in the Marvelous Facts

The Superiority of the Supreme Will Re-

flected in Human Will.

We are studying the inferences from the

inference as to prayer. Since God is, prayer

is both helpful and effectual. It is helpful

because it is the act of communion with God. In prayer God and the soul meet. It

is effectual because it receives an answer.

The answer may be a spiritual blessing or a

material blessing. The relation of prayer to

spiritual blessings is expressed in the word

'readiness." Prayer is the reaching forth

of our hands to meet God's hand. And since God cannot grant spiritual blessings where

they are not desired, prayer for spiritual

is best. Whether we pray or not, He will

do that. Right prayer is always prefaced

by the desire that God's will alone may be

done. It is not an endeavor to change the

will of God. It is a recognition, an ex-

We come to-day to the inference as to miracles. A miracle is a marvelous thing, wrought by the direct will of God for a

THE SWAY OF NATURAL LAWS.

minimize the miraculous. God is forever working in the world, and according to

methods which are so orderly that we call them law. It has been only by little and

sidered to be miraculous has come to be recognized as under law. It is no longer

thought, for example, that comets are signs set in the sky to herald some divine visita-

tion of disaster. Gradually, year by year, the miraculous has been minimized.

With this minimizing of the miraculous all good people ought to be in sympathy,

because we want to know the truth about God, and nothing less than that. We are not

this matter of the miraculous have entered

into history as superstition, witcheraft and miserable delusions from which this mini-

mizing of the miraculous has set us free.

We ought to sympathize with all honest en-

deavors to discover how God really works.

NOT ALL IS GOLD THAT GLITTERS

The minimizing of the miraculous is an

onest search after the real truth about God

to know it.

It is a part of our intellectual duty to

the deserted house; and see it is in my pos-

With the words I suddenly flashed the

diamond before her.
"That is my earring," she said as quiet

and undisturbed as if the confession were no

"I did not leave this hotel or even

She affected not to see the fine irony, and

"I have no pets. I went to sleep with un

sullied hands, I wake up, and they are as

my weary life I have been singularly free from nervousness of all kinds."

What game was she driving at? Was there no way of compelling her to throw

aside her mask?
"Are you acquainted with a man named

Cyril Durand?" I asked, suddenly.

I had pierced her armor at last; her placidity melted into a nervous tremor; the color tailed from her lips and cheeks, and

then came back in scarlet patches; the fingers of her hands worked tremulously, and her voice quivered as she replied. "I am acquainted with the gentleman."

I have captured a criminal after a long

race, and his panting breathing was on an

exaggerated scale similar to the breathing of the once self-possessed woman. She had a

storted and you will oblige me.

auswered:

elf-control was marvelous.

ondemnation of her previous assertion. Her

the law taken his name. I will not trouble you with my agonies; only I will say that, until the present moment, I have not yield-ed to the diabolical man who wished to make me break my promise by tempting me with a fortune. I was supported in this

"Am I still to understand, Mrs. Glaye, that you still maintain your previous de-nials?" me with a fortune. I was supported in this determination by a sum of money that was left me by a living uncle. Twelve years have rolled by since then, and I have been true to my promise. Unfortunately time has hardened me, the money left me has gone, and the not-very-pleasant prospect of poverty is staring me in the face. I was 26 when the fiendish will was made. I am 38 now. If I look older, attribute it to my troubles. At least you will understand rooms last night. Your insistence is an-noying, but I do not blame you." She again sighed wearily; but was patient, quiet and undisturbed; or rather, she did not allow me to see the symptoms of the struggle in her heart.
"Your hands are very badly scratched,"
I said with meaning, yet with polite intertroubles. At least, you will understand why I call myself Mrs. Glaye, and why I adopted a fellow-woman to share my loneli-"Very badly scratched," she repeated

very oadly scratched, she repeated; gazing with a frown at the slender hands clasped in her soft silken robe.

I could not help saying:

"Cats are very dangerous pets." When Mrs. Glaye said her age was 38, I was not surprised; it was probable, whatever might be said of the rest of her story. How anybody could take her to be 50 was a puzzle

to me. I said to her:
"Your confidence flatters me, madam;
but, returning now to Mr. Durand."
"I was lonely," she said drearily; "Bertha
never loved him."

you see them. Explain why they are thus "And you appreciated his merits better!"
I interrupted, to relieve her of an embarrassing confession. "But why did you dismiss him?" I began to see through her cunning game, and I said with an amiable, simple smile: "You perhaps walk in your sleep, madam." "No, sir; I am not a somnambulist; in all "I would not have had the strength even

if I had the desire. We parted friends; he wished it, I dared not detain him." "His heart was gone elsewhere?"
"His honor was concerned elsewhere. would not advise evil, even for my happi-

"It was a woman?" "Yes; a wretched woman."
"You were acquainted with her?" "The lady is rich?"

"As poor as himself, and I am powerless help him." 'Powerless for what, madam?" "To help him or myself. As you are here, however, let me mention a personal matter, and ask for your advice." She gazed at me with her sad, serious eyes, and added in the calmest of voices: "I am being

wrought by the direct will of God for a moral purpose. There are many marvelous things in the world, but a miracle differs from all others in what precedes it and what follows it. It is preceded by a direct act of God, which is its cause. It is followed by a moral or religious lesson, which is its effect. A miracle is not a contradiction of the laws of nature. It is the result of the working of obbed, Detective Fox." "So I fear." This she spoke softly, almost in a whisper. "I miss some jewels, and what is of more importance, certain of nature. It is the result of the working of a law higher than any that we know, and corresponding to the working of the human will. The mirsculous is the result of the entrance into natural law of the will of God.

'How long has this been going on?" "I cannot say. I needed certain jewelry, and I found it gone; I wished to look at cer-tain papers; I looked for them, and I found them gone. When they were taken, I can-

not say. "Do you suspect anybody?"

"Your maid?" "No!" This with a decided negative shake of the head. "I would rather suspect myself than Miss Grande. Beside, she cannot possibly know where I keep my jewels and my papers. You shall judge for yourself." She rose, touched a spring in the side of her private desk, and a little door swung open, revealing a cavity in which there was

a small iron safe. She took out this little safe, and, by manipulating anumber of tiny nobs, opened the door.

"I keep my jewels and my papers in this little safe, Detective Fox, and nobody knows the combination but myselt."

"At least the thief must know it," I said, behaving reverently toward Him if we try to make out that in a case where He really peeping curiously into the little cavity in worked only in an ordinary way, He worked in some extraordinary and miraculous way. the desk, in which I saw a glittering thing hat attracted my attention. What we want to know is how God really works. It is only the truth which is reverent, which is worthy of God, which is genuinely orthodox. Falsehood and mistake in "That is what astonishes me. How I have been robbed I do not know; but I have not the shadow of a suspicion against Miss

"What have you lost up to date?" I asked, taking out my notebook to write down the items. Let me say that I had not much faith in the stealing business, but I made a

show of being deeply interested.
"I have lost one solitaire diamond ring, one emerald ring surrounded with pearls, one bracelet representing a serpent with small diamonds for eyes, an old-fashioned chain necklace of plain gold and three I would not have this sympa hy with-drawn, even when this criticism of the miraculous enters the pages of the Bible. Here, too—here, of all places—we want the truth. If there is any way of explaining anything here otherwise than by miracle, we want to know it. If there is any mistake about the sun's standing still at the command of a Habrew captain or say clearing

papers. She spoke with business, almost chanical, calmness.

"What were the papers?" "Of interest only to myself."
"No one would have any interest in mand of a Hebrew captain, or any clearing away of that difficulty (as there is) we want stealing them?" She paused a long time as if in consider-

ing, and then said slowly:
"No one would have any interest in stealing them. She had locked the little safe and was putting it away when I said:
"The thieves had no interest in that lit-

tle toy."
I pointed to a dagger in a metal that was lying in the cavity of the desk. "It was not worth the stealing." While speaking she had pushed to the door of the

secret hiding place, and, for the present balked me in my intentions.' "It is cheap metal, Detective Fox, but I value it on account of the memories at I was dazed by the unnatural calmness,

but I managed to say: "I will do my best to discover the thief. Mrs. Glaye." "You are very kind. I am sorry that I

can give you no details to guide you."
"Does anyone know of the robbery?"
"No one but yourself." "You did not tell your daughter?" "My adopted daughter least of anybody But that is a family history with which need not trouble you!"

I appeal to the wise reader and ask him what he makes of this strange narrative. I am not ashamed to confess that, for the time being, my brain was all muddled. It was a little bit of light to know that the woman was in love with Cyril Durand, and that she would have broken a long kept vow to marry him. It was also helpful to know that there was a rival in the case, and if, as I believed, the murdered woman was the rival, the way to the end was still clearer. The rest of her story did not interest me; but I will say, despite her seeming frank honesty, I had a strong suspicion that she was trying to throw dust in my eyes. Place a pistol or a dagger in her strong hand, and bring her face to face with a rival "spoon-

ing" with the man she had set her heart on, and I had no doubt of the result. The point now was to drop in on the man Durand, and for this purpose I rose and bid Mrs. Glaye farewell, determining to send up to the city for a couple of assist the good lady's future actions might As I was about to leave the be known. room she said, with her serious eyes staring

at me:
"To help you I have revealed a history that no other living person knows. If there are any other formalities, end them "There is nothing more at present." I paused, then said suddenly to take her unawares: "The fact is, madam, to answer

been committed, and many people here suspeet Mr. Durand as the murderer. "It is calumny!" she retorted, angrily. Then with a desolate sigh, "He loved her You make a mistake, Detective Fox: 1 would as soon suspect myself as Mr. Du-

Very likely, my lady, I thought. Birds of a feather flock together, and crime is not always confined to the gutters. But I was determined that the man Durand should see me before he saw a prettier face, and I bowed to my lady with as respectful a man-ner as if I believed every word she uttered. On the veranda I came face to face with the pretty unknown with the black hair, who had placed a spray of wild white asters in the warm nest formerly occupied by the golden rod. She displayed no surpris my sudden appearance, but entered the house after greeting me with a pleasant lit-

(To be continued next Sunday.) A Sure Deliverance.

Not instantaneously, it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a billous habit are saved from the tortures which a disordered liver is capable of inflicting, by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-billous medicine and aperient of the first rank. The pains in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and saffron hee of the skin are entirely re-moved by this estimable restorative of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion,

of mystery. It is not alone in the realm of the miraculous that a spiritual cause pro-duces a physical effect. Is it impossible Nothing Impossible or Improbable

This Drings us to the second assertion:
That the miraculous is improbable. Hume
has stated the case against the probability
of miracles with great ingenuity. We
arrive at our decisions, he says, by a balancing of probabilities. If one man says I
saw it thus, and five other honest and
equally informed witnesses say, "No, but
we saw it so," we doubt the one man's
affirmation. But in the case of miracles we
have on one side the testimony of a few wit-SET DOWN IN THE SCRIPTURES. ONE MIRACLE THAT IS UNDISPUTED have on one side the testimony of a few witnesses, and on the other side the testimony of almost universal human experience. fact that God is. Last week I spoke of the

need that there is that every assertion of a miracle should be most rigidly investigated. So far as particular instances are concerned, Hume is perfectly right. Every assertion of an occurrence of the miraculous is improba-

ever, is the question of fact. We may show, at least to our own satisfaction, that the

The assertion of the miraculous cannot be too critically tested. It ought to be put under the strongest light. Can it be myth or legend? Can it be a fact seen through dim eyes, and so misreputed and misinterpreted? Can it be a fact exaggerated in the memory of it, or taken by credulity into the realm of mystery? What are the mental and moral conditions under which this asserted "miracle" is seen? The genuinely miraculous will stand all tests.

Did a half dead Christ come to life again? Such a pitiful cripple, with wounded feet and hands, could have awakened no en-Did the disciples see a vision? Whatever

month, talked with them, ate with them appeared in many places to many people, convinced the doubting, and uttered words whose commands are still to-day being fulfilled. As for visions, it is the expectant who see visions. The disciples expected nothing. That is the unbroken testimony. But perhaps the apostles made it all up? Nobody is willing to maintain that. They said that they had seen Christ alive after His crucifixion. That would explain things. That would be a cause commensurate with the effort. No other theory ever approaches

DONE IN WATER COLORS. Bill Collector Does as Requested and

Gets a Big Surprise. Detroit Free Press. Yesterday morning at exactly 10 o'clock a well-dressed young man entered a gate on Congress street east and pulled the door

Then he returned to the front of the house and pulled the bell again. After waiting went back to the side door. Getting no response to his repeated knocks he pulled a paper from his pocket and was making a tered a yell and leaped into a lilac bush and from there he reached the fence and gained the street. Just then an officer came

up and asked:
"Anything the matter?" "Oh, only a trifle. "What were you doing in there?" "Trying to collect interest on a chattel torigage—that's all. Lady told me to call

at 10, and I called. She was ready for me

Good day.

TAKING SPIRIT PHOTOS.

"There are several ways of producing the nodern spirit photograph," said an artist to tographing a man in the ordinary way with focus to prevent the outlines being too sharp tographed. Of course, the second exposure is longer than with ordinary amount light, but this adds to the ghostliness." But how do you make them impalpable

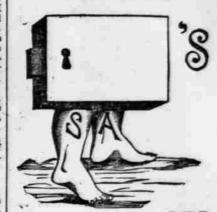
and uncanny?" "The room must be perfectly dark, and on the ghost only a ray of sunlight falls; while close to the lens a sheet of fine gauze if hung, and it is the gauze which gives a cloud-like, luminous appearance to the spirit's outlines."

Keely's Whole Secret Out. New York Sun. ]

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking. Address communications for this departmen to E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine.

1081-A GREAT WORK.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX



1082-ENIGMA. To seven wise men I referred For the meaning of a word.
Though each one answered me with speed.
'I'ls strange to say no two agreed.
I was reminded of the tale I was reminded of the tale
Of the chameleon—rather stale,
A billiard player said he knew
It was a caroin—was that true?
A printer, just as confident,
Said that a printing type it meant.
A surgeon said 'twas what he found
Quite useful when he stitched a wound.
'Tis dignitary of the church,
Replied a priest of deep research.
A music teacher answord soft—
It is a round, I've taught it oft.
A theologian said his school
Considered it a sacred rule;
And still another said that it
Referred to parts of Holy Writ.
All these answors made me more

All these answers made me m Bewildered than I was before. NELSONIAM. 1083-CHARADE, In mathematics first we meet, I cannot tell you more, Else I would show me indiscreet, And next this con before I write this liqe.

To-morrow—Decoration Day—
To Cleveland I will go:
Perhaps on fast the train will stay,
And wait awhile: you know
Why I decline To give a full and clearer view
Of first and next and last:
I'll give no whols, not e'en to you,
Whose perfect lists have passed
Ahead of mine. H. C. BURGAR

1084-HALP SQUARE. 1. To sever. 2. Internal. 3. Ones who beas with stones. 4. To threaten. 5. To raise. 6. To set in mud. 7. A genus of quadrupeds. 8. A termination. 9. A letter. X. L. C. R.

1085-ANAGRAM. I am perplexed and in a fret; I'm over head and ears in debt; My creditors annoy me so To get their pay for what I owe have no peace—where shall I go? have no means with which to pay— Perhaps I'd better run away,
And seek a home in Canada.
Sometime: I think a rope or knife
I'll use "to put an end to" life.
I know that to economize, I know that to economize,
And thus save money, would be wise,
I might abandon heer and rum;
"To leave off" smoking would save some;
But those I'm owing will not wait,
My reformation comes too late,
Alas! Alas! I am undone,
No nope for help from anyone;
"I notice duns," and I must run.
NELSONIAN.

1086-CIRCLE. (Twelve Letters.) To the letter most commonly used.
And a creature that's often abused.
Add a genus of plants ornamental.
The result is a raft which one did invent,
When his powerful army 'gainst England was

And he spared not the poor Continental. EMMA RINGSTROM. 1087-DOUBLE ACROSTIC. "Words of 8 Letters." 1. Inevitable. 2 The gar-fish or sea needle.
An ass. 4. A fantastical person. ('Obs.')

An ass. 4. A land.

Primats—To ape.

Primats—Begone.

Combined—A spiritous liquor distilled from
the yeasty liquor in which boiled rice has been
the mented under pressure many days.

GLASS. 1088-NUMERICAL CHARADE.

1 to 4.

I'm seldom seen, because I'm first; I am unusual and dispersed; Though underdone, aud never deuse, I'm of much value in one sense. 5 to IL

Among my meanings I may mention Tumuit, discord and dissension, Or if 'mongat classes you should seek,' You might define me as a clique. 1 to IL.

is my business to expand, To give extension, understand.
I like to spread things out in space
So as to fill each empty place.
NELSONIAN.

1089-TRANSPOSITION

First. Phose clad in these, the broken-hearted, irning for a friend departed Second.

Folks cut up these and think they're jolly; Inird

Upon a road of hardened gravel How fast these roadsters sometimes travel.

J. McK. 1090-SYNCOPATION

Fourth.

A last upon the whole must be One who is sailing on the sean MAY SOLVING. Prize winners: 1. Peg. Swissvale, Pa. 2 H. C. Burger, Alliance. O. 3. Glass, Pittsburg. Roll of honor: Oliver Twist, William Hughes, Clement Raymond, Esther L. Cook, C. J. H. Lillian W. Preece, George M. Smith, Barbara Inglis, Dora A. Rankin, U. P. J., J. L. Carter.

ANSWERS. 1071-Baby McKee. H sciend A E pidemi C R agabas H C aracol I 1074nbarre andfal

1075—Garter, garret, grater. 1076—Gnash, gash. 1077-

Z O D 1 A C O P O R T O D O N A T S I R T O N E C O S S E T 1078-Vociferations.

1080-Latent, talent.

CARING FOR THE CATCH. flints for the Sportsman Who Expects to

Forest and Stream. ] The angler should take care of his fish after he has caught them. It is discreditable to fetch back a lot of sun and wind dried fish, all curled up and stiff. Put a handful of grass or ferns in the bottom of the creel and kill the fish as soon as caught

morning's catch at noos, and every few hours dip the creel in the stream.

The best way to keep fish to take home is as follows: Clean them thoroughly, taking care to remove the gills and the blood under

MITHE DARK

THE STORY OF THE DOCTOR AND THE DETECTIVE WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Author of "Who is Guilty?"

DR. PHILIP WOOLF.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. The narrator of the story is a physician who has sought rest at the seashore. In the hotel near his cottage lived Mrs. Amelia Glaye, an eccentric widow, who makes him her physician. Her charming daughter. Bertha, had engaged herself to Cyril Durand, who had squandered most of his fortune, and had promised to wed another woman, who clung closely to him. One night the doctor hears a shriek. He sees a tall figure in overcoat or cloak slinking away, and discovers the body of a young woman stabbed to the heart. Taking from the body a breastpin and ring, he runs for help. Seturning, he finds the body gone, with evidence that it had been thrown into the sea. A piece of shoe was found there. Two servants enter a deserted cabin. Instantly their torches are dashed to the ground, and a tall figure vanishes in the darkness. In the cabin a diamond earring is found. The body had only plain gold earrings. Just before retiring that night the doctor is summoned by Ione Grande, airs. Glaye's maid, who says her mistress is very nervous and wretched. She tells the doctor Mrs. Glaye went out walking in the evening alone and came back with ther dress and hands torn by briars and a diamond earring missing. Arriving, the doctor, to his surprise, finds Mrs. Glaye more calm than he had ever seen her. She resents the visit, says she has no need for the physician, and treats the briar scratches and loss of the earring as jokes. Next day Detective Fox starts to work on the case, securing many clews in which are mixed up the names of Mrs. Glaye, her daughter, Bertha; Cyril Durand, Otto Morton and a mysterious Eda Constant.

CHAPTER IV. MORE OF DETECTIVE FOX'S STORY. Mr. Bantle and I walked on together for some time in silence. Then I probed him

again as to his opinion of the murder, "I don't think at all!" he answered positively, and with the flush on his nose extending to his cheeks, "I've told you all I know and all I've heard, and you must take it for what it is worth. But if you are going to ask me who killed the woman you are

wasting your time." "May I ask you to point out to me where Mr. Durand lives?" "It is the last cottage on the beach-

house painted yellow, with a red roof." "Have you seen the gentleman to-day?" "No; he was to have been at the hotel this morning to complete a match game at billiards; but he did not appear. They say he had sprained his arm packing a trunk?" Mr. Bantle gave this information staring straight before him, and with an air sug-

gesting forced indifference. 'He intended to leave this place soon?" "To-morrow; but they say he is in bed and in great pain. "Do you believe this story, Mr. Bantle?"
"Do you believe it?" he asked with a shadow of-a smile.

I answered with strong and taking em-Was Cyril Durand guilty? Perhaps, but before arresting him under this supposition, it was policy to discover his confederates, if any, before they suspected my intention. To arrest one was to alarm others. It Durand had committed the crime, he would not be fool enough to run away and thus publish his guilt to the world. Besides, I had as vet nothing definite, and I did not see my way

"You say this Durand and Morton are very dear friends? I didn't say so, for I don't know." "Did they ever quarrel?" "I suppose everybody quarrels with every-body; that's life."

Mr. Bantle with the words:

"You are a student of human nature, Mr. Bantle. It does one good to hear you speak. They did quarrel, then?" "Apropes of what?"
"Well, I think Morton was jealous of Durand, about Miss Glaye, I suppose."
"And Durand threatened Morion?"
"It was the other way; Morton threat-

ened Durand-that is, if you can call it threats-told him if he didn't look out he'd make him the sickest man that ever lived, or words to that effect."
"Curious! From his face I would take Morton to be a very good-natured man." enough when he is "He is amiable mean easily stirred up. For example, he was laughing and chatting this morning when his fish-hook caught in a post. If

you'd seen him boil up and bubble over, kick over his basket and chuck his bait overboard, you'd know what I mean. mother was a Spanish woman; maybe that "Did he know this Ella Constant?"

"Knew of her, at least, for I've heard him speak of her." oke of her as if he knew her? "Never. He spoke of her hounding the footsteps of Durand, called her names, and said if it had been him he'd get rid of her in double quick time. I suppose, like the rest of us, he heard the story of Durand."

"They tell me Morton is awfully smitten on Miss Glaye."

on Miss Glaye."
"I should say he was 'gone' there in more senses than one," said Mr. Bantle dryly.
"I went to his room once and found him kissing and kissing again the photograph of Miss Glave. He's sappy!"
Mr. Bantle spat upon the ground to prop erly illustrate his contempt for a "sap "He must have been happy when Durand

the old lady will one day torgive Durand and allow him to renew his courtship with Bertha Glaye."
"Gives him the nightmare, ch?"

"He was, and would be if he wasn't afraid

"He'll grind away all h's teeth if it keeps "Mr. Morton has the figure of a very strong man." "He is strong," said Mr. Bantle emerging from contempt into admiration. "He can lift a man up by the collar of his coat as easily as I can lift a kitten. If you want to know how strong he is, put on the boxing gloves with him and let him fetch you a crack on the nose. I weigh nearly 200 pounds, and he can knock me clean off my feet every time I am lool enough to spar with

I once saw him half drag, half carry a heavy trunk from the hotel on the other side of Eglantine Hill clean over to the wharf youder. Did it for a bet." "Is Durand strong?"
"No!" Again Mr. Bantle grew con "Durand is a pipestem, a

broomstick of a man, beside Morton, though

"So you think Morton would fight for his

lady love if anybody wished to take her away from him?" Fight till his shoes were out. Knowing his nature I'm surprised he has not long since carried off Miss Glaye by main force." 'If she loves him why doesn't she marry

"I don't know, unless it is if she disobeys

the old lady she will be cut off without a shilling. But, I say, haven't you pumped I thanked Mr. Bantle for his very valuable information and allowed him to go. Just how much of it was to be accepted and how much rejected I could not decide. The man intended to be honest, but he was afraid of getting mixed up in the affair, and so what he knew, what he guessed and what he had heard were all jumbled together. Let me say that even at this point I believed the case to be one of simple murder; one of the ordinary kind that may

unravelled by the following your nose. I lighted a cigar, turned about and, by instinct, retraced my steps toward the whar!. On approaching it I saw that, with one exception, the fishermen had departed; the exception was the once taciturn Otto, who was still there making the pretense of fishing, although the tide was out and his hook was in the mud. He was talking in a very snimated manner to a young lady who now stood beside him. The woman was young and pretty, and dressed in rich and very becoming attire. The frizzy hair showthreads in the sunlight, almost distracting attention from the jewels sparkling on her fingers. This evidently was the inconsola-ble Bertha, "spooning" with her latest ad-mirer. I had no objection, for physically she was worthy of any man's attention. A tall, graceful, charming figure, posed in a more charming attitude, and in perfect har-

to hear the conversation, and I deter-mined to improve my position. As I have

ornaments except a spray of goldenrod fastened to the bosom of her dress under her throat. A pretty figure to be alone; and a

determined to play the part of spy to the lovers on the whart, and without the slightest difficulty I reached the spot under the wharf. I plainly heard their conversation above me. This is what I heard, true to the "You are always impetuous, Otto. How

"Yet the woman was in his way."
"If I were in your way would you kill
me, you wretched Otto?" "I would kill anybody who stood between you and my love, and I hate Cyril because I fear he stands between me and my love. I think I have fire instead of blood in my

for you last night, and, loving me, you re-fuse to tell me where you were." "I have told you that I went to the city in I remained in the city all night."

It was a pity the young lady did not know

od to his ladylove. "In the city; that is absurd. I saw in the afternoon, and you said nothing about leaving Eglantine Hill. Perhaps, like this poor Durand, you have a mania for meeting young women in the open air; perhaps you have killed somebody also!"

The good Otto was not beneath telling a

o have caught a glimpse o "You goose! I was only joking. But if you keep secrets from me, I have a right to "If I were the false friend you take me for I would eagerly share my secret with

"Good, my friend! You are compliment-'And why should they not come? I am to hunt down the wicked wretch who mur dered the poor woman."
"If you will take my advice, Bertha, you

"And then, Otto, you are tired of meeting me, of always seeing me. An out-o-theway little country place is a wearisome place for a man. "I love you, darling!" "Be careful, Otto; the wharfinger is co-

"I will wait for you in the summer hous this afternoon, Bertha."
"If I can escape I will meet you, only I hope you will be a little more agreeable than you were this morning. But look, sir, you are fishing in the mud; you are ridiculous.

the murder in." "They dragged the body pretty close to your door. Pitched it overboard from the head of the wharf." "At what time?" "Somewhere between 8 and 9."

"I was not at home at that hour."

ng. He responded in an amiable manner.

You had a nice little sensation here last

"Was it known that you would not be at "How can I-say?" "Did nobody speak to you on the subject

"So you neither heard nor saw anything?"

mony with the bright sky and dancing waters. I know a pretty woman when I see one, and the plump little figure on the old rotting wharf met with my full approbation. I sheltered myself behind a stranded rowboat on the shore, and gazed at the absorbed lovers. Unfortunately, I was not near enough to hear the conversation and I determined

said, the tide was out, out almost to the end of the wharf, and by walking in the soft sand I could easily get under the wharf, just below the position they occupied above. The man's back was turned to me, and the woman was standing sideways talking to him. I could make the journey entirely outside the line of vision. Before doing so, however, I instinctively gazed toward the hotel opposite, and I was rewarded by seeing another very pretty figure standing on the verands. The newcomer had black hair and a rich brown skin, and altogether suggested one of the languid yet passionate senoritas of sunny Spain, according to the pictures I have seen. She wore no hat, and she was looking toward the wharf, shading her eves with her hand. So far as I could see this dreamy lady wore no jewels, and no

curious occupation staring down at the unattractive wharf. After a while she started attractive wharf. After a while she started and disappeared around an angle of the veranda. I knew she must reappear to enter the house, and so I waited; why I cannot explain. My patience was not tested for long; in a lew minutes she reappeared, and without glancing toward the wharf, entered the house.

My refereived are detected one little My professional eye detected one little change in her attire. During her absence clear. I again turned to the non-committal she had cast away the spray of golden rod, and a bunch of the wild white aster now nestled in the bodice of her dress. I ob-served without pondering; but later I had reason to remember this little trifle. When the young lady disappeared in the hotel I

> often have I told you that you have no rea-son to be jealous of poor Mr. Durand. I do not love him, and I never did love him." "Yet you defend him?" this surlily. "Defend him against the charge of murhe is capable of committing a crime.

"I suppose you do love me, Otto; but just the same you kept me waiting and waiting the afternoon and missed the last train back.

"Bertha!" She spoke lightly; but the one word he spoke was tremulous with nervousness or excitement. I would have given a good deal

you. If I were not convinced you loved me I should howl out my secret from the etops. As it is I am half mad between fear and jealousy. If I were not afraid of losing you I would run away until the ex-citement blew over. The idiotic detectives

not a hard-hearted woman; but I would help will persuade your mother to return to the city as soon as possible. The season is over here, and most of the people have gone."

This was the prosaic ending of what promised to be a very pretty little love

"Let me walk with you to the hotel?"
"I wenty steps? No, thank you; I am safe
nough alone for that distance." Peeping out from under my hiding place. I saw the young lady watking in the direc-tion of the hotel, into which she finally disappeared. A few minutes later the gloomy faced Otto lounged by, going in the opposite direction. When he had disappeared? emerged from my hiding place, ascended to the roadway and walked on the wharf, which a man was sweeping. The word "wharfinger" was on his blue cap, I approached him and wished him good morn-

night," I said.
"It was terrible, and a terrible night to do

mond earring?"
"One of my solitaire diamond earrings i missing. I prized it, not for its value, but

THE DETECTIVE MEETS MRS. GLAYE, woman, and that was a very important point, for I could now trace out her past history and solve several little knotty problems at the same time. This woman, Ella Constant, had pursued the man Dnrand, and seemingly he had met her on the night of the murder; but had he met or been met by no one else? Was it wise to jump to a conclusion before I had discovered the name of the woman who had washed her bloody hands in the pond water? This as a very simple knot. Haste is the attri-bute of inexperience, and I had seen too much bungling work to err on this side. as much as the good doctor, who had met the lover at a late hour on the night before.

"Nobody. Yesterday morning Mr. Durand asked me if I would join him in fishing off the head of the wharf at full tide in the night. I told him that I was going visiting with my wife. That is the nearest approach

to the subject, and that amounts to nothing. But, pardon me, you are a stranger here, are you connected with the case?"
"I am Detective Fox."

"Please come this way, then."

The wharfinger led me under the roofedin structure at the head of the wharf, and
pointed to some barrels standing in the

"Look among those barrels, please. I left it where I found it, thinking its position might help the investigation."

The "it" proved to be a battered, water-

soaked woman's bonnet with a blue spotted yeil still attached to it; a flimsy black straw affair, with a big hairpin stuck through the

"I saw it there for the first time this

"Impossible; the barrels were only landed there from the last boat yesterday. The bonnet has found its way there since last

The barrels faced that part of the wharf to

the right on which there was a narrow path-

way. If it belonged to the murdered woman it was probably blown from her head as she

was dragged along and carried through some open space on the side of the structure, which side was composed of pine boards with openings between each. On testing it I found that the hat could easily pass through

the openings. That it belonged to the mur-dered woman was probable, for the lower half of the veil was stiff with dry blood, and

then it corresponded to the brief account given by the doctor in his description of the

ppearance of the woman. I opened my note-look and read: "On her head a straw hat

tied under the chin with a blue ribbon." As

rill be seen the veil is not mentioned, and so

I determined to test the doctor's memory on this point on my return to the house, I wrapped up the hat, and as the wharfinger had nothing else to tell, I bade him farewell.

I now directed my steps toward the hotel,

persuaded that I was getting on fairly well with the business. In the first place I had discovered the name of the murdered

morning while I was sweeping."
"It might have been there for weeks."

had better send a card. I wrote down an important business," and sent it up to Mrs. Glaye. In a short time, and to my surprise, richly furnished, and with no striking peculiarity, except that all the windows were protected on the outside by thick iron bars. Sitting in an armchair was a composed handsome and dignified woman, whom wrinkle in the grave, thoughtful face, not a sign of time's frosty finger in the classically coiled dark hair. The figure was upright and self-reliant; full, but with no superfluity of flesh. It suggested strength, agility and s certain mature and not unattractive grace; in fact, I have seen many young ladies who would have been thrust very deep in the shade beside the well preserved woman who had crossed the border line of the

moment this vision of youth in age surprised ne into neglecting them. She had been reading, and my card lay on her book. She glanced curiously at me, but

A line of action immediately flashed through my mind, and I answered "Excuse me, you have received the wrong card. I am Detective Fox!" I had hoped that the name and the title would have startled her into some action or word that would have resolved my hesi-

Her voice was clear, soft and musical. "I have been sent down here, Mrs. Glaye to clear up the mystery of the murder of last night, and if you would be kind enough to answer a few of my questions you would lighten my task considerably." "Ask your questions," she said, with a weary sigh, leaning back in her armchair

leave my room. surprise, for the manner in which she spoke astounded even me; it so nearly looked as i she really believed what she said. "Pardon me; but am I to understand that you did not visit the deserted home near the

"It is your duty," she interrupted, "if I am pained I hold you blameless. Ask all you have to ask."

"Thank you! You lost a solitaire dis-

'You had both in your ears last night."

ries clustered around it.

saw my way clear, and I determined to reach the end of the journey in my own calm way. So I boldly entered the hotel, and telling my mission to the clerk, asked to be shown to Mrs. Glaye's room. I did not put the clerk to the pumping process because the good doctor had already given me all the information I required on this point. The young man, however, suggested that I

fifties. A series of scratches were on her slender, white, aristocratic hands; but for a

tating doubts into certainty, but the announcement brought no change to face or "Why have you come to me?" she asked.

and gazing at me from under drooping lids.
"I have been told that you left this hotel last night near or at the hour of 8 o'clock, or perhaps earlier."
"You are misinformed, sir; I did no I could understand now the good doctor's

life!"

If it were possible to impose on me I should have been imposed on; but, unfortunately for the good woman, I possessed a proof, or proofs, that she was deliberately tering a falseho Forgive me if I insist\_"

woman was not Ella Constant, as the footprints proved. Who was it then? This is
what I now determined to find out. To
make a false step by premature activity
would be to entangle what I now regarded
would be to entangle what I now regarded

imaginary name, and under it, "On very night?" I received a message that the good lady would receive me. I was shown to her sitting room, which was

should have guessed to be 40 rather than 50 years of age. There was not a sign of a

her manner was courteous.
"I am ready to hear your important business, Mr. Rogers," she said, glancing from

"I have never been in the place in my

and she pressed her hand to her heart. or been jump feelings shall not stand in your way. I have forced myself for long years; other agony is a trifle after this."

Her pain and humiliation were so marked that I would have spared her, suspecting e foot-

> thority to do so.' "I repeat again that I do not hold you re-sponsible, although I seem to see the final desolation that fate is preparing for me. I have nothing to conceal, either here or in a court of law. Make no further apologie and finish this disagreeable business as soon Make no further apologies

possible."
"Did you see Mr. Cyril Durand last

called to the witness chair.

but we loved each other so faithfully apart, we would still be true to each other and marry no one else. I trusted him, and

of frenzy Mr. Glaye rushed at his rival with a dagger, and was shot through the brain.

"I have not seen him for weeks!" "Since you forbade him paying attention t

mistaken in certain points, you yourself will forget what I say to you." "I am not liable, madam, to give the seerets of others to strangers. I may set on

ject to inform me why you forbid your daughter from receiving the attentions of Mr. Durand?" "Bertha is not a real but an adopted child. I was lonely and I received her some ten years ago, hoping for a companionship that I have not received." "Pardon my impertinence; you adopted her during your husband's lifetime?" "I am not married," she answered very calmly. "To understand this, I must trouble you with a brief account of my past." Years ago," she continued, in a voice in which I detected tears, in spite of the strong will governing it, "I was engaged to a man named Julius Glaye. We were both poor, we promised each other that, if fate kept us

at a glance I saw that she was an adversary worthy of me, and I determined to "pin her to the wall." "I cannot compel you to answer my questions, madam; I have no au-

The face which had regained comparative placidity became gloomy and thoughtful. After an embarrassed pause she raised her serious eyes toward me, and said slowly and with emphasis:
"Before I speak, listen to me and correct me if I am wrong. You are here represent-ing outraged justice, and, believing that my information is necessary to increase or dissi-

the information you give me, but I will not reveal it. Others will only know your affairs from your own lips if you should be

hated his poor rival, and tried to ruin him in my eyes and in those of the world. He did not succeed in either case. One day the two men met and quarreled. In a moment There was a trial, with the verdict of justi-fiable homicide. The murderer of my intended husband still pursued me with his attentions, and was still unsuc-cessful. This happened in Europe. The murderer was a rich jeweler without any mear relatives. Years afterward he committed suicide, but before doing so made his will and then died. His vindictive nature is seen in his last testament. He left his entire fortune to me under the proviso that I should marry. If I remained single I was

strong will; but her emotion conquered he "Must you talk on this subject?" she asked with a faint smile, after she had subdued her restless heart. "It is a very painful subject to me; but if it is your duty my

pate your suspicions, you ask me to speak. I answer your questions under the belief that what I say to you will be sacredly treasured in your own breast, and only used so far as will advance you in your investigations. You will not reveal a word of what I say to others; and if you discover you are

"Your cautious answer is more promising than would be a ready agreement to my de mand. Let me now assure you that I know of nothing that will help you in this murder. I only casually heard of it this moreing. Having uttered this statement, I leave it to your judgment to ask such questions as you may desire."
"I will try and be brief. Would you ob

he trusted me. He is dead, and I have still kept my word by remaining a single

She became silent for a moment and toyed

thoughtfully with a plain gold ring on her finger. Uttering a little sigh she con-

"In those days I was loved by a rich man who did his best to win me to himself. He

that "there is a sphere of free-will above the human, in which as in the human—not physical law, but spiritual, moves matter?" must we not maintain that the miraculous is at least possible?

This brings us to the second assertion:

Humes' argument is very strong, indeed, against any single miracle. It explains the

WHERE THE BRIDGE BREAKS. The argument breaks down, however, when it touches the very point which we are now considering. So far from there being any improbability of the miraculous as entering somewhere and somehow into human history, there is on the contrary a dis-tinct probability of it. For remember that things is necessary. The relation of prayer to material blessings is expressed in the word "recognition." God always does what we are starting with the assertion of the existence of God. Out or that we are drawing our inferences. Is it likely, there being a God who cares for men, and who desires that we should keep His will—is it likely that such a Being would never make His existence unmistakably known? I will have more to say on this head when I come to speak of revelation. But I am content pression, a realization of man's dependence upon God. It asks no other answer than the perfect fulfillment of God's wise will. to mingle the testimony of a comparatively few instances in one scale against the testimony of almost universal human experience in the other scale, if I can add to the first scale this immense likelihood, that God will somehow enter plainly into history somewhere. That it seems to me makes a somewhere. That, it seems to me, makes a denial of the probability of the miraculous

> miraculous is both possible and probable, but we have not gained much unless we can show that the miraculous is verifiable. Is it a fact? Did a miracle ever really happen?
> The assertion of the miraculous cannot be

little that God's orderly working has come to be understood. It was thought at first that everything was extraordinary. But step by step, that which men have con-THE MIRACLE OF RESURRECTION. Did a miracle ever really happen? Yes, Of at least one miracle we can be perfectly sure. What miracle is that? The miracle of the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus of Nazareth died upon the cross. After that something happened. Something happened, else how will you explain such a change of day as that from Saturday to a change of day as that from Saturday to Sunday; how else came that old Sabbath to be set aside? Something happened; else how will you account for the existence of the Christian Church? The cross was the crisis of a career of failure. The whole "move-ment" headed by Jesus of Nazareth, which month by month had been visibly declining for at least a year, seemed ended on the cross. All the apostles, even, had forsaken their Master, and left him to dis alone. They were but Hebrew pensant people, any way, not one of them possessed of any genius, any originality or even independence of thought, not one of them brave enough to be a hero or good enough to be a saint. The Master was dead. The company of followers was broken up. Nothing was left. Then something happened which changed everything, some cause came in whose effect is the Christian Church. What

And with all such seeking we ought to be in sympathy. I would not for a moment claim that all which seems miraculous in Holy, Scripture is miraculous. miracles of healing, for example, have countless analogies in medical experience. We are only beginning to understand a little of the marvelous influence of the mind over the body. One of these days we may learn that higher law, which Christ knew, which will make this whole class of "miracles" as natural and orderly as the an adequate explanation. Here is a miracle courses of the comets.

The point at which we decline to follow which happened. some minimizing of the miraculous is that place in the path where the road turns off

quite ready to follow if truth would lead the way. But truth, as we interpret it, stops considerably this side of that. The denial of the miraculous, as it appears to us, goes in the face of probability of reason, and of There are three forms in which the denial of the miraculous may be stated. It may be declared that the miraculous (1) is impo ble, or (2) that it is improbable, or (3) that

MIRACLES CERTAINLY POSSIBLE.

Remember that the first promises in all

after that question.

toward universal denial. So far as this

alleged miracle, or that, is concerned we are

perfectly ready, if truth suggests, to affirm that this particular miracle never happened

But to make that into a universal proposi-

tion and to declare that "miracles never happen," is quite another thing. Even into

our arguments in these latter articles is the fact of the existence of God. We are considering certain inferences which follow from the truth that God is. Now the attack upon the miraculous which is made by those who deny its possibility is concentrated in the word "law." But what is Law? It is simply God's ordinary way of working. deals so orderly and uniformly with the world of nature that we can predict the future from the past. There are some me who are so punctual that people can set their watches by them. But there is nothing which compels the uniformity of this order. The past does not bind the future. It is true that all things are so intertwisted, so dependent each upon another, so held in balance by this which we call law, that any loosing of law, and, still more, any breaking of law, would hurry the whole creation into chaos. But no intelligent theologian will think of maintaining that the miraculous is simply the entrance of a higher law. God cannot contradict Himself, but God can deal differently with the world if He will. The best illustration of the miraculous is the making of the human will. We live in the midst of the world of law, but we are every moment shaping, guiding and direct-ing the action of law. Will uses law. If your child asks you to lift him up, must you answer, "My child, that is forbidden by law, the law of gravitation is all the time pulling you down." You can, by your will, put a different law in operation and set your child on your shoulder. The miraculous is simply the devine will shaping, guiding and directing law, just as the human will does, only, of course, in a way

MORE MYSTERIES THAN MIDACTOR Let me make this a little clearer. The peculiarity of the miraculous is that an effect is produced without any visible cause, without any discoverable cause. But is the miraculous quite alone in that peculiarity? I lift my hand. Show me, if you can, by any scalpel or microscope, what it is which initiates the motion. Discover me the cause of this effect. It is my will, you say. But what is that? Explain to me what will is? You see that miracles have ne monopoly

nfinitely more wonderful. Is it impossible

that God should do what man can?

The most important question of all, how

GEORGE HODGES.

bell of a house. No response. Then he went to the side door and knocked. No response. and watching for a couple of minutes he it is unverifiable.

Is the miraculous impossible? It will not "mem," when a second-story window was carefully raised, a pail of water balanced for an instant on the sill, and then souse i went over the young man below. He ut

> An English Artist Tells How the Latest Honx is Perpetrated. Pall Mall Budget, 1 me. "This one," pointing to a photograph of a man in a chair asleep with a spirit standing near him, "was done by first phoa black cloth background. Then another person draped in ghostly garments stands in the required position, but a little out of and corporeal. Light is then only on the spirit, and the same negative as used before is exposed a second time, and all the rest of the field being black the spirit only is pho-

The whole secret of the Keely motor has been explained by the inventor himself. What can be more lucid than the following: There is a triple sympathetic order of bration diverting the positive and negative currents to one general polarized center; this rotary action is continuous when sym-

Hook Strings of Fish. by hitting them a sharp blow on the back of If the weather is hot, clean the

care to remove the gills and the blood under the backbone, wipe dry inside and out, but do not wash them, sprinkle them inside with black pepper, but on no account use salt.

Pack in cool, iresh grass and keep them in
the shade. If ice is used it should be put in a tin can, or at least at the bottom of the creel, for it spoils the flavor of fish to have them soaking in water.