tnere?

#### IT CANNOT BE.

ft cannot be, my God, it cannot be!
When day by day from out the dawn
ing skies,

ing skies, Thy morning sun smites on my opening Undimmed revealing radiant land and sea and years still find my strength as ever

That some time all must cease, and come the hour When this poor handful of brave, mortal

power
Dissolves, a rope of sand, while round me

The somber shadows of a dawnless night Nay, but I ween some morning I shal

wake
And on my sight a scene familiar break
And yet transfigured somehow, in the ligh Of suns more golden, skies more crystal

clear,
And my soul marveling understand at last,
That in brief sleep my ready feet have passed
Dry-shod the still, dark river without fear.

That consciousness to consciousness is bound, Pearl close to pearl, linked in one shining chain,

chain,
Whose perfect thread was never snapped
in twain,
Life knew no lapse, and is not now refound.
But never lost, and its full tides proclaim
Through all eternity, my God, Thy name!
—Stuart Sterne, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

### 3 たり たり たり たり たり たり たり た THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes C JEDEDEDEDEDEDEDEDEDED

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

Not a word of affection had passed between father and daughter; not a caress had been interchanged. The re lations between this impassive man and his charming daughter were those of well-bred, if somewhat distant, relatives. On the one hand there was the uniform courtesy of the man of the world toward a woman; on the other the deference of a young girl of good breeding toward a person much older than herself. But the note of cordial and intimate affection between father and child was absolutely missing.

And yet Agnes Murdock was natural ly of an affectionate and expansive na-During her mother's lifetime the two women had been inseparable companions, united by a strong bond of sympathy.

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 in order to escape the rigors of the northern climate. Thus the father, en-grossed as he was with his occupations and his scientific researches, had seen but little of his daughter during her childhood, and had been looked upon by the child almost as a stranger.

When at last, after her mother's death, Agnes, heartbroken at the loss of her only friend, returned to the par ental roof, she was a girl of 16. In the first loneliness of her bereavement when, hungering for human sympathy and consolation, she turned to her father, she received patient and cour teous attention, with an offer of all the material comforts and luxuries which wealth could procure; but she failed to find the only thing she needed

-a responsive human heart.

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. It is probable that the feeling awakened in him by his lovely daughter was the nearest approach to an absorb-ing human affection of which his nature was capable. Perhaps if the child had been sufficiently experienced to read her father's heart she might have per sisted in her advances, and thus ulti-mately have conquered the cold reserve she had at first encountered. But she was proud and impulsive, and, bitterly disappointed in her first attempt to from her father a demonstration of affection, she withdrew into her iso lation, and ever after met his calm cour tesy with an equally reserved deference. The abnormal situation, which at first was maintained only by an ef fort on the part of the young girl, lost with time much of its strangeness, and ultimately crystallized under the potent force of habit, so that it was cepted by the two as the natural out

come of their relationship.

In the first pang of her bereavement and disappointment Agnes had turned for consolation to her books; and, being left free to dispose of her life as saw fit, she had planned a course of study, which had in due time re ceived its consecration at one of the leading colleges for women.

Upon her return from college she had, as far as she was permitted, taken charge of her father's household, and had presided with charming dignity and grace over the social functions for which Dr. Murdock's house now became famous. Up to the time of his daughter's advent the chemist's relations with the world had been chiefly through the clubs and scientific bodies to which he belonged. He was well re ceived in the homes of the members of New York society; but in the absence of a woman to do the honors of his own home he was unable to return the hos pitality which he enjoyed. Now, how ever, everything was changed. Agnes was glad to find an outlet for her energies in the task of receiving her faquests and being a girl of remarkable intelligence and tact, she succeedd in creating a salon, in the best sense of the word. Many of the shin-ing lights of the world of art, literature, science and fashion were among the regular devotees at the shrine of

this superb young goddess. Among the younger men more than one gay moth, dazzled by the light of the girl's beautiful eyes, had been tempted to hover near the flame, only to scorch his wings. Miss Murdock had already refused several of the

"best matches" of the city during her two seasons, much to the relief of those young men who had not yet summoned up courage enough to try their fate, and much to the disgust of a few amiable young women and several designing mammas. The latter could not help but deprecate the wicked selfish ness of a young girl who hypothecated and thus rendered temporarily unavailable much potential matrimonial stock, which, in the nature of things, would ultimately be thrown back on the market upon the selection by the fair one of that single bond to whose exclusive possession she was limited by the laws of church and state.

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 to do so only with a reasonably good prospect of finding in the wedded state satisfactory outlet for the depths of affection which had remained so long unapplied in her tender maiden heart. No one among the young men who had sought her hand had seemed worthy of the great love she was ready to bestow. She was, therefore, still awaiting her fate.

"You wished to see me, sir?" the young girl gently insinuated.

"Yes," said Murdock, with great de-liberation; "I wished to speak to you about-

He watched her face intently, as if to read the effect which his words would produce. The light in his eyes was almost tender; but Agnes was not skilled in reading their scarcely perceptible shades of expression. looked up inquiringly, noting only the slight hesitation in her father's speech. "About a young man-" continued

Murdock, with a quizzical smile. A flush mounted to the girl's cheeks and she fixed her eyes upon space.

"A young man who admires you greatly, and who-"

"Has he asked you to tell me this?" inquired Agnes, somewhat impatiently.
"Oh! dear no," laughed the chemist; 'he is only too anxious to do so him-He is a most impetuous fellow. But I thought it best to prepare you—'
"May I ask the name of your pro

tege?" interrupted the young girl. "Did I say he was my protege?" sked Murdock, gently. "I certainly asked Murdock, gently. had no intention of conveying any such impression. His name is Chat ham-Thomas Chatham."

A look, half of amusement, half of vexation, came into the girl's eyes. It did not escape Murdock's close scrutiny.

"I judge from your reception of the gentleman's name, that his suit is not likely to meet with much favor in your eyes.

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

"And yet you must have understood the drift of his attentions during the

last few months, since-"Since it has been perfectly clear to very one else, you mean?

"And yet," the young girl continued, reflectively, "I do not see how, with out downright rudeness, I could have done more than I have to show him that his attentions have been distaste ful to me."

"Then I may infer," said Murdock smiling, "that you would not break your heart if-"

He seemed to hesitate in the choice of his words.

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

"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."

"Very well, Agnes, that is all I wanted to see you about."

Agnes looked curiously at her father, as if to read the purpose hidden in the depths of his inscrutable eyes. She saw nothing but a polite dismissal in his calm face; and the interview be-tween father and daughter ended, as it had begun, with formal courtesy on both sides.

## 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. Occasionally the artist would bestow a deft touch upon the glowing canvas and would retire to a distance to note with a critical eye the new effect. Then he would consult his watch in nervous impatience; and, going to the window he would glance anxiously up and down the street. Once or twice the rumble of wheels caused him to look up in glad expectancy, which gradualgave way to gloomy discontent as e noise died away in the distance.

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. His eyes, fixed upon those of the portrait, had a troubled look in them-so troubled that it was clearly out of all proportion to the professional disappointment of a paint-

er kept waiting for a fair subject So absorbed did he become in his gloomy meditations, that, when at last a carriage stopped before the house the artist did not hear it. But when presently, a gentle tap sounded upon the door of the studio, he sprang to his feet as if he had received an electric shock.

Perhaps he Had; for it was followed by a rapid current of delicious thrills tingling through every nerve and ef-fecting in his whole being a sudden and marvelous transformation. At once the furrowed brow was smooth the drooping lips were wreathed in smiles; the troubled look gave way to

one of glad welcome.

"Do you really mean it?" asked the
For she had come at last. There she
artist eagerly. "May I call on you husband.—Towa Topics.

stood, with laughing brown eyes and glowing cheeks, when Sprague threw open the door. Alas, as usual, she was accompanied by her maid. Never mind; was it not enough to have her there at all, to bask in the sunshine of her smile to look into the dangerous depths of those soul-stirring eyes, to listen to the rippling of her silvery

"Ifear 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. Her words beat upon his ear like rapturous melody; he drank them in, hardly conscious of their meaning.

Agnes Murdock, followed by her maid, proceeded at once to the dressing-room set apart for the use of the artist's models. When she returned, dressed for the sitting, she assumed under Sprague's directions the pose of the portrait, while the artist critically arranged ber draperies and adjusted the shades and screens.

The maid had remained in the dress ing-room.

"And so these are positively the last final touches, are they, Mr. Sprague? asked the young girl, mischievously, after a few minutes. "You artists seem to be quite as uncertain about your farewell appearances as any famous actress or singer."

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 at tracted by the melancholy note in his voice. She observed him from the cor ner of her eyes in kindly curiosity.

The artist fell into a moody silence For awhile he worked with feverish ac tivity 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. His task forgotten, he was apparently unconscious that he was taking advantage of his privileged position to stare at his fair subject. Agnes felt his burning glance and was em barrassed by it; but, womanlike, she retained control of herself, outwardly at all events, as she uttered some commonplace remark, which broke the spell and brought the artist to his senses with a sharp consciousness of his rudeness. He replied to the young girl's question in a low, changed voice and then relapsed into a gloomy silence After an awkward interval he asked suddenly:

'Are you so very glad, Miss Murdock that our sittings are almost over?"
"Why. no, Mr. Sprague," replied Ag nes; "I did not mean that. Of course



"YES, MISS, A GENTLEMAN LEFT IT FOR YOU.

I shall be glad when the portrait is finished, because I wish to have it home and to let my friends see it. But I should be indeed ungrateful if I be grudged my poor little time and trouble, when yours have been so lavishly and so ungrudgingly spent.'

"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 I fear I have needlessly prolonged them.'

"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.

"They have been the happiest hours of my life," said Sprague, earnestly, in a low voice, "and now they are nearly gone-forever."

Agnes started slightly, blushed and riveted her gaze upon the dainty white hands which lay clasped together in Her bosom rose and fell in

quickened undulations. "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-

"Well," interrupted Agnes, "since you are not going to leave New York, I hope you will continue to call on

"I suppose I shall continue to call your reception days, if that is what you mean," said Sprague, some what disconsolately.

"Now that," laughed Agnes, "is not

in line with the polite things you have been saying. "I did not mean to say anything

rude, Miss Murdock, but a call your reception day is a call on your Surrounded as you are 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.'

What more could any sane man expect a modest girl to say? It is not so much the words spoken as the manner of their utterance that conveys mean ing. But it is a truism that a lover is not a sane man. Sprague was not yet satisfied. He was about to speak again, when a knock sounded upon the door. It was the hall-boy with a letter.

sometimes when the crowd is

It is you, Miss Murdock."

"We shall be happy to have you

"But it is not we I wish to call on.

"Of course I shall be pleased to

have you call at any time, Mr. Sprague," she said, after a brief in-

call at any time, Mr. Sprague."

Sprague thought he detected a slight emphasis on the pronoun.

"Miss Murdock?" he inquired, glane ing in the direction of the young

"For me?" exclaimed Agnes, surprised. "Yes, miss; a gentleman left it

for you. Agnes took the letter, inspected it curiously for an instant; then, ex-cusing 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. She glanced up hastily at Sprague, who was apparently hard at work upon the background of the picture.

The hall-boy was waiting expect-

"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 inac-cessible position, the young girl dropped the letter and its envelope into her lap and resumed the pose

When at last the time came for Miss Murdock to leave, Sprague accompanied her to her carriage. After watching it until it disappeared around the corner, he returned mood-

ily to the studio.

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. Mechanically he pushed it to one side with his foot.

The sunshine seemed to have gone with Agnes Murdock. A gloom had fallen upon the place and its occupant. The artist tried to work; but he was restless and depressed. length he threw down his brushes; and rising from the easel, he put on his hat and coat and started out for a walk, in the hope that exercise would drive away the blue devils whose grip he felt tightening upon

his heartstrings.

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, tired enough physically to obtain that healthful sleep which is the boon of strong youth.

[To Be Continued.]

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. One quaint little scene shows his eldest sister standing up for the rest. The king had directed Mme. de Monglat to give the Vendome and Verneuil children their dinner with the dauphin and his sisters. Louis received he order to allow Verneuil and the chevalier to dine with him as a terrible insult. "Valets should not dine with their masters," he said, angrily. Little Madam Elizabeth preached him from her end of the table: "I Jesus, monsieur, you must not do like that. Nobody thinks you the king's nlv mustn have fanci One gets spanked for them, smack, smack, Mamanga will whip you. The dauphin held his peace, for whip smack. ping was no empty threat in the nursery at St. Germain.

When Louis was six years old, the king thus wrote to Mme. de Monglat, the "mamanga" of nursery language: I am vexed with you because have not sent me word that you have whipped my son, for I wish and com-mand you to whip him every time he is willful or naughty, knowing by my own experience that nothing will do him so much good." And yet to modern ideas Mme. de Monglat does not seem to have erred on the side of leni ency. From the time the little prince was two years old "fouette pour etre opiniatre" was a very frequent entry of Herouard's.

## Evidently Sinking Fast.

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

"Dear me!" returned the doctor. reaching for his coat, "has your wife had a turn for the worse?"

"Turn for the worse!" exclaimed the excited man. "Why, she hasn't spoken more than 15 or 20 times in the last hour and a half!"—Chicago Post.

## 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. -Chicago Tribune.

Depends on Circumstances She-Do you think it proper for a woman to propose? He-Certainly, if she can support a

MUST BE STRONG AND JUST.

speaker Henderson Describes as Ideal Government—An Address to Repub-licans at a Banquet.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—Prominent men from all parts of the country gath-ered around the tables in the banquet ball of the Auditorium hotel last night to attend the feast given by the Hamilton club, of this city, in their honor. The Hamilton club is a republican organization and its banquet was, after the menu, a banquet with politics the chief thing under discus-

ion. 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 representa-tives; 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 Warder, acting gov-ernor of Illinois; Lieut, Gen. Miles, Gen. Daniel Sickles, Judge Leo Rassieur and others.

President Bangs opened the speech-

making with a short address, at the end of which he introduced Speaker Henderson, who spoke as follows:

"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 dent of this club, asking me to the place of the president. I a I am not the place of the president. I am not here for that purpose. No one in this republic can take the place of President McKinley. And when the ballots are counted in November the people of the country will demonstrate to the world that no man will be permitted to take his place. The parts of Hamilton suggests, there name of Hamilton suggests three thoughts that may be apprepriate to 1900; first, a strong government; second, a just government; third, a protective government.

"In this great world of ours, full of powerful, massive, aggressive govern-ments, this nation as a government must be strong to take care of our people and their interests. No government can be strong that is not just. We cannot hold the love and support of our people unless we are just in the enactment, in the interpretation and in the execution of law.

"This government must protect capital and labor and give each a 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 every-where that old flag floats it will come short of its duty. Ave, and, gentleshort of its duty. Aye, and, gentle-men, it must be a government that will protect its citizens in the hear of Chicago or in the heart of China.

President Bangs then brought forward as the next speaker Senator Cushman K. Davis, who replied to the toast "Our Destiny."

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

## 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, wir

ing August 26, says that the country around Taku and Pekin is devastated. the result that the Boxers are most unpopular and are being attacked by the peasantry. The Boxers who were moving north from Shan Tung are now returning hastily to their horner. to their homes.

Belated dispatches and the stories of refugees arriving at Che Foo de scribe the terrible conditions in Pe kin. One of the worst incidents the shocking desecration of the for eign cemetery outside the west wall The details are too revolting to be detailed. Hundreds of bodies of Chinese are found in the streets of Pekin, supposed to be those of traitors to the cause of the Boxers.

A correspondent at New Chwang says that the Russians at Hai Cheng are awaiting reinforcements, whos advance is delayed by the impassable advance is delayed by the impassable conditions of the roads to Leao Yang and Mukden. Meanwhile the native population of the district is being treated with the utmost severity. Eyewitnesses report an indiscrim-nate slaughter of non-combatants and the reduction of the country in of utter desolation.

## The Smiths' Reunion.

New York, Aug. 30.—That branch of the numerous Smith family known as the Peapack Smith gathered at Peapack, N. J., yesterday to the number of about 2,500. They stood around the site of the cabin which their the site of the caum under founder and common ancester erect-ed 150 years ago at that place. The rectant Pennack Smith was from ed 150 years ago at that place. The original Peapack Smith was from Holland and spelled his name Jan Schmidt, but when he married he changed it to the English form of pelling. There were present sentatives from California, Colorado and Nevada and all the eastern states vere represented, as were a number in the middle west.

## Has a Presidential Bee.

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 30.—It is the talk in republican circles here that Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, is a sention rational candidate for president to succeed McKinley four years from now and that his western trip next month is to make acquaintances and to push his boom into view. While he speaks under the auspices of the national committee, his itinerary is entirely his own.

# Caulkers' Wages Reduced.

Pittsburg, Aug. 30.—Notices have been posted at the docks of the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Co, that a reduction of 25 cents a day will take effect next Saturday in the wages of all the caulters employed there. The men announce that the reduction will not be accorded and that a general strike ented and that a general strike

## To Repeal the Goebel Law.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 30.—In both buses of the legislature yesterday bills were introduced to repeal and it rushes through the air. to amend the Goebel election law.

## 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

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 aid. "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 ma-turing. A farmer sows a field of wheat. To worry over it would merely sap his energy. The wheat requires his attention at the havest.

"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. L never wanted for anything I needed; 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



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON. (He Believed in Appreciati ciating the Value of

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. Then there is the man who arrives ahead of time and works late if need be. takes an interest in his work and is anxious to be advanced. I have always lived within my means and always strived for advancement. Another principle I have constantly obeyed is 'business before pleasure.' The chances are as good to-day as they ever were—they are even better. But I do not think that the life of one who has accumulated a hundred millions, more or less, is in the-least inspiring. It dazzles, it bewilders the struggling youth. inspire him for a time, but that inspira-

tion soon wears off. "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 he average man, but, on the other hand, I am certain that there is nobody 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

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 be-tween \$50,000,000 and \$75,000,000 is a

#### conservative estimate. 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." In a day or two a bill for \$33 from a well-known Congress street milliner for a woman's hat was received by the loser. The winner calmly informed him that he was pretty well fixed for The winner calmly informed hats himself and so he thought he'd turn the thing over to his wife. It was

#### a hat and the hotel man paid. Subterranean Plant Life.

Soil was brought up from a depth of 326 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