RESIGNATION.

A broken mother to the Buddha brought A lifeless child; with hands outstretche besought
That mighty prophet to recall the breath
Forthflown, and steal away the sting of
death.
Tearful she pleaded, and with piteous gaze
The Buddha stooped, from her bent knees

The stricken mother; took from her the

And spake in gentle accents, soothing, mild, That hushed her grief and checked the flooding tears:
"Be still thine heart, and quieted thy fears.
Thy child shall be restored again to thee
When thou hast sought and found and
brought to me
A grain of corn from hovel, but, or home

(No limits give I in thy quest to roam) Whence Death hast stolen parent not, or

child."
Eager she heard, and her distress beguiled.
Lighted her eyes, the Buddha's name ste blessed, And turned and sped fleet-footed on her

Sped on the years and yet she sought in

With eager voice inquired and sought

again.

there a parent gone and here a son,

there a daughter, always finding one

prever absent; still, with footsteps fleet,

e sped, to find some circle quite com
plete.

Asked at each door with mutely pleading And hungry yearning for the ordered prize Despairing not, till worn with toil and

time,
patience tireless and with hope
sublime. Again the Buddha in her anguish seeks, ts her journeys and her failure speaks.

The Buddha softly, sadly, speaks again:
"Hast thou not learned thy search would not be vain." Were there the power thou wouldst have me declare?

me declare?
Dost thou not see that Death is everywhere
But in that circle of Eternity
That comes with only waiting patiently?"
—James W. Foley, Jr., in Bismarck Trib-

are rearence rearence THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE. 9-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"I asked to see Dr. Henderson," he continued, "at which the sleepy clerk stared at me in open-mouthed amazement. Dr. Henderson was not in; it was quite uncertain when he would Indeed, as far as I was able to judge. Dr. Henderson appears to be a rather mysterious personage. No one knows much about him. Even his clerk admits that he has seen him only once or twice in the 18 months during which he has had charge of the office. The doctor attends to the manufacturing part of the business himself; his laboratory, which is down in the cellar, is a most jealously guarded place. No one is ever admitted to it under any pretext. He is evidently afraid that some one may discover the secret of his valuable

remedies You say that as if your words were meant to convey some unexpressed meaning," said Dunlap, studying the reporter's face.

'No," Sturgis answered, thought fully, "but I am trying to attach some ulterior significance to the facts. There is certainly something mysterious about Dr. Henderson and the Manhattan Chemical company; but whether the mystery is legitimate or not, and if not, whether it is in any way connected with the Arbogast case, is more than I am at present able to determine."

After a short pause he continued: "When I found that there was no chance of seeing Dr. Henderson himself, I inquired at a venture for the manager. For an instant a puzzled look lent expression to the otherwise vacuous features of the young man. Then a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him. 'Oh! ah! yes,' he exclaimed, 'you mean Mr. Smith. said I, catching at a straw. 'Well, but Mr. Smith is not in, either.' I offered to wait for Mr. Smith, and started to ward the door of the private office in the rear, because it bore in prominent leters the inscription: 'NO ADMIT-TANCE.' I had turned the knob before the clerk could stop me; but the door was locked. Mr. Smith, it seems comes to the office only once a week to receive the clerk's report and to pay him his salary. I tried to make a spe cial appointment to meet Mr. Smith, on the plea of important business. I left a fictitious name and address so that Mr. Smith's answer might be sent to That was all I was able to do for the time being; but I thought it worth while to keep an eye open on the Man-hattan Chemical company; so I have engaged private detectives to watch it for me night and day until further no-And there the matter stands.

Dunlap rose wearily from his chair. He looked anxious and careworn. "Mr. Sturgis," he said, "if you can

find any part of that \$250,000, a good share of whatever you can recover

for the bank is yours."

The reporter flushed and bit his lip;

but he answered quietly:
"You mistake me for a detective, Mr Dunlap; I am only a reporter. I shall be paid by the Tempest for any work I may do on this case. You would better offer your reward to the police."

CHAPTER XIV THE LETTER.

There is a magic in the refreshing sleep of youth calculated to exorcise the megrims. When Sprague, arising after a good night's rest, found the world bathed in the sunshine of ; crisp January day, he felt the physical pleasure of living which comes from supple muscles, from the coursing of a generous blood through the veins from the cravings of a healthy appe

He remembered the "blue devils" of

tainly. But that in itself did not furnish a sufficient reason for desponden-cy. It was rumored that the object of his affections was on the eve of be-trothal to another. But what dependence can be placed upon a public ru-As a matter of fact Miss Murdock wore no rings; in the absence of the badge of the betrothed woman, was he not justified in believing her fancy free?

In that case, there was a fair field and no favor. Why should not he have as good a chance of winning the prize as another man? No man, of course, was worthy of Agnes Murdock. That was the fundamental axiom. But in love success does not perch only upon the banner of the worthy. If it did, the human race would soon become extinct.

So the young man's thoughts ran on. while hope once more found a resting place in his heart.

Miss Murdock was not to pose again, but Sprague was eager to work on the portrait. He was about to step into the studio after breakfast, when the housekeeper announced a call from his lawyer, who wished to consult him about some important matters. The entire morning was thus consumed in necessary but tedious business, and it was not until after luncheon that the artist was at last free to set to work.

Uncovering the portrait, he stood off to examine it. As he did so, something white upon the floor caught his eye He stooped to pick it up. It was a letter in a beautifully regular masculine hand. Mechanically he turned it over and unfolded it. His eyes carelessly swept the written page; then in a flash he realized what it was, and he flung it violently from him.

Only a few words had left their impress upon his retina—a few scattered words and a signature. But these were branded deep upon his brain for all time, in letters of fire which burned their way to his very soul. For he had recognized the letter which had been delivered by the messenger to Miss Murdock the day before, and he had seen enough to know that it was ouched in words of passionate love. In that instant was quenched the last ray of hope which had lurked within his heart. Overwhelmed with a sense of itter desolation, he sank back upon divan, and for a long time remained lost in bitter reflections.

But Sprague, in spite of his dilet-tanteism, was a man of grit when oceasion called for it. Summoning at ength his fortitude and his pride, he proceeded to carry out what he coneived to be the duty of a gentleman under the circumstances.

Picking up the letter again, he placed it unread in an envelope, into which he slipped his card, with a brief ex-planation of the finding of the paper. Then, after addressing the envelope, he started out to mail it himself.

"Thomas Chatham!" he'mused, as he went down the stairs; "Thomas Chat-Why, he is the man who took ham! uch pains to inform me that Miss Murlock was betrothed, or on the point of being betrothed-the flashily dressed young man with red hair who is so gular an attendant at the Murdocks nformal receptions, and who never seems to be invited on state occasions; on insignificant and conceited puppy. Poor girl, what a pity that she should throw herself away upon such a man. But, if he marries her, he shall make her happy, or else-

The balance of his thought was not put into words; but his face became set in stern lines and his hands clenched in grim determination.

Sprague, with the letter for Miss Murdock in his hand, hurried to the nearest letter box, raised the lid of the drop, inserted the letter in the slot and then tightened his grasp of it and be gan to think.

The letter, if mailed, might perhaps not reach its destination until the fol-



IN A FLASTI HE REALIZED WHAT IT WAS.

lowing morning. It might be of importance, since it had been sent by mes-senger and to the studio instead of to Miss Murdock's house. Besides, Miss Murdock would probably be worried when she discovered that she had lost It ought therefore to be returned

to her at once. The letter, by this time, had been withdrawn from the slot of the letter

Yes, it ought to be returned by mes enger instead of by mail. By messenger? It was about half a mile to the earest district messenger office. Murdocks' house was not much farther. Why not deliver the letter himself?

Why not, indeed? The human heart has unfathomable depths. Why should a hopeless lover pine for a mere sight of the woman whose presence only adds to his misery? Explain that who can. the day before, and found it difficult to account for them. He was in love, eer- in his breast pocket and started off

again, this time directing his steps toward the Murdocks' home.

CHAPTER XV. TWO LOVERS.

Miss Murdock was seated at the piano in the drawing-room, her shapely fin-gers wandering dreamily over the keys, when a servant knocked at the door "A gintleman to see yer, miss," said

the maid. "A caller!" exclaimed Agnes, in sur "At this time of day? Did he prise.

give you his card?"
"No, miss. Nor his name, nayther."
"Well, then, Mary," said Agnes, with
haixture of amusement and severity. why do you announce him? I think you would better keep an eye on the hat-rack.

"He ain't no thafe, miss," said the maid, positively; "he do be dressed up too foine fur that. Besoides, Oi've sand him here before. A hansum young feller wid rid hair-Mister-Mister-

Cha-Chapman."
"Chatham!" suggested Agnes, with

sudden seriousness.
"Yis, miss; it do be the same."

"I cannot receive him," said Miss Murdock, in frigid tones. "I am surprised that John should have admitted him, after the explicit instructions I gave him yesterday. Hereafter I am never at home to Mr. Chatham."

"Your butler is not at fault in this instance," said a voice from the hall-way, and before either of the women could recover from her surprise, a flashily dressed young man with intensely red hair entered the room. carried his left arm in a sling. His face was pale; his eyes glittered with a feverish light; his voice quivered with repressed excitement.

"I was waiting for your father in his office, when I heard your maid go y, and I asked her to announce me I hoped for, but I can hardly say I xpected, a more hospitable recep-

Miss Murdock, after the first shock of surprise, had drawn up her graceful figure to its full height, and stood looking at the young man with undis guised contempt in her flashing eyes Chatham paused as if expecting a

reply; and then: Shall I explain the object of my visit before your servant?" he asked, bitterly. "You may leave, Mary, until I ring

for you," said the young girl, turning to the maid. The woman reluctantly left the oom, casting curious glances upon

her young mistress and her unwelguest as she went. Chatham made a motion as if to take a chair; but Agnes remained sig-

nificantly standing.
"Perhaps," she said, coldly, "you be good enough to explain as briefly as possible your object in force ing your presence upon me in this un-gentlemanly way?"

"I suppose my conduct does strike you as ungentlemanly," said the coung man, piteously; "but what could do? I love you devotedly, madly, and you will not allow me even to tell you so. You instruct your servants to turn me away from the door like a beggar. Is it a crime to love vou?

"No, Mr. Chatham," said the girl, more gently, "it is not a crime to love a woman; but it is at least a serious blunder to adopt the method you have selected of showing your affection, and it is certainly not generous to ree it upon her as you are doing."
"What else can I do?" he repeated,

"Here am I suddenly obliged to leave New York for a long time-perhaps forever-and unable to get a single word with you. I called yesterday morning and was informed that you were at that artist fellow's studio. Then I wrote you a letter asking for an interview, and I left is there for you myself. The only notice you took of it was to give instruction to your butler not to admit me if called again. I cannot go away lik that, without a ray of hope to lighten my exile, and to leave you here sur-rounded by a lot of men who are

The tender-hearted girl felt a grow ing pity for the awkward and vulgar young man in whom she began vague y to discern a genuine suffering.

"I am sorry, Mr. Chatham," she said, "more sorry than I can say But what can I do? I do not care for you in the way you wish, and af-fection is not to be coerced. I have done the best I could to discourage

"I know you have," interrupted Chatham; "you have avoided me, and snubbed me, and taken every way you could to show that you do not like

"It would have been mistaken kindness to do otherwise," said Agnes gently.
"No, it wouldn't," exclaimed the ac-

countant; "I don't ask you to love me; not at once, at any rate. But give me a show; give me time; give me a little hope—"
"I cannot do that," said the girl, in

a low tone.
"Why can't you?" urged the young

man excitedly. "I have sacrificed everything for you; I have given up all l had; I have lost my position; I have risked my life-"

'I don't understand you," said Miss Murdock, looking at him in astonish

"Your father would," he replied huskily; "it was he egged me on to this; he promised me that you would

"My father promised-"

"Yes, your father; and, by G--" Chatham, who was growing more and more excited, brought down elenched fist upon a table near which he stood, and with an evident effort re pressed the oath which rose to his lips Miss Murdock, startled and bewildered

observed him in speechless amazement After a momentary struggle, the ac-

countant suddenly broke forth in pite-

ous pleading: "I don't ask much now. Tell me only one thing and I shall go away content for the present. Say that no other man has any better chance with you than I have. Say that you do not love anyone else."

The young girl tried hard to avoid his ardent gaze.
"Say it!" he commanded, in sudden

sternnes

Agnes drew herself up proudly then, "I don't know by what right you pre-sume to catechise or to command me," she said, coldly, at the same time mak ing a motion as if to touch the button of the electric bell.

Chatham saw the motion and sprang before her to intercept it.

"Ah! that is the way of it, is it?" he xclaimed, with passionate jealousy You are-in love-with another man! The words seemed to choke him in the utterance. The blood rushed to his head; the veins on his temples stood out in purple vividness, and, as he clutched spasmodically at his collar, a wild light came into his eyes.

Agnes caught their mad glitter and shrank back in sudden terror.
"I have been duped!" he shouted,

frantically. "I have been a cat's-paw,



HIS FINGERS CLOSED NERVOUSLY ON THE HANDLE.

and now that I have done all that was wanted of me I am to be turned off like a dog, with a kick. The dirty work is done, is it? We'll see about that; we'll see what your father has to say, Put, at any rate, you can be sure of one

His voice sank to a hoarse whisper and the words fell with impressive dis-

tinctness: "If I don't marry you, no one ever

As he spoke he leaned forward upon the table which stood near him, and his fingers closed nervously upon the handle of a jeweled paper knife. There was murder in his eye at that moment. and the frightened girl quailed before it.

Suddenly her ear caught the sound of footsteps in the hallway. She opened her lips to call for help, but before she could utter a sound the door opened, revealing the anxious face of the nouse-maid, who had heard enough to realize that it was time to interrupt the tetea-tete without further ceremony.

"Mr. Sprague, miss," she an-nounced, with a comforting nod at her young mistress, whose pale face and frightened eyes had not escaped her attention.

Sprague stood on the threshold in evident embarrassment, looking from Agnes to Chatham, and uncertain how to act.

"I fear I am intruding, Miss Murdock," he said at last; "your maid told me she thought you could receive me. Perhaps I would better call

again. "No, no, Mr. Sprague," replied the young girl, effusively, coming toward him with outstretched hands; "I am so glad to see you." And then, observing his inquiring glance toward Chatham, "I think," she added, coidy, "that this gentleman has said all hat he has to say to me.

Chatham's excitement had subsided; in the reaction, he seemed ill and weak and he nervously clenched his tremulous right hand.

"I will wait to see Dr. Murdock." he said, doggedly, in a low voice.

"As you please," replied Agnes, after a slight hesitation. "Mary, show Mr. Chatham to the doctor's study."

As the accountant followed the servant from the room, blank despair was stamped in every feature, and it seemed to Sprague, as the door closed. that he heard something like a convulsive sob.

[To Be Continued.]

What Joseph Was.

The Sabbath school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly with reference to his coat of many colors, and how his father rewarded him for being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told his father whenever aught any of his brothers in the act of doing wrong.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught dea that he was Jacob's favorite. "I know," one of the little girls said,

holding up her hand. "What was he?"
"A tattle-tale!" was the reply—Cineinnati Enquirer.

Poor Baby.

"I didn't quite like the way you fixed up my 'ad," said the inventor of the hygienic nursing bottle. What's the matter with it?" asked

the ad. writer.
"It's somewhat ambiguous. You When the baby is through with bottle it should be taken apart,

washed thoroughly with a hose and laid away in a cool place."—Philade[-



ORIGIN OF KISSING.

A Distinguished Italian Scientist Gives the History of a Popular and Pleasing Custem.

According to Prof. Cesare Lombroso the distinguished Italian criminologist kissing is quite a modern practice, and originated in a very curious manner The kiss, as a token of affection, was un known to the old Greeks, and neither it Homer nor in Heroid do we find any mention of it. Hector did not kiss his Andromache when he bade farewell, neither did Paris press his lips to those of the beautiful Helen, and Ulysses who was more of a cosmopolitan than any man of his day, never dreamed of when, after long wanderings, he re-turned home to his spouse, Penelope, he satisfied himself with putting one of his stalwart arms around her waist and drawing her to him.

The people of Terre del Fuego, says Lombroso, have taught civilized nations the origin of the delightful art Drinking vessels are f kissing. known in that country, and the people when they are thirsty, simply lie down beside brooks and drink the water as it flows by them. It is evident, how-ever, that infants could not satisfy their thirst in this primitive fashion and therefore their mothers have for ages supllied them with water by fill ing their own mouths first and the lettnig it pass through their lips into the expectant mouths of their little ones. In some places the banks of the brooks and rivers are so high that wa-ter cannot be obtained in the usual manner, and the mothers in such places draw it through long reeds.

Birds feed their young ones in a sim-flar manner. They first fill their own mouths with water and then transfer it to the wide-open mouths of the little ones. This very ancient maternal practice is, according to Lombroso, the only source to which the modern prac tice of kissing can be traced. The tom of pressing one mouth to another originated with the women in Terra del Fuego, who could only supply their infants with drink in this manner, and it is presumable that they learned the son from the birds. Finally we are told that kissing is an evidence of atavism and a memorial of that early stage of our development "during which the wife had not yet triumphed over the mother nor love over maternity."

Lombroso's views on this subject meet with the general approval of sci entists, though there are some that point out that his explanation of the origin of kissing is not in accordance with the old one handed down to us by the old Romans. The latter maintained that the kiss was invented by husbands. who desired to ascertain in this way whether during their absence home their wives had been drinking wine or not

HAS COME TO STAY.

The Brown-Skinned Girl, Who Doe Not Fear the Sun, Is the Idol of the Season.

History does not always go on peating itself; sometimes it brand new idea, so sweet, so wholesome and sensible that one is amazed that it

did not crop up before.

Of such refreshing quality is that bronzy goddess—the tanned girl. A de Zightful variation on her sticky prede cessors of a few years back-the cold ream girl, the face-bleach girl and the

massage girl. The tanned girl is the wholesome product of the golf links, the catboat



SHE DOES NOT FEAR THE SUN.

burn, and she burns them after the most approved method.

Sun, rain, wind, heat and cold are all one to this athletic young damsel. veil is an unknown quantity, and her ssing table is innocent of complex on lotions.

The cold-creamed, freekle-fearing product of two or three generations go seems to have got lost in the shuf-Is she dead or gone for a mission

At all events, she has disappeared completely, and in her place is the care-free, bronzy being, with wind-brown locks, laughing eyes and skin like a velvety brown nasturtium. You see her all over the coast, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, sampling and matching her tan-coated arms other mermaids. She goes in for a dir in the briny with almost tidal regular ty—and she scorns the sandfly wh sits it out" in a gaudy bathing siut.

The brown-skinned girl has come to chronicle. stay. Here's to her!—Chicago Amer-

Without a Doctor. Morton county, Kan., has no paysician or surgeon.

QUEEN IS NOT LIKED.

The Consort of the New King of Italy Has But Little Popularity with His People.

It is extremely doubtful whether Queen Helen, in spite of her undeniable beauty, will ever become so popular as her mother-in-law, the now widowed Queen Margherita. Cold and undemonstrative, reserved and taciturn rather than effusive, her qualities are calculated to apepal rather to the Piedmon-tese—highlanders like herself—than to the population of the rest of Italy. There is no doubt that the disappoint ment freely and unkindly expressed by the newspapers of the peninsula re-garding her failure to fulfill national expectations in the presentation to the kindom of an heir to the throne has had the effect of raising a sort of barrier of antagonism between herself and the people of her adopted country. She seems to feel that they resent her childssness, while they, on the other hand, do not hesitate to express freely the disappointment of the dynastic hope hope which they had based upon the mar-

Queen Margherita's popularity was a source of strength to her husband as ruler. Even at the moment when, owing to the mistakes, domestic and foreign, of his ministers, he was most unna- popular and reviled as "the Austrian



HELEN, QUEEN OF ITALY.

colonel," she always remained an object of so much affection on the part of the people of every shade of political opinion that the field daisy was chosen in her honor as the emblem of a number of political societies, some of them, such as the Italia Irredenta, being hostile alike to the government and to the king. But for a queen to be popular in Italy it is necessary that be of Italian birth and of Italian disposition, and neither the Montenegrin born Queen Helen nor yet the French born Duchess Helen of Aosta, who as wife of the heir apparent of the crown may eventually succeed her as queen, is ever likely to give the same amount of political support to her husband as Queen Margherta was able to furnish to the late Humbert. Nor is it probable that she will ever share to the same degree as her mother-in-law the duties of her husband as ruler. Humbert was notoriously influenced in many matters by his consort, especially in connection with the triple alliance, which she induced him to join. But Queen Helen is completely dominated by her diminutive husband, who, like so many small men, is far too autocratic to accept any advice or to brook any interference, even on the part of his wife, in his duties as ruler.—N. Y. Tribune.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Many Useful Lessons May Be Learned from an Actress' Experience, Here Detailed.

One of the most admired of American actresses, both for her grace and comeliness, has been divuiging some of the secrets by means of which she has preserved her beauty, "Vigilance." she says, "is the first requisite. I am ever on the alert and when I discover traces of fatigue or any other beauty destroying symptoms in my face or figure I set about remedying it at once. I don't attempt to be anything but a professional woman during the theatrical season. I don't receive and don't go to other people's houses. I aply haven't time and I don't make My mode of life is very simple. I simply sleep nine or ten hours as a rule—never less than eight. I eat regularly and heartily and avoid everything that would be apt to give me indigestion. Indigestion is a powerful foe to beauty, a greater foe than age, as great even as worry. I walk every day, rain or shine, and I wear a corded corset waist and stout flat-heeled boots. I try not to worry no matter what happens and I never tire myself unnecessarily. My method is so very simple few women would care to try it. It has no balms or diets, and I don't even go in for fancy baths. A warm bath at night and a cold bath in the morning are good enough for me. On Sundays I don't have to go to the theater, but I don't devote it to lolling or receiving visitors. I have my usual amount of exercise and then devote most of the day to manicure and hairdresser. When one's hair is five feet long and very thick it is not an easy task to have it shampooed. How do I keep the same weight all the time? Why, by vigilance and determination. If I gain a pound I immediately stop druking water at meals and give up sugar for awhile. If the benes in my neck begin to She goes in for a dip show I eat bananas put an extra spoonful of oil in my salad. It's so simple, but, of course,

> White summer shawls made of soft wools may be cleaned by rubbing them in several changes of magnesia and four mixed.

it precludes much pleasure."-Chicago