Electric Wonders

A Way to Harness Free Electric Currents Discovered-The Electric Tree Feller-Cutting Cloth by Electricity.

will be changed. The end has come to telegraph and telephone monopolies with a crash. Incidentally, all the other monopolies that depend on power of any kind will come to a sudden stop. The earth currents of is taken, until about half the thickness electricity are to be harnessed. Nature supplies them free of charge. The cost of power and light and heat will be practically nothing.

The scientist-electricians who have for years been trying to master the final separation of the tree is acmystery of electrical earth currents with which the ground beneath your feet is filled, are on the threshold of success. The success of the experiments they have under way means much to them, but vastly more to the people. It means that if Nikola Tesla succeeds in harnessing the electrical earth currents and putting them to work for man there will be an end to oppressive, extortionate monopolies in steam, telephones, telegraphs and the other commercial uses of electricity, and that the grasping millionaires who have for two decades milked the people's purse with electrical fingers will have to relinquish their monopoly.

Nikola Tesla has discovered the secret of the electric earth currents of hature, and they will be adapted to the uses of man. He has succeeded in transmitting sound by the currents that make an electric net of the earth. The transmission of power will follow. His experiments reduced to commercially practicable uses will mean that men will be able to tap the electric currents of the earth and make them serve the purposes of industry and of trade, just as a well-digger over on Long Island taps water, or a Pennsylvania miner opens a vein of coal. The mighty electrical energy that has been stored up in the earth for ages will be harnessed and made to move the machin-

Electricity will be as free as the air. ery of men. For the privilege of its use legislatures will not have to be bribed or men corrupted at the polls, and public boards will not have to be "seen" to bestow exclusive franchises upon corporations organized to use public property for purposes of private gain, and make the people pay the original cost of their investment and excessive charges for service in order to squeeze dividends out of copiously watered stock.

Monopolies for purveying steam power, too, will be forced to capitulate to free electricity, for with the lat-ter manufacturers will only have to connect their dynamos with the earth current to set their machinery in mo-The successful adaptation of discovery will administer a death-blow to the most galling slavery that has ever yoked the activities of men to the treadmil of monopoly. Tesla is the wizard who is going to emancipate modern industries from the shackles of corrupt grabbing, monopolistic corporations. Sound travels with amazing speed,

but electrical vibrations travel so swiftly that it is difficult to conjure up a figure which will graphically flustrate their speed. Here is one that will, perhaps, convey a vivid and lucid impression. In fancy place yourself at a table with a revolver in one hand and a finger of the other hand on the key key. While the sound of the report of

ond. If the electrical currents with two of his party have never been heard the mastering of the mystery of these ing his way alone back to the coast. earth currents and their adaptation

striving.
In the course of Tesla's experiments it is reported he found that in the vicinity of large cities there were so many conflicting earth currents that satisfactory results could not be oband near there found a better field for experimenting. There he met a friend interested in electrical research. They went to Pike's Peak. Conspicuous among their baggage were two auto-

Tesla and his friend scaled the rugged sides of the peak. At an elevation agreed upon they separated. skirted the peak, and on reaching a point precisely opposite the place which he left his friend he stopped. The two experimenters, on a line drawn straight through the peak, were thus separated by four miles of stratified The two autoharps had been very delicately attuned before scientists parted, and a time fixed for Mr. Tesla's comrade to play an air (also agreed upon) on the autoharp.

Tesla waited patiently the arrival of the appointed time. Then he connected his harp with the ground in such a way as to secure harmonic resonance with the earth current. The manner and medium of this connection are secrets. The receiving autoharp was equipped with a microphone. As the time approached for his friend on the other side of the peak to strum the appointed tune, Tesla listened with rapt attention.

At last, as a tuning fork responds to its harmonic note sounded on strings of a piano, the autoharp in Mr. Tesla's hands gave out the harmonic tones of "Ben Bolt," which his companion at the station four miles away straight through the peak was plucking from the tense wires of his instrument. The experiment was a success. After many tunes had been played, Tesla and his companion descended the peak. A statement of the facts and results of the experiments was written and attested before a notary public as

a matter of scientific record. Their strength is great enough to furnish all the power and light man needs. Mr. Tesla has overcome the initial difficulty, and has located and tapped the attempt that awful journey. earth currents. The rest will follow, as followed the telephone, Prof. Bell's over a wire.

AN ELECTRIC TREE FELLER. ty, says Popular Science News. There is no saw proper, its place being taken is no saw proper, its place being taken is no saw proper, its place being taken with the exception of Wilson himself, is now the only living it is now that moment is now the same of the little cats. Wilson himself, is now the only living it is now that moment is now the same of the little cats.

HE world is on the eve of an | ture of the wood, may be used to perastounding revelation. The con- forate the base of the tree with a numditions under which we exist that nearly all the fibers have been cut, as the cutting edges are on the sides of the tool. This is the usual method. The machine is fastened to the tree and a cut of suitable depth is taken across its surface, the drill is then advanced an inch or two, and another cut Wedges are then forced in to keep the cut from closing up, and the operation is continued until it would not be safe to cut away any more wood. The faschains are then loosened and the machine is removed, after which

CUTTING CLOTH BY ELECTRICITY. A Cincinnati clothing manufacturer has invented an electric machine for cutting cloth, which is capable of cutting 200 to 250 suits a day. A man can cut only 25 suits, and then only about four thicknesses of cloth, while the machine easily cuts eight layers. The machine is handsomely constructed, and very light, weighing only 30 pounds, and is 14 inches high. The base is made of bronze, and the armature is supported by a forged steel standard. The knife which does the cutting is about 4 inches in diameter, and revolves with the rapidity of a buzz saw. The knife is protected by a guard. The machine is self-oiling, self-sharpening, and self-lighting. It has a strength of oneeighth horse-power, and is of 110 voltage. It is operated by a handle in the rear, and glides as easily as a flat-

Skeletons Guard Gold

Romance of a Lost Mine in the Wild and Frozen North-A Party Will Try to Find It.

Minneapolis Corr. Boston Advertiser. There is a plan on foot in Minneapolis to form an expedition into British Columbia and Alaska, and has for its motive a story as wild and ro- a shotgun. mantic as any the famous novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson, ever drew from his imaginative pen. H. W. Seldon, residing at No. 401 Tenth street, gun south, is at the head of the movement, sent the contents of both barrels into and while he is not pushing the matter very hard at present, he is laying his plans to do so in the near future. The expedition is for the purpose of seeking a long-lost treasure and a fabulously rich gold mine. The story lead-

ing up to it is this: In the bleak, wild and practically unexplored fastnesses of Northern Briting, dividend- there lie upon the ground the crumbling bones of two men. By their sides lie two bags of pure gold, each The snows of taining about \$12,000. the rigorous winter cover the skeletons to a great depth all the year round, except about 40 days in mid-The two men, with one Billy Wilsummer.

son, a brother-in-law of the Minnea-polis man, H. W. Seldon, had formed a party of three who, by superior darwith a wire that girdles the globe ing, energy and endurance, had peneseven times and laps over on the trated in a northwesterly direction from Alkaline Lake into the dismal miles. Pull the trigger of the pistol, territory just east of Alaska, in the and simultaneously press the telegraph year 1892. The party originally starting on the trip numbered twelve, but revolver is traveling 1,250 feet, the nine became discouraged before the pressure on the key will pass seven The three had continued in search of through the wire with which the key Wilson had discovered, together with Sound travels 1,250 feet a second, an electrical impulse 186,000 miles a sechal barely escaped with his life, and which the earth is filled can be har- from since. They were driven off their which the earth is lined can be had nessed and put to work, a new era in electricity will have dawned. It is to son suffered untold hardships in mak-In the 1892 expedition, however, Wilthat scientists like Tesla have been son and his two companions at last reached the Mecca of their travels. There they found everything just as the first party had left it in the precipitous flight six years previous. The place is known as the Lost Rocker Claim, from the fact that the first dishe went out to Denver, coverers had left there a rocker orewasher. The unwashed ore accumulated about the rocker, and the sandbeds near by had been washed by the heavy rainstorms and melting snows until the pure gold could be seen on the surface. When this sight met the eyes of the prospectors they almost Their journey had been wept for joy. one of frightful hardship, but they were now rewarded. They arrived shortly after "open season" had set in, and proceeded at once to reap the

rich harvest that lay before them. The richest of free ore lay immediately at hand in the sand and gravel of a bar which ran for a long distance out into a small lake. The party worked with feverish haste, taking out nearly \$2,000 in gold from the washings each day. But they stayed too long. The richness of the ore tempted them, and soon the 40 days of summer were nearly over. Taking \$50,000 worth of gold flakes, they packed it in bags and hid the treasure in the locality. Then each man tied up \$12,000 in portable form, and the three began their perilous journey back to the coast. It was a case of tramping 1,000 miles over snow and ice; of weathering frightful storms and fighting wild beasts and hunger. When the return trip was but half completed, Tom and John, their surnames being forgotten by Mr. Seldon, succumbed to hunger and

fatigue and could go no further. Wilson stayed with them until they both died of fever and starvation, when he alone again started on the journey What food his dead friends had left he took with him, but could not carry their money. He determined, however, to carry his own budget of \$12,000 or die in the attempt. Wilson hardly remembers how he made that trip, tut does know that he finally reached Bon-The electric currents are in the earth. ner's Ferry, Idaho, and there weighed out his gold. He left for Leadville with \$10,000 in gold, but with the sworn declaration that he would never again drifting around the west and southwest in his capacity as a mine supdiscovery of how to transmit speech erintendent and mining expert, Wilson went to Johannesburg, South Africa, last December, leaving a full description of the Lost Rocker, and how to A foreign house has brought out an reach it with his brother-in-law, H.

man who has this information. Hamilton Gault, the Western newspaperman, and one of the original party to discover the Lest Booker last year cident occurred that resulted in the acdiscover the Lost Rocker, last year attempted to arrange a searching party from New York, but for some reason failed to do so. Even he does not know the location of the two-skeledied shortly before, part of the suptons and their gold, and, therefore, Mr. Seldon considers that he is about the only man in the world who could and would head such an expedition successfully. He intends to make up a party of about 20. Already he has or 12 men in mind whom he will take with him when he goes, but, as Mr. Seldon says, the men who are to make a trip of that character must be pick. ed out carefully. They must also have money enough to keep them for a long There is no money to be made time. Mr. until the destination is reached. Seldon himself is an experienced explorer and prospector in the West, and knows what hardship of this kind He is therefore not making any hurried preparations, but when he

starts he will be fully equipped. Mr. Seldon, while at the Soo Line ticket office, stated that by this time next year he would be on his way to the Lost Rocker and his brother-inlaw's dead companions, whom he will, of course, give a descent burial. It is possible that he may start in the next few months, but it is more likely that he will wait until about the first of next year.

Odd Occurrences Far and Near.

SHE SHOT THE BEAR.

Martin Besant, a farmer living at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain, in Pennsylvania, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by a bear two days ago. To his wife, Martha, he owes his life. For some time Farmer Besant's farm and sheep pens have been entered periodically, and domestic animals taken. That the thief was a bear, Besant felt convinced, so he set a trap. He dug a pit six feet deep in the path to the barn. This he covered with tree limbs

and shrubs. Early in the morning the Besants were aroused by the screams of a pig. The farmer, in getting out to the barn, forgot the hole, and tumbled in on top of a black bear and a shoat. The bear made an effort to get out, and Besant tried to help him, but the beast, after getting his forepaws on the edge, could get no further, and there he hung. The shouts of the farmer attracted his wife, and she came to the rescue with

The huge and ugly head sticking over the edge of the hole did not send her into hysterics. She moved for a point of vantage, and placing the barrel of the close to Mr. Bruin's tumbled back upon the farmer. When helped out of the hole Besant fell

in a faint at his wife's feet. BAPTIZING THE LEGLESS MAN. A few days ago the ordinance of bap-

tism was administered at the wharf ish Columbia, 400 miles east of Sitka, in Knoxville, Tenn., under circumstances never before seen in that city. conducting the mission revival at the corner of Main and Kennedy streets, officiated, and the subject was Albert Altman, the legless man, who is seen daily begging in the streets, and who was last week married to a buxom woman by the name of Mary Wells.As the man has no legs, it was through sheer curiosity that over 250 people assembled on the river side to see how the preacher would go at the job. He soon illayed all anxiety by appearing on the scene with a small wagon such as boys are accustomed to play with. On reaching the water's edge the legless man was placed in the wagon and conveyed to a point where the water was about three feet deep. He got out of the wagon by the aid of the preacher, and the ordinance was completed with all the solemnity due it. The man was then placed in the wagon and came out of the water a Baptist, as pure as the morning dew.

> SAW HIS SISTER IN A DREAM. The residents of Bodytown, Pa., three miles from Shamokin, are now discussing the efficacy of prayers and dreams in revealing the whereabouts of missing persons. They state that the truth of this claim has been demonstrated by Jacob Stillwagner, who, after 48 years, has found his missing sister in Stetsonville, Wis. He was separated from his brother and two sisters in

the west when he was but seven years Last fall, while crossing the mountain to Shamokin, he knelt in the forest being expelled, join herds exclusively and prayed fervently for a trace of his missing relative. A week later, it is claimed, one of his sisters and ally be formed by the experienced man her home in Wisconsin were revealed as to which route the animals will take

to him in a dream. Stillwagner, who had forgotten his sister's name, wrote to the postmaster, describing the home and family revealed in the dream, and was informed that the vision was correct. He then went west, and became thoroughly convinced that the woman was

his long missing sister.
Stillwagner's pastor declares that the emarkable story is indeed true. Mr. Stillwagner is hopeful of finding traces of his other missing sister and brother by the same means.

SHOOTS WITH ONE ARM. For twenty-eight years, Thomas Allen, of Monterey, familiarly known as "Allen the Hunter," has been making a living for seven people with his left arm and a gun. One day, when he was only 15 years of age, he was out hunting ducks, on the Monterey lagoon. In some manner his gun caught and was discharged, wounding him in his

right arm near the shoulder. He lay in the tules with his arm bleeding profusely until he was picked up by some men who chanced to pass and was taken to his home. Dr. field, of Monterey, and Dr. Callahan, of San Francisco, both noted physicians in the early days of California, held a consultation. Owing to the great loss of blood they pronounced the boy beyond the reach of medical His mother, however, called in an old Indian herb doctor, and before the year was out the boy was as well

as ever, but minus his right arm. Young Allen's father was a famous marksman, and the boy seemed to inherit a strong taste for hunting. When he was only 4 years old he would beg to go with his father to shoot the "little cats," as he called the cotton-tail rabbits which infested Monterey in those days. When 5 years old his career as a hunter began, for his father took him out in a field adjoining their home,

The "Peeping Tom" of the Amateur of his right arm he thought that his hunting days were over. As his father

Supplemented by the Telephone "Ringer Up" and the Phonograph.

the matter recently, "\$20 gold pieces were more common than nickels are today. But I didn't like the ups and downs of a gambler's life and the as-London World. There is some soul of goodness sociations, so I gave it up and deter-DRAKE'S COW ADOPTS A RABBIT. A Morristown, N. J., telegram says: W. Drake, a farmer living near Mount Freedom, owns a fine Jersey cow. Three weeks ago there was a sudden decrease in the amount of milk she gave. The cow seemed well and and the future possibilities they have hearty, yet she would come to the stealing the milk, so one day last week he kept watch. Late in the afternoon, at about the time the cow usually went home, she strayed down to the lower end of the pasture. A fine large rabbit came through a gap in the fence, took a cautious glance around, and then bounded out into the lot. The cow saw the rabbit and mooed gently. The rabbit approached the cow, and proceeded to take milk as a cat would. When it was satisfied, the cow licked

When Mr. Drake approached, the rabbit ran away. The cow, usually one of the kindest of animals, charged her master, and he had to take to his heels to escape her fury. When the cow came home that night Mr. Drake shut her up in the cow house, where he now keeps her. His milk supply is as large as ever, and he is satisfied. But the cow is not. She lows mournfully all

The cow's calf died last fall, and Mr. Drake thinks she induced the rabbit to become her adopted child.

port of the family devolved upon him.

At first he tried the gaming table, as

it seemed his only resource.
"In those days," said he, speaking of

mined to shoot with my left arm."

barn almost dry every evening.

Mr. Drake believed somebody

Sport in New Zealand Which Has Its Exhilarations.

E. M. Kirwan, in Chambers's Journal. In the center of the north island of New Zealand there are large areas of poor volcanic country of no value to the agriculturist, and of small use to the squatter. Here are to be found herds of wild horses, the progeny of animals which have escaped from stations and homesteads. A favorite amusement of the local selectors, who are occasionally joined by visitors, is to arrange hunts, when the sport afforded is generally of the most exciting description. The essentials for success With a death grunt, the bear are utter fearlessness in the saddle, a quick eye, and the possession of considerable bodily strength, combined with a medium weight. Given these, and the rest-a general knowledge of the country and handiness with the be readily acquired. As regards the latter, one has only to try the experiment to explode the hoary tradition that years of apprenticeship are required to make a man expert in the use of the green hide lasso. I Rev. John Matthews, who has been know a young farmer, who is now on a visit to England, who became tolerably proficient after two days' tice, and his is by no means a solitary instance. The rope employed is generally between 30 and 40 feet long, and the throw is given from a distance of some twenty feet. Mexican saddles are but rarely used, the New Zealanders preferring to depend upon the strength of the arm to pull up the flying animal with a jerk round the neck, which it almost into insensibility, and brings it with a thud to the earth. The first time of going out to hunt wild horses must ever remain a red-letter day in the novice's life. A party may consist of two or three or four, but it seldom exceeds the latter

> saying that all must be well mounted, and the fact that the work is so rough on horses and "uses" them up so soon, is the chief reason of the pastime not being more followed than it is. On nearing where the wild horses are known to be, some eminence is ascended from where a good view of the surrounding scrubby and sparsely timbered country may be obtained. As a rule, the herds number from ten to twelve, made up of mares and one stal-No stallion will allow another stallion into his herd, and stubborn fights frequently occur between horses owing to this. The beaten males, after of stallions. On any herd being sighted

by the hunters, a good idea can gener-

in their way to the rugged hills, for

number. There are sometimes a couple

of ladies; and although their want of

muscular strength and their unwill-

ingness to practice make them poor

hands with the lasso, still their light

weight and magnificent horsemanship

not unfrequently render their aid of no

It goes almost without

which they invariably make when disturbed. A scheme is mapped out to cut them off if possible, and the party scatters, each to take up his allotted position. Of course, while doing this, every advantage is taken of the natural inequalities of the ground so as to escape observation. When the alarm is given, however, all need for caution is at an end, and each hunter puts his steed to full gallop. The stallion, the head of the herd, boldly comes out to meet him, and endeavors to distract attention from the rest. In some rare instances he is lassoed and captured at once, but he generally manages to rejoin his wives, which by this time have trooped into single file, with his favor-ite mare in the lead. Should the herd be turned and get into difficulties, the stallion takes up his position in the van, and the great object is to cut him off from the rest. Should this be accomplished, both he and the mares become confused, and the lassoers often manage to take two or three per man. Instances have been known where horses have been thrown to the ground by the hunter giving a violent jerk to the animal's tail when it was making an abrust turn. When his quarry is brought down, either by this method or the use of the lasso, the rider jumps from his steed, whips a "blinder" handkerchief is used when there is nothing else procurable) over the prostrate horse's eyes, and straps up one of its forelegs securely. If this is properly done, the animal may safely be left "until called for," for no horse thus secured can stray far. Should a man be so unlucky as to capture a branded horse, or a foal running with a branded mare, he cannot keep it; but all others become the property of the hunter, and after they undergo a rough-and-ready process of breaking-in, are sold at prices ranging from 25 shillings to £15 each. The latter figure is, however, seldom reached, unless in the case of

herds show no signs of dimination.

Inquisitors.

things evil-even in a thing so uncompromisingly evil as the eminent deadly camera which is now threatening to render privacy a mere tradition of an unscientific past. The new discovery, even in its experimental stages, has already performed a distinct service to Its recorded achievements, shadowed forth, have brought people face to face with that prospect of perpetual and unescapable publicity towards which the resources of science and the conditions of modern life have been together tending to hasten them within recent years. About the bare idea of being photographically spied upon through the very walls of one's own house, or of having the contents of one's pocket or one's pigeon-holes "taken" surreptitiously, for the benefit of all whom they may or may not concern, there is a suggestion of positive outrage that strikes the imagination with peculiarly unpleasant force. And it is well that it is so, since the time and fondled it as if it had been her has surely come for a recoil from the modern spirit that favors the transfer of private life from the house to the housetop. Science, it must be owned, has done not a little to destroy the old conception of privacy. With the telephone to pursue business men into their libraries and "ring them up" in the very bosom of their families, and with the phonograph capable of being applied for the purpose of registering

and reproducing the most intimate of domestic confidences, it cannot be pretended that this crowning menace any haven of refuge from the world of outside affairs has not been led up to by the insatiable pioneers of scientifis

invention. It is surely not necessary, however, to wait for the evolution of a new and irresistible system of scientific thoughtreading, and for the social cataclysm that it would bring in its train, in order to protest against that sacrifice of

physical privacy which threatens to become complete in the very near future. If the truth must be told, the traditions of what was once understood as private life have had other enemies besides those mechanical ones for which misapplied scientific invention has been responsible. The passion for notoriety at all costs, which nowadays afflicts the most completely insignificant people, impels them to seek the recognition they are otherwise incapable of securing through the medium of promiscuous and well-advertised entertainment. Reckless of the essential difference between themselves and persons of distinction, whose lives are of legitimate public interest, they endeavor to force themselves into prominence by converting their dwellings into public show-rooms, and inviting all and sundry to come in, that the house may be full, and its proprietor's "artistic rooms" and "delightful old-world garden" may procure him the notice which he could hope in no other way to achieve. The epidemic of unwhole-some craving for personal reclame which has raged so mischievously in recent years has done more for the overthrow of the old conception of pri-

Still, it may well be that the new menace directed against what remains of privacy-certainly the most alarming that science has yet uttered-may prove the last straw, and may suggest to some practical purpose the necessity of making a stand against the modern doctrine that nothing is to be held sacred from intrusion which inventive ingenuity can find a means of discovering, or which the necessities of the vulgar self-advertisement render it expedient to parade before the crowd. The "Peeping Tom" of the up-to-date camera, who is preparing to bore through every wall, to turn his electric rays into every secret drawer, and to pluck out the heart of every mystery, would be an insufferable enemy of society if he could bring his infernal machine to perfection, and were permitted to pursue his course without restraint. Apart from more vital considerations. we want sometimes to be off our guard -to escape, so to speak, from our society uniform, and revel in moral as well as material "undress."

Fate's Iron Hand

A Remarkable Case of Mistaken Circumstantial Evidence

A Double Springs, Ala., dispatch says: In 1874 Geo. W. Pendleton and his wife, Mrs. Octavia Pendleton, were residing at the little village of Liverpool in Brazoria county, Texas. They had been married about three years They were well fixed financially, owning a large area of fine grazing lands adjacent to their home and several thousand head of cattle. They were of congenial temperaments, and lived happily together, and to increase their

happiness there had come to them a bright boy. In the same village lived Guy Hinton, who was also the possessor of considerable wealth. Mr. Hinton was a sturdy, pushing fellow, and a man greatly esteemed by all of his neighbors, but he was unhappily married. One morning Mr. Hinton rode up to Mr. Pendleton's house and told Pendleton that he was going to Velasco, about twenty miles distant, and asked if he would not go with him. Pendleton replied that he had no business in Velasco, but that he wanted to see a Mr. Holt, who lived on Bastrop Bayou about half way between Liverpool and Velasco, and that he would go that The two friends started off together, and Mrs. Pendleton says that the moment her husband mounted his horse she was seized with a strange and awful foreboding, and that she ging her husband not to go.

could hardly restrain herself from beghome late Mr. Pendleton returned tat afternoon, tired out with his long ride. At the supper table he told his that Mr. Hinton had confided to wife him that he had left home for good; that he and his wife could not get along together, and rather than live in a constant broil he had decided to leave her what property he had and seek fortune and happiness in some other country. Pendleton said that he had tried to dissuade Hinton from leaving his wife, but without avail. The latter said that as yet he and his wife had no children, and as it was clear they could never live together in peace, he thought it was wise to separate before offsprings of their unhappy union should arrive to complicate matters. exceptionally fine stallions. Great num-Pendleton also told his wife that Hinton had left his wife all he possessed a Jesuite who died in 1673. bers of these wild horses die from starvation in the winter time, but still the

except a few dollars, and that to help him out he (Fendleton) had bought his

Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton thought it wise to say nothing about Hinton's departure to any of the neighbors, as they did not want Mrs. Hinton to think them in any manner instrumental in

her husband's having left her. Two weeks later, while eating breakfast one morning there came a knock at the front door. Mr. Pendleton arose from the table to answer the summons, and on opening the door was confronted by a deputy sheriff, was stepped forward and slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. Pendleton was, of course, surprised, and asked the officer what it meant. You are charged with the murder

of Guy Hinton," Capt. Bennett replied. "His body has been found in a skirt of woods on Bastrop Bayou. There is much damaging testimony against you. I would advise you not to talk until you consult a lawyer.
Pendleton was dumbfounded, not so

much at the charge against him, for he thought he could easily clear himas he was at the news of Hinton's death. The unfortunate man, however, had no conception of the array of circumstantial evidence he was compelled

On preliminary examination it was shown that the body of a man had been found in the woods skirting Bastrop Bayou with a bullet in his head, and that the body, although somewhat decomposed, had been identified as Hinton's; that Pendleton and Hinton had left Liverpool together one morning some two weeks before; that Hinton when he left home were his gold watch; that a couple of boys out hunting that afternoon had seen Pendleton and Hinton standing under a tree talking; that after the boys had passed out of sight they had heard a gun or a pistol fired in the direction they had seen the two men; that Pendleton had returned to Liverpol that evening wearing Hinton's gold watch; that Hinton had never since been seen alive, and that the body had been found under the very tree where he and Pendleton were seen by the boys.

The law in Texas seals a defendant's lips. He cannot testify in his own behalf, and having no way to disprove the case the State had made against him Pendleton was committed to jail without bail.

On final trial he was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Mrs. Pendleton was present at the trial, and, strange to say, after hearing the testimony, believed her husband guilty, but now says she cannot see how ever she could have believed it, since she knew him to be brave and

About two years after that Mrs. Penhonest. dleton secured a divorce, and was mar-ried to a Mr. Devit. Shortly after her marriage to Devit she sold all the property formerly owned by Pendleton, which had been awarded to her by the divorce court, and removed with her husband to Atlanta, Ga.

Pendleton had been in the penitentiary about two and a half years, when a letter bearing his address and a South American postmark arrived at the Liverpool postoffice. It was forwarded to the penitentiary authorities at Huntsville, and on being opened was found to be from Guy Hinton, the man for killing whom Pendleton was serving out a life sentence. Pendleton immediately wrote Hinton of the strait he was in. Hinton, on receiving this letter, took passage for Galveston, and in due time arrived in Brazoria county. Of course the Governor pardoned Pendleton as soon as the facts were presented to him. On his release Pendleton returned to Liverpool. His confinement had told harshly upon him, vate life than all that the fiendish en- and the news of his wife's divorce, gines of scientific inquisitiveness have as yet been able to accomplish. On his recovery he left his home, the scene of his joy and great misfortune, and sought the home of his

former wife, now the wife of another, with the purpose of having his boy at The news of Hinton's return and any cost. Pendleton's consequent pardon had preceded him to Georgia, It was too much for Mrs. Pendleton, or rather Mrs. Devit. She felt herself a bigamist. She immediately left Devit, and a week before Pendleton arrived at Atlanta she became a raving maniac and had to be sent to the asylum. Pendleton secured his boy and worked his way to California. Being a man of fertile resources, he soon got another start in the world, and is now a pros-

perous fruit grower. Mr. Pendleton's son, George, was too young when the events above recorded occurred to remember much about his mother, and his father carefully kept the facts of this awful drama in real life, in which no one was to but all the victims of the iron hand of fate, from him until he arrived at his majority. On the boy's reaching the age of 21 years, the father told him of the sad romance of their lives.

George was anxious to learn what had become of his mother, and, obtaining his father's permission to do so, visited Georgia. On inquiry at the asylum, he learned that she had been discharged years before as cured, and that she had gone to live with a brother then residing at some place in North Carolina. In North Carolina he learned that the brother with whom Mrs. Devit was living had removed to this (Winston) county, Alabama. The young man arrived here about two months ago and sought out his parent. The meeting of the mother and son, so long parted, was a most affecting

George subsequently wrote his father of his mother's course after learning of his innocence. That letter rekindled all the old love in George Pendleton's heart, and he crossed the continent as fast as steam could bring him and yesterday remarried the companion of his early manhood. Mrs. Pendleton is yet a beautiful woman, on the sunny side of 40, Mr. Pendleton is in the prime of life.

The above facts were related to the writer on the evening of this happy second marriage. Mr. Pendleton also told the writer that the body identified as Hinton's was that of a peddler named McDabe, whom a negro who was hanged at Houston, Tex., some years ago, confessed to having murdered and

The Oldest Rosebush in the World. Scientific American.

The oldest rosebush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the Church of the Cemetery. Its roots are found in the subsoil, and the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, but the new stems have made a passage through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the entire church with their branches for a width and hight of 40 feet. The age of this tree is interesting both to botanists and gardeners. According to tradition the Hildesheim rosebush was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and the church having been burned down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. Mr. Raener has recently published a book upon this venerable plant, in which he proves that it is at least three centuries of age. It is mentioned in a poem writ-

ten in 1690, and also in the work of