| fact that neither of these two men

## I LOVE YOU, DEAR.

a scent of violets in the air,

And singing birds,
And shaging birds,
And beauty new-born, fresh and fair,
Too dear for words;
A little maid with floral crown
On hair of gold,
And blushing cheeks where lies the kiss
Of lover bold,
Whose boylsh lips a story tell
Into her ear.

Into her ear, As, bending low, he whispers soft: "I love you, dear."

The breath of roses in the air,

The breath of roses in the air,
And lilacs sweet,
A sunny sky of azure blue,
The morn doth greet;
A maiden crowned with womanhood,
And robed in white.
With smiling lips, and in her eyes
A tender light,
Before the altar proudly stands,
And answers clear
The one who whispers soft and low:
"I love you, dear."

A whirl of snowflakes in the air, A cold, gray sky Where scudding clouds and wintry winds

Where scudding clouds and wintry winds
Go sweeping by;
A woman with a crown of years
On silvered hair,
And faded cheek, where youth's fair bloom
Once lingered there,
Beside the hearthsome knits and rocks,
While someone near
Bends low his whitened head and says:
"I love you dear."

"I love you, dear."

—Inez May Felt, in Boston Transcript.

## Jedeskoededened THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

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

CHAPTER XIX.-CONTINUED

"That will do," observed Sturgis, presently; "the old woman is coming as fast as she can."

"What old woman?" asked the detective. "I don't know. Perhaps I ought to

have said an old woman. I hear her hobbling on the stairs.' The detective placed his ear to the

credulous smile. "Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, "if you

can hear anything in there, your ears are sharper than mine. That's all I can say. "She is on the second flight," replied

the reporter, quietly. "Now she is in the second-story hall—and now you can surely hear her coming down the last flight." By this time, sure enough, the sound

of footsteps began to be audible to the other three men; and presently the door opened and disclosed the scared face of an old Irish woman.
"And phwat might yez be wantin,

gintlemin, to be after scarin' an ould woman most to death wid yer ringin'?" she asked, somewhat aggressive

"We want to see Mr. Chatham," replied one of the detectives. "Mister who, is it?"

"Thomas Chatham. Show methe way to his room. I'll go right up, and my friends will wait for me here.'

"Mister Thomuz Chathum, is it?" said the old woman; "well, ye've come to the wrong house to see him, I do be thinkin', fer he don't live here

"Come, that won't do," said the detective, sharply; "we belong to the police, and we saw Chatham enter this

At the mention of the police, the old hag's parchment face became a shade yellower and her eyes glistened.

"Sure, thin, if he do be hidin' here, it's mesilf as 'ud know it," she said, after a short interval; "but yez can foind 'um, if yez loike; yez can foind

Whereupon she turned and hobbled off leaving the intruders to their own

They found themselves in a narrow On the right was a rickety staircase leading to business offices in the upper part of the building; on the left, a door opening into the office of the Manhattan Chemical company, and at the end of the hall another door, marked:

> PRIVATE OFFICE. NO ADMITTAN

One of the detectives tried this door and found it locked. Whereupon he placed his shoulder to it and prepared to force it in.

"Wait a minute," said Sturgis; "let me see if I cannot open it."

The detective stepped aside with a quizzical expression upon his face. "I guess you will find it pretty solid for your weight," said he.

The reporter took from his pocket a piece of bent wire, and, with a few dexterous turns of the wrist, he shot the holt of the lock

"You would make an expert cracksman," said the detective. "I didn't know you possessed that accomplishment in addition to all your other

The four men entered the private office. The room was quite dark, the shutters being closed and the blinds drawn. As their eyes became accus tomed to the obscurity they were able to distinguish the outlines of a desk,

a table, and a few chairs.
Sturgis went at once to a door in the corner. With the aid of his skeleton key he had soon thrown this After peering for an instant into the darkness, he took from his pocket a candle, which he lighted. Then, beckoning to his companions he started cautiously to descend. The other men followed him and soon found themselves in the cellar, which

they proceeded to search. On the street side there was a recess extending for a few feet under the ara in front of the house. The openfew feet under the ing above was covered by an iron grat-ing, over which was a wooden cover securely fastened on the inside by a chain and padlock. A number of carboys were carefully piled along the

northeast corner, rose narrow shelv-ing, on which were arranged a collection of bottles containing a varied as-

The detectives searched the cellar. "Our man is not here, at any rate," said the leader, when at last le had returned to the foot of the stars; "per-haps he'll try to give us the slip by way of the roof. Come along, Jim; let's go upstairs now. Hello! what are you doing there, Mr. Sturgis? Think you'll find him in one of those pottles? The reporter appeared to be closely inspecting the chemicals on the nar-

row shelves. "Who knows?" he replied, coolly, continuing his examination.

The detective bit his lip and looked the unpleasant things he thought it

best not to say.
"Well, Jim and I will take a look upstairs while you are busy here.

And the two men went up the dark stairway, Sprague remaining behind with the reporter.

"None so blind as those that won't see," said the latter, sententiously.

At the same time he placed his hand

upon one of the shelves and gave it a lateral push. It responded slightly, and the entire shelving, with the door which it concealed, opened outward.
"I thought so," continued the re-

porter; "this looks as if it might lead somewhere. Will you come, Sprague?"

"How did you find the combination so quickly?" asked the artist, preparing to follow his friend. "It is not a combination—only a concealed bolt. Our friends of the de-

tective force might have discovered it themselves if they had taken the trouble. The first thing I noticed was that a truck had recently been wheeled through the cellar in the direction of this door, from under the grating on the street side. And this truck was not here: neither was a large case which we know was delivered here to-day. The trail extended clear up to day. keyhole. After listening attentively, the turned to the reporter with an inbelow that lowest shelf. The conclusion was evident. I sounded the back of the shelving and found that it covered an opening of some kind. After that, all that remained was to notice that one of the shelves was slightly soiled in just one spot, as though by the repeated contact of a hand. From this, I urgued that the bolt must be attached to this board. And it was. That is all."

As he spoke, the reporter entered a dark and narrow passage.
"Don't shut the door," said he to his companion, who followed him.

At that moment, however, the artist stumbled; and, instinctively holding out his hands to save himself from falling, he released his hold of the door which closed with a slam.

"That is unfortunate," said Sturgis; "we may have to lose some time in learning how to work the bolt from this side. Hold on; it will be prudent to keep open a line of retreat, in case of unforeseen emergencies. Hello! we are in luck. Nothing concealed on this side; the bolt in plain sight; works easily. All's well. Then let us go on; unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall

find another exit on the other side."

After following the underground passage for some distance the men climbed some steps and reached square chamber, on one side of which rose a stairway leading to a door above. The room was surmounted by a skylight, which was wide open, admit ting a dr ht of cold air from the outside.

Sturgis set down his lighted candle and proceeded to examine his sur-roundings. In the middle of the room stood a truck, upon which lay a long pine box. A table and a chair constituted the only furniture of the place. At one side there was a long, low, lead-lined tank, filled to the depth of about two feet with a dark viscous liquid. Near it lay a few empty car-boys. In the floor there was what seemed to be a hot-air register, of large size and of peculiar construction. The walls were bare, unbroken, save by the projection of the mouthpiece of a speaking tube, and by a set of shelves filled with flasks, crucibles, alembics and the other paraphernalia of a chem ist's laboratory.

After the reporter had finished re connoitering he sat down upon the long box in deep thought. Sprague observed him with silent curiosity for awhile, and then, with growing impa-

"I say, old man," he ventured at last to ask, "did you bring me here, armed to the teeth, to see you go off into a

trance?" Sturgis started like a man suddenly

awakened from a deep sleep.
"Eh? What? Oh, yes—those confidences. Well, you start in with yours. I am trying to find the denouement of my story. I feel that it is just within my grasp; and yet I cannot seem to see it yet. But I can listen to you while

I am thinking. Go on."
"I have not any story to tell," said Sprague, somewhat offended at his friend's apparent indifference to what he had to say.

"Oh, yes, you have," retorted Stur gis, with a conciliatory smile; "you said you had news to tell me. Well, tell away. I am listening most respectfuly, in spite of my apparent absorp

"What a strange fellow you are Sturgis," laughed Sprague, good-naturedly. All I wanted to tell you-and you are the first to hear of it—is the, to me, rather important fact that I am en-

gaged to be married."
"You are?" exclaimed Sturgis, with genuine pleasure. "I congratulate you, old fellow, from the bottom of my heart.

He seized the artist's hand and shook

it in his hearty grasp.
"To the original of the picture you wanted to show me yesterday?' asked.

east wall to within a few feet from the rear of the building. Here, in the sortment of chemicals.

"No; that seems to have been a mistake. "I am glad of that, very glad," said

other fellow, after all:

"Then she was not betrothed to the

the reporter. "By the way, you have not yet told me the young lady's

"I thought I had mentioned it yes terday morning. Didn't I? No? My fiancee is Miss Murdock."

At the sound of this name Sturgis started visibly, and a shadow crossed his features.

his features.
"Miss Murdock?" he echoed.
"Yes," said Sprague. "What is it?
You do not seem pleased."
Then, as a sudden thought strick

"I hope I am not treading on y toes, old fellow," he said, putting his hand gently upon his friend's shoul-der and trying to read his thought in his clear gray eyes. "But how abstrd! Of course you cannot be a rival for Miss Murdock's affections, since you do not even know her-"

"No," laughed Sturgis, regaining his composure, "I am not your rival. As to the other point, while I can hardly claim an acquaintance with the young lady, I think I saw her not more than a couple of hours ago."

"A couple of hours ago!" exclaimed Sprague; "why, I was with her myself

"I know that now, although I was not aware of it at the time."
"What, were you at the Murdocks' at

the same time as I was?" asked Sprague, surprised. "I had just come from there when I met you. I was in Murdock's study

while you were-er-busy in the parlor."
"In Murdock's study? How long

were you there?"
"About half an hour, I should judge," replied Sturgis, "and perhaps 15 nin-utes more in the hall, while Murdock was engaged. "I suppose Chatham was still with

him?" mused Sprague. Sturgis started at the name.
"Chatham!" he ejaculated; "what do

ou know about Chatham?' "What, are you interested in Chatham?" asked the artist, curiously. "I know very little about him, only he is one of my disappointed rivals. And he thereupon related to the reporter what he knew of Chatham's

Sturgis listened with deep attention to his friend's narrative, and ruminated in silence long after the artist had eased speaking.

he started up with a sudden



BEGAN TO SEETHE AND BOIL.

side of the tank, he looked into the depths of its oily contents, as if fas-cinated by some horrible thing he saw there.

Sprague came and stood beside him and gazed curiously into the viscous liquid. There was nothing there that he could see.

"What is it?" he asked. Without replying, Sturgis took from his pocket a bone-handled knife and carefully dipped one end of the handle into the fluid in the leaden tank. At once the liquid began to seethe and

boil, giving out dark, pungent fumes. "I thought so," muttered the re-porter, under his breath; "that man is truly a genius-the genius of evil." asked Sprague

Sturgis made no reply. His eyes were wandering about the room, as if in search of something.
"Hand me a couple of those long

glass tubes from that shelf yonder, he said, earnestly.

The artist complied with the request Dipping these tubes into the oily liquid, Sturgis, after considerable diffi culty, managed to seize with them a small dark object which lay at the bot tom of the tank. With infinite precaution he brought it to the surfahad the appearance of a flattened lead-

"What is it?" inquired Sprague.

en bullet

"Sit down," answered Sturgis, in a low, tense voice. "I have just found the last link which completes my chain of evidence; I am now prepared to tell you such a story as you will scarcely credit, even with the absolute proofs before your eyes."

CHAPTER XX.

THE LEAD-LINED VAT.

Sprague seated himself upon the long pine box; and Sturgis, dropping into the only chair, began his narrative.
As he talked, he carelessly whittled the cover of the wooden box with the knife which he still held in his hand. He began with an account of his in vestigation at the Knickerbocker bank, and explained the result of his observations and inferences down to the time of his visit to Murdock's house, omit ting, however, to mention any of the es of the actors in the reconstruct

ed drama. "So you see," he concluded, "we have established the identity of the body in the cab, and of the young man who disappeared after the cab was upset. But one of the most salient features of the case, from the start, was the

had derived much, if any, pecuniary profit from his crime. The bookkeep er, as we have seen, was a mere cat's paw in the control of the accountant, and his posthumous confession has given us the explanation of the power exerted over him by his accomplice. It was not so easy to establish the motive which controlled the actions of the accountant, who was himself only a tool in the hands of a higher intelli The deus ex machina of this gence. crime is a man of genius who has hardly appeared upon the scene at all, but whose traces I have found at every turn. He was the brains of the whole scheme; the other men in his hands were mere puppets. Through the accountant, this master spirit managed the bookkeeper; and the accountant himself was controlled by him more directly, but no less surely. If he held the former through his fear of exposure and consequent ruin, he influenced the latter through even more potent motives. He is the father of a beautiful girl, whom he did not scruple to use as a decoy. The price agreed upon for the accountant's assistance was the hand of this daughter, for whom the young man had doubtless conceived a passionate love. Whether or not the leader would have had the power to carry out his part of the contract matters little; for it is highly probable that he never had the slightest intention of so doing. He evidently realized very early in the game that the bookkeeper could not long escape the clutches of the law. But as he had taken every precaution to prevent him from know ing anything of his very existence, the fate of the unfortunate bookkeeper would have mattered little to this heartless villain, had not the probability remained that, when brought to bay, the bookkeeper would denounce the accountant's connection with the crime. This would have been extremely awkward, since the accountant was very likely in possession of some dangerous secrets. The safest way out of the difficulty was to quietly suppress the now useless bookkeeper. This plan was decided upon, and would doubtless have been carried into execution, had not fate otherwise decreed. After the bookkeeper's death, under the circumstances which I have related, it became quite probable that the accountant's connection with the case would be dis covered; for luck had been against him from the start, and he became more and more entangled in the chain of circumstantial evidence of whose existence his leader was soon fully aware. In the first place, the accountant was wounded; and thus not only partially disabled, but also—what is far worse—conspicuously marked. A man who carries his arm in a sling can hardly fail to attract attention, especially when this distinguishing mark is accompanied by another equally glaring one in the form of a head of brilliant red hair-"Hold on, Sturgis!" interrupted Sprague, who had been listening with

growing interest; "don't you know the accountant's name?" "Yes," replied the reporter: "his

name is Thomas Chatham."
"Thomas Chatham!" exclaimed

Sprague, as the image of the miserable young man came to his mind. "Yes," replied Sturgis, answering his thought, "the man you met only a few hours ago."

[To Be Continued.]

LEGEND OF THE TOPAZ.

Pretty Story of the Restoration of a Blind Emperor's Sight by a Snake.

The topaz is called the stone of grattude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the tone derives its attribute, says the Philadelphia Press: "The blind Emperor Theodosius used

to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside them on tain days, hearing and putting to right the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and imdiately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained. "One day a great snake crept up to

the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave or ders that no one should molest the creature, and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her head in homage and straightway told the following

"Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killing the nestlings and now held possession of her little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

"The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt

Merely Reminiscent.

"Mr. Bash, how long have you been

oming to see me?" "About six years, Miss Julie. Why?" "Nothing, only I had a little argument with mamma about it this morning. She thought it was seven or eight. Isn't it a beautiful evening?"—Chicago Tribune.

Tramp-Kind lady, have yer got any

light employment yer kin give a pore Lady-Well, you might clean the lamps and wash the windows.-N. Y ROOT LIKES CORBIN.

An Official Friendship That Is the Talk of Washington.

Secretary of War and Adjutant General of the Army Spend Much of Their Time in Taking Equestrian Exercise.

Since Elihu Root came to Washington as secretary of war, 14 months ago he has acquired the habit of an inveterate equestrian, although he had probably not ridden on horseback more han 100 miles altogether in the other 54 years of his life. It is seldom that a man of his age develops such en-thusiasm for an exacting form of exercise when seductive golf links are on every hand, and its only satisfying explanation involves the great fancy he has evidently taken to Adjt. Gen. Corbin, who has been his preceptor in military as well as in other mysteries of Washington life. No more notable exhibition of intimacy between pub-lic men at the national capital is recalled in recent years than that popularly referred to as the "conspicuous hobnobbishness of Root and Corbin," upon whom about equally the presi dent is supposed to depend for the conduct of that department which has practically become the most important and powerful of the government's great

establishments. .
The offices of the two men, constituting part of a suite, are separated by a single door that swings almost constantly, while the headquarters of all other army officers are scattered along other floors of the big building devoted exclusively to fighting and foreign affairs, those of the general commanding being situated at the extreme distant limit of the structure. This neighborliness is undoubtedly as the secretary would now wish to have it, although it was none of his making, for he found the arrangement when he came just as it had been under half a dozen of his predecessors. The duties of the civilian director of the war of-



TWO OFFICIAL FRIENDS (Secretary Root and Gen. Corbin After a Ride to Mount Vernon.)

fice, as it is still officially designated upon its great seal, and of its real military head are closely complementary and interdependent; and, their busi ness hours being sharply synchronous, nothing is more natural than that the period and pursuits of leisure of these two men should be strictly coincident.

Every evening between six o'clock and eight, and frequently in the early morning hours, before officialdom is awake, the clattering canter of two fine horses which bear him and his chief of staff is heard part of the district nearby states or another, and on halfholidays or dull days, and sometimes on Sundays, very distant points are reached. Virginia battlefields are vis-ited and the surrounding country beyond the sight of the tall marble shaft of the Washington monument is thor-

oughly explored. During these long journeys, often ex ceeding 40 miles from start to finish, perplexing problems of policy and administration are solved under congenial influences, with utter disregard of the exasperating red tape tangles fastened upon the army through long inaction and congressional With clear heads from the exhilaration of purer atmosphere than ever pene-trates the war department building the two men are often credited with reaching conclusions of inestimable value to the president—conclusions deeply affecting the domestic and international relations of the republic

and the welfare of the people.

The picture reproduced from the New York Tribune was taken at Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, where Secretary Root and Gen. Corbin spent an hour or two to rest their rses during a 46-mile ride one day

White Dove Dotes on Music.

last month.

A Newton (Mass.) young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine own which she visited last summer Hearing the cooing of a dove she looked round and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a

regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by music, of which it was very fond. was 12 years old and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to the Sunday school class by a boy and seemed to enjoy the Unlike many churchproceedings. goers the weather made no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer

and winter, he was at his post on the Tabloid Cafe in Paris

A restaurant for concentrated food is to be started in Paris by an en terprising French chef. The happy a.ner will enjoy a menu of tabloids From the nors d'oeuvres to dessert his entire meal will be presented to him in a few square inches.

## HELP FOR WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED.

"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time. I do not know what is the matter with me."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time.

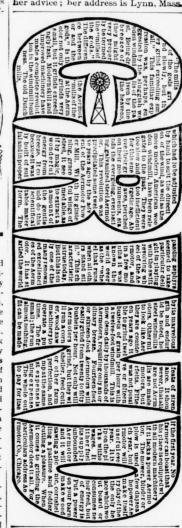
Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings, all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by ous medicines she was entirely cured by



MRS. ELLA RICE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

pound. you are troubled with pains, If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women. No other medicine has made the cures that it has, and no other woman has helped so many women by direct advice helped so many women by direct advice as has Mrs. Pinkham; her experience is greater than that of any living per-son. If you are sick, write and get her advice; her address is Lynn, Mass.





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