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LAUGH IT AWAY.

Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the way,
Don't go probing 'round for troubles—just ignore them, day by day.
Don't go sighing: "Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present, but—ah me!
There's the sorrow of to-morrow—where will all our sunshine be?"
If the worst is in the future and has been there all the while,
We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there; for we know
That to-morrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so;
But to-morrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze,
For all time is just a pageant of these busy old to-days.
Let the worst stay in the future where it has been, all the while!
We can keep it there by laughing till the others start to smile.

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,
Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know;
Let us thank Him with all fervency that He has never sent
Any burden quite unbearable; that while our backs have bent
Underneath the load, we've had His arms about us all the while—
Let us laugh away the trouble though our eyes are dimmed with tears;

Let us laugh away our troubles though our eyes are dimmed with tears;
Let us laugh away the heartaches and the worries and the fears;
Just "be good and you'll be happy"—if you're happy, you'll be good;
For the rule's so double-acting that it's seldom understood.
O, there is no future coming with a lot of trouble in—
We can fight it off by laughing till the others start to grin!

—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

A TRAGEDY IN A TUNNEL

THE night express was making its customary pause at Grantham station while the engines were changed for the next long run, 100 miles, to York.

It was not a crowded train, as I easily perceived when I alighted with the rest to stretch my legs. Most of the passengers had turned out, too, and we lounged about, staring at each other without keen interest until time was up and the sharp cries of "Take your seats," "Now for the North," sent us back to our carriages.

I had a compartment to myself, and I regained it without paying particular attention to those nearest me, save in the vague, unconscious fashion that would hardly serve for later recognition. One man I noticed in the next carriage—he and I alone were traveling "first," at any rate, in that part of the train—but do not think I should have known him again but for his traveling cap with the lappets tied under his chin and his loose ulster with a cape—distinct facts in his appearance, although they made little impression on me at the time.

Then another matter claimed my notice. There were sudden cries, "Now, sir, now! If you're going on, look sharp, sir, please." I saw a man, a laggard, hurrying down the platform, puffing breathlessly in evident distress, as though the pace was too great for him.

He made straight for where I sat, but stopped one compartment short of mine, and as the train was already moving they hustled him in neck and crop; the signal was given, "Right," the whistle sounded, the engine driver blew a response, and we steamed ahead full speed.

I felt rather concerned about this neighbor and late arrival. His white face, his staring eyeballs and hanging tongue told of great physical exhaustion, and I fancied that I heard a groan as he tumbled into his carriage. Evidently he had run it very close—had come upon the platform at the very last moment, and had all but missed his train. He had only just joined it, of that I felt sure, for I had not observed him on our departure from King's Cross nor here at Grantham. Why had he been so anxious to save his passage and such peril to himself? For he was ill—I made sure he was ill—so sure that I threw down my window and, leaning out, shouted to the next compartment, asking if anything was wrong.

No answer came, or it was lost in the rattle and turmoil of the express. Once again I called out, having no certainty that I could be heard, but certain at last that I heard no reply. Why should I worry further? The next compartment was not empty, that I knew. If the newcomer was really ill and wanted help he could get it from his traveling companion, the man in the loose ulster and cap tied under his chin, whom I believed to be in the carriage with him. So I dismissed the matter from my mind and sank back among the cushions of my seat to rest and be satisfied.

I must have dozed off, but only for a minute or two as I though, and I seemed to be still asleep and dreaming when again I heard a groan in the next carriage. It was a perfectly vivid and distinct impression, as half waking dreams so often are. I could not at the moment say whether what followed was reality or a figment also of my drowsy brain. What I heard I have said was a groan fraught with keen anguish; what I saw was quite as clear, but still more extraordinary and unaccountable.

The train had slowed down and was almost at a standstill. We were in a tunnel; the lamps in the carriages threw a strong light upon the brick walls and reflected all that was going on in the compartment next mine (none of the others near had any occupant).

But in this the adjoining compartment two figures stood out plainly—men's figures, and one held the other closely in his arms. More than this I could not make out. I saw it clearly, although but a brief space only, a few seconds of time, for now the train moved on rapidly with increasing speed, and we ran out of the tunnel. The reflected scene of course disappeared at once as completely as though wiped off a slate.

There was trouble next door, of what nature it was impossible to guess, but I felt that it must be ascertained forthwith. If it was a case of serious illness then the one hale man would surely ring the alarm bell and seek assistance for the other; if it was foul play he would make no sign, and it then became my bounden duty to interpose without delay.

These thoughts flashed quickly through my mind, and it seemed an age while I waited to resolve my doubts. Probably no more than a few seconds elapsed before I put my hand to the signal and stopped the train. I was first to get out, and hardly waiting the stoppage I clambered along the footboard and stood upon it, looking into the carriage.

No one was to be seen within.

"Quick, quick!" I cried to the guard when he came up. "In here. Something has happened. There is a man sick; I fear he has fainted. He wasn't alone, but I cannot see the other man."

Now the carriage door was opened and disclosed a body lying recumbent, inert, in a strangely stiff, haphazard fashion on the floor. The guard stooped down, waving his lantern over the white, drawn face and moving the body gently on one side.

"All up with him, I expect. Run, somebody, along the train and see if there's a doctor aboard. And you, sir, what do you know of this?"

I described what I had heard or though I had heard and seen, including the glimpse reflected in the tunnel.

"You must have been dreaming or you're inventing," was the guard's rather abrupt comment. "Couldn't have seen anything like that—'tain't possible. And how comes it you know such a lot about it? You tell us, too, there was another man in the carriage—what's become of him? A fine story!"

"Would I have given the alarm if I was implicated in any way?" I answered hotly. "Don't be a fool, guard."

The guard would have answered me rudely, no doubt, but at that moment a doctor appeared upon the scene.

"The man is dead—beyond all question dead," he said at the very first glance.

"And the cause of death?" I asked eagerly, while the guard frowned at me as though I were making myself too busy. "Are there any marks of foul play?"

"None visible,' replied the doctor after a brief examination. "I should say it was heart, but I cannot be certain till I have looked further."

"Which you can do somewhere else and better than here," interposed the guard. "We've lost too much time already. I must push on to York and report there. This is too big a job for me."

"You had better go back to Grantham," I protested. "It's quite close—not half a dozen miles."

"I don't want you to teach me my duty, and I'm not going. I've got first of all to keep time. Why should I go back?"

"To identify the dead man—he got in at Grantham—and to give information as to the man who got out."

"Oh, bosh!" cried the guard. "There was no man—no one but yourself, and you've got to come along with me, and—that"—he pointed to the corpse—"on to York."

"I certainly shall not go on with the train. I shall go back to Grantham alone. There is no time to be lost. The other man——"

I thought the guard would have struck me. He was obviously ready to lay violent hands on me, and he repeated that he meant to take me on to York, if necessary by force.

"You've no authority. You're not a police officer, and I am, or as good, for I am a government official. Here is my card. Let there be an end of this. I think you are wrong in going on, but at any rate I shall walk back to Grantham by the line. Be so good as to look after my things in the next compartment," and with that I alighted and left the guard rather crestfallen.

Within a few minutes, walking rapidly, I re-entered the tunnel which had been the scene of the strange incident, and in less than half an hour I reached the station. It was dimly lighted, for the next express train, the 12.06 "up," was nearly due, and there were several officials upon the platform.

I went up to one, an inspector, and briefly told him what had happened.

"Dear, dear! Of course. I remember. That was Mr. Erasmus Bateman. He belongs here—a rich man, greatly respected; has the big stores in High street. He was in a hurry to catch that train, for he was going down tonight for the great timber auction at Hull to-morrow. He buys a lot for his furniture factory—that is, he did, I suppose I ought to say. Poor Mr. Bateman! He was heavy, overfat for his age, and he ought not to have run so fast."

"Would he be likely to have much money on him?" I asked.

"Why, yes; likely enough. He was his own buyer, and he always bought for cash."

Here was a motive for foul play. I saw the disappearance of this second passenger explained. Bateman had died suddenly almost in the other man's arms.

If evilly disposed it would be but the matter of a moment for the latter to get possession of purse and pocketbook and all valuables—everything, in fact—and make off, leaving the carriage at once, even at the risk of his life.

It was a pretty, a plausible theory enough, and I put it before the inspector with the whole of the facts.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, sir, always supposing there was any such man," he replied. "Your tunnel story is a big mouthful to swallow."

"There he goes," I whispered, clutching at the inspector's arm and pointing to the tails of a check ulster disappearing into the booking office. "He must not see me; he might recognize me as having been in the north express. But go—sharp's the word. Find out where he's booking to and take a ticket for me to the same place. Here are a couple of sovereigns. You'll find me in the waiting room."

He came to me there, bringing a ticket for King's Cross, the other man's destination.

"Traveling up, no doubt, by the 12.06 midnight express, due in London at 2.40. Mark you now, inspector, I want you to telegraph to Scotland Yard and ask them to have a detective on the arrival platform to watch for our gentleman in check ulster and flap cape and stop him.

"Mention my name; tell the office to look out for me, and we'll arrange further together."

An electric bell sounded in the signal box and the inspector cried: "Here she comes! You wait, sir, till the last. I'll mark the ulster down to his carriage and I'll put you the next door. You must be on the lookout at Peterborough and Finsbury Park. He might get off at one of those stations."

"No fear," I said, as I got into the carriage with a parting injunction to the inspector that he should telegraph also to York, giving the deceased's name, and inform his relations in Grantham.

My man in the ulster did not move on the way to town. I was continually on the lookout, alert and wakeful, watching in every tunnel we passed through for some corroboration of my former experience. In the flying train probably at this time of night every one but myself was sound asleep. The lights were certainly reflected onto the brick walls, but no action or incident. Nevertheless, I was now quite convinced that I had made no mistake as to what I had seen.

I was close behind the check ulster directly its wearer alighted. So was my friend Mountstuart, the detective, to whom, as he ranged alongside, I whispered:

"Take him straight to the nearest station. I will charge him there with robbery from the person. Mind he does not sling (throw away) any stuff."

Except for my caution I believe he would have got rid of a fat, bulky pocketbook, but Mountstuart caught him in the act and took it from his hand. He began to bluster, shouting "What does this mean? How dare you interefer with me? Who are you?"

"You will hear soon enough," said Mountstuart, quietly. "In with you. We are going to Portland road."

I never saw a man so dumbfounded.

He was a dark-eyed, lantern jawed, cadaverous looking, and he was shivering, no doubt with the sudden shock of his unexpected arrest. He gave his name at the station as Gregory Carstairs, a commercial traveler, and it came out that he had had business dealings with Mr. Bateman. The temptation had been irresistible when he held the dead man in his arms to search and despoil him. He thought it was quite safe; no once could know of his presence in the carriage, and the sudden death would be attributed to natural causes.

His possession of the stolen property was enough to secure his conviction for theft, the only charge pressed, for death had really been from heart failure. My evidence as to what I had seen was heard in court, and heard with mixed feeling in which incredulity predominated. The judge and some others were sufficiently interested, however, to put my statement to the test by actual experiment on the Underground Railway, and the fact of the telltale reflection was triumphantly proved.

The next time I met the guard of that night express he was very crestfallen and admitted that he had made an ass of himself.—The Tatler.

A Little Philosopher.

Out in Riverside there lives a little chap who deserves a place in the world's philosophy along with Mrs. Wiggs and David Harum. He is by nature sunny, and is apt to take the world as it comes along. Ills that are childhood tragedies to most youngsters he usually passes by with a smile. For this he rightly has been considered something of a wonder, but the climax came the other day. He had gone to play with a neighbor's child and the boys, seeking excitement, had managed to climb to the top of a big tree. Our little philosopher had only just reached the top when his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. He never uttered a word, and it was the screaming of the playmate that attracted the attention of the mother. The doctor came and found two bad fractures of the leg and hip. The little fellow bore the setting of the bones patiently. After it was done the mother slipped out of the room to hide her own tears. A faint little sound came from the room where the injured boy lay. She hurried back almost hoping to find him crying.

"My son," she said, "do you want something? I thought I heard you call."

"Oh, no, mother," answered the little fellow. "I didn't call. I just thought I'd try singing a bit."

And he went on with the song.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Age of Admirals.

Lord Charles Beresford has raised another little breeze in England by protesting that officers in the British Navy are promoted to be admirals when too old to hold that rank. Of the twelve officers holding the rank of admiral or vice-admiral only three of them are below the age of sixty, one admiral being fifty-nine and two vice-admirals being fifty-seven and fifty-five, respectively. Nelson was only forty-seven when he won at Trafalgar. Lord Beresford points out that Germany has much younger men in these exalted places, and he asserts with Napoleon that at "sixty years, one is good for nothing."

MYSTERY OF A SPIDER'S SPINNING.

How Does He Succeed in Drawing His Web So Taut?

How does a spider spin a thread from one bush to another at a height from the ground and then draw it so tight? asks a correspondent in the New Century. Every one who has ever walked through a country lane early in the morning has felt the strained threads upon the face, and often these threads are many yards long, but the way in which it is done remains a mystery. He does not fly across, drawing the thread after him, for he has no wings. Neither does he descend to the ground and then climb the opposite bush, for this would lead to immediate and hopeless entanglement of the gossamer filament. How then does he do it?

M. Favier, a French scientist, has discovered that a thread one yard long will support by its own buoyancy in the air, the weight of a young spider. It would thus be in the power of a juvenile to spin a thread of that length and trust to air currents to carry it across and attach it to an opposite bush so that he himself could then pass over and draw it tight. But many of these threads, to judge from their strength and consistency, are not the work of young spiders, and as every observer knows, they are often many yards long and drawn so tightly that the face is instantly aware of their presence when breaking them.

The work is nearly always done in the night time, so that observation is difficult.

If the spider has any human nature in his make-up—and many of his habits would lead us to suppose that he has—he would be gratified at the perplexity which he causes and would advertise his performances as zealously as do less gifted human gymnasts and even some popular preachers.

The Aztecs Not a Dead Race.

To the mind of the general reader the term Aztec conveys the idea of a more or less misty, extinct greatness; the idea of a great body of aboriginal Americans of mysterious origin, who at the time of the advent of the Spanish had reached the acme of power and native civilization, and then unexplainedly very rapidly and completely vanished.

These problems—namely, the origin or derivation, the physical type and physical destiny of the Aztecs, to clear which history alone proves insufficient—have been and remain prominently the subjects of anthropological investigation; and through these investigations, in which the anthropological department of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, is taking an important part, enough has already been achieved to warrant the hope that in not a very far future but a little concerning the Aztecs will be left in obscurity. One result of these investigations is the knowledge that the Aztecs of the time of the conquest are still represented by numerous pure-blood survivors.

They are scattered, but still clearly recognizable by a student of the people in the suburbs of the city and in practically all the smaller towns in the Valley of Mexico. From the valley they can be traced southward; they are numerous in the districts of Amecameca, and they occupy, though probably largely mixed with the Nahuan branch of Tlahuitecs, entire villages near and in the mountainous country between Cuautla and Cuernavaca, in the State of Morelos. In this last-named region there are in particular two large villages, Tetelcingo and Cuautepec, in which the Aztec-Nahuan descendants not only speak the pure Aztec language and know but little Spanish, but they also preserve their ancient dress and ancient way of building their dwellings. In both of these villages the natives are almost free from mixture with whites.

To estimate the number of pure-blood Aztec-Nahuan descendants still in existence is very difficult. The Aztec language is still used by at least a million, probably more, of the natives of Mexico.—Harper's for Christmas.

Rivalry of Two Cities.

The old rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis has been revived in their respective displays at the forthcoming Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Chicago has secured the reservation of 4,432,352 square feet for her buildings, while St. Louis' group will cover an area of 5,047,697 square feet.

India's Wild Beasts.

Tigers killed 357 persons during 1901 in Central India, and leopards only sixty-two less.