FRIENDSHIP.

pass the ardent hours of day With boon companions blithe and gay-But ah! the twilight time I spend

Before the hearthstone of a friend. -Ethel M. Kelley, in Lippincott's.

族會族會族會族會族會族會族會族會議會議會議會 THE ROGUES' GALLERY Sanguinary Bank Clerk and His Obliging White Rose. BY GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY.

◆孩母孩母孩母孩母孩母孩母孩母孩母孩母孩母孩**母**孩母 Pinkerton National Detective Agency. It all happened; it happened wonderfully; but it did not happen to me -I mean I had no personal connection with the case, particularly with the highly intelligent doings of that white rose. All I know is that if there is any rose growing in New York today of like ilk, may it happen my way when so sorely needed as by the sleuth who tells the following story. But I don't know that I am particularly anxious to land up against so strenuous and blood-thirsty a gentleman as the exemplar of the genus, Defaulting Bank Clerk, figuring here. He is just a trifle too strenuous and dramatic in the methods he adopts to protect his own preclous skin.

My friend the old-time detective is talking: "I received an imperative message to attend at the New York Bank of - early one morning. On arriving there I found the president and the other officials hopping round the premises as though treading on needles. The safe had been forced by burglars, and all the specie extracted. My professional pride was flattered by the almost pathetic confidence manifested by the officials in my ability first to explain how the trick was done, and next to lay by the heels those who had done it. "I was conducted to the burgled safe. It did not take me long to reason out that whoever the burglar was he had worked on the lock of the safe when it was already open. I kept this conviction to myself for the time being, and put my eyes to working full pressure on other conditions in the immediate vicinity of the safe, keeping up a desultory conversation with the distraught president all the while. After a lapse of a few seconds my eyes lighted on the single petal of what had evidently been an elegant white (Provence) rose.

"Show me the place where you say the burglars entered,' I said to the president. He conducted me to a window in the basement. Here I

sight of a white rose lying on a chair. I do not remember whether I completed my signature, but I know I made an expansive blot-to the great disgust of the hotel clerk. But at that particular moment that was a small matter. I almost fell on the rose. Yes; it was my friendly New York rose-somewhat faded, true, but the same. And my good luck did

not end here, for on the back of the chair was the most recent copy of the New York Herald to reach Augusta, opened at a place where stood out flaring headlines describing the great bank robbery. I started to read this, but found the sheet so mutilate i and crumpled, especially where the name of the suspected culprit appeartrail.

"It was supper time, and needless to say digestion waited on appetite. As the saying is, everything in the garden looked lovely. I was not through with my worries, but I had brushed a bunch of them aside in the last hour. The meal over I lighted my best cigar and sauntered up ple of reckless villains. In desperato that clearing house of gossip, the hotel bar. When finally alone with the barman, I remarked, casually, that young M- had been there that day, as though it was the most natural thing in the world that such an was right in my guess. 'Sure,' said the whispered injunction: 'Rememthe liquor mixing artist, 'but he didn't stop long-he drove over to his uncle's place outside Parkville-say, he looks fine, and must be handling the dough all right up in old New York.

"'Bull's-eye, first shot,' was my unexpressed comment, then out loud, 'So you know his uncle, then?' The barman guessed he did-who didn't? What was he like? 'A tough un, and committed to the grave intend b'heck, but he has the devil's own ed for me. During the interment I luck-got scot free out of two murder charges.'

"My cigar began to draw a little hard at this titbit of information, but i tion of seeing this twain of cold-I did not leave for my room until I blooded assassins handcuffed by the had laid all incipient suspicion on sheriff. They had not then discovered the barman's part. When I awoke, that their well laid plan had miscarearly next morning too, I was consclous that I had had a peaceful and restful sleep. I drove over to Parkville, but owing to the lameness of of the old man when it was borne in my horse I did not reach the little town till well after midday. Determining to leave the animal here 1 ordered lunch and meanwhile informed myself of the exact whereabouts of Mr. Theodore M-'s domicile. I was informed that he lived in a clump of woods some five miles west of the town, but the walking was good. After my experience with a lame horse the-prospect of a five-mile jaunt in the cool of a summer's day looked

positively inviting, and a half hour later found me well on my way. "The unexpected, however, showed on this occasion its usual pro

not I was describing circles I don't

know, but the little of light remain-

ing discovered me at the end, as the

lawyers say, in statu quo ante-trees,

tation in sight, and me utterly fag-

ged. There was nothing for it but to

stump and there while away the hours

banks innocent of reptiles and other

creeping things provided by nature

"The stump found, I put my head

on my philosophy. And a sorry busi-

ness it was. The conjurations of the

lighted canons of New York almost

drove me frantic, but I won't dilate

further in this strain. I had enjoyed

these agonizing transports for per-

haps a half hour or so when, happen-

ing to raise my aching head, I thought

trees. I submitted my optics to the

usual tests of Doubting Thomases,

and found to my intense delight that

this was no will-o'-the-wisp. I forced

my creaking limbs through the brush

and undergrowth in its direction and

in a few minutes drew up before a

low, long, all-wood building. In re-

sponse to my knocking a stout, for-

bidding looking man of perhaps fifty

years of age threw open the door and

bade me enter. He was not alone,

for seated at the table in the center

of the room was no other than the

dapper young man I had come so far

to seek. I was subjected to close

scrutiny and discreet cross-examina-

all right.

-I was lost.

rests

outside my window. The light bob t bed here and there, and I made out the form of the elder M-. Without delay, with pick and spade he commenced to make a hole some six feet in length. I watched the grim figure fascinated, and soon the horrible sus picion crossed my mind that he was digging a grave! But for whom?

"I was not long left in doubt. His task completed the old ghoul returned to his companion in the room below, whom I saw, thanks to a friendly crack in the floor, was still seated at the table, but now with a businesslike revolver before him. The hoarse whispers floating up through that crack informed me that my identity was no secret to the defaulting bank ed, that I had no doubt whatever that clerk, that I must be knifed at once I was hot, very hot, on that worthy's (it mattered not by which of the conferees), and that the newly dug grave was no other than my own.

"Phew! I rose from that floor in a chastened state of mind. My power to think and act seemed paralyzed. Here was I without a weapon with which to defend myself-in a trap, and completely at the mercy of a coution I sank to the floor again and applied my ear to the crack. What I heard then saved my life, though at the cost of another. The younger man was evidently about to creep up the stairs, knife in hand (he wished event must be known to him. And I to do the job himself), when I heard ber, Jack has his nightcap on, and is against the wall.'

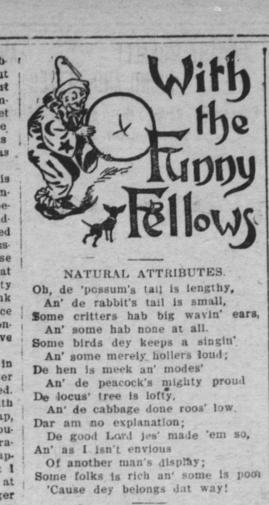
"Suffice it to say that when the murderer felt for the nightcap on the head of the recumbent figure next the wall, it was there indeed, but not on poor Jack's head.

"Had Jack been a less sound sleeper he would be alive today. Hurriedly his body was wrapped in a sheet made good my escape, safely reached Parkville, rousing the inhabitants, and before daylight had the satisfacried. When I appeared in the doorway, to their eyes it was as though I had risen from the dead. The grief on him that it was really his son who had been murdered and buried, was terrible to behold.

"At their trial this precious uncle and nephew set up no defence, and three months later their place was known no more."-Bankazine

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SO STYLISH. "There's Mrs. Nuritch." said thes first woman at the reception. "I un derstand her husband is at death's

door.' "Sh!" cautioned the other woman. "I believe she doesn't say 'door,' but 'portecochere."-Philadelphia Press.

AS A CHANGE. Algy-"Perhaps you are right, Miss Tartun, but sometimes I cawn't help thinking----Miss Tartun-"Don't try to help it,

Mr. Slimpayte. The exercise will do you good."-Chicago Tribune.

CHEERING HIM UP. The Timid Passenger-"What would happen should the gas escape?"

The Cheerful Aeronaut-"Oh, we should suffocate; but our deaths would not be unpleasant 1 have the balloon filled with laughing gas."-Brooklyn Life.

AN AMBIGUITY.

Clergyman-You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived Widow-Yes, indeed! Dear Jack

was in heaven until he died -Judge.

A GOOD MAN. "Your dead husband wor a good mon," declared the sympathetic Mrs Casey to the bereaved widow.

"He wor" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two polacemin cud handle him."-Judge.

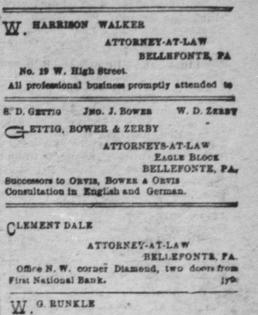


A symposium on the treatment of the criminal and other social parasites was held at the joint meeting of the Physicians' Club of Chicago and the Law Club. These two theories were advanced: Elimination of criminal children

by sterilization.

Treatment of criminals over thirty years old as habitual, and either sending them to penal institutions for life or putting them away in some other manner, possibly by the cemetery route.

Dr. William T. Belfield was the advocate of the sterilization idea. He took up the biological aspect of the criminal and after tracing the development of the individual to the p where he became a danger to society, made a plea for race suicide. "Morality is the arrest of the instincts by intellect," he said. "A child is a savage. If he continues to improve slowly he has a chance to outgrow his tendencies before he is thirty years old. Before that he should be given all the care possible. But when a man commits a crime after the age of thirty he may be set down as a rule, to be morally bad, with no hope of improvement. For the mature criminal I would advocate permanent segregation either by the penal colopy or the cemetery. The indeterminate sentence with the narole is a radical error for the man over thirty years old. "The one hope of the material reduction of the social parasite is in prevention. We must prevent criminals from breeding criminals. The great bulk of criminals inherit arrested development. The State has let them breed and impoverished itselt to take care of their children." Dr. J. N. Hurty, secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health, told of the "Indiana movement," which is the education of the prisoners in the "Indiana reformatory" to allow themselves to be sterilized. More than three hundred of them have submitted to this operation so far.



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found two of the heavy protecting bars had been filed through to effect the entry. But it was clear to me that they had been filed from the inside. The inference was obvious.

"In answer to my inquiry of the president whether he suspected any of the bank staff, he was almost, indeed, quite indignant, and took some time to phrase his resentment of the suggestion. The staff was a small one and I thought it would be strange if the president was not sufficiently acquainted with his employees' habits to answer my next question. 'Do you happen to have noticed,' I said, whether any one of your young men is given to wearing flowers? Mr. President donned his considering cap with the result that, with a snort and a gulp, and a tribute to his probity and piety, he named a Mr. Charles trees on every side, with not a habi-M-

"'Point him out to me as I pass through the bank now,' I replied. The grope around for some friendly tree president did this, but with marked impatience. While not appearing to till daylight-perchance to dream, but do so I gave my man a thorough scarce to sleep. There are no mossy scrutiny, and despite his neat, cleancut appearance I did not like him. It may have been fancy but I put for the traveler lost in Georgia forhim down for a smug hypocrite.

"My next move was to hurry to his residence and, as I anticipated, the sumptuousness of the place did not fit in with the salary he was receiving. Though truth to tell, I was not afforded more than a cursory glance at such rooms as I could see from the hallway, for the shrewd old hag who attended to the door put a sharp brake on my movements. She did not prevent me, however, from noticing a rose tree on a near-by table containing one solitary, gorgeous bloom. I had forged another link in the chain.

"The rest of the day I spent hunting up Mr. M-'s antecedents and habits of life, and all went to confirm my suspicions. He was a pocket edition of the Grand Mogul. Next morning I appeared at the bank ready to recommend the arrest of Mr. M-, when I had my breath taken away by the following speech of the president:

"'You were right about M-. After you left yesterday we went over his books and found a deficit of \$30,000, and I understand he left the city last night. You must get him at any cost, the infamous scoundrel!'

"It was my turn to be nettled, but I contented myself with asking if he had any notion as to the direction in which the bird had flown-if he knew of any relatives. Yes, there was one, an uncle, who lived some fifteen miles outside Augusta, Georgia. It was July, and the very mention of that region and a railway journey thither at such a time filled the cup of my dissatisfaction.

frame of mind being if anything less ing around the apartment, I caught brought that light among the trees panion.

among Occidental people to happen, and as darkness set in I According to the National Geobegan to suspect that I was either

graphic Magazine, the remaining 20,walking five Irish instead of five 000,000 scattered through the tropics American miles, or, in my devotion are largely employed in the service to nature's attractions by the way, I of temperate zone visitors or resihad strayed from the straight road. dents and are but feeble representa-Certainly, I had found the woods, or tives of that animal as he is known forest, all right, for high trees stalkto the people of Europe or America. ed off into the gloom all around me, In the United States and Canada but all did not seem right with the we have 1 horse for every 372 perroad, or rather the gradually narrowsons; in South America 1 for every ing path under my feet. I hesitated 7; in Mexico 1 for every 12; in Japan 1 for every 30; 1 for 40 in Turkey, "My wanderings then became pracfor 50 in the Philippines, for about tically aimless, and bewildered. For 150 in Africa and for 200 in India the next couple of hours whether or and southern China.

The liama will carry from 50 to 200 pounds; a man from 75 to 150 pounds; the donkey 100 to 200 pounds; an ox 150 to 200 pounds; a horse from 200 to 250 pounds; the camel from 350 to 500 pounds; the elephant from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds.

Postwoman's 100,000 Miles on Foot. An extraordinary instance of the arduous work done at some of the remote branches of the post office service is reported from Newnham, near Baldrock, Herts, where Mrs. Clark, at the age of 66, still fulfils the duties of postmistress and "post-womin my hands, and proceeded to draw an.'

For twenty years she did most of the outside work of the office, while her sister was postmistress, and during the last fifteen years she has walked 52,000 miles in delivering latters. In the whole thirty-five years she has travelled about 100,000 miles on foot. With a large postbag strap-I saw a light deep down among the ped across her shoulders and wearing a little cloth cap and heavy boots she trudges regularly on her rounds in spite of rain or storm or snow. -Mrs. Clark began her association with the post office at the age of 14 and has thus been in the service for fifty-two years. Her ordinary daily round is eleven miles, and her work particularly at Christmas time, often makes it necessary for her to plod along the lonely country roads by night. She knows every inch of the district, and she even despises the use of the lanterns which many of her neighbors carry when abroad in the darkness .-- London Tribune.

Air-Derived Nitrogen.

tion, but thinking that young M- did The industry of manufacturing ferpot suspect my identity, my answers tilizers by taking nitrogen direct were frank, and it was finally agreed from the air by electrical process is that I sleep in the room above, having expanding in Norway. A project is for my bedfellow a grown-up son of on foot to utilize the great Rjukanthe older man. I was warned not to fos Fall to supply electric power for wake this son as he had to rise early this purpose. The Rjukanfos Fall is in the morning, but as he was a sound one of the most beautiful in the sleeper and lay by the wall, I probworld, and of extraordinary height, ably would be able to manage that more than 1,550 feet. It is calculated that when fully utilized it will furnish "I retired to the upstairs room, 220,000 effective horse-power. But at took a glance at my bedfellow, and the beginning only half the height of "Two days later I was registering in a few minutes would, in my tired the fall will be utilized, the upper at the best hotel of the place, my state, have been by his side and part being left undisturbed. It is adasleep, had it not been for my over- mitted that the scente beauty of the amiable than over, when, in glanc- weening curlosity to know what fall will be destroyed -Youth's ComA SYNONYM.

"Yes," boasted a dissipated cosmopolitan. "I've been in a good many tight places in my life." "Tight places," mused an acquaint-

ance. "That's a new name for them?" "A new name for what?" "Public houses."-Tit-Bits.

EXCITED.

"I'll never forget the first jackpot I ever won," said the veteran at the game.

"What did you hold?" asked the youngster.

"My breath, for one thing, 1 don't remember what else."--Philadelphia

Press. SPIRIT OF THE WEST. Young Loch'nvar had just snatch ed the fair Ellen on his steed.

"This will probably be the next army test," he explained. Herewith he waited for the beautiful combination of horsemanship and marriage to commend itself to greatness .- New York Sun.

PROGRESS AND RETROGRESSION "America is the land of opportunity," said the patriotic citizen, "Think of the men who have attained greatness from humble beginnings."

"Yes,' 'answered the European, who had been reading investigation reports; "but think also of the men who have attained humility from great beginnings."-Washington Star.

INEXPRESSIBLE IN GAELIC The policy of the Irish members in urging that Gaelic should be the recognized language of their country is a remarkably short-sighted one. In T. P.'s Weekly we read;

"Lord K's inventions, notably that of his invaluable mariner's compass, were almost innumerable." You could never have put it just like that in Gaelic .-- Punch."

HOPEFUL.

"Well," demanded the stern-visaged woman at the back door, "what do you want "Why," replied the tramp, "I seen

your advertised 'table board' in dia mornin's papers---" "Well?"

"Well, I tough mebbe yer wuz givin' out some samples."-Catholic Standard and Times.

THEY WERE BOILED. An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was at supper one night describing a voyage.

"While cruising in the Pacific," he said, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobstors." "But," said one of the guests, smil-

ing incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled." "Of course not," replied the un-

daunted admiral. "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs." SOMETHING ABOUT STAMPS.

We take so many things for granted that at times, when we learn of the amount of trouble a simple appearing thing has cost, we are amazed. For instance, how many, when they glibly stick a postage stamp on a letter, think of the trouble that has been taken to put just the right amount of mucilage on the stamp? And yet the labor and care expended on the backs of stamps is considerable. It is a most delicate operation. After the printing, great sheets of stamps are passed under a roller from which they receive a thin coating of gum; then they are gradually dried over steam pipes. Of course care is taken to make the coating even. Tests are hourly made to see that the heat and humidity are exactly right. Then for each season of the year allowance must be made. A harder gum for summer, a thinner one for winter. In winter the gum is apt to crack and care must be taken to prevent that. A third grade for spring, and fall gum is known as intermediate. So you see even so small a matter as a postage stamp is an item of interest in the country's work shop .--- Washington Star.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

Wife-"Our daughter is twenty, and she ought to be married." Hubby-"Oh, she has plenty of time. Let her wait till the right sort of man comes along." "Not at all. I didn't wait for the right sort of man!"-Buffalo Commercial.



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