THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear. Though fast and dark the clouds are drift nough fast and dark the clouds are drift-ing near,
Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear.
Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must faiter and the head must bow,

And far above the falling foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us, Who, on the valley's verge, stand trem-bling thus, A light that lies far in the west-soft, faint, but luminous.

We can give kindly speech And ready, helping hand to all and each, And patience to the young around by smil-ing silence teach.

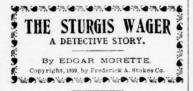
We can give gentle thought And charity, by life's long lesson taught, And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil and failure wrought. We can give love, unmarred By the keen aims of power or joy that make youth cold and hard.

And, if gay hearts reject The gifts we hold, would fain fare on un-checked,

On the bright roads that scarcely yield all

that young eyes expect, Why, do thy day's work still. The calm, deep founts of love are slow to

chill; and Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill. -All the Year Round.



CHAPTER II .-- CONTINUED.

"That is just the point," replied "another witness will be Sturgis; biased by his interests or prejudices, blinded by jealousy, love or hatred, or handicapped by overzealousness stupidity, lack of memory, or what Circumstantial evidence is alnot ways impartial, truthful, absolute When the geologist reads the history of the earth, as it is written in its crust; when a Kepler or a Newton formulates the immutable laws of the universe, as they are recorded in the motions of the heavenly bodies, they draw their conclusions from evidence which is entirely circumstantial."

"Yes; but you forget that science has often been mistaken in its con-clusions," interrupted Sprague, "so that it has constantly been necessary to alter theories to fit newly acquired or better understood facts.'

"Granted," rejoined Sturgis, "but that is because the interpreters of the evidence are fallible; not because the evidence itself is incomplete. The same cause will always produce the same effect; the same chain of events will invariably terminate in one and the same catastrophe. The apparent deviations from this law are due to unrecognized differences in the pro ducing causes, to additional or miss ing links in the chain of evidence. Therefore I hold that a criminal. however clever he may be, leaves be-hind him a complete trace of his every act, from which his crime may be re constructed with absolute certainty by a competent detective."

'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. Sturgis' keen eyes met his inter-

locutor's as he replied gravely: "I should hardly care to make so sweeping an affirmation, Dr. Mur-I have merely stated that the history of every crime is indelibly written in tangible evidence. The writing is on the wall, but of course a blind man cannot see it, nor can an illiterate man understand it. Every event, however trivial, owes its occurrence to a natural cause, and leaves its indelible impress upon na ture. The Indian on the trail reads with an experienced eye the story of his enemy's passage, as it has been recorded in trodden turf and broken twigs: while the bloodhound follows unerring judgment, a still surer though less tangible trail. The latter's quarry has left behind, at every step, an invisible, imponderable, and yet unmistakable part of itself. Perhaps my meaning can be made clear by an illustration. When a photographer in his dark room takes an exposed plate from his samera, it is apparently a blank; but in reality there is upon this plate the minutely detailed history of an event, which, in proper hands, can be brought before the least competent of observers as irrefutable evidence. Here, the actinic rays of the sunlight are the authors the evidence; but every natural force, in one way or another, con spires with the detective to run the criminal to earth." "Unless," suggested Murdock, "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 And who is infallible? is fatal. "Not the detective, at any rate," an swered Murdock, with suave irony. "It has always seemed to me that the halo which has been conferred upon him chiefly through the efforts of imaginstive writers of sensational fiction i entirely undeserved. In the first place, most of the crimes of which we hear are committed either by men of a low order of intelligence or else by madmen in which latter category I include al criminals acting under the impulse of any of the passions-hatred, love, jealousy, anger. And then, while the de-tective takes good care that his successes shall be proclaimed from the housetops, he is equally careful to

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 Murdock, calmly; "the word is a 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 confi-dence 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 Murdock, 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 solu-tion 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?"

Murdock smiled grimly as he replied: "Go to the morgue of any large city, where the unrecognized dead are ex posed 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 achieve ments in the daily press. Not only are his masterpieces unsigned, but they re main forever unheard of. The detective is known only by his succe the criminal's reputation is based sole ly upon his failures."

Dr. Murdock delivered this parting shot with the cool deliberateness which

"AH! THIS WILL DO."

was characteristic of the man. The in solent irony of his words was empha sized by the calmness of his bearing. "I say, doctor," laughed Sprague "you have missed your vocation. You should have adopted the profession of

"And," he added, with a supercilious some light on the mystery of the plate 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 two to one against the scientific criminal tempt you to champion the cause of that ap parently unappreciated individual?" "Very well, Fred," answered the man

addressed; "I'll take you for a hun dred.' 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. Murdock, 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 fiv

o'clock this afternoon, Policeman John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank-" "The Knickerbocker bank!" inter-

rupted the young broker. "Mr. Dunlap, that interests you. Do your director indulge in pistol practice at the board meetings?

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

conversation. Murdock adjusted his eyeglasses and quietly resumed:

"Policeman John Flynn, hearing the "Polyceman John Flynn, hearing the re-port of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank, in Wall street, start-ed at the top of his speed toward that build-ing. When he was within about 20 yards of the bank another shot rang out, and at the same instant a man darted down the steps and ran toward Broadway."

Richard Dunlap, president of the Knickerbocker bank, was listening at-tentively enough now. Behind the calm mask of the financier there was the evi-dent 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 "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 his man, whom he recox-nized as Michael Quislan, allas Shorty Duff, a weil-known sneak thief. On the way back to the bank the pollceman ques-tioned his prisoner about the pistol shots. Quinlan vehemently denied having fired them; but admitted that he had stolen the satchel. His story is that, as he was passing the bank, the outer door was alar. them; but admitted that he had stolen the satchel. His story is that, as he was passing the bank, the outer door vas ajar. Seeing the satchel in the vestibule, he en-tered, crouching low in order to avoid be-ing seen through the inner door, the upper portion of which is of plate glass. Scarce-ly 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. he was quictly 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 Knick-erbocker bank has a second entrance on Exchange place. But this, too, is protect-ed by a massive iron gate, which also was found locked. Flynn rapped for assistance, and the call having been answered by Po-licemen 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 presi-dent 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

When Dr. Murdock 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 The reporter sat gazing thoughtfully at his wineglass.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said Murdock 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 au-thor 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 all ready 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 theft, by a petty sneak thief, of a satchel worth, with its contents, perhaps eight or ten dollars. And where is the mys tery? The ownership of a few pieces of inmarked 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 disdain-ful 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 ef-fect 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," contin-ued Murdock, "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 pis tol shots. The police theory that these shots were fired by bank robbers seems I admit, very far-fetched. Profession al 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 Exacted in the Time of Henry II. of England.

The tax or feudal payment known as "scutage" is in all our books de-scribed 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 sup-posed 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 weak ening the military habits of the great vassals. It appears, however, on close

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.

There is sometimes a providence that directs man's actions and the ex-perience of an old pilot with headquarters at New Orleans seems to bear out the assertion. His story cannot be better told than in his own words. "Men in our line of business have plenty of queer experiences," he said, "but I think the strangest that ever fell to my lot happened in 1893, right after the great hurrican that swept down the south coast and drowned so many poor fisher folks on the little islands. The storm blew itself away on a Sunday," the pilot went on, "and next Sunday morning, having nothing in particular to do, I decided to take our steamer, which was a handly little 12-knot craft, and go for a two-hours' run into the gulf from South Point to see what I could see. The water was still full of driftwood and wreck age from the fishermen's cabins, but we noticed nothing in particular until we had been out about an hour. Then one of the men on the boat sighted a big red canbuoy over to the se It was a government mark that had broken away from its moorings and he suggested that we go and see where it belonged. Ordinarily I would have said all right, but something, I don't know what or why-made me refuse. 'No,' said I, 'we won't change our course. Keep her head straight out for an hour longer and maybe we'll see something better than runaway red cans.' I had no idea that my words would come true, but about half an hour we came in sight of a little raft dead ahead of us, and as we got nearer we made out what seemed to be a child on top of it. We ran to within a couple of hundred feet before we stopped, and then we saw that the raft was evidently the floor



(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, He staring and saying not a word. had strength enough to climb in, but when he reached the ship he fainted.

"The poor boy had been on the float ing 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 ramshackle hut to pieces in an in stant, 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 al my life, and have known of many won derful escapes from death on the deep waters, but never of anything to com pare with this. The boy had down on the raft to keep from falling off, and when he grew weak the crafish hit him from head to foot until he was a mass of wounds. He had been a very strong, sturdy lad, and before the torm had weighed 160 pounds. When we rescued him he weighed less than

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

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

The announcement is made by King Alexander of Servia of his betrothal to Mme. Maschin, formerly lady in wait-ing to Queen Natalie, caused a sensation throughout Servia and a commo-tion in Vienna. She is of obscure oirth and 12 years older than King Alex-ander. The Servian ministry upon learning of the betrothal promptly re-signed. The match is regarded in Belgrade as preposterous and a menace to the state. Feeling is so strong that the



(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 re-ports 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 inolved in many entanglements, with the result that his wooing 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 swineherder, who became prominent in the struggle of the Servians against the Turks and treacher-ous murdered his rival, Kara George. In 1870 Miloch's father married the widow of a man named Obren, and when, in 1880, the swineherder was elected prince he took the name of Obrenovitch. It is doubtful if either he r his father had any family When, after a stormy reign, old Miloch lied in 1860, he was succeeded by his son, Michael. Michael was assassinated in 1868, and was succeeded by a grandsonofold Miloch's brother, Yeph-This grandson is the royal black-Milan, who has disgraced the leg, memory of the swineherds, his grand-father and great-uncle. Milan abdi-cated 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

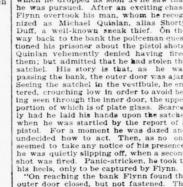
GERONIMO IS INSANE.

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

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 Gero-nimo behind the bars. For almost a half century he led his braves on re-





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 Murdock's countenance.

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Sprague At any rate, I think I may affirm, with-out 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 writ ing an interesting and valuable book under some such title as 'Hints to the Young Criminal,' or 'Crime as a Fine At all events, your criminals of Art.' genius have a stanch advocate in you But what on earth have the detectives done to you to call forth this whole sale vitueration?"

"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 earn-est defiance, which instantly melted into the calm, cynical smile of the man of the world.

"Done," said Sturgis, quietly,

"Very well, Mr. Sturgis," observed Dr. Murdock, indifferently. "I shall confine myself to the columns of your own newspaper for the selection of the smother all accounts, or to suppress problem upon which you are to work.

. Rutherford, the cashier. The former was ot at home, and the family being out o own, 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 finan cier; but to an observant eye like Stur gis', the man's real anxiety was be trayed 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 othe guests upon him, and answering their unspoken questions, "yes, that is true I did not tell my housekeeper that was invited to dine by our friend Sprague this evening. There was, of Sprague this evening. There was, of course, no reason why I should. Well, Dr. Murdock, did they find Ruther ford

Murdock had looked up while the banker was speaking. He now leisure ly found his place and continued the reading of the article in the Tempest

reading of the article in the rempest: "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 hum, 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 were inclined to think that bank fobbers 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 vestbule, 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 valise, when opened, proved to con-tain only a change of linen for a man and a few toilet articles of but slight intrinsite value. The satchel itself is an ordinary cheap leather handbag, stamped in imita-tion of alligator skin. "The police are now looking for its owner in the hope that he will be able to throw had gained an entrance to the building; an

er investigation, that scutage 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 carcely 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 ulers of the traditional credit of ini-

tiating far-reaching lines of policy. Oh, Those Dear Girls.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "He pro-posed, 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

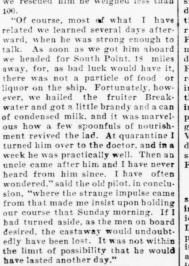
baritone. "Yes," giggled the soprano, "he slipped up on an organ peal."-Philadelphia Record.

How Commerce Works.

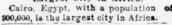
Grocer-Broomcorn has gone up Clerk-What's that for? Grocer-Why, stupid, to keep up with the way we've raised the price of brooms.-Chicago Record.

So They Do.

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



Largest City in Africa



CHIEF GERONIMO (Famous Old Apache Warrior Now a Rav-ing Maniac.)

peated raids into Mexico and against the white settlers in the far south west. His name was feared in all the states and territories south of Colora. do. 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 at first sent prisoners were 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 opin-ion of the United States consul at at Leipsig, is destined to become an im-portant 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.