

STAND BY

he swing of the sea, and the billows long beat
Fill this tale that floats up from the down east fog.
Where a rude hearse was rattled along the old street,
With no mourner in sight, not so much as a dog,
Till a silver grey sailor, blown in from the wave,
Came nigh to the coffin, where tumbled the dead,
Tacked in close behind, and tied up at the grave,
Of the stranger, and bowed there with uncovered head,
Took a hitch in his trousers, heaved a deep sigh,
And said I thought someone should just stand by."

here's the moan of the blast; the rain on the beach,
Curlewery, and salt spray in this man's gentle dead,
Did the wail of his weanlings, who wait for him, reach
This sun-browned old saint such a heavenly creed,
Or did some wild sorrow, his own life had left,
Scud o'er his sad soul as the pauper went post,
Till his heart-breaking loss made his sympathy melt
For this poor friendless mortal, forsaken at last?
Did a soul o'er his breast, or fear wet his eye?
I know not, and care not, but woe he 'stood by."

He stood by all alone on that wide village road,
He stood by in the bonds of the great brotherhood,
He stood by in the grand old Samaritan code,
That 'tis fine to be friendly, 'tis good to do good.
Heaven bless him, and bear him with favoring gales
To his far away home, should the wild tempest smite,
When waves take his deck and wind take his sails,
Surely One will walk near in the watch of the night,
Who will say to our hero, fear not, it is I,
I know thee of old, and have come to 'stand by."
Robert McIntyre

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

Herzian Waves Are to Be Made to Do the Work.
To girdle the earth with telegraphy without the use of telegraph wires has been the dream of many an electrical inventor. As yet wireless telegraphy is in its infancy that will grow, however, and one day in the coming century the infant may become a giant that will bow the world down the ringing grooves of change.
The latest scientist to plunge into the sea of wireless telegraphy is a young man named Marconi, who has recently evolved a system of telegraphy without wires, which depends not on electro-magnetic but on electrostatic effects. That is to say, the new system is based on Hertizian waves, which have a vibration of not less than 250,000,000 a second. His theory, and some successful experiments he conducted, were recently discussed in Gilt.
These Hertizian waves are to electricity what the X rays are to visual perception; but unlike the X ray, they do not die out easily. They simply take hold of one end and shake into waves of an electric stream so infinitesimally small and keen that it would take the ear of a fairy to hear that magnetic surf beating on the shores of cloud-land.
These vibrations are projected

THE TRAMP; HIS MARK.

How He Aids His Brother's Weary Footsteps Along Life's Pathway.
The tramp who is a properly initiated member of his vast and ancient fraternity has a secret written language in which he can communicate with any of his brethren who may come along after him. This language, says the New York Journal, belongs properly to the gypsies. It is of an unfathomable antiquity. It is modified to suit the exigencies of various countries, and in America has undergone great developments. In England and America it is to a considerable extent identical, but this country may affirm with pride that its tramp can express a greater variety of meaning in hieroglyphics. Some very important selections from the sign language are reproduced here. They are taken from a book entitled "A Pariah on Wheels," by the Rev. J. Howard Swinstead, an English clergyman, who, after many years and much diplomacy, has ingratiated himself with a few members of the tramp race.
No. 1 in this selection means "This road is better than the other." No. 2

ELECTRIC POWER CARRIAGES.

No Longer a Novelty in the Great Cities of America.
The horseless carriage—the kind operated by electric power—is no longer considered a freak. It is now in practical use. A few years from now it is possible that a horse will attract as much attention as did the first electric carriage. Even lively stable keepers admit that the horse must go. There is a motor vehicle which, on Sept. 11, 1896, made a five-mile run at the Nar-



NEW ELECTRIC MOTOR CARRIAGE.

regansett Park races, in Providence, R. I., in eleven minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The average time per mile was two minutes seventeen seconds, and it covered the distance at the rate of a little more than twenty-six miles an hour, establishing a record for motor vehicles.
The handsome and surrins in use are fitted with two one and one-half horse power motors, both attached to the front axle, one to each wheel, and driven independently. The coupe is furnished with two two-horse power motors. After fifteen minutes' practice, say the manufacturers, a man who has never seen one before can operate one. They are fitted with pneumatic tires. The cost of the vehicles will not be much more than the price of a horse and an old-style carriage, and the charging of the batteries will be inexpensive.

Police Arrested Goats.

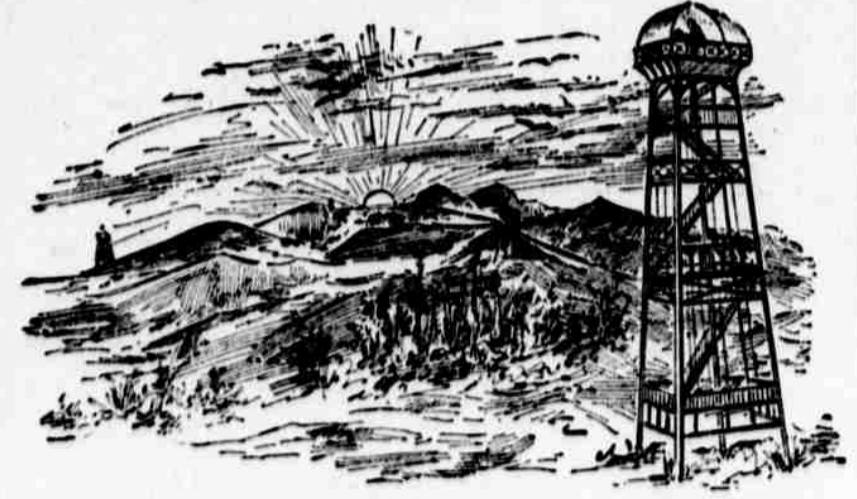
Three goats were led into the city court room at Yonkers, N. Y., by two policemen. Following them were their owners and three sympathizers who also own goats. Judge Kellogg was surprised and startled by the procession, and the excitement in the court room was increased when one of the long-haired animals began to bleat. The efforts of the officers to abate the noise were unavailing, and presently the other goats chimed in. They were finally taken to the police stables.
It was then learned that the men and goats were there on the complaint of a Mr. Gabriel, who lives on Park avenue. He was about to start for business on Wednesday morning when he was met at the door by a large "Billy." He opened his silk umbrella and the goat promptly butted a hole through it and landed Mr. Gabriel on his back. Then two other goats attacked him, and the cook had to come to the rescue with a rolling-pin. He then caused the arrest of the animals and their owners. The Judge dismissed them all with a warning.

Proving Her Case.

Mrs. Emerson (of Boston)—You shouldn't use slang, Susie. Your favorite old English authors do not countenance it.
Susie—Oh, yes, they do, mamma. Don't you remember what Colley Cibber says about the youth that fired the Ephesian dome?—New York Tribune.

Getting Acquainted.

"May I kiss you?"
"No, Mr. Simpson; I don't feel well enough acquainted." (Interesting pause.)
"There, now do you feel well enough acquainted?"
"Yes, George."—Harlem Life.



AS STATIONS FOR AERIAL TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES WOULD APPEAR.

through space in straight lines, but, like light, they are capable of reflection and refraction, and scientists have based their dreams of wireless telegraphy. With the fact that the Hertizian waves exhibit all the phenomena of light before them, the scientists have gone to work to construct instruments that will handle these waves as heliographs handle the rays of the sun.
But the great difficulty with Hertizian waves is that the waves will follow the curvature of the earth's surface. In this respect they are related to the X rays, which, in fact, seem to be a sort of illuminated electricity. The point to overcome in telegraphing long distances without wires is to obtain sufficient elevation to overlap the curvature of the earth's surface, and to reduce to a minimum the earth's absorption of the electric current.
If the terrific impulse of these Hertizian waves is not overestimated, a sort of mountain telegraph might be established from Washington territory to Nicaragua, and, with a few towers, even to the lower part of Chili and Patagonia.
This may be an exaggeration, but the fact remains that many scientists are so thoroughly convinced that the use of atmosphere and earth currents of electricity is practicable that they are working with might and main to bring about the desired end. In a recent interview Marconi said:
"I have long believed that instantaneous and simultaneous communication to all parts of the earth is possible

means "Good for food;" No. 4 means "Religious, but good on the whole;" No. 5 means "No good;" No. 6 means "Spilt by too many calling;" No. 7 means "Likely to have you taken up;" No. 8 means "Dangerous, sure of being handed to police;" No. 9 means "Doubtful!"
No. 10 means "Good;" No. 11 means "Very good;" No. 12 means "Has given, and will again; soft, lay it on thick." Nothing can be added to this encomium.
Cultivating the Widow.
"Somebody must be cultivating the widow."
"Yes."
"Any way, her weeds have disappeared."—Detroit Journal.
Occasionally Recalled.
"Your husband died a year ago? You must miss him greatly."
"Not so much. His mother throws a cup at my head occasionally now."—New York Journal.

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