen plates. As one plate was exposed to take a picture, by a mechanical arrangement it could be taken out and put at the back whilst another was slipped up in its place, and so on until the whole twelve were used. They could then rest in the camera until wanted for development. Glover put the camera under his arm and, thanking me, went happily away.

I never saw poor Glover alive again. I learnt the story of his death from the evidence at the inquest, at which I had to attend as a witness to testify as to how he came to be in possession of the camera found on him at the time of his death. He was murdered. His master—Mr. Hugh Franklin — being away in Scotland, and his house being deserted save for the presence of the housekeeper and butler, the opportunity was seized upon as a favorable one for committing a robbery. Poor Glover's body was found in the garden, and the portable camera I had lent him was lying on the top of the glass conservatory.

It was presumed—and a very possible presumption—that he had climbed to the top of the framework of the conservatory for the purpose of securing a better view of the grounds about the house, when the housebreaker or housebreakers had caught sight of him and had fired. The whole robbery was one of considerable daring, carried out in broad daylight, and the thief or thieves, having probably been frightened by the presence of what might have appeared to them to be somebody watching their actions, left without taking a single article. The shot aroused the neighbors, and Glover expired in a few moments without having given utterance to a single word. A verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned, and Mr. Hugh Franklin, by whom Glover was much respected, offered a reward of £200 for the discovery of the perpetrators of the deed.

I left the room in which the inquest was held, carrying the camera with me.

If there was one man I respected more than another it was Glover. I would therefore have liked to be the one to have discovered the man responsible for his death. Week after week passed by and November came—a particularly bad period of the year for business. The reward of £200 would have been very welcome then, but I thought that it would not fall to my lot to find who murdered poor Glover. "A life for a life," I said to myself, "and I would like to see the man hung who killed him."

One morning I was in my dark room finishing a small order, when suddenly I caught sight of the camera I had lent to Glover lying on a shelf. I had never touched it since I had brought it back again from the inquest, and it was now bestrewn with dust. I stood for a moment with the box in my hand, looking at it curiously. "I wonder if Glover did succeed in taking any pictures?" I said to myself.

By this time I had removed the back of the box out of which the plates were taken. There were just a dozen, and their position told me that only one—if any—could possibly have been exposed, and the operator had had no time to remove it to the back in order to pass on another to take its place. That was conclusive.

But had the first plate been exposed? I was not long deciding. The necessary chemicals were soon running over the surface of the glass in a thin film, and as they did so it quickly became evident that the plate had been exposed, and, what was more, with satisfactory results. The subject was very indistinct and uncertain at first, but it was growing, growing, until it assumed a complete form.

Now my heart began to beat fast, and I could barely hold the plate steady, my hand trembled so. There was no mistaking the result of that fatal exposure now. The figure of a man became more and more distinct. Look! he appeared to be in the act of running away; a pistol was in his hand, pointing upwards!

"Good heavens!" I cried, "Glover's murderer! Glover, then, must have seen him, and was just in time to get a snap at him, when the man saw that he was being watched and fired."

What wild imagination filled my mind. Here—here I held in my hand a silent witness to the identity of the murderer. I could now bring the justice the man who had shot my friend; I should be the means of avenging his death. The reward too—£200. That would be mine as well; and how thankful I should be for the money at this time of the year. There would be no need to fear for the coming winter—no worry as to where food and fuel were to come from.

All this I thought of as I stood watched the plate, with eager gaze, become plainer and plainer. In a few seconds my practised eye would be able to discern the features of the man himself. Yes, yes—the magic chemicals were bringing the man nearer and nearer to justice. I held the plate to catch the light which came through the small pane of red glass. Merciful Heaven! I knew those heavy-set features and close-cut beard—I knew them—I knew him! The murderer of my old friend and the man who saved my child from death were one and the same!

I clutched at the side of the stone sink, and my eyes must well-nigh have been starting from my head as I dared to look at the face again. It was there, too real, too terribly true. It was him! What should I do? more the scene of my boy's rescue flashed through my brain. I could see it vividly as on the very day it happened. Yet against this the words "A life for a life," rang in my ears. How should I act? He saved our child. Was it for once—an only child. Was it for me to give him now? But he was a murderer! and that horrible word seemed to be shouted out by a thousand tongues.

I breathed more freely for a moment. I found relief in the thought that perhaps he might not cross my path again, that the world was wide, and we should never meet face to face. In my heart even I prayed that it might be so. But I was harping on the possibilities of never seeing this man again I heard the hurried footsteps of my boy coming up the stairs.

"Papa, papa!" the little one cried, beating at the door with his hands. "Papa, where are you? Open the door, papa."

With an effort I asked the boy what he wanted—I told him I was busy and did not wish to be disturbed. I stood trembling, clinging to a wooden ledge for support.

"But you must come, papa-" my child cried. "He's ..."

"Who—who ..." I asked.

"The gentleman who saved me from the horses, pop..."

I nearly fell. My head was swimming—I knew not where I was. That man here—in my house. I listened and remained as in a trance, and without the power to move. It was my own child's voice. He was calling to him to come up. Steps, and a heavy footstep was approaching nearer and nearer. Should I ... had? Think of it, oh! think of ... My innocent child alone outside with a murderer, perhaps holding his ... perhaps in his arms. I must act ... d at once. In a moment of time ... med to live through the conflicting arguments of a year. I had ... d this man I would pay him back ... me day if ever it were in my power for saving my child from death. ... himself was in my power now. ... uld I turn his saviour and save ... om the gallows? My Archie was ... g louder at the door. Only one ... could testify to this man's guilt ... picture on the plate, the act of firing, the lifelike ... ent of his features. My boy was ... ling my name. I raised the plate above my head and threw it on the ground. The plate was ... into a hundred atoms; the similitude was destroyed for ever.

... shed to the door, turned the key, opened it. There was my child ... his hand. I picked the boy in my arms, and the guilty man ... to realize what my action ... t. He looked at me for a moment ... would have spoken.

"Not a word, not a word!" I said, breathlessly. I pointed to the camera on the shelf, and his eyes wandered towards it. His face went deadly pale, ... for an instant, but only for an instant, I thought he seemed inclined to raise his hand against me and the boy in my arms. But his eyes fell upon the pieces of broken glass on the floor. A wild light of thankful joy lit up his face—he saw and knew everything.

"Go, now," I said, "go without a word. It's my turn now, and I have indeed paid you back the debt I owed you. No—no, I can't take your hand. You gave me a life once, I give you your own now."

I watched him hurry down the stairs. Now and again he looked back at me and the boy in my arms, but he must have read in my face that which prevented him from turning and speaking. He disappeared, and I have never set eyes on him from that day to this.

I told my wife everything—my child was too young to understand, but I think somehow he must have felt in his little mind that something very terrible had happened, for he never again referred to the man who had "saved him from the horses."—London Tit-Bits.

ADVICE TO VICTIMS

TELLS READERS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AT HOME.

Directions to Mix a Simple, Harmless Preparation and the Dose to Take — Overcomes Kidney Trouble.

There is so much Rheumatism everywhere that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for readers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be highly appreciated by those who suffer:

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after while.

CONVICTION MEANS DEATH.

Terrible Mortality in French Penal Settlement.

The French convict, Gallay., who, it may be recalled, was sent to the French penal settlement, Guiana, a couple of years ago for robbing the Comptoir d'Escompte, recently died on his return to France. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing his memoirs of prison life.

According to Gallay, the French penal settlement is hades for the convicts who have not acquired notoriety, for those whose crime has failed to interest the public, and whose condemnation has passed unnoticed. These unfortunate criminals are sent out to perform rude tasks under a broiling sun, to make roads, clear the bush, and build fortifications. They are devoured by insects, harrassed by inhuman jailors, and the hardships they endure may be guessed at from the statement made by Gallay that out of 600 convicts who arrived in Guiana from France last July, only 50 are now alive. The remainder died from illness, privations, or cruel treatment.

Another statement which seems almost incredible is that while in August last the penal settlement counted 37,000 convicts, to-day there are only five or six thousand. The others have succumbed to the climate or the rigors of the terrible life they are obliged to lead. But the other class of convicts, the illustrious criminals, the authors of sensational crimes or audacious robberies—those whose exploits have occupied columns in the newspapers and had been talked about for weeks, these are well looked after and carefully attended to. They are taken to the Iles du Salut, a veritable Eden, where life is anything but harsh, and are given light tasks in the prisons.

DOGS IN FRENCH ARMY.

They Will be Trained to Search for Wounded.

It has been decided to enlist dogs into the French army. It is believed they can perform a service of very great importance in time of war and perform it with greater efficiency than can be obtained through any other agency. This service is the hunting up of soldiers wounded in battle and the conducting to them of representatives of the hospital corps, so that they may receive at the earliest possible moment the surgical aid of which they may be in need.

A little over a year ago Surgeon-Major Bichelonne persuaded the Red Cross people of his district to undertake the training of a dog for the purpose of seeing how dependable the creature would turn out to be in succoring wounded soldiers.

A dog called Nelly was chosen for the training, and it was she who won the demonstration at Brequet. This intelligent brute, when ordered away to search for a wounded soldier, bounded over the ground at a gallop, her wonderful sense of smell at once indicating to her the direction in which the supposed unfortunate was to be found.

Having found the object of her search, she gently removed his cap, and, returning with it toward her trainer, trotted 150 to 200 metres away from him and waited there until he came up to her and put on her leash. Then she turned about quickly and unerringly conducted her trainer to the wounded man.

Several times Nelly was unable to bring back an object of equipment. In those cases she approached her trainer, and, halting near him, barked softly. The dog's feats were performed at night as well as in the day time.

NEW ZEALAND SAVINGS BANKS.

Postal savings banks were established in New Zealand in 1867. On December 31, 1906, the 540 post-offices doing a savings bank business had 298,746 accounts, covering deposits aggregating $48,766,325, an average of $166.50 for each account, and representing a sum equal to $56 a head of the entire population of the colony. On this basis a United States post-office savings bank system would have 27,400,000 accounts and $4,600,000,000 in deposits.

ON THE FARM.

DAIRYMEN'S KNICK-KNACKS.

To make dairying really interesting we ought to have the best cows in the neighborhood. It does a fellow good to be able to say, "I've got the best cows in the town!" He may not really say it out loud; but if he can feel it in his heart, it helps him to step high and keep stepping.

We shall need to be more careful from now on about dust and other particles of matter getting into the milk pail. Carefully wipe off the cows' bags every time you sit down to milk them. Don't be harsh about it. Think how sensitive the udder must be when full of milk.

A woman butter-maker took it as a splendid compliment the other day when a man said he could put her butter on his bread just as thick as the slice of bread and enjoy it immensely. A few new milch cows in the dairy will tend to make the butter come more quickly than it would if all had been milked all summer.

When the cows go around licking the ground or the boards or timbers under the shed, you may be pretty sure they are hungry for salt. Give them some right away.

Scolding and kicking the cows that have sore teats is a poor way to mend the difficulty. Vaseline is worth ten times as much. Rub it on the cracked places, night and morning, after milking.

Sweet apples are fine for feeding milch cows.

Maybe your barn needs some battens now. Get them while you have time; put them on, too. Battens stocked up in the yard will not keep a single whiff of air off the cows.

What makes you think that a poor little bull calf is the one to keep? Get rid of him and buy a good one somewhere. It will pay to work up. Let's not be satisfied to travel around in a half bushel all our lives.

It is enough to drive a dog out of a tannery to see how some folks use their hands in making butter, or in caring for the milk and cream. Do be neat, dear farmer friends. Touch the cream, milk and butter just as little as you possibly can with the hands. Use the cleanest of ladles, and never forget that the hands which touch the ladles should be scrupulously free from even a suspicion of dirt.

Believe in signs? Well, whenever you see a bunch of cows huddled together in the lee of the barnyard, their backs humped up like jack rabbits, and each fighting for a place in the patch of sunlight while chewing the butt ends of cornstalks, it is a sure sign that dairying on that farm costs more than it comes to.

The greatest money makers in the dairies are the separators, and those who have them wonder how they ever got along without them. The separator not only gets all the butter fat out of the milk, but it avoids the heavy haul to the creamery, and preserves the skim-milk for the calves and hogs.

Don't guess at the quantity of salt to be used in the butter. If guessing were a sure thing there would be no use for weights and measures. In the dairy the only safe rule is to know.

The wooden cores around which fence wire is wound make convenient and ready-at-hand milking stools. A bit of board nailed on one end will make the seat more comfortable, while the auger hole in the other end allows the stool to be hung on a nail out of the way when not in use.

See to it that all entry doors are provided with proper fastenings and are kept closed. A stiff spring on each door would make assurance doubly sure. A valuable cow bloated at the meal chest is not a comforting spectacle.

Dairymen should keep up the battle for better milk prices. Not the least valuable weapon that may be used to secure that victory are scrupulously clean stables, utensils, and dairy house. Cleanliness in the dairy is really as essential as Godliness in the church. It is the very foundation-stone of higher prices.

Did you ever stop to think why the very little calf is not afraid of you? It is because it isn't yet old enough to find out how mean and cruel men can be.

The ideal dairy barn is ceiled overhead and is kept scrupulously clean. When this is impossible, as it doubtless is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the floors over the cow stables ought to be made tight so that no hay particles can sift through. Moreover the rafters over the stalls ought to be frequently swept.

Where cows are watered once a day, and are obliged to drink from exposed troughs, on which it is necessary to break the ice, it will require no small amount of feed to restore their normal warmth. This method of watering will show in the milk pail as well as in the feed bills.

Loud and boisterous conversation is not practised in good society and is equally out of place in the dairy.

There are some things to learn about running a cream separator. A change of the speed of the machine at once changes the per cent. of butter fat in the cream. A low speed usually gives a large quantity of thin cream.

Don't sell off your heifer calves at sacrifice prices. Good dairy cows are worth anywhere from $50 to $80, and it will pay to raise the calves and make them into good cows.

Will it pay to have any cows loafing around this winter? It takes a good cow to produce enough during six months above her keep to pay for boarding her free the other six months.

If your butter shows up with a poor flavor, just take a peek into the churn and into the milk pails. We don't like to say it, but these things may not have been washed thoroughly.

If one of your good cows begins to fall off, don't slight her or cut down her rations. Better see that she is getting plenty of water, and if her appetite has been dull, give her a change of feed for a few days.

We believe in turning cows out in the middle of the day all through the winter, but we do not think it just the thing to turn them out and make them drink out of a hole in the ice. A water tank heater costs only a few dollars and it pays.

A good calf let run with the cow will put on from 160 pounds to 190 pounds in six weeks. With veal at present prices the calf makes a most profitable milking machine.

It will take careful work this winter to keep the heifers milking. You may have to coax and feed, but their value as dairy cows depends upon how well you keep them at work during the next five or six months.

GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES.

Appalling Destruction of Property and Empires Paralyzed.

Fifteen thousand people killed and wounded, property to the value of $100,000,000 burned or otherwise destroyed, and an empire shaken to its foundation. Such, briefly stated, was the outcome of the great series of strikes amongst the Russian railwaymen, which broke out at St. Petersburg on October 21st, 1905, and was forcibly quelled at Moscow, amidst unexampled scenes of carnage and red ruin, on the 24th of December following.

In 1877, when the American railwaymen went on strike, no one anticipated any very serious trouble. Nor was there just at first. Then the strikers realized that they were being beaten, and at once pandemonium reigned. Bridges were dynamited, trains were derailed and set on fire, railway stations by the score went up in flames. At Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, and elsewhere the fighting was of the most desperate character. But the worst scenes of all were enacted at Pittsburg.

Here the station, which was crowded with fugitive non-unionists, was shelled by the strikers and afterwards deliberately set on fire, with the result that nearly all within perished. Afterwards the mob planted cannons—looted from the city armory—at the approaches to the yards and sidings, and dared the troops to come on. The challenge was promptly accepted by the veteran General Sherman, who commanded, and hundreds of the maddened strikers fell to the bayonets and bullets of the regulars. So was order restored. But the damage to property in that one city alone was estimated at between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000.

In 1894, again, occurred the great strike of the American Railway Union, engineered by Mr. Eugene Debs, its president. The Union's headquarters were at Chicago, and it was here that the war was waged longest and most determinedly. But all over the United States the railwaymen were "out," with the result that the commerce of a continent was paralyzed.

The strikers made, however, one grievous blunder. They stopped the trains conveying the mails. This gave the Federal Government excuse to intervene. General Miles, an old Indian fighter, was sent against the strikers, and the latter surrendered, after losing seventeen killed and about 100 wounded. But before finally giving in they soaked with petroleum sixteen miles of loaded cars and set fire to them, thereby destroying in a few hours, according to the official report of the railway companies $4,000,000 worth of property.

Most other nations, too, have suffered in like fashion at one time or another in connection with similar disputes. Germany has twice seen her entire system at a standstill. In Italy, during one black week in May, 1898, scarcely a train was running, and bread became so scarce in consequence that the frenzied populace rose in revolt.

Railway strikes in Great Britain have, by comparison with these, been small affairs. The Caledonian and North British strike was, perhaps, the biggest affair of the kind we have so far had to deal with. And it involved only about 8,000 men, as against the 200,000 of the American (1894) strike, and the 1,000,000 (including telegraph operators and others who struck in sympathy) of the great Russian railway war.—London Tit-Bits.

RICH MAN DIES IN WANT.

Bought, Cooked and Ate Dinner in a Temperance Institute.

William Patterson, a money lender, reputedly worth between $400,000 and $500,000, has died in apparent want at his lodgings in Bachelor's Walk, Belfast, Ireland.

He was bordering upon 80 years of age, and had for about half a century carried on a money-lending business among the farming community of South Antrim and West Down, being locally known as "Banker Patterson." He was most penurious in his habits, and practically lived in the reading-room of the Temperance Institute, and there he brought and cooked and ate his dinner.

Knicker: "I notice there is a sun-spot 80,000 miles long." Bocker: "Yes; and look at the fuss a girl makes about a freckle."

KEEP THE POWDER DRY

FRENCHMAN'S ADVICE TO THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

Discontent of the Masses—Better Drop Policy of Making Concessions to Educated.

A well-known Paris scholar has a notable article on the Indian unrest in the Calcutta Review. In his opinion, the recent troubles in the Punjab should be ascribed to the educated class of Bengalis and to the Congress party. He says:

"The Congress party is insidiously doing its best to lower the English in the eyes of the people of this country, who have no longer that respect for their rulers which they had until the present generation. The work of the English officials under these circumstances has become increasingly difficult. Most of the educated class of which the Congress party is made up bear no good will whatever to these officials, or to the English race generally, because they think that but for them they would be administrators of the country."

He deplores the effect of English party politics on public opinion in India, but praises the firmness shown by Mr. Morley. He denounces the policy of making concessions to the educated discontented class of Bengalis. He says:

"Instead of trying vainly to conciliate by political concessions which do not touch the real people, the English would be much better advised in looking into the condition of the masses, and in trying to find out what it really is that makes their rule, with all its undoubted benefits, unpopular with them. They will find it in the ever-increasing expenditure and taxation. Not that the native does not get his tax's worth. But it may be asked, is it really worth while getting so much from him and giving him in return so much of a highly efficient Government at the risk of making British rule highly unpopular?"

KEEP POWDER DRY.

Finally, he says: "However that may be, the English should always in this country quietly keep their powder dry and their rifles ready. Let them go on governing this dependency as their conscience dictates, without much heed to the criticism of any particular class. And let them, above all, not depend on such political reforms and concessions as do no good to the people at large, but only benefit the selfish few who are far from feeling grateful for the boon."

AID, NOT REPRESSION.

The newspaper mail brings the full text of the address which Lord Minto, viceroy of India, delivered before the Legislative Council, after the passage of the Seditious Meetings Bill. The following is, perhaps, the most important passage: "The Government of India would be blind to shut its eyes to the awakening wave which is sweeping over the Eastern world, overwhelming old traditions, and bearing on its crest a flood of new ideas. We cannot check its flow; we can but endeavor to direct it into such channels as may benefit the generations that are to come. We may repress sedition—we will repress it with a strong hand—but the restlessness of new-born and advancing thought we cannot repress. We must be prepared to meet it with help and guidance. We must seek for its causes. In the first speech I made in this country, I said that I looked for assistance in furthering that sense of security and rest throughout the length and breadth of India, so indispensable for the development of her internal resources, her vital necessities, and the general happiness of her people. Is it too much to hope that the leaders of Indian political thought will give that assistance to the Government of India.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY.

"I can assure my honorable colleagues that a heavy responsibility rests on the shoulders of Indian reformers, for it is upon their support and upon their influence with their fellow-countrymen that British administrators should largely be able to rely. I will not believe that the great bulk of the educated community are opposed to law and order, and I do believe that the masses of the Indian people render loyal homage to their King-Emperor. I repudiate once for all the insinuation that the Government of India has for political reasons favored the interests of one community against those of another. It has been the pride of the British Raj to balance without prejudice the claims of the nationalities, of religions, and of castes. It will continue to do so, and I am grateful for the numerous expressions of loyalty I have received from ruling chiefs." In conclusion he said that, in case of need, he would not hesitate to use the full powers of the Act, though he hoped no such action would be necessary.

Give the average youth plenty of cold cash and he will have a hot time.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

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