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.

We two make banquets of the plainest In every cup we find the thrill of pleas-

We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow

of care,

And win to smiles the set lips of despair.

For us life always moves with lilting measure; We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every

dawn; Each day holds something of an unknown

We waste no thought on grief or pleasure Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on.

And thrums upon his harp new song or story,
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make Heaven here on this little We do not need to wait for realms eter-

We know the use of tears, know sorrow's

worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal; We two, we two, we live in love eternal.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Century.

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By EDGAR MORETTE. JEDEDEDEDEDEDEDEDEDE

CHAPTER IX.

THE KNICKERBOCKER BANK.

Richard Dunlap was a man who had never missed a train nor been late in heeping 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.

Wall street slumbered peacefully and silently, like a battlefield after the roar of the cannon has been hushed, after the victors and the vanquished have disappeared, leaving behind them only the ghosts of the slain. The deathlike stillness was oppressive

last, as Dunlap reached the Knickerbocker bank, the clock in the belfry struck the hour. The reporter was not there. The banker uttered an ejaculation of annoyance. He looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. He resolved to give Sturgis five minutes' grace, and began to pace back and forth before he entrance to the bank. Then a thought struck him. There was another entrance on Exchange placethat generally used by the employes the reporter Perhaps Dunlap walked was waiting there. around to Exchange place and glanced up the street. He saw a man standing in the gutter and bending low over the curb. Dunlap advanced to obtain a front view of him and rec The reporter not noticed his approach; he held a magnifying glass in his hand and seemed deeply interested in a minute examination of the smooth-worn curb. "Good morning, Mr. Sturgis," said

the banker, "have you lost some thing? The reporter looked up quietly.

"No, Mr. Dunlap; I have found some thing—something which may possibly prove to be a hyphen." "A what?" asked the banker, per-

"A hyphen connecting two parts of

a very pretty puzzle."

Dunlap stared curiously at the curb. "I can see nothing there," said he Sturgis handed him the magnifying glass.

'Now look again." He pointed out a particular portion of the curb. Dunlap looked in the di-

rection indicated.
"I see what looks like dried mud, dust particles, and a little dark spot

"Yes," said Sturgis, "that dark spot is the hyphen. There were probably others like it on the sidewalk yesterday afternoon, but they have been obliterated by the pedestrians. Here however, are some that have re mained.

As he spoke, he led Dunlap to the Exchange place entrance of the bank, and pointed out a number of similar

spots on the stone steps.

"Fortunately," he said, as if speaking to himself, "fortunately the detectives entered through the front door last night so that they did not inter with this portion of the trail.'

"But what are these spots?" asked

"They are blood-stains," replied the reporter. "I have every reason to be-lieve them to be human blood. But that question I can settle positively as soon as we are in the bank, for I have brought a powerful microscope. Let all there is to be seen outside. By the way, do you know this key?"

He held up a large steel key of complicated structure.

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, surprised, "that looks like the key to the Ex-change place door. Where did you

"In the gutter, near the sewer open ing at the corner."
"But how did it get there?" asked

Dunlap, anxiously.
"Perhaps I shall be able to answer that question presently," said Sturgis.
"Shall we go in now? No, not that place."

way. Let us enter by the Wall street

side, if you please.' A couple of minutes later the outer loor 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

"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."

"Then it is lucky that yesterday was Thursday," observed Sturgis. "Will you please hand me the key to

this gate, and that to the inner door.' Upon entering the bank Sturgis requested his companion to seat himself on a particular chair, which he designated. He then began a critical examination of the premises. Inch by inch he scrutinized the walls, the floor, and even the ceiling; sometimes with the naked eye, sometimes through the magnifying glass. He also constantly brought into play a tape measure; and several times he called upon Dunlap for assistance, when the distances to be measured were longer than his reach.

The Wall street entrance of the Knickerbocker bank led directly into the space to which the public was mitted. This space was partitioned off. as usual, from the bookkeepers' and cashier's depratments. At the farther end a door led to a reception room com-municating with the president's office. This office itself opened into the cashier's department on one side, and on the other into a small room occupied by the president's secretary and typewriter, and into the vestibule of the Exchange place entrance to the bank On the right of the vestibule was a large room in which the bank employes kept their street clothing, and to which they eould retire when they were off duty.

A door from the clerks' room led into the cashier's department, while another one opened into the private secretary's room.

After he had finished his inspection of the space open to the public, Sturgis, followed by Dunlap, passed into the president's reception room, and thence in turn into the other rooms and finally into the cashier's and bookkeepers' departments.

Several times he stopped, retraced his footsteps to some particular point and then began his search anew. At times he crawled about on his hands and knees; at others he climbed upon the furniture, the better to examine some spot upon the wall. In the president's office he stopped to pick up a great number of tiny scraps of paper which lay in and around the waste basket. These he carefully placed in an envelope, which he laid upon the president's table.

On one side of the room there stood a magnificent old-fashioned carved mantelpiece. The artistic beauty of the structure did not seem to strike Sturgis, but he appeared to derive a great deal of satisfaction from an inspection of the large tiled hearth. Presently, removing his coat and his cuffs, he plunged his hand into the grimy chimney and removed a handful of soot, which he examined carefully and then threw away. He repeated the operation again and again, until at last, with evident satisfaction, he picked out a small object, which he deposited in an envelope. Then, after washing his hands in the clerks' room, he passed into the cashier's department. In a corner stood the telephone closet, the door of which was open. The receiver of the instrument was down. The reporter took it up and gazed at it long and ear-

nestly. Sturgis' examination of the bank must have lasted over two hours. At first Richard Dunlap looked on with a mild curiosity, in which amusement struggled with good-natured skepticism. But as time wore on the banker began to show signs of impatience and when at last Sturgis returned to the private office and carefully depos ited upon a sheet of white paper a miscellaneous assortment of tiny scraps and shreds, the banker could scarcely

conceal his dissatisfaction. "Well, Mr. Sturgis," he said, "I hope you have nearly completed your inves tigation; for my leisure is not so abundant that I can afford to waste it like

this. "I need one more witness at least." replied the reporter, "and I am afraid I shall have to ask you to help me obtain it.

"But," he quickly added, as he noted Dunlap's impatient gesture, "I think I can promise you that the time you are regretting has not been wasted."

The financier did not seem convinced by this assertion; but he nevertheless consented with an unwilling grace to assist the reporter to the best of his

"Well, then," said Sturgis, "tell me, first of all, whether you keep firearms in the bank."

"Yes," replied Dunlap; "the cashier has a small revolver which he keeps in his desk as a means of defense in case of a sudden attack by a bank thief."

"Have you the key to the desk?"
"Yes," replied the banker. "Will you kindly see if the revolver

you mention is in its place?"
"It ought to be," said Dunlap, picking out the key on a bunch which he took from his pocket, and walking towards the cashier's department with

Sturgis at his heels. "Yes, here it is in its accustomed He handed it to the reporter, who ex-

amined it attentively. "Exactly," said Sturgis, with satisfaction; "this is what I was looking

"I mean that this is the revolve which was fired twice last night in the Knickerbocker bank. See for yourself: two of the cartridges are empty, 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 Stur

gis, smiling; "one thing at a time. We shall perhaps come to that soon 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 armchiar, if you will, while I fit these bits of paper together; and in less than minutes I shall probably be ready to proceed with my story."

Dunlap was still nervous and impa-

tient; but all trace of amusement and skepticism had vanished from his face, as he took the proffered armchair and watched Sturgis patiently piece together the tiny fragments of paper he had so carefully gathered. When this work was accomplished, the reporter went to the typewriter and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. He next proceeded to examine under the microscope the minute fragments and particles which he had collected in his

When he had finished this operation. he leaned back in his chair and looked up into space for what seemed to Dunlap an interminable length of time. Then at last he glanced at the banker, who could hardly contain his growing

impatience. "I am ready to go on now," said Sturgis, reaching for a sheet of paper, upon which he began to draw with

ruler and pencil.
"At last!" sighed the banker. "Yes; but my first, as the charades

say, is a question." "Another!" gasped Dunlap; "when is my turn to come?"

"Just a few more," replied Sturgis;
"and then your turn will come for

"Well, out with your questions then, if you must," said Dunlap, seating himself resignedly in his chair.

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 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. up and prepared to make a note of it.

"John W. Arbogast."
"A man something over 50 years of age, quite bald, with a fringe of gray wears a heavy mustache and side whiskers; and had on yesterday afternoon, when you last saw him, a pepper-and-salt business suit," said Sturgis, writing down the name in his note-

Dunlap stared at the reporter in amazement. Sturgis smiled slightly. "I met the gentleman yesterday aft-

ernoon," he explained. 'Oh, that accounts for it!" exclaimed the banker. "I see-but-but then how comes it that you did not know his name

"He did not tell me his name," said Sturgis, gravely, "and I did not know until just now that he was employed in the Knickerbocker bank. How long has he been with you?"
"Nearly 20 years; but only for the

last five years as head bookkeeper."
"I suppose you have every confidence
in his honesty?" asked the reporter,

ooking critically at the diagram be fore him. "Of course. Such a position is not

given to a man unless his record is ex-"And yet," observed the reporter, re-

flectively, "opportunity sometimes makes the thief." "True; but the duty of a bank president is to reduce such opportunities

to a minimum," said Dunlap, somewhat pompously. "Quite so," assented Sturgis, "and this you accomplish by-

"By having the books examined pe answered the banker, rubbing his hands together with calm sat isfaction.
"I see," said the reporter, who had

now finished his sketch. "Do the em-ployes of the bank know when an examination of this kind is to be made?" They do not even know that such

examinations are made. No one but the accountant and myself are in the secret; for the overhauling of the books is done entirely at night, after the bank

"Have the books been recently ex asked Sturgis, carelessly. "Yes: only last week."

"Well?" "They were found to be all right, as

'May I ask by whom?"

"By Murray & Scott, the expert ac 'Was the examination conducted by

Mr. Murray or by Mr. Scott?"
"By neither. For many years the work was done by one or the other of their business has grown to its present proportions Messrs. Murray and Scott are no longer able to give personal atten tion to their customers. For the last employe, Mr. Chatham-Thomas Chat-

ham."
"Yes," said Sturgis, who was apparently wool-gathering.

A silence of several minutes followed. during which the reporter thought fully inspected his collection of micro scopic 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

"Why, that is Thomas Chatham, You know him, then?"

"I? No; I never heard of him be-

fore."
"Then, how on earth do you "He has been here recently."

"Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but-" "No: I mean he was here vesterday afternoon," interrupted the reporter.

"Not to my knowledge," said Dunlap, incredulously.
"I thought as much," Sturgis replied, quietly; "but he was here, for all that."
The banker looked perplexed.

"Now, another thing," continued Sturgis. "I notice in the bookkeepers' department an announcement to the effect that on January 2-that is to say, to-morrow-a new system of bookkeeping will be adopted. Would this be such as to bring to light any irregularities that might exist in

"Yes: it involves the transfer of each bookkeeper every month to a different set of books. But I fail to see the drift

of your questions."
"You will see it presently. Have you examined the safes this morning?"
"Yes; one of the first things I did,

after you allowed me to move at all, was to examine the cash safe."

"Ah, yes; the cash safe. And you found its contents intact?" "Perfectly," said the banker, tri-

"But there is also a safe in the bookkeepers' department."
"It contains nothing but the books,

which of course would have no value to anyone but ourselves."

"You have not examined this safe?"
"Why, no; I—" "if you have no objection, I should like to see the interior of that safe. I suppose, of course, you know the com-bination of that as well as that of the

cash safe?" "Oh, yes; the combinations are changed every Saturday, and of course I am always informed of the new com-bination."

"Then may I examine the bookkeep ers' safe?"

"I see no objection to your doing so, if you like."

Dunlap seemed surprised at the reporter's request; but he rose and pro-ceeded to the bookkeepers' department. Sturgis followed an instant later.

[To Be Continued.]

A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

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

One need not be a soldier to stand n 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 enered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study. He went forward, as if to sit with the others.

"On reaching the chancel, however," says the bishop, "he stopped, and, taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an ath-

lete in younger days.
"At the chancel steps I made a leap, seized the young man by the collar, and turned him sharply round with my knee at his back, while I said to 'Will take charge of this man? He is in-

sane. "It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was led out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred."

Unrewarded Obedience. "Why were you discharged from your last position?"

"It was this way. The governor said it was time to take stock, and I took all I could. Then we went back on me and threatened to have me locked up for stealing; so I left."— Tit-Bits.

Making It Easy.

"You have saved my estate," said the client, gratefully. "Now, what can I do to recompense you?" "Well, I will make it easy for you,"

replied the lawyer. "You can pay me in installments. I am willing to take the estate as the first installment."-Town Topics.

Well Qualified.

Dobbs-Did you see about that bag-gageman who claims to have discovered a sure cure for influenza? -He ought to know how to check the grip.—Baltimore American.

Doubtful Imitation. "That's imitation coffee you're drinking. Never guessed it, did you?"
"No. I thought it was tea."—Cleve-

land Plain Dealer. Sacred Only in Name "What's a sacred concert, pa?" "A variety show that is allowable only on Sundays."-Town Topics.

SAILOR IS POPULAR

Dog on a Maine Lighthouse Salutes Passing Vessels.

Rings the Station Bell Lively When ever 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 Bidde ford Pool, Me. His master is Thomas H. Orcutt, keeper of the Wood island

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 "Sailor" naturally takes a great interest in nautical matters.

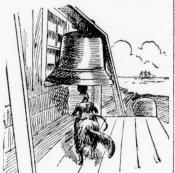
Early in life, when but a two-months' old puppy, he was brought to the is land from Woodbury Bros. milk farm in Westbrook, Me. He was not a sailor then, for his family were farmers, being Scotch collies and sheep dogs. But "Sailor" was not long in learn ing the ways of the sea. He took a deep interest in whatever his master did, and followed him around the light station wherever he went. He noticed, among other things, that his master often pulled a rope that made

a bell ring.

The bell was a great heavy one, used to warn vessels in a fog, and to salute them in fair weather. It stood out-side the lighthouse, a few feet above a wooden platform, and the rope attached to its tongue came down s near the platform that "Sailor" could

easily reach it. One day Sailor thought he would have a try at ringing the bell. He seized the rope in his mouth and pulled. The bell rang clear and loud. Sailor was delighted. He wagged his bushy tail vigorously, and pulled again.

Sailor after a time noticed that the ringing of the bell marked the passing of a vessel or steamer. His note of this fact resulted in his trying an ex periment. When he saw the next ves-



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

el coming 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 accus-

tomed to see Sailor tugging vigorous ly 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. "Sailor" is his master's constant companion, and delights in being made his messenger, especially at dir ner time, when he will come bounding from the kitchen to announce that the meal is ready. He will also carry letters, papers or small articles in his

He understands all that is said to him, and although a sailor dog by adoption, his breeding comes to the fore when some one says "the sheep are in the field.

This is a signal to Sailor to quit sailorizing and light keeping, and get to more serious work. He starts u in a great hurry, rushes to the door, and wants to be off in an instant, as if the surrounding rocks and waters were covered with flocks of stupid sheen, bound to break into some imag

inary field of grass or grain.

In his daily life in the household of the lightkeeper Sailor is most unselfish in sharing his perquisites. He has two large cats for companions, and eat from the same dish that he does, and often lying down with them for a quiet little nap, when his duties do not call him to the bell.

"Sailor" does not share the propensity of most sailors for roaming. loves to stay near the lighthouse, and seldom goes away from Wood island. though he might often make trips to the mainland with his master. chief aim in life is to see that every thing goes well at the light, and that passing vessels are properly saluted.
Although reared beside the sea, has no taste for sport. "Sailor" will not follow a gunner. In fact, he The report of one is afraid of a gun. The report of one makes him uncomfortable. Thunder also has terrors for him, and he lies

very low during a shower. "Sailor" may be said to have passed the prime of life, but he is still at the height of his vigor and is in fine condition. He weighs 60 pounds. His color is black, marked with tan, and he has a white spot on his breast.

in the act of ringing the bell, Mr. Joseph W. Smith, Jr., of Andover, Mass., having "snapped" him. The picture was recently published in a London magazine.

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.

Grave of the President's Mother to 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 Stickie, of Springfield, designed a monument, which has been accepted without modification.

Col. Culver made the stipulation that s much granite as possible from the



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

national Lincoln monument in Springfield be used for the work, and that the stone used in the temporary rereiving 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 monu-ment before it was reconstructed.

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 rockfaced effect, and its face is to be handsomely carved in bas-relief. As the scroll of time in the design unrolls 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 barmonious 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 cam-paign, 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



4/11/ 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 getting rid of the bulk of its ne-vote." The last Alabama legislature voted for such a convention, but Gov. Johnston called the legislature together again and induced it to recind its action. This time, however, it is believed that the plan will go

through. Webster's Massive Hend.

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. 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