

THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear, Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near...

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"That is just the point," replied Sturgis; "another witness will be biased by his interests or prejudices, blinded by jealousy, love or hatred, or handicapped by overzealousness, stupidity, lack of memory, or what not..."

"Granted," rejoined Sturgis, "but that is because the interpreters of the evidence are fallible; not because the evidence itself is incomplete..."

"In short, 'Murder will out,'" said a man who had been a silent listener to the conversation up to this point. He spoke with a quiet smile, which barely escaped being a polite sneer.

"I should hardly care to make so sweeping an affirmation, Dr. Murdoch. I have merely stated that the history of every crime is indelibly written in tangible evidence..."

"Unless," suggested Murdoch, "the ability happens to be on the side of the quarry; in which case, the conspiracy of nature's forces turns against the hunter."

"Ah!" retorted the reporter, "the game is not an equal one. The dice are loaded. For while on the one hand the detective, if he falls into an error, has a lifetime in which to correct it, any misstep on the part of the criminal is fatal..."

every detail, of his failures, whenever there is any possibility of so doing. You can cite, I know, plenty of cases in which, even after the lapse of years, the crime has been discovered and the criminal has been confronted with his guilt, but—"

"In my opinion," piped the shrill voice of an elderly man of clerical aspect, "conscience is the surest detective, after all."

"Conscience!" retorted Murdoch, calmly; "the word is an euphemism. Man gives the name of conscience to his fear of discovery and punishment. There is no such thing as conscience in the criminal who has absolute confidence in his power to escape detection."

"But where is the man who can have that superb confidence in himself?" asked Sprague.

"His name is probably legion," answered Murdoch, quickly. "He is the author of every crime whose history remains forever unwritten."

"And are these really so numerous?" "Let us see how the case stands in one single class of crime—say, for instance, murder. Whenever the solution of a sensational murder mystery is effected by the detectives, or by their allies, the gentlemen of the press, like our friend Mr. Sturgis, we, the gullible public, vociferously applaud the achievements of these guardians of the public safety, and forthwith proceed to award them a niche in the temple of Fame. So far, so good. But what of the dark mysteries which remain forever unsolved? What of the numerous crimes of which no one ever even knows?"

"Oh! come now, doctor," laughed Sprague, "isn't it rather paradoxical to base your argument on the assumption of crimes of whose very existence you admit you have no knowledge?"

Murdoch smiled grimly as he replied: "Go to the morgue of any large city, where the unrecognized dead are exposed for identification. Aside from the morbid crowd which is drawn to such a place by uncanny curiosity, you will find that each corpse is anxiously scanned by numbers of people, each of whom is seeking a missing friend or relative. At the most each body can furnish the key to only one mystery. Then what of the scores, ay, the hundreds of others?"

After a short pause, he continued: "No; murder will not out—at least not when the criminal is what I might call a professional, a man of genius in his vocation, educated, intelligent, dispassionate, scientific. Fortunately for the reputation of the detective, amateur and professional, the genius in the criminal line is necessarily of a modest and retiring disposition. He cannot call the public attention to his ingenuity and skill; he cannot puff his achievements in the daily press. Not only are his masterpieces unsigned, but they remain forever unheard of. The detective is known only by his successes; the criminal's reputation is based solely upon his failures."

Dr. Murdoch delivered this parting shot with the cool deliberateness which was characteristic of the man. The insolent irony of his words was emphasized by the calmness of his bearing.

"I say, doctor," laughed Sprague, "you have missed your vocation. You should have adopted the profession of scientific criminal yourself. You seem to possess the theory of the science as it is, and a little experience would no doubt have made you an adept in the practice as well."

A look of mild amusement passed over Murdoch's countenance. "Perhaps you are right, Mr. Sprague. At any rate, I think I may affirm, without overweening conceit, that if I had followed the course you suggest, I could have prepared for your friend Mr. Sturgis some pretty little problems on which to sharpen his wits. I feel that I could have been an artist as well as a scientist in that line."

"You might console yourself by writing an interesting and valuable book, under some such title as 'Hints to the Young Criminal,' or 'Crime as a Fine Art.' At all events, your criminals of genius have a staunch advocate in you. But what on earth have the detectives done to you to call forth this wholesale vituperation?"

"Nothing. But, as a disinterested observer, I like to see fair play. If I am mistaken in my estimation of the modern detective, I am open to conviction. I have \$5,000 to wager against \$100 that I can pick up any daily paper and from its columns select an unsolved riddle, to which no detective on the face of the earth can give the answer. Have I any taker, gentlemen?"

As he spoke, his eyes met Sturgis' and suddenly seemed to flash with an earnest defiance, which instantly melted into the calm, cynical smile of the man of the world.

"And," he added, with a supercilious smile, "you are at liberty to fix the limit of time in which the wager must be decided."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed a young broker. "This is becoming interesting, and promises some sport for those of us who are giddy enough to enjoy staking something on this novel contest. I, for one, am willing to lay reasonable odds on the side of law and order, as represented by the enlightened press, in the person of our clever friend Sturgis. Come, Chadwick, will you to one against the scientific criminal tempt you to champion the cause of that apparently unappreciated individual?"

"Very well, Fred," answered the man addressed; "I'll take you for a hundred."

A few similar bets were laughingly arranged and a copy of the Evening Tempest was sent for.

CHAPTER III.

DR. MURDOCK'S PROBLEM.

Spargue's stag dinner was virtually over when a servant brought in a copy of the Evening Tempest. The dessert had been removed, the coffee and liqueurs had been served, and the guests had lighted their cigars. The host passed the newspaper to Dr. Murdoch, who proceeded to glance leisurely through its columns.

"Ah! this will do," he exclaimed, at last. "Here is something which will, I think, answer our purpose—"

"MYSTERIOUS SHOTS IN WALL STREET."

WHO FIRED THEM?

STORY OF A STRAY SATCHEL.

THE POLICE PUZZLED.

"While on his beat, at a quarter past five o'clock this afternoon, Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank—"

"The Knickerbocker bank!" interrupted the young broker. "Mr. Dunlap, that interests you. Do your directors indulge in pistol practice at the board meetings?"

"What is that about the Knickerbocker bank?" asked the man to whom this speech was addressed. Having been engaged with his neighbor in an earnest discussion on financial questions, he had not been listening to the general conversation.

Murdoch adjusted his eyeglasses and quietly resumed: "Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank, in Wall street, started at the top of his speed toward that building. When he was within about 20 yards of the bank another shot rang out, and at the same time a man darted down the steps and ran toward Broadway."

Richard Dunlap, president of the Knickerbocker bank, was listening attentively enough now. Behind the calm mask of the financier there was the evident anxiety of the bank president. For the stability of a bank, like the honor of a woman, is at the mercy of every passing rumor.

"He carried in his hand a small satchel, which he dropped as soon as he saw that he was pursued. After an exciting chase Flynn overtook the man, whom he recognized as Michael Quinlan, alias Shorty Duff, a well-known sneak thief. On the way back to the bank the policeman questioned his prisoner about the pistol shots. Quinlan vehemently denied having fired them; but admitted that he had stolen the satchel. His story was that as he was passing the bank, the outer door was ajar. Seeing the satchel in the vestibule, he entered, crouching low in order to avoid being seen through the inner door, the upper portion of which is of plate glass. Scarcely had he laid his hands upon the satchel when he was startled by the report of a pistol. For a moment he was dazed and undecided how to act. Then, as no one seemed to take any notice of his presence, he was quietly slipping off, when a second shot was fired. Panic-stricken, he took to his heels, only to be captured by Flynn."

"On reaching the bank Flynn found the outer door closed, but not fastened. The heavy iron gate between it and the inner door was securely locked, however, so that it was impossible to enter. The Knickerbocker bank has a second entrance on Exchange place. But this, too, is protected by a massive iron gate, which also was found locked. Flynn rapped for assistance, and the call having been answered by Policemen Kilpatrick and O'Donnell, he left the former to watch the Exchange place door, and the latter to guard the entrance on Wall street, while he took his prisoner to the police station."

"Messengers were at once dispatched to the house of Richard Dunlap, the president of the bank, and to that of Mr. George S. Rutherford, the cashier. The former was not at home, and the family being out of town, there was no one who knew where he was spending the evening."

Every eye turned toward Richard Dunlap as this paragraph was read. His features remained impassive, under the full control of the veteran financier; but to an observant eye-like Sturgis', the man's real anxiety was betrayed by the unconscious action of his right hand, which lay upon the table and played nervously with a fork.

"Yes," said the banker, carelessly, feeling the curious gaze of the other guests upon him, and answering their unspoken questions, "yes, that is true; I did not tell my housekeeper that I was invited to dine by our friend Sprague this evening. There was, of course, no reason why I should. Well, Dr. Murdoch, did they find Rutherford?"

Murdoch had looked up while the banker was speaking. He now leisurely found his place and continued the reading of the article in the Tempest:

"The cashier fortunately was at home, and he hurried down town at once with his set of bank keys. Two detectives from the central office accompanied him, and the three men carefully searched the premises. They found nothing out of the way there, except that three gas jets were lighted and turned on full blaze. At first the detectives were inclined to think that bank robbers had gained an entrance to the building; and that one of them, having caught sight of Shorty Duff as he reached in to steal the satchel from the vestibule, had fired upon him. This would explain the pistol shots heard by Flynn. A careful examination of the bank, however, failed to reveal any trace of a bullet."

"The valve, when opened, proved to contain only a change of linen for a man and a few toilet articles of but slight intrinsic value. The satchel itself is an ordinary cheap leather handbag, stamped in imitation of alligator skin. 'The police are now looking for its owner in the hope that he will be able to throw some light on the mystery of the pistol shots.'"

ADRIFT ON A RAFT.

Thrilling Experience of a Boy in the Gulf of Mexico.

Seven Days He Had Spent on His Little Floating Floor—Impressions of a Pilot Who Would Not Change His Course.

When Dr. Murdoch had finished reading, everybody, except Dunlap and Sturgis, looked disappointed. The former settled back in his chair, the muscles of his face relaxed, and the anxious bank president once more became the genial and polished man of the world. The reporter sat gazing thoughtfully at his wineglass.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said Murdoch, "what do you think of my little problem?"

"I have already been assigned to work up this case for the Tempest," answered the reporter, quietly.

"Indeed? Perhaps you are the author of this very article? No? Then are you willing to make the solution of this little mystery the subject of our wager and the test of your theories?"

"Hold on, doctor," exclaimed Sprague; "you are doing Sturgis an injustice. Why pick out, as a test of his ability, a problem which, to all intents and purposes, has already been solved by the police? Give him some truly knotty question and he will be in his element; and then, at least, some interest will attach to your wager."

"Ah! you think the problem has already been solved?"

"To be sure. The article you have read us started out as if it were going to prove interesting; but, instead of that, it ends in an anti-climax. What is the crime here? The confessed thief, by a petty sneak thief, of a satchel worth, with its contents, perhaps eight or ten dollars. And where is the mystery? The ownership of a few pieces of unmarked linen of so little value that the owner does not care to take the trouble to claim them."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Sprague. While the crime in this case may be a petty theft, it contains, to my mind, interesting features, which you appear to lose sight of in your disdainful summary. The problem, it seems to me, involves a suitable explanation of two rather mysterious pistol shots, to say nothing of such minor details as lighted gas jets behind securely locked gates. As Mr. Sturgis has informed us, in his earnest and lucid way, every effect has a cause. I should like to know the cause that lighted the gas in the Knickerbocker bank."

"I shall probably find out that cause the day after to-morrow," said Mr. Dunlap, smiling, "and I shall give the fellow a talking to for his carelessness in forgetting to turn out the gas when he locked up."

"Mr. Dunlap's suggestion," continued Murdoch, "is plausible in itself, and we might even assume that the same careless employe, after locking up the bank, forgot to close the outer door on the Wall street side. But even then, we have not disposed of the ownership of the satchel nor of the two pistol shots. The police theory that these shots were fired by bank robbers seems, I admit, very far-fetched. Professional cracksmen would hardly be likely to fire unless cornered; and then they would fire to kill or at least to disable. If their bullets failed to hit the mark, they would at any rate leave some trace."

[To Be Continued.]

ORIGIN OF SCUTAGE.

A Feudal Tax That Was Exactied in the Time of Henry II. of England.

The tax or feudal payment known as "scutage" is in all our books described as a device introduced by Henry II. in 1156 or 1159, by which his tenants in chief, the feudal nobles of England, were allowed or required to pay a fixed sum in money in lieu of the fulfillment of the military requirements of their tenure, that is, to serve the king in the field with a certain number of followers. This, says the International Monthly, was supposed to have had the twofold advantage—indeed, to have been introduced for the twofold purpose—of providing the ambitious king with money with which to hire a more mobile and effective military force, and of weakening the military habits of the great vassals. It appears, however, on close investigation, that scutages had been collected before the time of Henry II., and that they were not so much commutations of military service as a special form of feudal imposition scarcely distinguishable from the aid or the donum, though, it is true, collected when otherwise a summons to actual military service might have been expected. This is not the only instance where a closer study of the records has recently deprived famous rulers of the traditional credit of initiating far-reaching lines of policy.

Oh, Those Dear Girls.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "He proposed, but I had to refuse him." "Ah!" exclaimed her dearest friend. "Then that explains it." "Explains what?" "Brother Tom said the men at the club were all congratulating him on something or other last night."—Chicago Post.

Cause and Effect.

"I hear the tenor is laid up with a sprained ankle," said the church choir baritone. "Yes," giggled the soprano. "he slipped up on an organ pedal."—Philadelphia Record.

How Commerce Works.

Grocer—Broomcorn has gone up. Clerk—What's that for? Grocer—Why, stupid, to keep up with the way we've raised the price of brooms.—Chicago Record.

So They Do.

"Do people ever have corns anywhere except on their feet?" "Why, yes; farmers have corn in the ear."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

King Alexander of Servia Is Forced to Put Guards About His Betrothed's House.

The announcement is made by King Alexander of Servia of his betrothal to Mme. Maschin, formerly lady in waiting to Queen Natalie, caused a sensation throughout Servia and a commotion in Vienna. She is of obscure birth and 12 years older than King Alexander. The Servian ministry upon learning of the betrothal promptly resigned. The match is regarded in Belgrade as preposterous and a menace to the state. Feeling is so strong that the



THE KING OF SERVIA. (A Disreputable Scion of a Disreputable House.)

king has placed a guard around Mme. Maschin's house, fearing that an attempt might be made to abduct her.

It is evident that Alexander, after years of effort and always meeting with rebuff, has at last given up hope of securing a bride from one of the royal houses of Europe. If general reports may be accepted, the young king is, morally, very much like his father, Milan. He is low and depraved in his taste and disposition, and has been involved in many entanglements, with the result that his wangling even among the minor royalties has always been unsuccessful.

The kingship of the royal house of Obrenovitch is of the vintage of 1882, and the royal houses of Europe do not seem to consider it quite ripe for use yet. The founder of the line was old Miloch, a swineherd, who became prominent in the struggle of the Servians against the Turks and treacherous murdered his rival, Kara George. In 1870 Miloch's father married the widow of a man named Obren, and when, in 1880, the swineherd was elected prince he took the name of Obrenovitch. It is doubtful if either he or his father had any family name. When, after a stormy reign, old Miloch died in 1860, he was succeeded by his son, Michael. Michael was assassinated in 1868, and was succeeded by a grandson of old Miloch's brother, Yephren. This grandson is the royal blackleg, Milan, who has disgraced the memory of the swineherds, his grandfather and great-uncle. Milan abdicated in 1889, and his son, Alexander, after a regency of several years, in January, 1894, when only 17 years old, seized the government by a coup d'etat and assumed full control.

GERONIMO IS INSANE.

According to Recent Report Famous Chief of Apaches Has Become a Raving Maniac.

The famous old Apache chief Geronimo, who has been a federal prisoner at Fort Sill for the last ten years, has become a raving maniac. Even his cunning has deserted him. He now requires constant attention to keep him out of mischief.

It cost the United States much more than a million dollars and the lives of several hundred soldiers to put Geronimo behind the bars. For almost a half century he led his braves on re-



CHIEF GERONIMO. (Famous Old Apache Warrior Now a Raving Maniac.)

peated raids into Mexico and against the white settlers in the far southwest. His name was feared in all the states and territories south of Colorado. In 1882 Gen. Nelson A. Miles and the late Maj. Gen. Lawton set out to run the wily old chief to the ground. For nearly four years he led them a merry dance over the mountains and deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. Finally they cornered him and the remnant of his band in a deep ravine in the mountains, and after starving the Indians almost to death succeeded in getting them to surrender. The prisoners were at first sent to the government military post at Mount Vernon, Ala., but so many of them died there of consumption that the survivors were sent ten years ago to Fort Sill.

The Automobile in Germany.

The automobile industry though still in its infancy in Germany, is being rapidly developed, and, in the opinion of the United States consul at Leipzig, is destined to become an important factor in the manufacturing industries of the country. The large amount of capital and energy which is being expended upon this branch of industry indicates that the German business men have great confidence in the future of automobilism.



ADRIFT ON A RAFT. (After the Poor Boy Had Been Floating Around a Week.)

of some fisherman's cabin. The child was a boy of 14 or thereabouts and he was sitting down with his head hanging forward on his breast and his arms stretched out, clutching the planks. He looked for all the world as if he was dead, but he was only asleep, and when I rang the bell he straightened up all of a sudden and glared at the ship like a person in a dream. All he had on was a little shirt and while we lowered a small boat and pulled over to him he sat just so, staring and saying not a word. He had strength enough to climb in, but when he reached the ship he fainted.

"The poor boy had been on the floating floor for seven days and 12 hours," continued the pilot. He was the son of a Gascon oysterman, who lived on Grand Isle, and the hurricane had caught him alone in the cabin. It tore the ramsackle out to pieces in an instant, and he found himself adrift on the floor, which had miraculously hung together. How he had lived through the storm is one of those mysteries that can never be explained, but he was carried far off the coast, and next morning was out of sight of land in the open gulf. Then followed a solid week spent on that handful of naked boards without food, water or shelter of any kind. I have been a seafaring man all my life, and have known of many wonderful escapes from death on the deep waters, but never of anything to compare with this. The boy had to lie down on the raft to keep from falling off, and when he grew weak the crash hit him from head to foot until he was a mass of wounds. He had been a very strong, sturdy lad, and before the storm had weighed 160 pounds. When we rescued him he weighed less than 100.

"Of course, most of what I have related we learned several days afterward, when he was strong enough to talk. As soon as we got him aboard we headed for South Point, 18 miles away, for, as bad luck would have it, there was not a particle of food or liquor on the ship. Fortunately, however, we hailed the fruiter Breakwater and got a little brandy and a can of condensed milk, and it was marvelous how a few spoonfuls of nourishment revived the lad. At quarantine I turned him over to the doctor, and in a week he was practically well. Then an uncle came after him and I have never heard from him since. I have often wondered," said the old pilot, in conclusion, "where the strange impulse came from that made me insist upon holding our course that Sunday morning. If I had turned aside, as the men on board desired, the castaway would undoubtedly have been lost. It was not within the limit of possibility that he would have lasted another day."

Largest City in Africa. Cairo, Egypt, with a population of 500,000, is the largest city in Africa.