

WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go. We two find joy in any kind of weather. Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow. If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow. What matters it, if we two are together? We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE KNICKERBOCKER BANK. Richard Dunlap was a man who had never missed a train nor been late in keeping an appointment. On the morning following Sprague's dinner party, he walked briskly down Broadway from City Hall. It was New Year's day; the great thoroughfare was deserted. As he turned into Wall street, the hands of the clock in Trinity steeple pointed to three minutes of nine. The financier pulled out his chronometer, found that the clock in the old belfry was right, and quickened his pace.

way. Let us enter by the Wall street side, if you please." A couple of minutes later the outer door of the Knickerbocker bank was unlocked. "Excuse me if I pass in first," said Sturgis, entering. "I wish to see something here." He bent low over the tiled entrance, with the magnifying glass in his hand. "It is too bad," he muttered to himself presently. "They have trodden all over the trail here. Ah! what is this?" "What?" inquired Dunlap. The reporter vouchsafed no reply to this question, but asked another. "Is Thursday a general cleaning day at the bank?" "Yes," answered the banker. "Every evening, after the closing hour, the floors are swept, of course, and the desks are dusted; but Mondays and Thursdays are reserved for washing the windows, scrubbing the floors, and so forth."

He handed it to the reporter, who examined it attentively. "Exactly," said Sturgis, with satisfaction; "this is what I was looking for." "What do you mean?" asked Dunlap. "I mean that this is the revolver which was fired twice last night in the Knickerbocker bank. See for yourself; two of the cartridges are empty, and the weapon has not been cleaned since these shots were fired." "But who can have fired the pistol, and at whom was it fired, and why?" "Hold on! hold on!" exclaimed Sturgis, smiling; "one thing at a time. We shall perhaps come to that soon. For the present, if you will come back to your private office, I shall endeavor to piece together the scraps of evidence which I have been able to collect. There, sit down in your own armchair, if you will, while I fit these bits of paper together; and in less than ten minutes I shall probably be ready to proceed with my story."

A silence of several minutes followed, during which the reporter thoughtfully inspected his collection of microscopic odds and ends, while Dunlap beat the devil's tattoo upon the desk. Presently the reporter spoke again: "Do you know a young man, about five feet eight inches tall, with fiery red hair, who affects somewhat loud clothes?" "Why, that is Thomas Chatham. You know him, then?" "I? No; I never heard of him before." "Then, how on earth do you know—?" "He has been here recently." "Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but—"

SAILOR IS POPULAR. Dog on a Maine Lighthouse Salutes Passing Vessels. Rings the Station Bell Lively Whenever a Sail or Funnel Appears—His Master Is Very Proud of His Canine Assistant. "Sailor" is the name of a wise dog who lives on Wood island, off Biddeford Pool, Me. His master is Thomas H. Orcutt, keeper of the Wood island lighthouse. Having passed most of his nine years of life on rocky Wood island, where the waves beat ceaselessly or the granite shore, and the passing of vessels up and down the coast is the chief thing to break the monotony of life, "Sailor" naturally takes a great interest in nautical matters.

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN. Grave of the President's Mother in Indiana to Be Marked with a Tasteful Monument. After many years of neglect, the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, in Spencer county, Ind., is to be marked with a monument. The Nancy Hanks Lincoln Monument association purchased 16 acres of ground surrounding the grave, and Col. J. S. Culver, of Springfield, Ill., offered to build the monument free of expense to the association if the latter would improve the grounds. Col. Culver's proposition was accepted, and Thompson Stieck, of Springfield, designed a monument, which has been accepted without modification. Col. Culver made the stipulation that as much granite as possible from the national Lincoln monument in Springfield be used for the work, and that the stone used in the temporary receiving vault, where the body of Abraham Lincoln now rests, be adopted for the foundation of this monument, and the sarcophagus for the mother will therefore contain material that formed a part of Abraham Lincoln's monument before it was reconstructed.



LINCOLN'S MOTHER'S GRAVE. (It Is to Be Marked with a Tasteful Monument.)

The design calls for a lower base or footing course to rest on a solid foundation, then a massive rock-faced base, the brackets forming the support for the die to cut solid on this block. The die block is to be finished in rock-faced effect, and its face is to be handsomely carved in bas-relief. As the scroll of time in the design unfolds it reveals the name: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln," and added to this is the simple inscription: "Mother of Abraham Lincoln." The ivy, representing affection, and the branch of oak, symbolizing nobility, are grouped around the name in harmonious effect.

SUFFRAGE IS LIMITED. Alabama Joins Other Southern States in Getting Rid of the Bulk of Its Negro Vote.

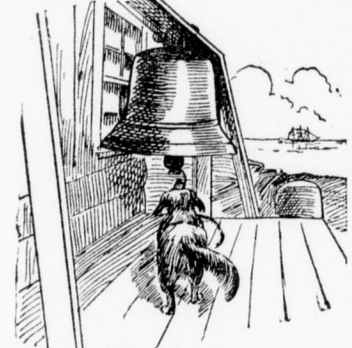
The most important feature of the recent state election in Alabama was the victory for the limitation of the suffrage. This issue was practically the only one prominent in the campaign, and little or no fight was made against it, the democrats winning by about 75,000 plurality and electing William J. Sanford, their candidate for governor, and almost a unanimous democratic legislature. This victory, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat (dem.), "means the



WILLIAM J. SANFORD. (Governor-Elect of the State of Alabama.)

early assembling of a constitutional convention that will put Alabama in line with its sister states of Mississippi, Louisiana and the two Carolinas by getting rid of the bulk of its negro vote." The last Alabama legislature voted for such a convention, but Gov. Johnston called the legislature together again and induced it to rescind its action. This time, however, it is believed that the plan will go through.

Webster's Massive Head. The members of the Old Schoolboys' association, of Boston, had lots of fun at their late annual outing here trying on the ancient hat that was once worn by Daniel Webster, and which is now the property of the Atlantic house, and a valued possession. The old hat, says a Nantasket Beach (Mass.) correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, is a beaver, and so well was it made that it is even now, after the lapse of many years, in good condition. The old schoolboys, most of whom are on the shady side of 50 years, passed the hat along trying to find one who could wear it above his ears, and only one could do so, Capt. John S. Darnell, Boston's inspector of buildings. He had the only head of the party that would keep the head above the ears. The hat in those days would be called a No. 9 at least.



SAILOR SALUTES A VESSEL. (Yankee Dog That Takes a Deep Interest in Nautical Things.)

As he came he anticipated his master in ringing the bell. As the years have passed Sailor has kept on ringing salutes to passing vessels and steamers. Indeed, he feels hurt if not permitted to give the customary salute to passing craft, while skippers whose course takes them often past Wood island are accustomed to see Sailor tugging vigorously at the great bell tongue. They reply with a will on their ship's bell or horn, and in case of steamers a hearty triple blast is sent back to the canine watcher of Wood island, who gives a new meaning to the good old sea term of "dog watch."

CHAPTER X. PIECING THE EVIDENCE.

Sturgis was still busy with his diagram. He spoke without looking up from his work. "Who besides yourself has a key to the drawer in which this revolver is kept?" "The cashier has one and the head bookkeeper has another." "You mean the bookkeeper who sits at the desk at the extreme right in the bookkeepers' department?" "Yes," replied Dunlap, "that is Mr. Arbogast's desk. Do you know him?" "No. What did you say the gentleman's name is?" The reporter looked up and prepared to make a note of it. "John W. Arbogast."

A DANGEROUS MOMENT. The Nerve-Shaking Ordeal Which Once Confronted a Noted Bishop.

One need not be a soldier to stand in need of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve-shaking an ordeal as those more generally expected by the man of war. In his retrospect of "The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," Bishop Whipple tells of a moment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him: The bishop was about to preach in one of the cathedrals, when there entered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study. He went forward, as if to sit with the others.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT.

The difference between the tallest and shortest races in the world is one foot four and one-half inches, and the average height is five feet five and one-half inches.