

IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be, my God, it cannot be! When day by day from out the dawn...

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

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

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Not a word of affection had passed between father and daughter; not a caress had been interchanged.

And yet Agnes Murdock was naturally of an affectionate and expansive nature.

Mrs. Murdock had been an invalid for many years before her death, and with Agnes had lived either abroad or in the south during much of the time...

When at last, after her mother's death, Agnes, heartbroken at the loss of her only friend, returned to the parental roof...

And yet, behind the cold and selfish exterior of the chemist, the young girl had touched a chord which had never vibrated before in this strange man's being.

"On the contrary, father," admitted Agnes, "I should be everlastingly grateful to you if such a consummation could be brought about without unnecessary rudeness or cruelty towards Mr. Chatham."

"best matches" of the city during her those young men who had not yet summoned up courage enough to try their fate...

The fact of the matter was, that Agnes Murdock's ideal of life was high. She was determined, if she ever embarked upon a matrimonial venture...

"You wished to see me, sir?" the young girl gently inquired. "Yes," said Murdock, with great deliberation...

He watched her face intently, as if to read the effect which his words would produce.

A flush mounted to the girl's cheeks, and she fixed her eyes upon space. "A young man who admires you greatly, and who—"

"Did I say he was my protegee?" asked Murdock, gently. "I certainly had no intention of conveying any such impression.

"I am not aware that I have ever given Mr. Chatham any reason to believe that it would," answered Agnes, stiffly.

"And yet you must have understood the drift of his attentions during the last few months, since—"

"If he should conclude to go abroad on a long journey without subjecting you to his impending proposal."

CHAPTER VIII. THE PORTRAIT.

Sprague was seated before his easel arranging his palette for the morning's work. The unfinished portrait of Agnes Murdock looked down upon him with eyes of living beauty.

At length hope seemed to depart altogether from the young man's breast. He threw down his brushes, gave up all pretense of work and drifted off into a brown study.

So absorbed did he become in his Agnes meditations, that, when at last a carriage stopped before the house, the artist did not hear it.

Perhaps he had, for it was followed by a rapid current of delicious thrills tingling through every nerve and effecting in his whole being a sudden and marvelous transformation.

stood, with laughing brown eyes and glowing cheeks, when Sprague threw open the door. Alas, as usual, she was accompanied by her maid.

"I fear I am a little late, Mr. Sprague; I am sorry to have kept you waiting. But you see this is how it was—"

What mattered it to him now how it was? Was she not there? An eternity of suspense and misery would have been wiped out by that single entrancing fact.

"And so these are positively the last final touches, are they, Mr. Sprague?" asked the young girl, mischievously, after a few minutes.

The artist looked up quickly as the girl spoke. An expression of pain crossed his features.

"Yes, Miss Murdock," he answered, gravely. "I shall not have to trouble you to pose again."

Miss Murdock's attention was attracted by the melancholy note in his voice. She observed him from the corner of her eyes in kindly curiosity.

For awhile he worked with feverish activity at the portrait; and then, gradually falling into a fit of melancholy abstraction, he sat, with poised brush, gazing intently at the beautiful girl before him.

As he entered the room, his eyes fixed in a vacant stare upon the floor, he caught sight of something white—a sheet of paper—resting there.

Meeting some friends in the course of his aimless wanderings, he was persuaded to spend the rest of the day in their company, and returned to his bachelor quarters late in the evening.

ROYALTY SPANKED.

Henry IV. Gave Orders That His Son Should Be Properly Chastised.

The family of Henri IV's children at St. Germain did not, however, always submit to the dauphin's whims, says Mrs. Lucy Crump, in Atlantic.

"These sittings have been a source of so much pleasure to me," continued Sprague, thoughtfully, "that I have selfishly overlooked the fact that they could only be an annoyance and a bore to you."

"But, indeed, Mr. Sprague, I assure you it has been anything but a bore to me to pose. I am sure I shall miss the pleasant morning hours I have spent here."

"Why forever, Mr. Sprague?" she asked, softly; "do you think of leaving New York?"

"No," he replied quickly; "it is you who are about to desert this studio, which for a short time has been brightened by your presence—"

"I do not mean to say anything rude, Miss Murdock, but a call on your reception day is a call on your guests. Surrounded as you are on such occasions, one has barely a chance to catch a glimpse of you, much less to speak with you."

"We are always glad to see our friends at other times than on our reception days." "Do you really mean it?" asked the artist eagerly.

sometimes when the crowd is not taere?"

"We shall be happy to have you call at any time, Mr. Sprague."

"Of course I shall be pleased to have you call at any time, Mr. Sprague," she said, after a brief instant.

It was the hall-boy with a letter. "Miss Murdock?" he inquired, glancing in the direction of the young girl.

"For me?" exclaimed Agnes, surprised.

"Yes, miss; a gentleman left it for you."

Agnes took the letter, inspected it curiously for an instant; then, excusing herself, she tore open the envelope and unfolded the note which it contained.

At once a deep flush suffused her face, and an expression of annoyance passed over her features.

"There is no answer," said Agnes quietly.

And as the stern mandates of fashion either forbid a woman to wear a pocket, or else decree that it shall be located in some particularly inaccessible position...

When at last the time came for Miss Murdock to leave, Sprague accompanied her to her carriage.

As he entered the room, his eyes fixed in a vacant stare upon the floor, he caught sight of something white—a sheet of paper—resting there.

Meeting some friends in the course of his aimless wanderings, he was persuaded to spend the rest of the day in their company, and returned to his bachelor quarters late in the evening.

[To Be Continued.]

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

They are Brought Home to Chinese—A Large Territory Laid Waste.

London, Aug. 30.—The Taku correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, wiring August 26, says that the country around Taku and Pekin is devastated.

A correspondent at New Chwang says that the Russians at Hai Cheng are awaiting reinforcements, whose advance is delayed by the impassable conditions of the roads to Leao Yang and Mukden.

The Smiths' Reunion.

New York, Aug. 30.—That branch of the numerous Smith family known as the Peapack Smiths gathered at Peapack, N. J., yesterday to the number of about 2,500.

Has a Presidential Hope.

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 30.—It is the talk in republican circles here that Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, is a candidate for president to succeed McKinley four years from now.

Evidently Sinking Fast.

"Doctor!" cried the excited man, "I want you to come up to the house right away."

Wifely Wisdom.

"How did you finally break your husband of smoking in the parlor?" "I threatened to make a smoking jacket for him myself if he didn't quit."

Depends on Circumstances.

She—Do you think it proper for a woman to propose? He—Certainly, if she can support a husband.—Town Topics.

To Repeat the Goebel Law.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 30.—In both houses of the legislature yesterday bills were introduced to repeal and to amend the Goebel election law.

MUST BE STRONG AND JUST.

Speaker Henderson Describes an Ideal Government—An Address to Republicans at a Banquet.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—Prominent men from all parts of the country gathered around the tables in the banquet hall of the Auditorium hotel last night to attend the feast given by the Hamilton club of this city, in their honor.

President Bangs, of the club, acted as toastmaster, and with him at the head table sat Col. D. B. Henderson, speaker of the house of representatives; Senator Davis, of Minnesota; Senator Dolliver, of Iowa; Charles G. Dawes, comptroller of the currency; Gen. Shaw, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.; Walter Warner, acting governor of Illinois; Lieut. Gen. Miles, Gen. Daniel Sickles, Judge Leo Ranssieur and others.

"Just before taking the train night before last to come to Chicago to have an all around good time with my comrades of the Grand Army, I received a telegram from the president of this club asking me to take the place of the president. I am not here for that purpose.

"This government must protect capital and labor and give each a fair chance. It must protect the rich and the poor, the black and the white and the brown, also Mr. Bryan. Unless we have a government big enough to extend its protective power everywhere that old flag floats it will come short of its duty. Aye, and gentlemen, it must be a government that will protect its citizens in the heart of Chicago or in the heart of China."

"In my mercantile life I have noticed the man who arrives at his post on time and not one minute later, and who leaves on the minute and not one second later. He does not do more than he has to do and does not do that well.

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, was greeted with prolonged cheers as he responded to the toast "Prosperity and Its Causes."

RICH MAN'S ADVICE.

How the Late Collis P. Huntington Acquired a Fortune.

He Always Considered "To-Day" the All-Important Issue and Didn't Worry About the Past or Fret Over the Future.

As told by himself, Mr. Huntington's story of how he became a millionaire is truly interesting. It shows the spirit of independence which characterized the man who at the early age of 14 started out to shift for himself.

"Appreciate the value of to-day," he said. "That's my advice to young men. It has been my rule through life—I am nearing the century mark now—not to look forward for the future is a blank. To-day is the all-important issue. I have never gone against the tide, nor worried while my schemes were maturing. A farmer sows a field of wheat. To worry over it would merely sap his energy. The wheat requires his attention at the harvest."

"When I was a boy on my father's farm in Connecticut I worked hard, utilizing every moment, for there was plenty to do. But if I had any spare time I did chores for the neighbors. I never wanted for anything I needed; I always got it. But very many buy things they do not need. When I went to New York in 1836 I had quite a sum of money, the result of my savings, judicious investments and little tradings about the neighborhood. The great secret of success is in laying by a nest-egg and adding to your little store, never spending more than you make and being strictly economical. Again, a young man should command what he is worth and always endeavor to better himself. I was my own master since I was 14 years old. I have had a hundred thousand people in my employ in different parts of the world at the same time."

"In my mercantile life I have noticed the man who arrives at his post on time and not one minute later, and who leaves on the minute and not one second later. He does not do more than he has to do and does not do that well.

"The question of C. P. Huntington's fortune is an interesting one, and one upon which no two persons agree. It has been estimated anywhere between \$25,000,000 and \$100,000,000. Authorities scout the former guess just as emphatically as they do the latter, and say between \$50,000,000 and \$75,000,000 is a conservative estimate."

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON. (He Believed in Appreciating the Value of "To-Day.")

He always considered "to-day" the all-important issue and didn't worry about the past or fret over the future.

"It is not possible for one to follow in the footsteps of another. Each must work out its own destiny. I have never cared a cent what any human being thought or said about me or my action, so long as I was satisfied. It is my idea that a man's business should be his first thought. It has always been mine. In consequence, I suppose, there are many things about which I know less than the average man, but, on the other hand, I am certain that there is no body who knows more about my own business than I do myself. I never leave my game to play another fellow's. Finally, false pride is an enormous obstacle. I know young men in New York who would not carry a trunk along Fifth avenue for all the frontage they could pass because they would be afraid that they might meet some girl they knew."

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An Expensive Hat Bet.

A hotel man in Portland, Me., made a bet of a hat with a friend and lost. The loser telephoned to the winner: "Get just as good a hat as you want; in fact, buy any kind of a hat that suits you and have them send the bill to me."

Subterranean Plant Life.

Soil was brought up from a depth of 325 feet from a coal mine in Belgium, and from it sprouted weeds of a species entirely unknown to botanists.

Wonders of Modern Guns.

The tube of a 12-inch gun has 50 spiral grooves inside, which cause the shot to revolve 75 times per second as it rushes through the air.