

BY THE SEA.

I sat by the sea when the sun shone bright
And flooded its depths with a blaze of light.
And the golden sheen and emerald green
Like gems in the crown of a fairy queen.

THE STURGIS WAGER
A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

When the reporter came within sight
of the safe, Dunlap was closely inspecting
the lock. Presently he uttered an
exclamation of surprise.

outline of the marks on the blotter,
and you will see, in the first place, that
the message would just fit snugly on
this sheet. Next, you will probably
admit that the first line of marks on the
blotter probably contain a date; the
second, a name; the third, an address;
the last, a signature, and the intermediate
lines, a message.

"I am quite willing to concede so
much; for no business man would be
likely to write a telegram differently."
"Very well. Now, then, let me hold
this blank so that the reflection of its
vertical rulings may appear just above
the image of the message. These lines,
remember, separate the words of the
message. Extend them mentally, and
note how they divide the letters of the
blotter. Will you hold these sheets
while I transcribe the result?"

In a few minutes more the reporter
had drawn several lines on his copy of
the reflection in the mirror.

"I don't see that you are any better
off now than you were before," remarked
Dunlap, examining the result.

"Wait a minute. These vertical lines,
we say, divide the words of the message.
There are five words to the line; only
two on the last line before the signature;
that is to say, 12 words in
the message. Now, consider the first
word. Evidently the 'G' begins this
word since it is a capital; and the flourish
on the tail of the 't' tells us plainly
enough where the word ends. Note
the space between the 'G' and the 't'.

Have you ever taken the trouble to
ascertain how constant in any given
handwriting is the space occupied by
the different letters? Try it some time.
Count the characters which you have
written in a number of different lines,
reckoning spaces and punctuation
marks each as one character, and observe
how closely the results will
tally. Basing my conclusions on this
fact, I may safely affirm that the
first word of the message is 'Game,'
'Gave,' 'Give,' or some other word of
four letters beginning with 'G' and
ending with 'e.' I shall proceed to fill
up the balance of the message as I
read it between the letters."

Sturgis wrote slowly and carefully
for a few minutes.

"There; behold the result."
The message had now assumed this
form:

Thomas Chatham, Dec. 31, 1896.
Game up Meet B'way, City.
corner South and Wall to-day
streets J. W. Arbogast.

"Compare this with the reflection of
the original and tell me if you do not
now detect various isolated marks and
incomplete letters, all of which tally
with the text I have inserted here."

Dunlap made the comparison.

"I am obliged to admit that your
conclusions now appear plausible," he
reluctantly admitted.

Sturgis shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, call them plausible, and let us
proceed. Chatham kept the appointment
yesterday; but for some reason
Arbogast was delayed in leaving the
bank. Perhaps the necessary preparations
for his flight took longer than he
expected."

"You think he intended to abscond?"
"Why should he have changed the
combination of his safe, as he did, if not



"WHAT DO YOU MAKE OUT?" ASKED STURGIS.

to give himself as much time as possible
to reach a place of comparative safety
before the books could be examined?"
asked Sturgis. "Chatham, becoming
impatient, forgot the dictates of prudence
and started for the bank to ascertain
the cause of his accomplice's
delay. He met Arbogast at the Wall
street door. The two men reentered,
Arbogast setting down his satchel in
the vestibule and leaving the outer
door ajar, as Quinlan found it a few
minutes later, when he stole the satchel.
I have every reason to believe that
it was at Chatham's request that the
men returned. He wished to use the
telephone, and he did so."

"Your story is connected, and it is
certainly not lacking in details," said
Dunlap, incredulously; "in fact, the
details are far too abundant for the
evidence thus far advanced."

"Every one of the details is based upon
facts," replied Sturgis. "What I
have accomplished thus far has been
simple enough, because luck has favored
us. Yesterday being a cleaning
day at the bank, the floors were
scrubbed some time during the afternoon,
before Arbogast was ready to
leave and before Chatham had arrived.
It thus happens that almost every
footstep of the two men has remained
faintly but distinctly outlined upon the
wet floors, which have since dried, preserving
the record. The detectives last
night obliterated a portion of this record,
but they have left traces enough
for our purpose. If you care to crawl
around on all fours as I did you can
readily distinguish these traces for
yourself."

"No, thank you," answered the bank-

er. "I prefer to take your word for this
part of the resume."

"Then I shall resume my story," said
Sturgis. "The footprints show that
Arbogast stood at his desk while the
scrubbing was going on. We may safely
say it was after half-past four
o'clock when he started to leave the
bank; for otherwise it is presumable
that Chatham would have waited for
him at the corner of South and Wall
streets, as he was asked to do in the
bookkeeper's telegram. He first
walked over to the safe and closed it,
changing the combination, so that the
lock could not be opened until he had
had a fair start. Next he went to the
clerk's room for his hat and coat and
for the satchel in which he had packed
just the few necessities for immediate
use in his flight. He started to leave
the building through the Exchange
place door; but probably remembered
that the Wall street door was not
locked, and went back to lock it. As
he was about to close the outer door,
Chatham arrived on the scene, and the
two men reentered, as we have already
seen. The footprints tell their story
fully and absolutely, their chronological
order being established by the occasional
obliteration of a footprint in one
trail by another in a subsequent
trail. The two men walked back into
the room in which we now are. Their
actions after this will be clearer to you
if you will follow on this diagram."

CHAPTER XI.

A RECONSTRUCTED DRAMA.

As he spoke, Sturgis handed Dunlap
the sheet of paper upon which he had
traced a plan of the Knickerbocker
bank.

"From this point on," he continued,
"I have indicated the various trails on
the diagram. The dotted lines represent
Arbogast's footprints; the continuous
lines show Chatham's trail."

"How can you distinguish between
the two?" inquired Dunlap.

"There is no difficulty about that,"
replied Sturgis. "The differences are
very marked. I know Arbogast's foot
because I have seen it; and I know
that the other one is Chatham's because
you recognized the man from the
description I gave of him."

"Yes, I know. But how could you
describe him so accurately when you
have never seen him?"

"I shall come to that presently," said
Sturgis, smiling; "you must let me
tell my story in my own way, if I am
to tell it connectedly."

"Very well," said the banker, resignedly.
"Hold on, though," he
exclaimed; "you speak of two sets of
trails; but what is this third set of
lines, marked by alternate dots and
dashes?"

"They represent the traces of a third
individual, who will appear upon the
scene later on. He has not yet
received his cue. But, since you mention
him, we may put him down in the cast
as 'X,' the unknown quantity of the
problem; for I do not yet know his
name. Now, then; let me see. Where
was I? Your interruption has made
me lose the thread. Oh, yes; the men
were in this room. Arbogast, nervous
and excited, paced back and forth,
like a caged animal. Chatham was
more collected. It was warm in the
bank, as compared with the intense
cold outside; he removed his overcoat
and threw it over the back of that
chair in the corner. This fact is
shown by the direction of the footsteps
toward the chair, and by a mark directly
below the arm of the chair
where the garment trailed upon the
wet floor. Chatham's carelessness was
fraught with serious consequences;
for, as luck would have it, there was,
in one of the pockets of his coat, an
important letter, which slipped out
and fell upon the floor superscription
upward. Here is the envelope itself,
which I have pieced together. You
will see that it is soiled only upon
the back, and here near the chair is
the faint oblong mark which is left
upon the floor. Chatham went to the
telephone in the cashier's office. He
probably did not see the letter fall.
It caught Arbogast's eye, however;
and you can imagine his surprise when
he saw that it was addressed to his
wife. What had his accomplice to
write to his wife? Arbogast evidently
was not restrained by any feelings of
delicacy in the matter, or else he was
already suspicious of Chatham; for
he picked up the envelope, tore it open,
and read the letter which lies before
you, as I have pieced it together. It
makes interesting reading. I do not
wonder that Arbogast lost his head
when he saw it. Read it for yourself."

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, after reading
the letter, "this announces his intention
of committing suicide."

"Precisely; and yet Arbogast did not
commit suicide; probably never had
any intention of doing so; and, at any
rate, did not write that letter. You
will observe that it is not signed; the
name is typewritten, like the rest of the
letter, which, moreover, was not written
here, as the superscription would
seem to indicate. I have tried your
typewriter, and although it is of the
same make as the one upon which this
letter was written, there are several
characteristic differences in the alignment
and in the imperfections of the
type."

"Besides," continued Sturgis,
thoughtfully, "the letter itself bears
evidence, on its face, that it could not
have been written by Arbogast. Your
bookkeeper was of a weak, nervous,
excitable temperament, as all his actions
plainly show. Before such a man is
brought to the point of taking his own
life, he must have passed through a
more or less protracted period of agonizing
nervous tension, of which you
and I can hardly form any adequate
conception. Under the circumstances,
if he loved his wife, conscious that by
his guilt he was about to plunge her
into the depths of grief and shame, he
might have written her an incoherent
and hysterical letter, or a tender and
repentant letter, but never this frigid,
matter-of-fact statement of a supreme

decision. This letter is the work of a
cold and calculating nature, incapable
of ordinary human feeling. The man
who wrote it would not have written
to his wife at all, or would have written
only to serve some selfish purpose.
From what I know of Arbogast, I do
not believe he was capable of composing
these lines."

"You think, then, that the letter was
written by Chatham," said Dunlap.
"But what object could Chatham have
for writing such a letter?"

"No," answered Sturgis. "I do not
think that Chatham wrote this letter.
That is the curious part of it. I cannot
believe that if Chatham had been
aware of the important nature of its
contents, he could have been willing
to leave it for an instant within Arbogast's
reach."

"But you, then, could have been its
author, and why should he have
entrusted the letter to Chatham?"

"To your second question, my answer
is, probably because he wanted it
mailed from the main post office at
about the time that Arbogast would
leave the bank. To the first, I cannot
yet give any positive answer, although,
as you will presently see, there are
some clues pointing to our unknown
quantity 'X' as the author of this
letter. But let us not anticipate. Suppose
we return to our drama. When Arbogast
read this letter, he evidently
thought, as I do, that somebody was
playing him false; that he was to be
gotten rid of in some safer way than
exile; in short, that, as somebody said
of one of the Turkish sultans, he was
to be 'suicided.' He must have had strong
reasons to suspect Chatham of treachery;
for he at once impulsively jumped
to the conclusion that his only chance
of safety lay in striking before he
could be struck. At any rate, while the
accountant was busy at the telephone,
Arbogast stood near this desk, mechanically
tearing to pieces this letter,
while he planned the accountant's
death. He had taken with him your
revolver. As the thought of it flashed
upon his mind, his resolution was
instantly taken. He stealthily crept
to the paying teller's wicket. Through it
he could see the telephone closet, the
door of which stood open. Chatham
was in direct range, as Arbogast raised
the pistol, and, without a word of warning,
fired. The accountant held the
receiver of the telephone to his ear. This
saved his life; for the bullet entered his
left hand and remained embedded in
his flesh. When the bullet struck him,
Chatham fell forward, striking his head
against a corner of the telephone
box, and inflicting a slight scalp
wound. I found a few hairs of an
intensely red hue, which are evidently
his. I also found shreds of his clothing
which caught on a projecting nail
as he fell; and I infer from these his
taste for loud dress. He recovered
himself before Arbogast was ready to
fire a second time and ran into the
clerk's room, probably hoping to make
his way to the street through the
Exchange Place door. But at the
same time, Arbogast rushed through
the reception room and this office,
reaching the vestibule in time to head
off Chatham, who then turned back
and ran through the secretary's room,
with Arbogast in pursuit.

(To Be Continued.)

SHE SAW IT FIRST.

A Philadelphia Teamster Who Proved Himself a Chesterfield in Manners.

He was only a teamster, but his
soul was filled with a chivalry which
we are led to believe typified the
knights of old. And in a coat of
mail he might have passed muster,
for he was a big, brawny chap, with
no little physical beauty of the rough
sort, says the Philadelphia Record.
As he guided his heavy dray down
Market street hill the other morning
one of the horses slipped in the icy
street, and in his effort to recover
his equilibrium lost a shoe. Putting
the brake down hard, the driver
jumped from his seat to recover the
shoe.

But, quick as he was another claimant
was ahead of him. She was a
fashionably attired young girl of
about 18, with a roguish, laughing
face. Just as the teamster leaned over
to pick up the horseshoe a dainty-
gloved little hand reached in ahead
of his big red one and clutched the
coveted prize.

"I got it first," she cried, laughing
gleefully. "Let me keep it, do please.
It's such good luck if you see it come
off yourself."

The big teamster removed his fur
cap and bowed with Chesterfieldian
grace. "Certainly, miss," he replied,
gallantly, "if I can assist you to good
luck I shall be most happy."

Then, quite unabashed, he climbed
up to his seat, and the girl walked up
the hill with the horseshoe.

Animal Gluttons.

Most people, if asked what animal
eats the most, would probably say the
lion or tiger. This is quite a mistake,
says the London Daily Mail. Thirty
to forty pounds of flesh will satisfy
a lion, which, as an average
specimen weighs over 450 pounds, is
by no means extravagant. A bear has
much more capacity than a lion and
can make away with a small pig at
a meal, say half a hundredweight of
meat. Wolves are among the hungriest
of the larger carnivora. A wolf
will starve for a fortnight, and then eat
a third of his own weight at a single
meal.

That Was Unreasonable.

"Well," said Mr. Giddings, at length,
"I'd buy a typewriter from you if you
would give me the proper sort of guarantee."

"I'll give you every guarantee in reason,"
said the agent. "What do you want?"
"I wish you to guarantee that it will
spell correctly."—Town Topics.

AN AWFUL STORM.

It Sweeps Along the Gulf Coast of Texas.

Great Loss of Life—Over 4,000 Dead
in Galveston—Property Loss Estimated
\$18,000,000—One of
the Greatest Catastrophes of Late Years.

Houston, Tex., Sept. 10.—The storm
that raged along the coast of Texas
Saturday night was the most disastrous
that has ever visited this section.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 11.—Starting
as soon as the water began to recede
the work of rescuing the wounded
and dying from the ruins of their
homes began. Screaming women,
bruised and bleeding, some of them
bearing the lifeless forms of children
in their arms, men broken-hearted
and sobbing, bewailing the loss of
their wives and children; streets filled
with floating rubbish, among
which there were many bodies of the
victims of the storm, constituted part
of the scene.

As Sunday morning dawned the
streets were lined with wounded, half
clad people, seeking the aid of physicians
for themselves and for friends
and relatives who could not move.
Police Officer John Bowie was found
in a pitiable condition, the toes on
both of his feet and two ribs being
broken and his head bruised. He reported
that his house, with wife and
children, had been swept into the
gulf. All the residences which have
escaped destruction have been turned
into hospitals, as have the leading
hotels.

Information from both the extreme
eastern and extreme western portions
of the city were difficult to obtain,
but the reports which were received
indicated that those two sections
had suffered fully as much as
the rest of the city. Fifteen men,
constituting all that remained of a
company of regular soldiers stationed
at the Beach barracks, were marched
down Market street. The loss of life
among the soldiers in the barracks,
which were destroyed, must have been
fully a hundred.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 11.—Gov.
Sayers has issued a proclamation to
the mayors of all Texas cities, stating
he will receive and forward all
contributions, clothing, etc., that may
be sent for the relief of storm-swept
Galveston and other southeastern
Texas cities.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—The following
statement of the situation at Galveston
and along the coast was received
from Dallas, Tex., last night by
Charles S. Diehl, general manager
Associated Press: From the latest
reports which are considered reliable,
the disaster at Galveston and along
the coast has not been exaggerated.
The waters of the gulf and the bay
met, covering the island to a depth
of six to 12 feet. During this sudden
flood a most terrible storm was raging,
the wind blowing about 80 miles
per hour. Many of the dead have
been unweeded; others are still under
the debris; others carried out to
sea. It is not possible to give at this
time a reliable report as to the number
of deaths. From estimates made
by reliable persons who have just
come from Galveston, it is believed
that not less than 1,500 and possibly
as many as 5,000 people were destroyed.

Some of the best public buildings
and private establishments were
wrecked. Thousands of homes were
swept entirely away. It is quite safe
to set this down as one of the greatest
disasters that has ever visited the
United States.

Houston, Tex., Sept. 12.—Details
from the storm-swept district of Texas
hourly disclose heartrending features
and confirm early rumors of one
of the greatest catastrophes of late
years.

In Galveston the dead are being
gathered up as rapidly as possible,
taken to sea on barges and there
consigned to their last resting place.
This action is necessary to protect
the survivors from pestilence and because
the ground is too wet to permit
of digging graves.

Dallas, Tex., Sept. 12.—A bulletin
received at noon states that Gov.
Sayers has placed Galveston city and
island under martial law. Adjt. Gen.
Scoury is ordered to have state
troops to take charge of it.

The citizens seem to have the situation
well in hand. United States
troops and Company G, volunteer
guard, with citizens, patrol the
street to prevent looting.

Several persons have already been
shot, it is reported. A soldier of
Capt. Rafferty's battery, while patrolling
the beach Tuesday morning,
ordered a man to desist from looting.
The fellow drew a weapon and the
soldier shot him dead. Other men
have also been shot, but the details
are not known nor can the exact
number be ascertained, but it is probable
that 25 were killed. Some of
these were shot for failing to halt
when ordered to do so. Others were
shot for vandalism.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 12.—Messages
were sent from here yesterday asking
that revenue cutters be ordered
to Galveston bay to assist in transporting
provisions to the city. Telegrams
were also sent to New Orleans
and Mobile asking for tugs. It is
quite probable that in the next day or
two free communication will be established.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Orders have
been issued by the war department
for the immediate shipment to Galveston
of 855 tents and 50,000 rations.
These stores and supplies are divided
between St. Louis and San Antonio.
This represents about all such supplies
the government has on hand at
the places named, but it is stated at
the department that the order could
be duplicated in a day.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 13.—Yesterday
supplies began to arrive, but so
meager are the facilities that the
amount was really pitiable. The provisions
that reached here came from

Houston by steamer, but there are
so many to feed that it did not go
far. A crowd quickly gathered and
they were distributed in a short time.
The situation doesn't look so bad
now that relief has actually come and
more is on the way, but it is not
meant to be said that further relief
is not needed.

The city and island is covered with
carcasses of horses, mules, cows,
dogs, rats and cats. The odor from
these, and from the human bodies,
are poisoning the air, and it is a matter
of impossibility to dispose of even
one-tenth of the putrifying carcasses
this week. The number of people
trying to leave is great.

Dallas, Tex., Sept. 13.—W. H. McGrath,
manager of the Dallas Electric
Co., reached Dallas yesterday direct
from Galveston. He said: "Vandalism
at Galveston has been horrible. The
most rigid enforcement of martial
law has not been able to suppress
it entirely. Adjt. Gen. Scoury's
men have arrested a hundred or more
negroes, 43 of whom were found with
effects taken from dead bodies. They
were ordered tried by court-martial.
They were convicted and ordered
shot. One negro had 23 fingers with
rings on them in his pocket."

Chicago, Sept. 13.—The following
statement was received at 11 o'clock
last night from R. G. Lowe, manager
Galveston News: "A summary of the
conditions prevailing at Galveston is
more than human intellect can master.
Briefly stated, the damage to
property is anywhere between \$15,000,000
and \$20,000,000. The loss of
life cannot be computed now. No
lists could be kept and all is guess
work. Those thrown out to sea and
buried on the ground wherever found
will reach the horrible total of at
least 3,000 souls. My estimate of the
loss on the island of the city of Galveston
and the immediate surrounding
district is between 4,000 and 5,000
deaths. I do not make this statement
in fright or excitement."

The Association Press has received
the following from Mayor Jones, of
Galveston: "We are receiving numerous
telegrams of condolence and
offers of assistance. As the telegraph
wires are burdened we beg the Associated
Press to communicate this response
to all. Nearby cities are supplying
and will supply sufficient food,
clothing, etc., for immediate needs.
Cities farther away can serve us best
by sending money. Checks should be
made payable to John Sealy, chairman
of the finance committee. All
supplies should come to W. A. McVitie,
chairman relief committee."

All attempts at burying the dead at
Galveston have been utterly abandoned
and bodies are now being disposed
of in the swiftest manner possible.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 14.—Galveston
is beginning slowly to recover
from the stunning blow of last week
and though the city appears to be
pitifully desolated, the authorities
and the commercial and industrial
interests are setting their forces to
work and a start has at last been
made toward the resumption of business
on a moderate scale.

The further the ruins are dug into
the greater becomes the increase in
the list of those who perished as their
houses tumbled about their heads.
On the lower beach Wednesday a
searching party found a score of bodies
within a small area, going to
show that the bulwark of debris that
lies straight across the island conceals
many more bodies than have
been accounted for.

More than 2,000 dead bodies have
been identified and the estimate of
Mayor Jones that 5,000 souls perished
in Saturday's great hurricane does
not appear to be magnified.

The city still presents the appearance
of widespread wreck and ruin.
Little has been done to clear the
streets of the tangle of wires and the
masses of wreck, mortar, slate, stone
and glass that bestrew them. Many
of the sidewalks are impassable.

Here and there business men have
already put men to work to repair
the damage done, but in the main the
commercial interests seem to be uncertain
about following the lead of
those who apparently show faith in
the rapid rehabilitation of the island
city. The appearance of the newspapers
after a suspension of several
days is having a good effect and both
the News and Tribune are urging
prompt resumption of the suffering
and then equal promptness in reconstruction.
It is difficult to say yet
what the ultimate effect of the disaster
is to be on the city. Many people
have left and some may never return.

What is most bothering business
men at present is what attitude the
railroads, and especially the Southern
Pacific, are to assume with respect
to reconstruction. The decision of the
transportation lines will do more
than anything else to restore confidence.

One of the most serious results of
the storm has been the ripping of the
electric light and street car plants.
The city has been in absolute darkness
for several nights and only a few
concerns who operate their own illuminating
service are enabled to do
business. Nearly every residence has
gone back to the primitive candle.

The work of relief continues energetically.
Mayor Jones and his associates
are bending every nerve to
open a direct line of transportation
with Houston by which he may be
enabled promptly to receive the great
quantity of provisions for the people
on the way to the city.

"I wish to say, however," said Mayor
Jones, "we have made such arrangements
as will make it possible
for us to feed the needy until we can
get in our supplies. I think within
a day or two our transportation facilities
will be sufficient temporarily to
meet our needs. Galveston has helped
other cities in their distress despite
her size and we are consoled by
the generous response of the country
to our appeal."

Austin, Tex., Sept. 14.—Advices to
Gov. Sayers indicate that several
trains loaded with supplies for the
destitute are en route to Galveston.
The arrival of these supplies will
make the situation easier.