

IF LOVE WERE A SONG.

If Love were a Song, I could borrow his voice And sing with notes of gold. Would carry his messages, passing sweet, To the hearts of the young and the old.

of the man whom they had helped. The schedule was in a great measure satisfactory, but not altogether. There were so many English in Burma who were tall, and who had dark eyes and broad shoulders. Little Codd leant towards his companion, and, taking his hand, made some signs upon it.

English rain pouring down upon them, wetting them to the skin, "what we have to do is to find Gideon Hayle as soon as possible."

CHAPTER I.

It has often struck me as being a remarkable circumstance that, in nine cases out of ten, a man's success in life is not found in the career he originally chose for himself, but in another and totally different one. That mysterious power, "force of circumstances," is doubtless responsible for this, and no better illustration for my argument could be found than my own case.

a satisfactory account of their actions on the night of the murder. It struck me that I should like to take up the case, and with the confidence of youth I applied to the commissioner for permission to be allowed to try my hand at unraveling the mystery.

At the conclusion of this case I resigned my position in the police of the northern colony, and joined the detective staff in Melbourne, seeing in their service a good deal of queer life and ferreting out not a small number of extraordinary cases.

On a certain bitterly cold day in January I reached Liverpool from the United States, and took the train for my old home. My father and mother had long since died, and now all that remained to me of them was the stone slab that covered their resting place in the quiet little churchyard at the foot of the hill.

[To Be Continued.]

WHAT HE WANTED.

The Man with the Finest Fount of Tears Was Ready to Weep Anywhere.

There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each, says the Edinburgh Scotsman.

POST CHECK MONEY.

A New Suggestion for the Easy and Safe Transmission of Currency Through the Mails.

A clear-headed business man has put his practical mind to work and evolved a sensible plan for postal currency which has been embodied in the McMillan-Gardner bill now before congress.

In brief, it is proposed to re-issue all one, two and five-dollar treasury notes, coin or silver certificates now in circulation and have the faces of the new bills provided with blank lines.

The scheme would be of great benefit to farmers, business men and publishers; ladies would appreciate its convenience. Business houses now receive large quantities of postage stamps through the mails.

The financial policy of the government is not disturbed, the only change being in the form of printing upon the bills. The inventor offers the government his patent free of cost upon adoption.

A CASE OF PROVIDENCE.

Jones Had Everything Fixed All Right So There Was No Blame Coming to Him.

"I have heard more or less about the ways of Providence," said a Detroit who was in a reflective mood the other day, relates the Free Press.

"As no one has been killed, what's the use of an inquest?" was asked. "To fix the blame for the burst-up," he replied. "But how are you going to do it?" "You'll see. Now, then, Jones, you were running the engine?"

"I was." "You know all about engines and boilers?" "I do." "Steam wasn't too high nor water too low in this case?" "No, sir."

"Everything just as it should be when she took a bust, and you can swear to it?" "Yes, sir." "All right. When a biler busts either Jones or Providence is to blame for it, and as Jones has cleared himself there's nothing to do but to lay it on to Providence and be darned glad it was no worse!"

Dummy Weapons for Officers. The new war office regulations will lay down that an officer is still to carry a revolver in his belt, but is also to be equipped with a carbine.

THE "WATER CURE."

Gen. Funston Describes a Method of Torture Said to Have Been Practiced in the Philippines.

Gen. Frederick Funston, in discussing the "water cure," a form of torture charged against the soldiers in the Philippines, said that he had never seen the "water cure" applied, but he had heard it described. "The victim is bound and a canteen forced into his mouth," said the general.

Possibility of the Future. If Eastern Siberia grows in the next 50 years as our western states have grown in the last half century, remarks the Chicago Inter Ocean, the people of Siberia and the United States will be singing "Hands Across the Sea" to a new tune.



ESTABLISHED FIFTY YEARS. TWELVE GOLD MEDALS FROM INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS. TWENTY MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

Nothing but unassumable merit on the part of Dr. J. C. T. ... are the best? ... remedy that is a sure cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SORES, and ALL OTHER PAINS for which an external remedy may be applied.

CONQUERS PAIN

G & J BICYCLE TIRES advertisement. Text: This has always been known for its speed, durability and simplicity. It is well to experiment with it.

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WESTERN CANADA FREE. Every farmer has a landhold. no enclosure, his bank account increasing year by year, land value increasing, stock increasing, children's education, his own old age comfortable.

HAZARD GUN POWDER. THE CLEANER AND QUIETER THE POWDER THE GREATER THE HAZARD BEHIND THE SHOT. USE HAZARD POWDER INSTEAD OF EXCUSES TO OFFER YOUR FRIENDS.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

PART IV.—CONTINUED.

"There's more in the case than meets the eye," he said, suspiciously; "and I fancy, if only we could see the bottom of it, we should discover that your two proteges are as fine a pair of rascals as could be found on the continent of Asia."

"I don't know anything about that," Grantham replied. "I only know that they were a miserable couple, and that I did the best I could for them. You wouldn't have had me leave them in the jungle, surely?"



ON A SUNDAY IN THE INDIAN OCEAN KITWATER HELD A SERVICE ON THE DECK.

when they left the house Kitwater squeezed Codd's hand, saying as he did so: "We'll have him yet, Caddy, my boy, mark my words, we'll have him yet. He left in the Jemadar, and he thinks we are lying dead in the jungle at this moment. It's scarcely his fault that we are not, is it? But when we get hold of him, we'll—well, we'll let him see what we can do, won't we, old boy? He stole the treasure and sneaked away, abandoning us to our fate. In consequence I shall never see the light again; and you'll never speak to mortal man. We've Mr. Gideon Hayle to thank for that, and if we have to tramp round the world to do it, if we have to hunt for him in every country on the face of the earth, we'll repay the debt we owe him."

Mr. Codd's bright little eyes twinkled in reply. Then they shook hands solemnly together. It would certainly prove a bad day for Gideon Hayle should he ever have the ill-luck to fall into their hands. Two days later they shipped aboard the mailboat as steerage passengers for England.

I willingly gave this promise, and a month later left Liverpool as an apprentice on the clipper ship Maid of Normandy. Appropriately enough the captain's name was Fairweather, and he certainly was a character in his way. In fact the whole ship's company were originals. Had my father searched all England through he could not have discovered a set of men, from the captain to the cook's mate, who would have been better calculated to instill in a young man's heart a distaste for Father Neptune and his oceans. In the number of the various books of the sea I have encountered was one entitled: "A Floating Hell." When reading it I had not expected to have the misfortune to be bound aboard a vessel of this type. It was my lot, however, to undergo the experience. We carried three apprentices, including myself, each of whom had paid a large sum for the privilege. I was the youngest. The eldest was the son of a country parson, a mild, decent lad, who eventually deserted and became a house-painter in the South Island of New Zealand. The next was washed overboard when we were rounding the Horn on our homeward voyage. Poor lad, when all was said and done he could not have been much worse off, for his life on board was a disgrace to what is sometimes erroneously called "human nature."

A month later I was at sea again. We reached that port on my nineteenth birthday, and by that time I had made up my mind. Articles or no articles, I was determined to spend no more of my life on board that hateful ship. Accordingly, one day having obtained shore leave, I purchased a new rig-out and, leaving my sea-gear with the Jewish shopman, I made tracks, as the saying goes, into the bush with all speed. Happen what might, I was resolved that Capt. Fairweather should not set eyes on George Fairfax again. From that time onward my career was a strange one. I became a veritable Jack-of-all-trades. A station-hand, a roustabout, shearer, assistant to a traveling hawker, a gold miner, and at last a trooper in one of the finest Eddies of men in the world, the Queensland mounted police. It was in this curious fashion that I arrived at my real vocation. After a considerable period spent at headquarters, I was drafted to a station in the far west. There was a good deal of horse and sheep stealing going on in that particular locality, and a large amount of tact and ingenuity was necessary to discover the criminals. I soon found that this was a business at which I was likely to be successful. More than once I had the good fortune to be able to bring to book men who had carried on their trade for years, and who had been entirely unsuspected. Eventually my reputation in this particular line of business became noised abroad, until it came to the ears of the commissioner himself. Then news reached us that a dastardly murder had been committed in the suburbs of Brisbane, and that the police were unable to obtain any clue as to the identity of the person accountable for it. Two or three men were arrested on suspicion, but were immediately discharged on being in a position to give

Brings Him Out Every Time. You never really know a man unless you allow yourself to owe him money. —Chicago Daily News.