DON'T LET THE SONG GO.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometimes to flow n a minor strain, it will blend again With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's

skies, And hide for a time the sun; They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift, If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost is trill, Though the tremulous note should die in the throat.

Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some

gain,
And never a cup of rue
so bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too

Don't let the song go out of your life; Ah' it never would need to go, If with thought more true and a broader

view, We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's springtime has flown.
Or sigh for the fair summer time?
The autumn hath days filled with paeans

of praise, And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Let it ring in the soul while here, And when you go hence, it shall follow you thence,

And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond, Sweet songs of your life have flown. Sweet songs of your life have flown, For if ever you knew a song that was true, Its music is still your own. -Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE. JEDEDEDEDEDEDEDEDE

CHAPTER III .- CONTINUED.

"I beg to suggest," remarked Dunlap, "that the shots heard by the policeman and his prisoner were not fired from the inside of the bank."

'That appears quite likely," admitted Murdock; "but they must at any rate have been fired in close proximity to the bank, since the witnesses agree that they appeared to come from inside. In that case, whence were they fired? By whom? And why? On the whole, my little puzzle does not seem to me so ill chosen. What is your own opinion, Mr. Sturgis?

"I quite agree with you that the problem is probably not so simple as it seemed at first blush to Sprague.
"Very well. Then doubtless you are

willing to undertake the task of supply-ing whatever data may be required to complete the chain of evidence against

"By no means," replied Sturgis, de-

"Indeed? Ah! well, of course, if Mr.

Sturgis wishes to withdraw his bet—"
"I do not wish to withdraw my bet," said Sturgis; "I will agree to solve your problem within 30 days or to forfeit my stakes; but I cannot undertake to prove the truth or falsity of any a priori theory. I have no personal knowledge of the matter as yet, and therefore no theory."

"Quite so," observed Murdock, ironally. "I had forgotten your scientific methods. Of course, it may turn out that it was the policeman who stole the

satchel from Shorty Duff." "Perhaps," answered Sturgis, imper-

turbably.

Murdock smiled. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I accept Mr. Sturgis' conditions. If you are willing," he continued, turning to the reporter, "our host will hold the stakes and decide the wager."

"I, for one, agree with Sprague," said r. Thurston. "I am disappointed in Dr. Thurston. "I am disappointed in the problem. I have seen Sturgis unravel some extremely puzzling tangles in my day; and each case would not be hard to find. Why, no longer ago than this evening, on our way here, we stumbled upon a most peculiar case—ch—oh!—er—please pass the cognac,
Sprague. I wish I had some like it in cellar; it is worth its weight in

Dr. Thurston had met Sturgis' steady gaze and had understood that, for some reason or other, the reporter did not wish him to relate their adventure of

Only one person appeared to notice the abrupt termination of his story. This was Murdock, who had looked up at the speaker with mild curiosity, and who had also intercepted the reporter's warning glance at his friend. He obwarning giance at his friend. He observed Dr. Thurston narrowly for a full minute, appeared to enjoy his clumsy effort to cover his retreat, and then quietly sipped his coffee.

CHAPTER IV. THE BANK PRESIDENT

Sprague's dinner party was over, and among the first to take their leave, shortly after midnight, Dunlap, Sturgis and Dr. Thurston.

The reporter did not often spend an evening in worldly dissipation. was a man of action, a hard worker and an enthusiastic student. Almost all of the time which was not actually spent in the pursuit of his profession, was devoted to study in many widely different fields of art and science For Sturgis' ideal of his profession was high; he held that almost every form of knowledge was essential to success in his line of work. It was seldom, therefore, that he allowed himself to spend a precious evening in social intercourse, unless as a more or less direct means to some end. had made an exception in favor of Sprague's dinner, and his meeting with Dunlap, whom he had not previously known, had been entirely ac-

Dunlap was, however, a man whom Sturgis needed to see in the course of his study of the Knickerbocker bank mystery, and he had not lost the opportunity which chance had placed in his way. After obtaining an this arrangement is successfully ac- I took this afternoon."

introduction to the bank president, the reporter had sought an occasion to speak with him in private; and, as this did not present itself during the course of the evening, he had timed his departure so that it should coincide with that of Dunlap. Dr. Thurs-

one with that of Duniap. Dr. Thurston had followed his friend's lead.

"Are you going down to the bank this evening. Mr. Duniap?" asked Sturgis, as the trio faced the bleak wind.

"I? No. Why should I?" inquired

banker, in apparent surprise. "I see no particular reason why you should," replied the reporter. "If to-day were a banking day, there would be no time to lose. But since it is New Year's day, there is little, if any, chance of the trail being disturbed; and it will be much easier to find it in broad daylight than by gaslight. Our friends of the central office are usually pretty clever in discovering at least the more evident clews in a case of this sort, even when they have not the ability to correctly interpret them. And since they have completely failed in their search to-night, we must anticipate a more than ordinarily difficult puzzle."

"Why, Mr. Sturgis," said Dunlap, somewhat anxiously. "You talk as though you really believed that some mysterious crime has been committed at the bank."

"I do not know enough about the case as yet to advance any positive belief in the matter," said Sturgis; "but if we assume as correct the circumstances related in the article which Dr. Murdock read to us this evening, they certainly present an extraordinary aspect."

Dunlap reflected for an instant. "Still, the fact that our cashier found everything in good order at the bank is in itself completely reassur-

ing," he said, musingly. "Very likely," assented Sturgis. "It is quite possible that from a banker's point of view the problem is wholly devoid of interest; but from a de-tective's standpoint it appears to be full of promising features. Therefore, whether or not you intend to look farther into the matter yourself, I beg you will at least authorize me to make a survey of the field by day-light in the morning."

Dunlap looked anything but pleased is the reporter spoke these words. He thought before replying.

"Frankly, Mr. Sturgis," he said, at length, with studied courtesy, "I will not conceal the fact that what you ask places me in a rather awkward position. You are a friend of my friend Sprague, and my personal in-tercourse with you this evening has been pleasant enough to make me hope that, in the future, I may be so fortunate as to include you in my own circle of acquaintances. fore, on personal grounds, it would give me great pleasure to grant your request. But, on the other hand, you are a journalist and I am a banker; and it is with banks as with nations happy that which has no history. Capital is proverbially timid, you know."

"I see," said Sturgis; "you fear that the reputation of the Knickerbocker bank may suffer if the mystery of the pistol shots is solved."

"No, no, my dear sir; not at all, not at all. You quite misunderstood me," replied the banker, with just a shade of warmth. "It is not a ques-tion of the bank's credit exactly, since there has been neither robbery nor defalcation; but depositors do not like to see the name of their bank mentioned in the newspapers; they take fright at once. Depositors are most unreasonable beings, Mr. Sturgis; they are liable to become panicstricken on the most insignificant provocation; and then they run amuck like mad sheep. The Knickerbocker bank does not fear any run that might ever be made upon it. Its credit stands on too secure a foundation for that. But nevertheless a run on a bank is expensive, Mr. Sturgis, very expensive.

"The bank's affairs being in so satisfactory a condition," observed the reporter, "it seems to me that whatever harm publicity is likely to do has already been done. The imaginations of your depositors are now at work sapping the foundation of the Knickerbocker bank. If the truth cannot injure its credit, it can only trengthen it; and to withhold the truth under the circumstances is to

nvite suspicion."

Dunlap did not appear to like the turn the conversation was taking. He walked along in silence for a few minutes, irresolute. At length he seemed to make up his mind.

"Perhaps you are right after all, Mr. Sturgis. At any rate we have nothing to conceal from the public. If you will be at the bank to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I shall be pleased to meet you there.'

Sturgis nodded his acquiescence.

"Well, gentlemen, here is my street," continued the banker. "Good evening, good evening."

And he was off. "Whither are you bound now, Thurston?" asked the reporter, as the friends resumed their walk. "Home and to bed like a sensible

fellow," replied the physician. "Don't you do anything of the sort. Come along with me to my rooms. I must arrange the data so far collected in the two interesting cases that I have taken up to-day; and in the cab mystery, at least, you can probably be of assistance to me, if you

"Very well, old man; lead on. I am curious to know what theories you have adopted in these two cases."

"Theories!" replied Sturgis; "I never adopt theories. I simply ascertain facts and arrange them in their proper sequence, as far as possible.

complished, the history of the crime is practically completed. Detection of crime is an e.act science. Here, as in practically completed. all other sciences, the imagination has an important part to play, but that part consists in coordinating and in-terpreting facts. The solid foundation of facts must invariably come first.'

CHAPTER V.

A FOUNDATION OF FACTS.

When the two men were comfortably settled in the reporter's study, Sturgis produced pipes, tobacco and writing

materials.
"There, now," said he, as he prepared to write, "I begin with what I shall to write, "I begin with what I shall call the Cab Mystery. The data in this case are already plentiful and curious. I shall read as I write, and you can interrupt for suggestions and critieisms, as the points occur to you. the first place, the dead man is about fifty years old, and was employed in some commercial house or financial institution, propably bookkeeper, at a airly good salary."
"Hold on there, Sturgis," laughed

Thurston. "I thought you were going to build up a solid foundation of facts before you allowed your imagination to run riot!"

"Well?" inquired the reporter, in apparent surprise.

"Well, the only fact you have mentioned is the approximate age of the dead man. The rest is pure assumption. How can you know anything certain about his occupation and the amount of his salary?'

"True; I forgot you had not followed the steps in the process of induction. Here they are: the dead man's sleeves, on the under side below the elbow, were worn shiny. This shows that his occupation is at a desk of some

"Or behind a counter," suggested

Thurston quizzically. "No. Your hypothesis is untenable.
A clerk behind a counter occasionally, it is true, leans upon his forearms. But incessant contact with the counter leaves across the front of his trousers an unmistakable line of wear, at a level varying according to the height of the individual. This line was not present in the case of the man in the cab. On the other hand, his waistcoat is frayed at the level of the fourth button from the top. Therefore I maintain that he was in the habit of working at a desk. Now the trousers, although not new, are not baggy at the



"HOLD ON THERE, STURGIS."

knees, though free from the seams which would suggest the effect of press ing or of a trouser stretcher. Conclusion, the desk is a high one; for the man stood at his work. Most men who work standing at high desks are book keepers of one kind or another. Thereas I said before, this man probably a bookkeeper. Now, as to his salary; I do not pretend to know the exact amount of it, of course. when a man, who was evidently not a dude, has his clothes made to order, of imported material, and when his linen, his hat and his shoes are of good quality, it is fair to infer that the man's income was comfortable.

"I proceed with the arrangement of

my data:
"Secondly: the man in the cab died of a wound caused by a bullet fired at very close quarters. Indeed, the weapon must have been held either agains the victim's body, or, at any rate, very near to it; for the coat is badly burned by the powder."

"On these points at least," assented Dr. Thurston, "I can agree with you. The bullet probably penetrated the upper lobe of the left lung."
"Yes" added Sturgic "and it passed

"Yes," added Sturgis, "and it passed out at the back, far below where it

went in."
"What makes you think it passed out? The wound in the back have been caused by another bullet fired from the rear.'

"That hypothesis might be tenable were it not for this.

With these words the reporter pulled out his watch, opened the case, and with the blade of a penknife took from the surface of the crystal a minute object, which he handed to the physician. "Look at it," said he, pushing over a magnifying glass.

Thurston examined the object carefully. "A splinter of bone," he said, at last. "Yes. I found it on the surface of the wound in the back. How did it get

there?"
"You are right," admitted the physi-"it must have come from with cian: in, chipped from a rib and carried out by the bullet which entered from the

"I think there can be no doubt as to that. Now, the bullet does not seem to have been deflected in its course by its contact with the rib, for, as far as I have been able to judge by probing the two wounds with my pencil, their direction is the same. This is impor-tant and brings me to point three, which is illustrated by these diagrams drawn to scale from the measurements

As he said these words, the reporter handed to his friend a sheet of paper upon which he nad drawn some ga-

ometrical figures.
"The first of these diagrams shows the angle which the course of the bul-let made with a horizontal plane; the second represents the inclination from right to left. The former of these angles is nearly and the latter not far from forty-five degrees. The inclina-tion from right to left shows that the shot was fired from the right side of the dead man. Now then, one of two things: Either it was fired by the man himself, the weapon being held in his right hand; or else it was fired by an assassin who stood close to the vic-tim's right side. The first of these hypotheses, considered by itself, is admissible; but it involves the assumption of an extremely awkward and un-usual position of the suicide's hand while firing. On the other hand, the dead man is tall—six feet one inch and to fire down, at an angle of sixty degrees, upon a man of his height, his assailant would have to be a colossus or else to stand upon a chair or in some equally elevated position, unless the victim happened to be seated when the shot was fired."

"Happened to be seated!" exclaimed Thurston, astounded, "why, of course he was seated, since he was in the

"That brings up point four, which is not the least puzzling of this in-teresting case," said Sturgis, impressively; "the shooting was not done in the cab.

"Not done in the cab!"

"No; otherwise the bullet would have remained in the cushions; and it was not there."

"It might have fallen out into the street at the time of the collision," suggested Thurston.

"No; I searched every inch of space in which it might have fallen. If it had been there I should have found it, for the spot was brilliantly lighted by an electric light, as you remem-ber."

The physician pondered in silence for

few minutes.
"With all due respect for the accuracy of your observations, and for the rigorous logic of your inductions, Sturgis," he asserted at last with decision, "I am positive that the man died seated, for his limbs stiffened in that position.

"Yes," asserted Sturgis, "and forthat matter, I grant you, that he breathed his last in the cab; for in his death struggles he clutched in his left hand the cushion of the cab window, a piece of which remained in his dying grasp.
I merely said that he was not shot in
the cab."

"Then how did he get there?" asked the physician.

"Your question is premature, my dear fellow," replied Sturgis, smiling; "it must remain unanswered for the present. All we have established as yet is that he did get there. And that being the case, he must have been assisted; for, wounded as he was, he could not, I take it, have climbed into the cab by himself."

"Certainly not," agreed Thurston. [To Be Continued.]

BORN IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

A Man Without a Country Makes an Informal Call on the Senate in Washington.

The doorkeepers of the United States enate come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. When the senate is in session, says a local exchange, there is an incessant demand by con-stituents to have their cards sent in. A strange looking individual who had been watching and listening in the east corridor said to a doorkeeper one day

"I'd like to have you send in my

card."
"Which senator do you wish to see?"

"I don't care."
"But you must send it to a particular senator, you know. Which is your

"Got none."

"Which territory?"

"No territory." "Where were you born?"

was ceded to the government by Texas It's now a county in Oklahoma. And I thought as I had no country, I'd come to Washington. You can keep the card and hand it to the first senator you ketch. I think most any of 'em would like to meet a man like me.'

Gethsemane.

The Garden of Gethsemane, which was so closely interwoven with the clos-ing scenes in the life of Christ, is now a desolate spot, containing a few old and shattered olive trees, the trunks of which are supported by stones, though some of the branches are flour ishing. It is a small square inclosure of about 200 feet, surrounded by a high wall, a little way out of Jerusalem, below St. Stephen's gate, and near the foot of the Mount of Olives. Biblical reference to it is made in Matt. 26:30-56; Mark 14:26:52; Luke 22:39-53, and John 18:1-14. The garden is the property of the Latin Christians, the Greek church having fixed upon another locality as the true site of Gethsemane.

Two Classes.

She's a saleslady, isn't she?" "O! no, indeed."

"Why, she certainly works in Joblotz' store.'

"Exactly; she 'works' there, and that makes her a saleswoman. Salesladies don't work; they simply look pretty and in the opposite direction when you wish to be served."—Phila-

A Genuine Orgy.

"What is your idea of a womanly

"Well, a womanly woman is one who likes to tie up her head in an old towel and clean house."—Chicago Record.

RIGHTS OF VAGABOND MULE.

Legal Decision That Affects Long-Eared Animals and Their Owners.

In "a lawsuit arising out of the un lawful acts of a disorderly mule' opinion says the animal was found "loitering about the streets . . . without any apparent business, no visible means of support and no evidence of his ownership except a yoke on his neck," which was evidence that the mule had been at some time in a state of subjection, but did not indicate to whom." Being arrested and taken to the lockup, after five days' de-lay an advertisement was published for two days and then the mule was sold. This notice, relates Case and Comment was held insufficient on the ground that "no owner would feel any great

On the question of delay before pub-

HEROIC CURE FOR AN ITCH. Serio-Comic Experience of a Stage

Coach Passenger Who Was Held Up by a Road Agent.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist in regard to other subjects, those who have been held up by highwaymen are unanimous in the state-ment that no matter how few the holders up or how many they held up, each and every man said that the robber's weapon was pointed directly and solely at him. Years ago, says the Troy Press, in California a traveler was on a stage coach that a pair of bandits went through. The 14 passengers were all made to get out and stand in a row, with their hands high over their heads. One burly ruffian stood guard over them with a double-barreled shotgun, while the other engaged in the pleasing task of relieving them of their valuables

HELENE, QUEEN OF ITALY.



The new queen of Italy was the Princess Helene, one of the seven daughters of Prince Nicholas, the ruler of the little principality of Montenegro. She was born in the royal palace at Cettinje in 1873. With her sisters she inherited the superb dark beauty of their mother, the daughter of a Montenegrin nobleman. She has been most carefully reared and is not only admirable in all the arts and graces of European courts, but is well versed in the tricks of politics and the play of diplomacy. She is in every way qualified to succeed the lovely and loveable Queen Margherita.

lishing the notice, which the ordinance and spare cash. This particular travrequired to be published immediately, the court said: "The argument is that the word 'immediately' as used in the ordinance does not mean 'instantane-ously;' that the poundkeeper must have sufficient time to shut the pound gate, so as to keep the mule in, before gate, so as to keep the mule in, before he starts to the printing office; that after he does start he may proceed in a brisk walk and is not required to run, and after he gets there time must be allowed to set up the matter in type and there must then be a delay until the hour when the paper is printed and ready for distribution, and that the poundkeeper is not required to get out an extra. We are satisfied the learned trial judge did not mean to require such dispatch as this."

Many Shinplasters Still Out. It has been recently estimated that there is still outstanding more than

eler was nearest the man with the

While the ceremonies were in prog ress his nose began to itch and in-stinctively he started to lower one hand to scratch it. "Hands up, there!" came the stern order, and his hand went automatically back into place. But that itching redoubled and again he essayed the relieveful scratch. "Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?" demanded the high-wayman. "Are you wishful to become a lead mine?" "My nose itches so I can't stand it any longer," tearfully explained the sufferer. "I simply have got to scratch it." "No, you hain't," ungrammatically corrected hain't," ungrammatically corrected the knight of the road, "'cause I'll do it for you." And with that he pro-ceeded to scratch the offending masal organ with the muzzle of his shot-gun. You can wager your shoes that

POLK MANSION NOW BEING TORN DOWN.



President Polk's tomb, where it was his wish that his remains should lie farever, is in ruins, and the old Polk mansion in Nashville, Tenn., which he bequeathed to the state in trust, is being torn down to make room for a modern apartment building. In a few weeks the historic old house, one of the sights of Nashville, will be obliterated. Fragments of the old stone tomb have been scattered over the front lawn of the place for ten years, ever since the bodies of the president and his wife were removed to a new resting place in the statehouse yard.

\$15,000,000 of the old "shinplasters," or that particular nose stopped itching fractional paper currency. No doubt much of this has been destroyed, but private collectors are believed to hold great quantities of the bills. They are still redeemable at face value, though

they are no longer legal tender. Vacation Cards from Libraries. Vacation cards, issued by a public library in Somerville, Mass., are good during July and August, and those who possess them are permitted to take out

en books at a time and return them and exchange them for another ten

A man fools himself all the way in his walk into temptation with the be-lief that he is going into it on pur-pose to show that he can resist it.— Atchison Globe.

with great abruptness

The French Mushroom Crop.

The annual crop of mushrooms in France is valued at \$2,000,000; and it is said that there are 60 wholesale firms in Paris dealing exclusively in them. In the department of the Seine it appears there are some 3,000 caves in which mushrooms are grown, and about 300 persons are employed in their culture, and rarely leave these caves.

Plants in High Altitudes.

The highest point at which flower-ing plants have been found was in Tibet, at 19,200 feet. Nine species were recorded at 19,000 feet or higher,

Teacup Valued at \$600.

Among the exhibits at the Paris ex-position is a set of teacups the cheapest of which is valued at \$600.