

# DYING LILLIES

When Steel, of the R. A. M. C., came in from making the post mortem examination. The air was hot, and the punkah seemed blowing hot, but no one had called for a drink. The silence was hard to break.

The Colonel did not look down from the ceiling, and the Second in Command did not look up from the floor, when Steel entered, and the Adjutant and I did not say anything.

"What did he die of?" the Adjutant asked at length, and the Colonel looked down quickly, and the Second in Command looked up. Warren, of the Artillery, had been late for his wedding with Miss Craven that morning, and when they went to look for him they found him dead in his bungalow, staring hard at nothing, as if he saw death come. It was the Second in Command who went in first. They had always been friends. You could count Warren's friends on the fingers of one hand.

"What did Warren die of?" Steel drew with his finger on the table, as if he were making a temperature chart. "That is what I want you fellows to tell me."

The Colonel leaned forward. "A doctor never knows, of course," he said, with some undercurrent of meaning that I could not follow; "but it's his business to pretend that he does."

His eyes and Steel's met. The Colonel has strong eyes, but Steel's are stronger. "If the doctor won't pretend," he retorted, "there's an inquest."

"Good heavens, man!" the Second in Command jerked out, "you're not going to have any foolery of that sort?"

Steel drew another temperature chart—fever, with the line running up high and coming to a sudden stop. We knew it.

"You needn't call it an inquest unless you like," he offered; "but I'm going to settle this by myself. Shall we do it here and now?"

The Colonel glanced at him under his thick eyebrows and nodded, and the Second in Command nodded, and I nodded, and the Adjutant nodded.

"But I don't know what it's all about," he protested.

"Neither," I said, "do I."

"I think," said Steel, "the Colonel and the Second could guess. Perhaps you'll put the case, Colonel?"

"It's no use putting guesses," the Colonel objected, "and I've no wish to put any case at all. You've asked for it. Go on."

"Very well," Steel lit a cigarette, took a few slow draws, and threw it impatiently away. "I don't want to put the case either, but—this is Warren to have married Miss Craven this morning. If she didn't mind, there was no reason why he should." Steel shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly, and the Second in Command drew himself up rigidly.

"He was my friend," he remarked, with the ring of combat in his voice. He knew that we didn't like Warren.

"I was merely disposing of the theory of suicide," Steel explained. "I know he was your friend, and—I'm sorry. A quarter of an hour after he was due at the church, he is found dead, apparently of heart failure. He did die of heart failure. Most people do; but we only call it that when we can't find any reason why the heart failed. The symptoms allow me to put it down to that. They also allow me to put it down to another cause—only one. That cause is the inhaling of a certain drug. It isn't known to European medical science, and I'm not going to make it known. They know it well enough in India—Warren came from India; so did Miss Craven."

"I object to that remark," I interposed. "Miss Craven is a friend of mine, and very nearly the nicest girl at the station; and she was engaged to him. There's no need to drag her in."

"That," said the Colonel, "is the question, I take it?" He looked at Steel; and Steel nodded.

"The whole question," he said, shutting his mouth with a snap.

"Surely—" the Second in Command began, "is there any need to go on with this? He—was my friend; and this was engaged to her, and—Suppose she broke it off, or anything, and that upset him. He'd rather us leave things alone. What's the good of going into it, Steel?"

Steel set his lips and contracted his forehead once or twice, and tapped slowly with his finger on the table.

"If it were just a case of breaking it off—and she didn't care for him—I'd leave it alone, right enough. Look here! I found Warren's little dog curled up behind the curtains, stone dead. Heart failure, too. Funny little beast he was. Remember how he used to howl when Warren fussed over her? There was just a faint scent about the room when I noticed carefully like the odor of lilies when they're going off a bit. That's the way the stuff smells—afterwards. No one has ever told how it smells at the time."

The Colonel lit a cheroot. His gray hand shook a trifle. The Second shifted his head again. The Adjutant and I stared at one another.

"You've nothing to connect her with it," he said hotly. "I don't believe it."

"No," said Steel slowly, "I've nothing to connect her with it, except that I don't think she wanted to marry him. Anyhow, she didn't care for him, and—very likely there isn't anything in it, but—I noticed a curious look on the Colonel's face when he told her; and a curious look on her face when she looked at him. Can you tell us, Sir?"

The Colonel turned the cheroot round in his fingers and inspected it as if it were a doubtful recruit on parade.

"There may be nothing in it," he said; "and she's a woman, and entitled to the benefit of every doubt that we can give her. I wasn't going to say anything, but I'm like Steel. I don't care to settle this by myself. I was on the staff at Simla, as you know, a year ago, before I got the battalion. Warren was there then. So was she. So was a fellow named Mordaunt, Indian Civil. Uncommonly nice chap. Young and good-looking; and best pig-sticker I ever met. She was engaged to him. Most awful spoons I ever saw."

"Warren was sweet on her, too, but he hadn't a chance. He took it awfully well, and was very friendly with them; but everyone knew he was hard hit. The morning of the wedding Mordaunt died, like Warren. Heart failure, too. The sort of fellow you might have backed to live to a hundred. They found him sitting in his chair with her portrait just in front of him. Her portrait! She took it awfully hard, and nearly died. Begged every little thing out of his room to keep. 'They shall stop with me all my life,' she told me when I spoke to her about it—she was just the age of my daughter—and remind me. May God forgive if ever I forget! She kept them in her room after she was engaged to Warren even; and Steel is right. She didn't care for him. She'll never care for anybody but Mordaunt. God forgive us if we misjudge her!"

"I don't misjudge her," I stated hotly. "The idea is preposterous. Why should she kill a man because he was going to marry her?"

The Colonel reit the cheroot and looked hard at the Second—so hard that our eyes had to follow his. The Second shifted his head again and gave a soft little groan.

"I didn't look at it like that at the time," he said huskily, "when I went in. I thought perhaps she'd given him up at the last moment, and—and—he wouldn't like it talked about, and she wouldn't. But I didn't care about her. It was—well, we'd always been friends, he and I. Perhaps I understood him better than some of you; and—anyhow, I put it in my pocket, and—It's cursed hot."

He pulled a stout brown cardboard box out of his jacket pocket—a box of the size that might have held a locket, or a trinket or two; and a torn wrapper of white paper that had gone round it. He placed the edges of the paper together on the table. His hands were too unsteady to lay them quite straight, and Steel smoothed the jagged edges out, and fitted the letters neatly together; and this was what the writing said, in Miss Craven's pretty, pointed hand—

"In memory of my wedding morning.—Sylvia Craven.

"Poor little woman!" said the Adjutant. "Poor little woman!" His voice shook. He was younger than the rest of us.

Steel took the lid off the box gingerly, and felt with his fingers. "If you will notice," he said, as if he were delivering a lecture, "the edges of the box have little frills of wadding to make it air-tight. It would keep the vapor in till it was opened under any one's face, and then—heart failure! Smell the dying lilies. There's nothing left to hurt now. You needn't be afraid of it."

"Lilies?" I questioned, but my voice sounded doubtful, even to myself. "And suppose she did send him some flowers?"

"She didn't send him flowers," said Steel. "She sent him—this!" He held up a miniature, with his fingers covering the face. "I don't know who it is, or why she sent it; but I think I could guess."

He removed the fingers suddenly, and the Colonel put up his hands, as if he wanted to escape the sight.

"She's mad," he said. "Mad! We must hush it up somehow. It will do no good—no good!"

I took the miniature from Steel and looked at it. It was the picture of a good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five; a pleasant face, smiling as if he saw beautiful Sylvia Craven, and death and the scent of dying lilies were not in the world.

"It is Mordaunt," the Colonel said. "She was very much in love with him, and I suppose it preyed upon her; and when the time came to marry Warren she couldn't do it. Or else she sent it to show that she was breaking with the past. Or else—cr else—, You smelt it, Steel, you said?"

"I smelt it," Steel said quietly. "And there was the dog. He would go sniffing about his master to see what was the matter, and—Funny little dog he was. I liked him. And what's to be done?"

There was a long silence, and no one moved except Steel, who fidgeted with the lid of the box, scraping gently with his slender white fingernail and wetting the paper which had been pasted over it, where it wouldn't come off.

"She's a murderer," said the Second in Command at last, "and he was my friend. By heaven, she shall hang for it!" He struck his big hand on the table.

"No!" cried the Adjutant sharply. Look here! Steel—Colonel, tell him that—What's the good of hang-

ing her? She's a pitiful thing."

"She must have lost her reason," said Steel. "I understand how you feel about it, Sinclair; but she'd never have done it if she'd been in her senses. And she's a woman, and—Let it drop, old man."

"She's not too 'soft and pitiful' to kill a man!" The Second raised his voice furiously. "Two men. I've no doubt Mordaunt was killed in the same way."

"I've no doubt Mordaunt was killed in the same way," said Steel slowly; "but I don't think it was Sylvia Craven who killed him."

He wotted the lid of the box again, and drew off another scrap of paper.

"Look," he said, and we looked; and we saw this in Warren's writing on the cardboard that Steel had laid bare:

"From R. Warren

To Frank Mordaunt

On his wedding morning."

"This," said Steel, "is one of the relics that she took from her dead lover's room; and she understood; and she waited; and she wasn't mad. And it's murder—and she's rid the world of a cursed scoundrel!"

"Thank God he didn't belong to the regiment," said the Colonel.

The Second swayed a little in his chair.

"He—was—my—friend," he groaned; and then he swayed a little more; and the Colonel caught him by the arm.

"Poor old chap!" he said gently. Steel drew a temperature chart upon the table—an incomprehensible chart, with lines running wiggly-waggly, up and down, up and down.

"I need not trouble you any more, gentlemen," he said in a professional voice. "I find myself able to certify to death from heart failure."

He wrote the same certificate for Sylvia Craven; but when he spoke to us he called it a broken heart, and he put a heap of white flowers on her grave. It was his solitary outbreak of sentiment, he apologized.—The Sketch.

**Voracity of Black Bass.**

The black bass is like "a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour," says a writer in Field and Stream. "I have seen a good-sized specimen go into a school of minnows and eat and stuff until he could not get any more into his capacious insides, then go off by himself, throw up what he had eaten and begin over again, after which he would keep on killing the poor, innocent minnows apparently for the mere pleasure of killing. Very young bass will attack minute water plants and get away with every one in sight, adopting the same method as their elders. To illustrate the extent of the cannibalism of the black bass, here is an experience of a superintendent of one of the fish hatcheries in Pennsylvania:

"The superintendent made an actual count of 20,000 young bass about an inch long and placed them in a fry pond by themselves. He gave them food six times a day, and, according to his statement, each fish ate on an average three times its own weight of prepared food every twenty-four hours. They were placed in a pond on July 1, and on October 1, when they were taken out, there were only 11,000, and the record showed that less than 200 died from sickness. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that, in addition to the food given them by the superintendent, there were about 9,000 bass devoured by their stronger and more fortunate companions."

**What Becomes of Old Shoes.**

What becomes of all the old shoes is a question quite as puzzling as where all the pins go. Old shoes, however, really have an important place in the trade world and serve numerous useful purposes, says the Chicago Tribune.

They are all cut in small pieces and put to soak for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather hard and brittle.

It is then washed off with tepid water, dried and ground to a fine powder, which is mixed with an adhesive substance, such as glue or shellac, or a thick solution of gum. The material is then put into moulds to form combs, buttons and a variety of useful things that are supposed to be made of rubber.

Old leather is used to make prussic potash. It is put into a large iron pot and heated with pearl ash and old iron hooks. The soluble portions are dissolved out, the salt that results is added to one of iron, and Prussian blue, used either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment, is made.

By another process of reducing the leather to powder it is converted again into an artificial leather which is used in making the cheaper grade of shoes.

**Origin of a Modern Phrase.**

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" is a modern phrase. The "Hip!" and the "Hurrah!" do not seem to have come together before the nineteenth century. "Hip!" amounted to just "Hi!" or "Hallo!" while "Hurrah!" was then usually "Huzza!" It is like the Cossack shout "Ora!" but it is supposed to have been a German cry of the chase, adapted by the German soldiers to war, and borrowed from them by the English, perhaps first of all at the time of the thirty years' war; "Hurra!" is said to have been the battle cry of the Prussians in the war of liberation (1812-1813). Still the curious fact that seventeenth and eighteenth century writers call "Huzzah!" a sailors' shout lends support to the conjecture that it may really have been the hoisting cry, "Hissa!"

**CHARLES CURTIS ONLY INDIAN SENATOR**  
In the United States.

The most talked of "Indian" for some time in this country is Charles Curtis, who was chosen for United States Senator from Kansas to succeed Burton.

Curtis was then variously described as a full-blooded Kaw Indian, a half-breed and a quarter-breed. It also was declared that he was the only man with aboriginal blood in his veins who had ever won a place in the upper house of Congress. This last statement was a great mistake. Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania had more than a trace of Indian blood in his veins and was as proud of it as Curtis undeniably is.

Curtis is a little man with black hair and swarthy complexion. He is 47. His maternal grandmother was a pure blooded Indian, daughter of Lewis Gonville, a Kaw chief, in the days before his tribe had left Canada for the United States. Chief Gonville's daughter married a French Canadian and her daughter, Julian Papan, married C. P. Curtis, a captain in the Fifteenth Kansas Volunteers, who served in the civil war. Captain Curtis was of Puritanical New England stock. The present Senator's mother died when he was a baby; his father, who lost his health in the civil war, did not survive long and died poor. His part bred Indian grandmother was still alive, however, and she knew how badly he wanted to study. He was living with her at the time and selling newspapers for a living. One day she said abruptly:

"Charlie, do you really want an education bad enough to work for it?"

"Well, yes, grandmother," said the boy. "I think I do."

"Well, then," she said, "I'll help you with part of the Government money that is coming to me," and she did.

The story of the way he began his law studies seems to have been overlooked. He selected Judge A. H. Case of Topeka, his home town, as a legal preceptor, and went into his office one summer day.

"Well, Charles," said the Judge, "you seem to be in a good deal of a hurry for such a hot day. What's up?"

The boy told the Judge of his legal aspirations. The Judge wasn't enthusiastic. There were more poor lawyers in Topeka, he said, than there was practice for them.

"But there aren't more good ones, and you know it, Judge," replied the boy.

"There's plenty of room for good ones and I mean to be a good one."

The Judge saw that he meant business and allowed him to be entered as a law student in that office forthwith. Senator Curtis is a regular member of the Kaw tribe, always has been popular among the Indians, and is responsible for much legislation in their interests.

That there was Indian blood in the veins of the late Senator Quay is often spoken of as an unauthenticated rumor. The truth is that Mr. Quay not only freely corroborated the story in his lifetime, but often spoke of the circumstance with pride to his friends.

**Modern Business Politeness.**

"A custom of politeness that is modern in the extent of its practice, if not in its introduction," said a man old enough to be acquainted with ways comparatively speaking ancient, "is that of writing 'thanks' or 'thank you' after the signature on receipts bills sent in due course on payment of accounts; a form that costs little effort on the part of the signer and that is sure to be not displeasing to the person to whom such politeness is offered."

"Widespread is the custom in its practice now, and so in its observance, not likely to be surprising, but to-day there came to my attention an instance of courtesy in this form that did at first seem rather strained and excessive."

"On a receipted bill received with goods sent to me C. O. D. I found after the signature the polite 'thank you,' and here this seemed almost superfluous; for this was a transient and impersonal transaction. But a moment's reflection showed that the 'thank you' here was really neither superfluous nor excessive, but quite correct; that we should have received from the salesman if we had paid him the cash for the goods at the time of their purchase."

**Cure for Pauperism.**

Finding that stone-breaking and oakum picking were not profitable enough the authorities of Horsham, England, decided to put able-bodied paupers to work at grinding corn in a mill. Next day not a pauper was left in the almshouse.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**The Kind You Have Always Bought**  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

\$15,000,000 For State's Schools. Keep the Balance Up.

Leading Educators ask That Appropriation Be Increased by \$2,000,000.

Prominent educators of the State have issued a statement on behalf of the plan to increase the appropriation for the public schools from \$13,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Chairman Sheatz, of the house appropriations committee, has already indicated that he is in favor of making this increase and so has Governor Stuart. The statement in part is as follows:

"Harrisburg, May 6—We invite serious attention to the following facts relative to the general appropriation bill now before the legislature and, in the light of what is hereby shown, we are confident of immediate co-operation in aiding us to secure an increase of the State appropriation for schools from \$13,000,000, as now proposed, \$15,000,000, as it should be.

"In 1894-5 the appropriation per pupil in Pennsylvania was \$5.20, while the appropriation per pupil in the bill now pending is but \$4.89. Although the total contribution to education is larger, the proposed increase does not by any means keep pace with the increase of school population. In 1895 the appropriation for education was 46 per cent. of the total revenue, while in the present bill the appropriation is but 25 per cent. of the revenue. Should new revenue bills be passed, as now seems likely, and the appropriations for schools be not increased, the percentage of the amount given to education will fall below twenty-five.

"The manifest conclusion is that the schools have imperative need for more money by State appropriation. In almost every public address during the recent campaign, the governor put himself on record as desiring to deal generously and more liberally with the public schools, and we are most certain that he is anxious to fulfill every promise of the campaign."

**MAY COURT JURYMEN.**

**SECOND WREK.**  
Howard Pursel, Bloomsburg.  
L. E. Schwartz, Bloomsburg.  
Edward Levan, Conyngham.  
J. E. Sands, Mt. Pleasant.  
John G. Laubach, Sugarloaf.  
Boyd Fry, Bloomsburg.  
Evan Buckalew, Benton Boro.  
Bruce Chulander, Briarcreek.  
Aaron Trexler, Conyngham.  
Charles Berger, Catawissa Boro.  
Lorenza D. Hohrback, Franklin.  
Joseph Heacock, Greenwood.  
Charles Smith, Madison.  
Isaac Martz, Briarcreek.  
Adam Brocius, Catawissa Boro.  
Wesley Smith, Mt. Pleasant.  
Pierce Keifer, Centre.  
G. W. Vanlieu, Fishingcreek.  
Mordical Yeocum, Jackson.  
Iram D. Pitall, Pine.  
Daniel Derr, Mifflin.  
Jessie O. Edwards, Berwick.  
C. W. McKelvy, Bloomsburg.  
Freas Hunsinger, Berwick.  
Thos. Menseh, Catawissa twp.  
Elias Geiger, Montour.  
Clarence F. Redline, Mifflin.

**CASTORIA.**  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

**A Positive CATARRH CURE**  
Ely's Cream Balm  
Is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.  
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely's Bldg., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Sick Headache, —largely a woman's complaint—is chiefly caused by indigestion, constipation and torpid liver. You can prevent it by taking a dose of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, once every few days immediately after a meal. Pleasant to the taste. No nausea or griping. Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle. Large bottles \$1.00, all druggists.