

CRADLE SONG.

Still the lake, and still the field; Still the feathery pine is; Would my sleep Could be as deep, And as calm as thine is!

Trasker's Private Mark.

When I was quite a young man I counted among my close friends a private detective. The two of us were enjoying a quiet smoke and chat in his cozy little office one day when the door opened and his boy ushered in a lady client.

"Mr. Banks, the detective, I presume?" she queried, turning after a quick glance at me to my more mature companion.

"At your service, madame. Pray be seated."

"I am in sore trouble, sir," she said, in tremulous tones, applying her handkerchief to her eyes.

"That is very sad," my friend said, sympathetically. "But compose yourself, my dear young lady; we may yet avert the latter part of your trouble."

"Oh, sir! God grant that you may, for my cousin, whom they suspect of the murder of my poor father, was to be my husband," she said, the seriousness of the case overcoming her natural modesty.

"My dear young lady," said Banks, encouragingly, "before hearing the first detail of your case I am convinced that he is. My belief in feminine intuitions is based upon the solid foundation of experience. Be calm, therefore, and let me have the story from the beginning."

The circumstances she related were as follows: Her father, Thomas Kempton, was the proprietor of a large furniture store. He was a man who paid strict attention to business, and was in the habit of remaining in his office after the factory had closed for the night and the men had departed, in order to finish up his large correspondence.

One of the clerks in his employ was a nephew, a fine young fellow, strong of body and generous of heart, but not free from the follies of youth. Harry Stanton was a graduate of college and a thorough athlete, and, being yet scarce 20, he had not outgrown his youthful enthusiasm for sports, clubs and semi-incidentally late suppers with the boys.

Now, the old are not always so tolerant of the ways of the young as recollection should make them, and so it happened that the frequent transgressions of the uncle's office rules by the nephew caused between the two considerable friction. On the evening of the tragedy there had been quite a serious quarrel, and he left the presence of his employer in hot-headed haste and with angry words.

One hour later and half an hour after the factory had closed Mr. Kempton had been found murdered in his private office. He was seated in his chair, his head falling forward on the desk before him. A pocket-knife had been used to accomplish the dastardly deed, and this lay on the floor in a pool of blood at the murdered man's feet. On being cleansed and examined the fatal weapon was instantly recognized by the clerks as young Stanton's.

"Um!" came from Banks, as he gazed musingly into the fire. "Then young Stanton has disappeared?" "Yes, 'tis all a strange combination of circumstances, but I trust, sir, you still believe him innocent."

"My dear young lady, a professional opinion based on the merits of the case would be rather premature. For the present you must draw what comfort you may from my faith in your intuitions. If you desire it I shall proceed at once to the factory in order to secure some further data."

"Kindly do so in my behalf, Mr. Banks," responded the girl, and then exhibiting to the full her perfect confidence in her hunted lover, she said, "I wish you to spare no expense in bringing the criminal to justice."

Receiving my friend's promise to call at her home and report if any important clue was discovered, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away. At his request I accompanied him to the scene of the tragedy. An hour's investigation bore rather barren results. The only important fact brought out beyond what we already knew, was that the suspected young man had been seen near the factory shortly before the discovery of the murder. Banks, I thought, began to look a little blue.

"Has the desk of Stanton's been touched?" he inquired, presently, pulling out the upper drawer. "The contents have not been materially disturbed," responded the head clerk. "Detective Gregg simply noted the missing articles, and the bloody finger marks on the paper where it had been lifted to get at some old letters Stanton used to leave lying around the bottom. The whole matter seemed so clear to him that he was here scarcely ten minutes before he started off in hot pursuit."

"Um!" said Banks in his peculiar way, and then he proceeded to go through the drawer. Being slightly acquainted with one of the clerks, I stepped up to him for a moment's conversation. When I returned to my friend's side he was pocketing a sheet of paper which he had been examining with his microscope. A quick glance at his face showed me that he hit upon a promising clue.

"I think we have seen sufficient," he said immediately, and in a few minutes we were on our way back to town.

"Found something, Banks?" "A mere trifle," he responded, "but mums the word, my boy, even for you. A little spice of mystery, you know, will sharpen your interest."

"I was hoping it was of sufficient importance to lead to an immediate and favorable report to our charming client," said I. "Comforting the distressed, when aforesaid distressed are feminine, young, pretty and rich, is right in my line."

Banks laughed good humoredly and then relapsed into ruminating silence. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we again entered the factory office, Banks carrying a package about fifteen inches square. It was wrapped in plain brown paper, bore no label, tag or address of any sort, and, as far as I knew, might be any one of the thousand things between a tin of biscuits and an infernal machine. Neither Gregg nor his quarry had yet been heard from.

"You will oblige me by gathering all the employees of the factory together in this office, Mr. Williams," said Banks, addressing the head clerk. "Let the outer doors be locked, and when the men are all in here see that the office door is securely fastened also. I wish to try an interesting little experiment."

"I observe that you use a typewriter," he went on after Mr. Williams had given orders to have the men called. "Will you kindly remove the ribbon, or if you have an unused one better still."

This being brought, Banks proceeded to untie his package. Removing the outer wrapper he laid bare a plain cardboard box, the cover of which he was on the point of lifting when he looked up to see the eyes of all present gazing upon it with eager curiosity. Mine, he afterward told me, were fairly popping out of my head. As there was no particular hurry he staid his hand and with a most quizzical expression of countenance lounged back in his chair and coolly puffed at his cigarette.

In five minutes the men, looking somewhat mystified, were all assembled, and everything was ready for the next step. With a quick glance Banks ran his eyes over the forty faces before him. Then turning to me he whispered mysteriously: "Stand close beside me and when it comes to names jot down those I give you the signal to. It will save time."

"Now, men," he said, addressing the gathering, "as little more can be done in the matter of the murder until we hear from Detective Gregg, Mr. Williams here has kindly consented to allow me this favorable opportunity to put to the test a little theory which has been brought to my notice. It is said that in China all holders of public offices and especially soldiers are known by their finger marks. The arrangement of the grooves or furrows on the skin, it is claimed, is alike in no two individuals. That I wish to prove or disprove conclusively. As each man's name is called he will please step forward, press his right thumb upon the typewriter ribbon and then make an impression on this strip of prepared glass. To distinguish one from another I desire each man to record his name on the label I have affixed under the space for each impression."

All innocent looking fellows enough went by, but the fourth individual had a sullen sort of look, and receiving the nudge of which I had been forewarned, I jotted down his name. So the registering procession moved along until at last all had left their thumb marks and I had listed just about a dozen names.

"Now," said Banks, lifting the mysterious package, "I have here a small magic lantern through which I propose to put the slide bearing the impression. It is now dark enough I fancy and—yes—the back of that calendar yonder will serve excellently as a white surface. Oblige me, Mr. Williams by, turning its face to the wall. Thank you."

While speaking my friend had busied himself preparing the lantern so that matters moved absorbingly and without delay. To make the test a little more interesting," he continued, "I will first show you the thumb mark of a gentleman whom I have a great desire to meet. We will compare the others with this one."

On the disk of light thrown upon the wall appeared a peculiar arrangement of lines, jagged, running into each other, beginning nowhere and ending in the same place. Presently with my list before him Banks pushed the long slide in and stopped at No. 4. For a few seconds he allowed it to show out beside the first. It exhibited a conformation entirely different. He then superimposed them or placed the figures on the moving slide directly over that on the stationary one. The result was a most confused network of interwoven lines.

Quickly he hurried through my list, treating each in the same manner and allowing the dissimilarities to speak for themselves. Presently one of the thumbmarks fitted so nicely over the stationary one that not a single variation could be observed. There was no crossing of the lines and no blur. So perfect was the matching of the impression that I turned my eyes toward the lantern to be sure that the two slides were really there. As I did so I noticed a commotion in the back part of the room. Then came a yell from Banks.

"Seize him—John Trasker—the murderer! Don't let him escape, men!"

Before a hand could be raised to stay him John Trasker had plunged headforemost through the window and was flying with terror at his heels down the road.

Ere the doors could be opened and a hue and cry raised he had secured a long start. As it was only dusk outside and there were few houses near the factory, he was still in view, however, and the men tore after him with cries of "Stop the murderer! Stop him!"

Presently a clatter of hoofs was heard and a horse and rider dashed past them, and gained rapidly upon the fugitive. Seeing he would be shortly overtaken if he kept the road, Trasker climbed a stone wall and dashed across a meadow.

With a leap the rider cleared his saddle; with a single bound he went over the wall and almost before the other pursuers realized what was happening, John Trasker was struggling to free his pinioned arms from the iron grasp of his muscular captor.

"Why, if it isn't Stanton!" cried Mr. Williams in surprise, as he and the others came up. "Good!" exclaimed Banks, with a grin; "this is a little bit of poetic justice I hadn't arranged for."

Arriving at the factory, Trasker broke down and made a most abject confession. He had planned to remain behind that evening to rifle the open safe. Overhearing the quarrel between uncle and nephew, he saw how it might be used to his advantage. On his way through the general office he looked through Stanton's desk and secured his knife. Returning after the deed to complete the evidence against the young fellow, he had left the incriminating thumb-mark.

As for Stanton, his story was very simple. He had returned to the premises that evening with a view to apologizing to his uncle, but pride overcoming his good intention, he had gone away again without entering. Shortly afterward meeting a friend, who lived some twenty miles from town, he had been tempted with the prospect of a day's shooting to accompany him home. Three o'clock that afternoon, and just after they had got back from the woods, the first information of what had occurred reached him, and borrowing his friend's mare he started post haste for the factory, with what result has already been made known.

Banks received a fifty dollar check and abundant thanks from his charming young client, and some fifteen months later an invitation to the wedding.—[New York Press.

Deer Becoming a Pest.

A few years ago the good people of Maine were afraid that sportsmen would soon cause the deer in their forests to become extinct. As a result stringent game laws were passed providing for only two "open months" of hunting, and limiting the number of deer to be killed even then. Since then the "protected" deer in North-western Maine have flourished and increased so that all farmers whose farms adjoin forests are complaining that the deer are rapidly becoming an expensive nuisance. The farmers' vote is a vital element in Maine, and it is therefore very likely that this winter's Legislature will either repeal or modify the present game laws. New York sportsmen will certainly be ready to give all the moral encouragement in their power.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Devoted Wife—Footing—Practice—No Limit, Etc., Etc.

A DEVOTED WIFE.

"Reginald has a fit of economy on him, mamma, and I do all I can to encourage him." "I always told him you would make a good wife, Mary."

"Yes, I sold his dress-coat for \$17 last week, and it was just enough to buy me a new morning wrapper."—[Judge.

FOOTING.

"Why, I thought you and he were on a friendly footing." "We are; I kicked him merely for his own good."—[Truth.

NO LIMIT.

She—You will love me always, won't you, dear? He—Always, darling. She (petulantly)—Oh— He—What in the world is the matter?

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Callahan—I want to get a pair of shoes for my little boy. Shopman—French kid? Mrs. C. (indignantly)—Indane not! He's my own son; born an' bred near Tammany Hall.—[Life.

WELL BROKEN IN.

Brown—Well, old man, now you've been married six months, what do you think of wedded bliss? Jones—Why, old boy, I give up thinking for myself some five months ago.—[Judge.

PLEASURE AND COMFORT.

First Street Wait—Got 'nough money ter buy yer supper? Second Street Wait—Yep. "So've I. Less go to de t'eat'er." "Wot'll we do for supper den?" "There's most always a meal in every play. We kin watch de actors eat."—[Good News.

EXPERT OPINION.

Little Johnny (looking up from his book)—Pa, what is a besom of destruction? Pa (who is adjusting a collar)—A machine they use in laundries, Johnny.—[Boston Transcript.

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Fanny—You take Dick Foster too seriously. Nothing he says is worth a moment's consideration. Nanny—But he insinuated that I was one of the mushroom aristocracy.

Fanny—Humph! he hasn't sense enough to tell a mushroom from a toadstool.—[Judge.

NEVER DOUBTED IT.

Ontime—You remember, I told you I was no saint before we were married? Mrs. Ontime—And you remember what implicit confidence I had in what you told me?—[New York World.

STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

"Is your daughter improving in her painting?" Mother—Well, I should say so. Her last picture was so good that only three of the family failed to guess what it was.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HIS BUSINESS.

"What's your representative in Washington doing for his country now?" "He's a-layin' aroun' an' a-drawin' of his salary."

"Nothing else?" "Oh, yes; he's a-blowin' of it in."—[Atlanta Constitution.

A POINT IN ETIQUETTE.

Minnie—Do you think it right for a young woman to allow a man to kiss her when they are not engaged? Mamie—Of course not. Especially when one considers how easy it is to get engaged.—[Detroit Free Press.

HIS PRIVILEGE.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—Mine friend, I know mine feet was made to be walked on, but dot privilege belongs to me.—[London Tid-Bits.

SECRET OF HER ENJOYMENT.

He—I don't see how you could have enjoyed that performance at the theatre last night. It was abominable. She—I know it. But you didn't sit in a box with a new gown on.—[Chicago Record.

NOT GOING TO HAVE A CRUSH.

"How many ladies have you invited?" "Twenty-five." "I thought you were going to invite fifty?" "But consider the fashion in sleeves."—[New York Press.

REPORTS FROM FRANCE.

"What's the latest reports from Paris?" asked the managing editor. "I've just received two," replied the telegraph editor; "one from a duel and the other from a bombshell."—[Washington Star.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Young Wife (complainingly)—You haven't bought me a box of chocolate since we were married. Young Husband—That's queer. Come to think, you haven't remarked that you enjoy the smoke of a good cigar since we were married.—[Life.

A SPECIES OF VERSE.

Mrs. Snaggs—Don't you think my new bonnet is a poem, love? Mr. Snaggs—Have you paid for it? "Of course not." "Then it is a poem, no doubt—an owed."—[Pittsburg-Chronicle-Telegraph.

A STAYER.

Mrs. Green—Well, have you got through? Languid Larry—If you mean have I finished de plate, mum, I have; but whether I'm through or not is fer you to say, kind lady.—[Judge.

CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

Watts—Do you always agree with your wife when she makes an assertion? Potts—Of course I don't. Do you suppose I want the poor woman to have no amusement at all?—[Indianapolis Journal.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Willie Wilt—I am afraid you flatter me, Miss Perte. Miss Perte—Could you be flatter. Mr. Wilt?—[Truth.

APROPOS.

"Oh, it's going to be a good play; just abounds in situations. But I haven't found a name to suit me yet." "You might call it the Intelligence Office."—[Truth.

A SILLY BIRD.

"I have a parrot at home that repeats every word I utter," said Jarley. "What an idiot of a bird!" ejaculated Cynicus.

A NEW PLACE.

She—Are you fond of corn on the ear? He—I never had one there.

NAILING A LIE.

Mother—I do not wish you to have anything to do with him. Why, his salary is only eight dollars a week. Daughter—Oh, ma! Whoever told you that told you a falsehood. M.—Well, I was told so. D.—Then it is a falsehood. He is getting \$8.50.—[New York Press.

HE WAS WONDERING.

"Have you seen the petrified map they have on exhibition?" "Yes; I was wondering—" "What?" "I was wondering if he died hard."—[New York Press.

THE COALS OF FIRE.

"You are looking pretty glum; what's the matter with you?" "I've sustained a terrible humiliation. Jack Squareman has been saying some kind and flattering things about me."

"I shouldn't regard that as humiliating." "Ah, but I've been saying some mean things about him."—[New York Press.

ASTOUNDING IGNORANCE.

"John," said Mrs. Billus, "what is the salary of an Alderman?" "I think it's \$3 for each meeting."

"And yet there seems to be plenty of men willing to take the place at that pitiful salary. How hard the times must be when strong, able bodied men, willing to work, no doubt, and capable of filling far higher stations in life, are driven to the necessity of taking such jobs! I am sure we ought to be very thankful, John, that you haven't felt the pressure of the hard times to any such extent as that, and—"

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, looking fixedly at her over his newspaper, "you make me very weary."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

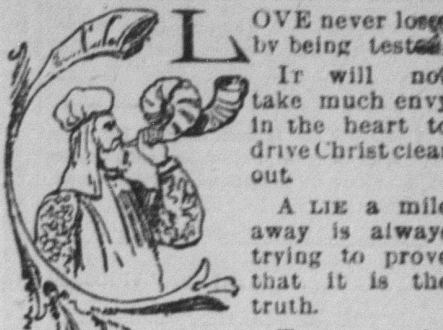
Food Before Sleep.

Many persons, says Dr. W. T. Cathell, an eminent physician, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long intervals between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet.

All beings except man are governed by natural instinct, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep, and even the human infant, guided by the same instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period, it cries long and loud. Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the twenty-four hours is, in quantity and quality, not beyond the physiological limit, it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating, but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that instead of being consumed by bodily action it may during the interval improved the lowered system, and I am fully satisfied were the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless to rightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.—[New York Journal.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



LOVE never loses by being tested. It will not take much envy in the heart to drive Christ clear out. A lie a mile away is always trying to prove that it is the truth. THE man who would lead others must not be afraid to walk by himself. God's love is something we can never buy or lose. LOVE never turns back because it hears a lion roar. NO ONE who is fit for Heaven wants to go there alone. TO HAVE too much help is as bad as to have no help. THE people who talk the most too often say the least. RELIGION that is not used every day will not keep sweet. YOU can never tell by the size of a sin how black it is. SOME very good looking people are deformed on the inside. ALL sin; promise to more than pay their way to begin with. IT takes a good deal of grace to be a good Christian with a big income. IT is never hard to do the right thing after the mind has been made up. IT is doubtful if God ever made a man who could please all his neighbors. HOW CHEAP some people will sell themselves for the promise of spot cash. AS LONG as he knows that God is with him why should any good man worry. ONE of the first privileges of every Christian is the right to live without worry. WHENEVER we are willing to do good, God will see that we have a chance. IT is a good thing for you to have riches, but a bad thing for riches to have you. God's angels never get very far away from the man who lives a life of faith. THE man who fears the light is always ready to run from his own shadow. THE richest man is the one who can give away the most without regretting it. NO MAN can love his neighbor as himself until he first loves God with his whole heart. MANY a man who would like to reform the world, has a front gate that won't stay shut. MANY a church member sponges his preaching and pays full price for his cigars and tobacco. MANY a man will tell you that the church he belongs to is full of hypocrites the moment he finds out that he can't run it. THERE is no bigger fool in the world than the man who is expecting to get to Heaven because his wife belongs to church. MARK THIS: You do not attract attention in Heaven for your piety every time you buy a dish of ice cream to help the church. GIVE a loose rein to passion, and there is more danger of a runaway and a wreck than there is in riding behind a wild horse. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y. It is estimated that the rails on the various railroads of the country weigh altogether \$3,300,000 tons. FOR STRENGTHENING AND CLEARING THE VOICED "Brown's Bronchial Trochees." I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. India has 12,000,000 who can read and write out of a population of 246,000,000.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

