

THE STURGIS WAGER
A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.
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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Point five," resumed Sturgis, "the right arm was broken just above the wrist."
"Yes," said the physician, "I thought at first that the arm might have been broken in the collision with the cable car; but the discoloration of the flesh proves conclusively that the fracture occurred before death."

"Precisely. Now, it is possible that the man broke his arm when he fell, after being shot; but the contused wound looks to me as if it had been made by a severe blow with some blunt instrument."

"Possibly," admitted Thurston. "This broken arm, if we can place it in its proper chronological position, may prove to be of some importance in the chain of evidence," mused Sturgis. "If the fracture occurred before the man was shot, that, of course, excludes the possibility of suicide; but, on the other hand, it also brings in an obstacle to the hypothesis of murder."

"How so?"
"Because we have settled, you will remember, that the shot was fired from the right of the victim, and close to him. Now, if he did not fire the shot himself the person who did must have reached over his right arm to do so. In that case, unless the victim was asleep or stupefied, would he not instinctively have raised his arm in self-defense, and thus deflected the weapon upward?"

"Evidently."
"Well, it is idle to speculate on this line for the present. Let us come to point six. You remember I called your particular attention to the cabman. Do you still think he was only drunk?"

"No," replied Thurston; "while he had unquestionably been drinking heavily, he also showed symptoms of narcotic poisoning."

"Then the presumption is that he had been drugged by those who wished to place the wounded man in his cab. I observed him closely and I am satisfied that he knows as little about his dead passenger as we do. He probably knows less about him, at all events, than the young man in the sealskin cap who gave the police the slip during the excitement which followed the overturning of the cab."

Sturgis paused a moment.
"This, I think," he continued, "covers all the evidence we have thus far collected in the Cab Mystery. It is quite satisfactory, as far as it goes, for it is circumstantial evidence, and, therefore, absolutely truthful. In the Knickerbocker bank mystery we have as yet no satisfactory data whatever; for everything we have heard concerning it has its origin in the fallible evidence of witnesses, and has, moreover, reached us third or fourth hand. There is, however, one fact that may, or may not, prove to be important. Have you noticed that these two mysteries are contemporaneous, and, therefore, that they may be related?"

"Do you think there is any connection between the two?" inquired Thurston, interested.
"I do not allow myself to think about it at all as yet," replied Sturgis; "I simply note the fact, that, so far as time is concerned, the Cab Mystery could be the sequel to the Knickerbocker Bank Mystery—that is all. Facts, my dear boy, are like words. A word is only an assemblage of meaningless letters until it becomes pregnant with sense by context. So, a fact, which, standing by itself, has no meaning, may, when correlated with other facts, become fraught with deep significance."

"And now," he continued, after a pause, "I think our work is concluded for the present. I shall be able to lay it aside for the night. Let me offer you a glass of sherry. Pleasant evening we spent at Sprague's to-night. I have a great admiration for him as an artist, and a great fondness for him as a man. Most of his friends are strangers to me, though. You know I have very little time to indulge in social dissipation. By the way, who is that Dr. Murdock with whom I have made this bet?"

"Oh! he is a physician, though now retired from practice. He devotes himself entirely to scientific research, especially in the domain of chemistry. He has made some important discoveries in organic chemistry, and they say he has succeeded in proving some of the supposed elementary metals to be compounds. He has quite an enviable reputation in the scientific world. I understand he is a remarkable man."

"That is evident at a glance. He showed himself this evening to be a clear thinker and a brilliant speaker. I should say he was something of a genius, and I should judge, moreover, that he was a man of magnificent nerve, capable of the most heroic actions, or—"

Sturgis hesitated.
"Or—?" asked Thurston.
"Or of the most infamous cruelty and crime. It all depends upon whether or not his great mental attributes are under the control of a heart; a point upon which I am somewhat in doubt."

CHAPTER VI.
THE ARTIST.

Sprague was a dilettante in art as he was in life. If he had not been rich, he might perhaps have become a great artist. But, lacking the spur of poverty, he seemed incapable of sustained effort. Occasionally he was seized with a frenzy for labor; and, for weeks at a time he would shut himself up in his studio, until he had creditably accomplished some bit of work. But the fever was soon spent,

and a reaction invariably followed, during which palette and brush were taken up only in desultory fashion. Thus it was that at the age of eight and twenty, Sprague had painted a few pictures which had attracted favorable attention at the annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design, and which the critics had spoken of as "promising;" and thus it was that the promise was as yet unfulfilled, and that Sprague, though a man of undoubted talent, was not likely ever to rank as a genius in his profession.

Sturgis, with his keen insight into human nature, fully realized the potential capacities of the artist, and at times he could not control his impatience at his friend's inert drifting through life. But, with all their differences, these two men held each other in the highest esteem, each admiring in the other those very qualities which were lacking in himself.

The artist lived in a fashionable quarter of the city, in a bachelor apartment which included a large and commodious studio fitted up according to the latest canons of artistic taste.

On this particular New Year's morning, after waking and observing, by the filtering of a few bright sunbeams through the closely drawn blinds, that it was broad daylight, he stretched himself with a voluptuous yawn and prepared to relapse into the sensuous enjoyment of that semi-solomonic state which succeeds a night of calm and refreshing sleep.

Just as he was settling himself comfortably, however, he was startled by a knock at the bedroom door. Most men, under the circumstances, would have betrayed some vexation at being thus unceremoniously disturbed. But there was no suspicion of annoyance in Sprague's cheery voice, as he exclaimed:

"You cannot come in yet, Mrs. O'Meagher. I am asleep, and I shall be asleep for another hour at the least. Surely you cannot have forgotten that to-day is a holiday. Happy New Year! You have time to go to several masses before—"

"Get up, old lazybones; and don't keep a man waiting at your door in this inhospitable way, when he is in a hurry," interrupted a voice whose timbre was not that of the housekeeper, Mrs. O'Meagher.

"Oh! is that you, Sturgis?" laughed the artist. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to come routing honest men out of bed at this unseemly hour? Wait a minute, till I put on my court costume, that I may receive you with the honors and ceremonies due to your rank and station."

A couple of minutes later the artist, picturesquely attired in a loose oriental dressing gown and fez, opened the door to his friend, Ralph Sturgis.

"Come in, old man," he said, cordially extending his hand to the reporter; "you are welcome at any hour of the day or night. What is it now? This is not your digestion call, I presume."

"No," replied Sturgis; "I merely dropped in to say that I should be unable to take our projected bicycle trip this afternoon. I shall probably be busy with the Knickerbocker bank case all day. By the way, if you would like to come to the bank with me, I shall be glad of your company. I am on my way there now."

"I should like nothing better," said Sprague, "but I have made an appointment for this morning with a—er—er—with a sitter."
"What, on New Year's day, you heathen!"

Sturgis observed the artist closely, and then added, quizzically:
"Accept my congratulations, old man."
"Your congratulations?" inquired Sprague, coloring slightly.

"Yes; my congratulations and my condolence. My congratulations on the fact that she is young and beautiful, and possessed of those qualities of mind and heart which—and so on and so forth. My condolence because I fear you are hit at last."

"What do you mean?" stammered the artist, sheepishly; "do you know her? What do you know about her?"
"Nothing whatever," replied Sturgis, laughing; "except what you are telling me by your hesitations, your reticence and your confusion."

The artist spoke after a moment of thoughtful silence.
"Your inductions in this case are premature, to say the least. My sitter is a young lady, so much is undeniably true. And there is no doubt in my mind as to her possession of all the qualities you jocularly attribute to her; but my interest in her is only that of an artist in a beautiful and charming woman."

"At any rate," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I hope so; for I have heard that she is as good as betrothed to another man."
The reporter's keen ear detected in his friend's tones a touch of genuine sadness of which the artist himself was probably unconscious. Laying his hand gently upon Sprague's shoulder, he said, gravely:

"I hope so, too, old man; for you are one of those foolish men whose lives can be ruined by an unhappy love affair. I suppose it's useless to preach to you—more the pity—but, in my humble opinion, no woman's love is worth the sacrifice of a good man's life."
"Yes, I know your opinion on that subject, you old cynic," replied Sprague, "but you need not worry on my account; not yet, at all events. I am still safe; the portrait is almost finished; and I should be a fool to walk into such a scrape with my eyes wide open."
"Humph!" ejaculated Sturgis, skeptically, "when a man makes a fool of himself for a woman, it matters little whether his eyes be open or shut; the result is the same."
Sprague laughed somewhat uneasily; and then, as if to change the subject:

"Come and see the picture," he said. "I should like your opinion of it."
The reporter consulted his watch. "I shall have to come back some other time for that," he replied; "I must hurry off now to keep my appointment with Mr. Dunlap."
He started toward the door; but suddenly facing Sprague again, he held out his hand to the artist, who pressed it cordially.

"Good-bye, old man," he said, affectionately, "be as sensible as you can, and don't wantonly play with the fire."
And before Sprague could frame an answer, the reporter was gone.

The artist remained thoughtfully standing until his friend's footsteps had died away in the distance. Then he turned and walked slowly into the studio. Here, in the middle of the room, stood an easel, upon which was the portrait of a beautiful young girl.

Sprague gazed at it long and earnestly. Then he heaved an almost inaudible sigh.

"Sturgis is right," he said to himself, turning away at last, "and—and I am a confounded idiot!"

CHAPTER VII.
AGNES MURDOCK.

In a quarter of the city which is rapidly surrendering to the relentless encroachments of trade, there still stand a few old-fashioned houses, the sole survivors of what was once an aristocratic settlement.

One by one their fellows have been snapped and swept away by the resistless tide of commerce, until these ancient dwellings, stubbornly contesting a position already lost, now rear their sepulchral brownstone fronts in stiff and solitary grandeur—fringe sardophagi in a busy mart.

One of these houses stands well back from the street line, the traditional backyard of the ordinary New York dwelling having been sacrificed, in this instance, to make room for a tiny garden, which is separated from the street by a tall spiked iron railing, behind which grows an arbor vitæ hedge. The former serves as a defense against the marauding of the irrepressible metropolitan gamins; while the latter confers upon



"I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD WELCOME HARD WORK AS A PLEASANT CHANGE."

the occupants of the garden a semblance of protection from the curious gaze of the passers-by.

This property, having been the subject of an interminable lawsuit, had remained for many years unoccupied, and was even now beginning to be regarded by some of the neighbors as haunted, when at last it was bought by Dr. Murdock, a wealthy widower with an only daughter. For some months masons and carpenters were at work; and then, one day, the new occupants entered into possession.

The Murdocks lived quietly but luxuriously, like people accustomed to wealth. They had their horses and carriages, their house at Lenox and at Newport, and their yacht. Their circle of acquaintances was large, and included not only the fashionable set, but also a scientific, literary and artistic set. For Dr. Murdock was a chemist of national reputation, a member of several scientific bodies, and a man of great intelligence and broad culture.

On this particular New Year's morning Dr. Murdock was seated in his study, apparently absorbed in reading the daily papers, a pile of which lay upon his table. His occupation might perhaps more accurately be described as skimming the daily papers; for each journal in turn was subjected to a rapid scrutiny, and only a few columns seemed occasionally to interest the reader.

There was no haste visible in the doctor's actions, each one of which appeared to be performed with the coolness and deliberation of a man who is not the slave of time; and yet, so systematic were they, that all lost motion being avoided, every operation was rapidly completed.

In a short time the pile of newspapers had been disposed of, and the doctor, lighting a choice cigar, leaned back in his comfortable armchair and placidly puffed the wreaths of fragrant smoke ceilingward. He was apparently satisfied with the world and with himself, this calm, passionless man. And yet a sharp observer would have noted an almost imperceptible furrow between the eyes, which might perhaps have indicated only the healthy mental activity of an ordinary man; but which, in one given so little to outward manifestation of feeling as Dr. Murdock, might also betoken more or less serious annoyance or displeasure.

While the chemist sat in this pensive attitude, there was a rustle of skirts outside, and presently there came a gentle knock at the door of the study.

"Come in!" said Murdock, removing the cigar from his lips.

The door opened, admitting a tall and beautiful young girl, evidently not long out of her teens.

"Did I disturb you, father?" she asked, stepping lightly into the room.

"No, Agnes," replied Murdock, courteously; "as you see, I am indulging in a period of dolce far niente."
The young girl laughed a clear, silvery laugh, as her eyes fell upon the pile of newspapers.

"If the reading of a dozen newspapers is dolce far niente, I should think you would welcome hard work as a pleasant change."

"Oh!" replied her father, "the work I have done on those has not amounted to much. I have only been glancing the news from the morning papers."

"Yes," he added, answering her surprised look, "it takes a deal of skim milk to yield a little cream."
The last paper which Murdock had been examining lay upon the desk before him. From the closely printed columns stood out in bold relief the glaring headlines:

MURDER IN A CAB.

MYSTERIOUS ASSASSINATION OF AN UNKNOWN MAN, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
CABMAN REILLY DENIES ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE CRIME.

Miss Murdock's glance rested carelessly upon these words for an instant. They aroused in her nothing more than the mild curiosity which attaches to events of palpitating human interest, when they have been congealed in the columns of the daily newspapers and served to palates already satiated with sensational verbosity.

"Mary said you wished to speak to me," said the young girl, after a short pause. "I thought I would step in to see you before going to Mr. Sprague's."

"To Sprague's?" inquired Murdock, fixing his keen eyes upon the young girl. "Ah, yes; I remember he spoke of the appointment last night. How is the portrait coming on?"

"It is almost finished. Probably only one or two more sittings, at the most, will be necessary."
Agnes seemed slightly embarrassed by the fixity of her father's searching glance. She settled herself in an armchair and assumed a look of deferent expectancy.

[To Be Continued.]

AN INVOLUNTARY THIEF.

Drove Off with Another Man's Horse and Wagon and Got into Trouble.

There is no fun in being a criminal, even though it be by accident. George H. Jessup, the novelist and playwright, who has now a big place in Cabintely, Ireland, once lived in San Francisco, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Herald. There was an epidemic of horse stealing at that time, which was followed by a sympathetic attack of lynching. Vigilance committees were everywhere, and strangers on strange horses were viewed with suspicion.

Jessup and a friend were out driving one day and took part in a picnic where they knew nobody. They passed several pleasant hours at San Mateo, where the festival took place, and then remembered an important engagement. They left the crowd and went to the neighboring grove where the horses were tethered, and unfastening their own rig, as they supposed, jumped in and drove off. The horse had trotted two or three miles when the friend said:

"George, this isn't our horse. It's a larger and better animal."
Jessup looked at the steed carefully and replied: "Upon my word, you are right. This isn't our carriage robe either."

It was a handsome affair, and they looked at it with some curiosity. On the inside of it was sewed a piece of cloth bearing the name and address of the owner. The friend gasped:

"George, do you know the owner of this rig is the head of the vigilance committee?"

Mr. Jessup broke into a cold perspiration as he replied: "Let's drive to the nearest telegraph station and wire him."
They drove like mad, and when they reached the station made arrangements at the hotel to have the horse and wagon cleaned. Then they sent a dispatch, and waited their fate.

In due time the irate owner arrived, and to their inexpressible joy he came in their own vehicle. There were explanations and apologies, and, according to California custom, the luckless Jessup was compelled to "treat the house," an act which kept him poor for the remainder of the month.

Gethsemane.

The Garden of Gethsemane, which was so closely interwoven with the closing 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 flourishing. It is a small square enclosure 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.

Different Denominations.

"A man gave over a hundred dollars for a copper cent the other day."
"That's nothing. An English syndicate has just paid \$2,000,000 for a woolen mill."—Harlem Life.

HITTING THE BRUSH.

Treatment That Is Said to Be a Cure for Brain Fog.

Backward University Students Helped Along by Electricity—Years of Study Preceded the Application of the Current.

President Jordan, of Stanford university, California, is a hard worker himself, and has but little patience with a person of indolent habits. He has always encouraged his thousand or more students to put in their best liks while at the university, never letting them forget that success can only be won by hard work. To this unremitting industry on his part and to faithful imitation on the part of his young charges can be traced the fact that in the short space of nine years Stanford has taken her place among the leading educational institutions of the land. In spite of everything, however, the tasks imposed on the youths under his care have proven too much for them. Here and there one or two would drop out of the race and were soon forgotten by almost everybody at the university. These fallings by the wayside were the subject of frequent thought on the part of John J. Lewin, chief electrician at the university, whose misfortune it was to have a special friend drop out through inability to maintain the pace. Mr. Lewin set himself to the task of discovering some way of giving backward students such aid as would prevent them from falling behind. That was five years ago, and Mr. Lewin is now ready to give the necessary stimulant in such cases. His investigations have convinced him that electricity is a sort of elixir of youth; that it is a sure cure for brain



"HITTING THE BRUSH."
(The New Electrical Cure for So-Called Brain Fog.)

fog, and that it will nurture the mind of youth and stimulate the wisdom of age. Mr. Lewin has ponderous and exact ways of describing just how all these miracles may be performed, but the young men at the university express the same ideas when they refer to the treatment as "hitting the brush." They unanimously agree that by following the electrician's instructions the human brain's ability to withstand the fatigue of labor is vastly increased. Those who have taken the treatment are also as one in the assertion that no harm comes therefrom.

Mr. Lewin has this simple method of explaining the workings of his invention: The action of electrical influences on the particles that compose the brain centers excites the nervous action controlling the flow of blood, in that way enabling the mind to do more work than would be possible for it under normal conditions. Added to this is the fact that the atomic action of the brain cells is rendered more controllable and facile, so that the usual exhaustion from long continued brain work becomes merely a mental recreation that neither drags nor worries nor exhausts. In Encina hall, the largest dormitory on the college campus, where some 3,000 freshmen have during the last few years been introduced to student life at the university, Mr. Lewin first placed his invention. He did it by way of an experiment to see how it would be taken up by the inhabitants of the hall. He well knew that to be acceptable it must be harmless looking, and he made it so.

It is a simple thing to look at—a small box of light oak wood with two small handles attached, one at each end, an electric switch and arrow indicator (the whole bound, screwed and bolted together)—that is about all there is to look at. A simple thing on the whole, this mystic machine, on which you press a button to make it "alive," and to throw an unknown quality of electricity into a common metal brush attached to the box by a wire, a brush that stings when you brush your hair, giving you an uncanny sensation. That is the kind of machine inventor Lewin placed in Encina hall.

To "hit the brush" became a byword. That was some months ago. Then inventor Lewin told what it was—this electric machine of his—but one thing he did not tell, and that was the quality of the current he uses. This secret he has patented, for in it lie all the wonderful powers with which it is claimed this invention is endowed. President Jordan is pleased with results so far, but with commendable caution thinks the time has not yet quite arrived for such unequivocal endorsement as the idea seems to deserve.

Spectacles for a Pet Cat.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

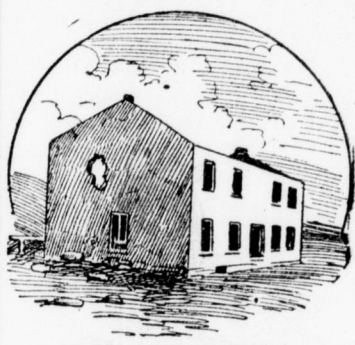
KANSAS' FIRST CAPITOL.

It Is All That Is Left of Pawnee, Once the Seat of Government of the Sunflower State.

One of the ruins that Kansas proposes to guard from the ravages of time is the first statehouse of Kansas, one of the few relics of the early days, when the settlement of the west was just beginning.

It stands near Fort Riley, in the central part of the state, and, according to the Philadelphia Press, is all that is left of the town of Pawnee, the first capital of the state.

The town was started by boomers who "stood in" with the territorial



KANSAS' FIRST CAPITOL.
(All That Is Left of Pawnee, Once a Booming Little City.)

governor, A. H. Reeder, who owned land there and was a good deal of a speculator.

The town association built the capitol, a stone structure two stories high and 40x50 feet in outside dimensions. They laid out the streets and boarding-houses were made ready for the first meeting of the legislature. Then, in 1855, the governor called the legislature to meet there, and the colonel decided that they would not assist him in his plays.

They went from eastern Kansas in prairie schooners, a long procession that wound its way 150 miles out on the prairie, the travelers growing more angry that the governor had selected so distant a place. They had provisions for the trip, and when they reached Pawnee not one of them went to the boarding houses, as had been expected, but they cooked in their wagons and lived on the edge of the town site.

On the day for the opening of the legislature they went to the new stone building and held a session, which consisted of organizing and adjourning to Shawnee mission, in the eastern part of the state, where, despite all the efforts of the governor, the remainder of the session was held.

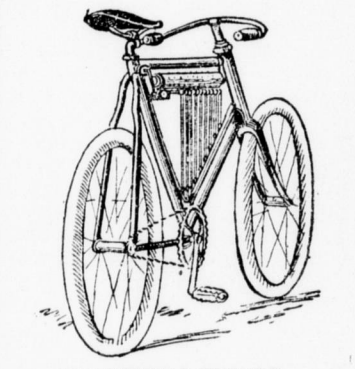
Pawnee did not make a town. The cholera broke out the next year at Fort Riley and the people fled. The statehouse stands out on the plain, deserted, the roof gone and the interior a place for the hiding of coyotes and sandhill owls. The state has been asked to purchase the old ruin and preserve it for future generations, who will doubtless appreciate it as a reminder of the efforts of the first-comers to make this a great city, and for a time it seemed likely that they would succeed.

Kansas has seven capitols, ending with the present handsome building at Topeka, not yet completed; but none has a more romantic history than the old Pawnee statehouse, and none appeals more strongly to the lovers of the picturesque.

A MUSICAL BICYCLE.

Designed for the Purpose of Giving Divertissement During Long and Tedious Runs.

At this time when so many improvements are being made on bicycles, in the way of attachable motors, etc., the machine illustrated in the Scientific American will doubtless interest our readers. It is the invention of Mr. Samuel Goss, of Chicago, and was designed for the purpose of furnishing



THE MUSICAL BICYCLE.
(Plays Melodious Airs While the Rider Works the Pedals.)

music for the rider of the wheel and his companions, in order to break the monotony and give divertissement during long and tedious runs.

The mechanism, which is quite simple, is mounted on an iron frame made to fit into that of the machine. On this frame are stretched piano wires, B, while on the cross piece, A, are some small hammers operated by pins on the cylinder, C, and made to strike the wires. The cylinder is rotated by worm gears placed at its left-hand end and driven from the crank shaft by a cord and pulley.

The inventor has foreseen the case when the riders should tire of the music, by providing a small lever for throwing out the gears and thus stopping the cylinder. The tune may be varied by putting in new cylinders, and the time of any air may be quickened by increasing the speed of the wheel.

Guests on the Left.

The place of honor at a Chinese banquet is at the host's left hand.