

THE PICTURE!

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

The wind whistling across the hills was sharp with its intimation of approaching winter, and three figures that had braved now passed to recover breath at the top, their faces flushed with the exertion and their eyes bright with pleasure and exercise.

Five miles had they walked that morning, uphill and down, and they were still facing home. When they grew weary they would stop and eat the lunch they had brought along, and would then turn and walk back home, perhaps by another route. That was their way.

Two of the three were girls of 12 or 14; one of them carried the lunch, the other had a knapsack, which she focused from time to time, snatching the little slide while the others stood by and made comments or chaffed. The boy, who was several years older, carried something upon his shoulders, after the manner of a knapsack. He helped slightly as he walked.

Presently the girls sprang away with a "Follow your leader, Victor," but slackened their pace a little before they had gone many rods.

"Oh, you needn't put on brakes for me," the boy called, gayly. "I can limp along pretty nearly as fast as you can run. But what reason you are, Helene and Amnette. Who would have believed that such white feet should be yours when you left St. John's two years ago, and I develop into a ragged, roving tomboy. But, never mind; it's good to witness such a transformation."

"Isn't it though?" cried Helene, her face beaming suddenly grave and tender. "It almost seems as though we were living in a different world. Just to think of Victor walking twelve or fifteen miles in a single day, without even a stop, and then being ready to 'sit' on another walk the next morning! It's really something possible."

"Yes, and what Uncle Bruce said to us this morning," broke in Amnette, her eyes shining. "Why, it's just too lovely for anything. I have to keep pinching myself to find out if I'm dreaming. But, of course, I know I'm not. He never dream such lovely things. They are always trying to do something, or go somewhere, and this morning, 'this is real' for Uncle Bruce planned to take us to the hills."

"It is real, beautifully real," agreed Helene, her own eyes gleaming. "I have scarcely thought of anything else today; and I think some of it must be in my feet and on my tongue, for I can hardly keep myself from slipping and sliding. A whole party in Rome, and Victor is all the best masters, and you said 'I study music and drawing!'—oh, I must run! and again she sped down the slope, laughing, and they followed, calling to each other and singing snatches of song.

But half-way down they came together again, for just below them a small party suddenly emerged from a little glen or dell which looks into the face of the hillside. Something about the party, its slow progress and the bowed heads, chilled their light-hearted merriment and laughter. And then, even as they looked, one of the party turned aside and came up the hill. As he drew near, they recognized him as a shepherd; they had occasionally met on their rambles.

"What is it?" Victor asked, as he was about to pass them with a preoccupied nod of recognition. "Is a funeral?"

The shepherd stopped. "Oh, my," he said gravely, "a funeral, the saddest I was ever my lot to witness. Then, at the sympathy in their faces. 'He's a pair mon of a furrier, who can't understand us nor make us understand him, except by signs. They keep to St. John's, but four weeks gone by, thankin' us, no dot, our guide air would cure the pair liddy. But she was beyond hopin'. They walked out maist every day, he holdin' her, an' toward the last maistly carrying her. Generally they went to the little glen, which was quiet an' awa' frae the wind; and I make no dot the pair liddy ken to love it well, for he's buried her there noo. Fair laddie! pure laddie!' his voice breaking a little. 'He does us greet nor take on, an' he canna make us understand a word; but, man! he do look peefull!'"

"Have they no friends here?" asked Helene.

"Only as the neighbors are friends. A few of us went w' him to the berrin', an' frae his lunka I ken the pair mon wa' grateful. He's a pair awa' the morn, an' he's took some flowers an' bits o' things frae the glen to remember her by, no dot. It's na like he'll ever see the place any mair. Sandy would na take on o' his siller, for the mon has na see mickle, but he'll ha' need of it a'. Well, I mean gang awa'." As he went on up the hillside they heard him muttering to himself: "Fair morn! he thocht mair o' her than the whole world. I could see it in his peefil eyes, an' the way he gattered the wee bits of flowers. An' he could na even greet, pair laddie."

They walked on for some minutes in silence; then Victor turned suddenly to the girls.

"I'm not going any farther to-day," he said. "We will have our lunch in the glen! I want to paint a picture there."

"Oh!" exclaimed both girls, in a breath. But they understood.

up his easel where he could obtain the best points of the view. The waterfall was a little to the left in the foreground, the flat stone to the right, and just back of the stone, half-hidden by the downward curve of a branch, was the grave. Beyond that, the glen fell away, until in the distance was the slope of the hill down which the children had come, with a glimpse of Sandy Colloch's cot at the foot.

He worked carefully, for the sun was scarcely half-way up the sky, and they would not have to start back for several hours. Helene and Amnette stood by him for a while, watching, then wandered off into the glen. When the sun reached the zenith they spread their lunch upon a stone and called him from his work. Afterward he went back to the easel and painted for another hour, and the picture was finished.

"It is the best picture you have painted, Victor," declared Amnette, presently; "I mean an off-hand picture, of course, not a study."

"Yes, I think so myself," agreed Victor, simply.

"Do you think it will be ready for him to take away by tomorrow?" asked Helene.

"Yes, I mixed the colors so they would dry quickly. I will tell Sandy's wife to see that it is left open to the air tonight."

He packed his outfit and rearranged it upon his shoulders, taking the picture in his hand. The canvas was about 18 inches by 12.

They walked down to the mouth of the glen, where the girls left him, saying they would go on up the slope and wait for him at the top. He kept on toward Sandy's cot.

Half an hour later he joined them, his eyes very tender and thoughtful.

"Yes," he said in answer to their looks. "I gave him the picture. He didn't seem to understand at first, but when he saw the picture, and realized that it was for him to take away, he—he well, I suppose it was the last straw. He just dropped upon the ground and began to sob. I—I never saw a man sob that way before. I waited a few minutes, and then slipped away. But, as the girls," abruptly, "Uncle Bruce will be looking for us. Let's hurry."

They walked on for some minutes in silence; then Victor turned suddenly to the girls.

"I'm not going any farther to-day," he said. "We will have our lunch in the glen! I want to paint a picture there."

"Oh!" exclaimed both girls, in a breath. But they understood.

It was not difficult to find the newly made grave, for it was in the prettiest part of the glen, near a small waterfall. Just to one side was a flat stone, open to the sun, but sheltered from the north by an almost sheer wall of rock. From here one could look down the glen, and out through its mouth into the valley beyond. Very likely this was where the lady had been fond of sitting.

Victor unstrapped the knapsack and set

A PILL A DAY. One of Person's Pills every day will do more to cure Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation, and Bowel Complaint, than a whole box of irritating, drastic pills or remedies. Put up in glass bottles, each 25c. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

BURNED AT STAKE.

Negro Suffers for Assault and Murder.

Barlow, Fla., May 29.—Fr. J. Rochelle, a negro, 35 years of age, who at noon yesterday, criminally assaulted and then murdered Mrs. Rena Taggart, a well-known and respectable white woman of this city, was burned at the stake here early this evening in the presence of a throng of people. The burning was on the scene of the negro's crime, within 100 yards of the principal thoroughfare of this city.

The assault and murder was one of the most bold and cold blooded crimes ever committed in Florida. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning, Mrs. Taggart went fishing alone in a small boat. A few minutes before noon, desiring to return home, she rowed her boat to the bridge, in full sight of the public thoroughfare, and made it fast. Leaving the boat she had proceeded only a few steps in the swamp toward the prairie when she was approached by Rochelle, who had been hiding in the swamp. He seized her, she broke loose and screaming, ran into the prairie, where he overtook her.

After the assault he held her with his hands and knees and, taking his knife from his pocket, cut her throat from ear to ear, causing her instant death. He then walked to a negro who had been fishing on the bridge and asked him what he should do with the body. He was told to leave it where it was, but he took the bleeding form in his arms and carried it back to the swamp, threw it down and escaped into the interior of the swamp.

In less than an hour, practically the entire city was in arms and a well-armed posse was moving in every direction in search of the criminal. Bloodhounds were secured and all night a fruitless search was continued. This morning no trace of the negro had been secured and the people were becoming more determined to apprehend him.

About noon a courier arrived announcing that the negro had been captured by two other negroes three miles south of the city. Poses were immediately on the trail, but the captors evaded detection and succeeded in getting their prisoner into the city where they turned him over to the sheriff of Polk county.

In spite of the sheriff and a strong guard of extra deputies, the mob secured the prisoner and took up the march. Rochelle was half-dragged, half-carried to the bridge. Scream after scream broke from the negro's quivering lips, followed by groans and prayers for mercy. At the bridge the mob turned toward the scene of the negro's crime. By common consent burning was to be the penalty. There were no ropes, no plans for any other death.

A barrel was placed by the stake on the very spot where Mrs. Taggart was murdered. On this the negro was placed and chained to the stake. The burning body could be seen only as a dark object in the circle of roaring flame. Then the fire slackened and the writhing body came back in full view, but already two groans had ceased and the only evidence of life seen was in the contortions of the muscles of the limbs.

In a half hour from the minutes of the application of the match, only the charred bones were left as a reminder of the negro's crime and his fate. The crowd dispersed and at 8:30 tonight the city is quiet.

Good Roads. The good roads question is receiving a good deal of attention in the states where during this spring the mud has made country travel almost impossible. The proper width of tires is being much discussed, as it may be for in the case of a heavy touring good roads no one should lose sight of the truth that "barrow tires read where broad ones mend."—Boston Herald.

WITH A LIVE WIRE

Would-Be Suicide Held Fast in Torture.

New York, May 29.—Because Mendel Naurushek had grown tired of life in a sweatshop and lost his way to the East River, where he sought to end his existence, traffic on the Brooklyn bridge was suspended last night while employees of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company took the would-be suicide from a "live" rail, which held him prisoner for fully ten minutes. When rescued Naurushek was conscious, and at the Hudson Street Hospital the attendants said he would recover.

He purchased a ticket at the New York entrance to the bridge and boarded a waiting train. The train was about to start when, with a despairing cry, uttered in jargon, he leaped from the front platform and started down the track. It was raining hard at the time, and the train crew, thinking the man would be headed off by a bridge policeman, made no effort to stop him.

Naurushek reached the dip in the bridge structure, about 100 yards from the platform, when he slipped and fell. A shriek was heard, and the passengers guessed that the fall-man had come in contact with the third rail, which supplies the motive power for outgoing trains.

Two inspectors, employed by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, ran down the track and tried to release Naurushek, who was holding fast to the "live" rail with both hands and yelling for help.

One received a severe shock, and the other, thinking discretion preferable to death by electricity, hurried back to the bridge entrance to notify the train dispatcher. The latter official lost no time in having the current turned off, and Policeman Walsh then dragged Naurushek from the track and carried him to the little hospital under the bridge structure.

Naurushek was too exhausted from screaming to give an intelligent account of himself at first, but to a spectator he explained in jargon that he was 40 years old and lived in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. He was tired of living, he said, and intended to commit suicide by jumping into the river.

At the Hudson Street Hospital Naurushek's case was diagnosed as chronic melancholia. He was badly, but not fatally, burned.

Alleged Fraud on Insurance Companies. Chicago, May 29.—Through the mysterious death of a brother of Dr. August M. Unger, in New York, in 1899, under circumstances similar to Marie Defenbach's, the state's attorney's office is seeking the identity of the packet sent to the girl.

The sister, upon pointing to the girl's brother's name on the Grand Union hotel. Poison was found in such quantities that the coroner's jury said: "Death by suicide or other means in which poison was used."

A life insurance policy was found directing that the money, which is said to have been \$5,000, be paid to a sister of the deceased. Dr. Unger, it is said, is named as trustee. The sister, upon finding that her bequest was not forthcoming, it is said, secured a verdict for \$5,000 against the surety company.

Dr. E. H. Schroeder, a witness against Dr. Unger and others charged with conspiring to defraud insurance companies through policies on the life of Marie Defenbach, testified today that he attended Miss Defenbach five hours before she died. She was then in no apparent danger, but when told that she would be well on the following day, replied, according to the witness, that she expected to be very ill that night and probably should call him again.

Invention to Raise Fallen Horses. In all cities many horses fall whenever the streets are covered with ice or slush, and as a rule there is considerable difficulty in getting them on their feet again. An ingenious inventor recently decided to provide a remedy for this evil, and consequently he promptly fashioned a machine which is designed to raise horses that have fallen in this manner.

The machine consists of a large tripod, the beams or supports of which are furnished with iron points at the ends, so that they can be firmly fixed in the ground. At the top of the tripod is an iron pulley which can readily be worked by hand. After a horse has fallen the machine is placed over him, and he is then connected with it by a broad gridle, which is passed around his body. The next operation is to attach the two ends of the gridle to the pulley, and after this is done the men work at the pulley and the horse is on his feet again in two minutes. If, as sometimes happens, the animal has injured himself and is unable to stand, the machine is so placed that he can be sustained comfortably until the gridle will be lowered and his senses.

"If you don't worry you can live 100 years." "One hundred years? Goodness! If I thought I'd live 100 years, I'd worry myself death right now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SUIT FOR \$150,000.

Celebrated Libel Case Begun in Boston.

Boston, May 29.—The first day of the celebrated libel suit for \$150,000 damages brought by Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury against Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science faith, which opened in the Superior Court today, before Judge Bell, was devoid of sensations.

In opening the case Judge Bell asked whether the six other cases relating to the same matter might not be tried simultaneously with this one. After a brief consultation with Counselors Bartlett and Peabody agreed that those cases largely depended upon the decision in the present case. Judge Bell then gave permission to proceed.

The plaintiff's counsel was placed at a disadvantage and his plans were materially upset by the unlooked for absence from court of Judge Septimus J. Hanna, editor of the Christian Science publications.

In the absence of Judge Hanna-William B. Johnson was expected to be the most important witness, but skillful manipulation of the finer points of the law, blocked the plaintiff at nearly every turn. The action of the court in ruling out testimony show that Mrs. Eddy, in 1895, had caused the excommunication of Mrs. Woodbury, or had refused her admission to the church, because it was too remote to have any connection with her alleged defamatory declarations three years later is expected to shorten the trial.

Money to Police Subject Raises Row Among Chiefs. Paper at Convention in New York Was Wanted to Be Withheld. New York, May 29.—Chief Dietsch, in his paper referring to money paid for police protection—

"A man who profits in this way is nothing less than a common loiterer. He should be publicly disgraced and sent to the workhouse. A poor devil who steals to satisfy his hunger or to keep himself and family from the poor house, is far superior."

This statement started the ripple. Chief Jansen, of Milwaukee, jumped to his feet and moved "that this portion of Col. Dietsch's paper be not read; that it be discussed in executive session or spread upon the minutes without reading."

Somebody seconded the motion and Chief Kelly, of St. Louis, protested. "If object," he said. "We cannot dodge the subject. It is not fair. I should like to hear all Col. Dietsch has to say."

Chiefs Quirk, of Philadelphia; Cassidy and Elmira and Hill, of Chattanooga, all spoke in favor of a continuance of the paper.

TENDER FOR HAVANA WORK.

Amount Specified Is Far Above Thirteen Millions.

Havana, May 29.—Bids for the severing and paving of Havana were opened today. Only one bid was received and this was from Orondelek, McLellan & Dady, of New York. The amount specified was \$12,855,575.01. The bid was referred to the city engineer, Lieut. Wm. J. Barden, to be considered by him for three days. It will then be sent to the Ayuntamiento for three days more, and thence to General Wood for final approval. The bidding firm deposited \$500,000, and they will be obliged to deposit \$500,000 additional on the signing of the contract beside returning to the state the \$250,000 given to Mr. Dady at the time he secured the settlement of his claims arising from a previous contract to sever and pave Havana.

Easy. Stiffles—How did that awkward Tommy Noddies get into society, anyway? Biffles—Why, it was easy. He simply allowed the women to win when he played cards with them, and everybody invited him.—New York World.

The Politeness of Mr. Johnson.

Bill Johnson ain't no dandy. He sure no joy to sight. But I'll save for William—That he is most polite. Bill Johnson saw lady. Slip on an orange peel. That every gent should feel. Bill Johnson ran to catch her. And save her from a fall. She had eggs in a basket. And he was full of compassion. Bill Johnson helped the lady. And she was most grateful. "Oh, thank you," said the lady. In tones serene and sweet.

Bill Johnson saw his clothing. He saw the lady's too. "Excuse me," murmured William. "But I must cure a few." W. S. McKnight, who was all. The lady did not stir. "Oh, thank you," said the lady. In tones serene and sweet.

Bill Johnson saw his clothing. He saw the lady's too. "Excuse me," murmured William. "But I must cure a few." W. S. McKnight, who was all. The lady did not stir. "Oh, thank you," said the lady. In tones serene and sweet.

Woman's Work

in preparing appetizing and wholesome food is lightened by this famous baking powder.

Light Biscuit Delicious Cake Dainty Pastries Fine Puddings



Absolutely pure. It adds healthful qualities to the food.

ROYAL Baking Powder

The "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook"—most practical and valuable of cook books—free to every patron. Send full address by postal card.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

THE SUMMER CLOSING OF THE U. N. B.

Frederickton, May 29.—(Special)—Despite the threatening weather a large number of spectators assembled at the University library this evening to watch the exercises which marked the closing of the classes of '01. Prof. Dixon, of the engineering department, read a well prepared address in behalf of the founders, in which he referred to the advance of science and to the successful efforts of the friends of the University of New Brunswick to have their institution second of the gold medal, read a portion of his essay on the centennial celebration, after which C. B. Martin, of St. John, winner of the Douglas gold medal, read a portion of his address in behalf of the alumni, by the president, J. D. Hazen, and read a portion of his essay.

The Brydon Jack prize was presented to H. S. Devlin, of St. John, for proficiency in third year physics. The Montgomery Campbell prize was next presented to Milton Price. Dr. Inch presented the governor general's gold medal to D. A. Hamilton, of Centreville, Carleton county. The following candidates then received the B. A. degree: Clement M. Kelly, John Page, Milton Price, David A. Hamilton, Maurice D. Coll, W. S. McKnight, J. W. Clawson, J. R. McCreadie, of Fredericton, took the degree of B. S. C. There was no candidate for the M. A. degree this year.

Prof. W. K. Hatt, of Indiana University, a former graduate and Fredericton boy, was presented with the Ph. D. degree "in absentia." Dr. G. C. Helme, of Montreal, read the alumni oration. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. One of the most attractive features of the programme was the reception and garden party this afternoon by Chancellor and Mrs. Harrison. Music was furnished by the 1st Regiment band.

The Honor List. Honors and class distinctions will be awarded as follows: Seniors. Classes, class 1—John Edmund Page, Milton Price. Mathematics, class 1—John W. Clawson. Mathematical physics, class 1—John W. Clawson. Natural science, class 1—D. W. Hamilton, M. D. Coll, M. C. Kelly. Honorary, class 1—M. Price, M. C. Kelly, W. S. McKnight. Class 2—D. W. Hamilton. Chemistry, class 2—D. W. Hamilton. Physics, class 1—M. C. Kelly, D. W. Hamilton.

At a meeting of the university senate this morning it was resolved to confer the degree of Ph. D. (in course) on Prof. W. K. Hatt. The senate decided to order a modern system of plumbing and heating for the university building and enlargement of the library room.

Lost in a Maze.

Brain in awl — Aches in front of the head — Pains in the back of the head — Husky Voice — Foul breath — Nose stopped up — Soreness in the nose — Itching, burning sensation — Dropping in the throat — Losing sense of taste and smell — All these are symptoms of Catarrh.

But there is one way, and a good way, out of this maze of pain and suffering—DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER is an unfailing guide to the golden gate of health.

It is safe, simple, sure, quick and pleasant. It relieves a cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured chronic catarrh of a half century's standing. 50 cents. Sold by E. C. BROWN.



Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap. Exclusive for beautifying the skin, for the stopping of falling hair, for softening and whitening of red, rough hands, for annoying irritations, for free or close perspiration, washes for itchy weaknesses, for many sensitive anti-septic purposes, and for all uses of the toilet, bath, and nursery.