

THE STORY OF THE DOCTOR AND THE DETECTIVE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

## DR. PHILIP WOOLF. Author of "Who is Guilty?"

# [Concluded.]

CHAPTER X. DETECTIVE ENDS HIS NARRATIVE.

I followed him, unmoved by his sneers; he had been caught at last, and I could understand his irritation. He put on a heavy overcost and a broad-brimmed felt hat, and then descended the stairs, I following. It was a cold autumn night, inclined to rain, and a fierce wind was blowing. In the open air the doctor pulled the collar of his overcoat about his ears, and stopped just outside his own door to stare out over the ocean. The action recalled to me the pensive little face that had peered out from under an umbrella on that very day, staring also oceanwards. I had made a good haul of human fishes in a short time!

"I am waiting, doctor," I said, impatient at the delay.

The ocean has been waiting longer; but in good time everything crumbles away and is swallowed up-the little Lecoqs and the Golisths of wisdom with equal impartinlity. It is amusing; and I am ready."

We trotted off at a brisk pace; and, to save time, I plied the doctor with questions. That is the substance of the vinductive man's "You did not expect that Mrs. Glave would will, robbed of its bristling legal technicali-"You did not expect that Mrs. Glaye would be killed, ch?"

"I did not expect that you would try and make your prisoner compromise himself," he said, dryly. "When I have made up my mind to speak, my triend, I will speak; until I do, exercise your gigantic ingenuity in guessing my thaughts."

"If you are innocent, why do you refuse to help me?" "If you think me innocent, why are you holding on to my arm to keep me from fly-

ing away from you?" "It is my duty," he repeated dryly. "I do not suppose, my friend, that you are capable of appreciating the act; but just now I am thinking more of another than of myself. If this other will be benefited by my words, I will speak; if she will be tery surrounding the death of Ella Constant harmed, I will be silent. And more, if is cleared up, unless," I added, satirically,

will be removed!"
"Your bravado is out of place, doctor. Mrs. Glaye was murdered"—
"A rigid Lecoq would have said no more than that Mrs. Glave is dead."

"You believe she died from disease?" I asked, as soberly as I could. The Coroner, when he makes the investigation, will discover that she died from

son, and I believe I could even mention "have not the slightest doubt of it!" I retorted. "It's a pity, though that you will not enjoy the fortune you inherit, even

though you have placed a rope around the 'little maiden's' neck." "She will live, my friend, and be happy, or what she calls happy. The murderers whom you are seeking will enjoy a hearty and when discovered you will enjoy a hearty

surprise, even if you are dismissed from your position for incompetency."
"When you have cleared yourself, it is time enough to speak."
"Good. I will be silent till then!"

From that moment he refused to answe any of my questions. It was my idea that he had not expected that the crime would have been discovered so soon, nor would it have been except for my appointment to meet the dead woman. It would not otherwise have been found out before morning, and, in the meantime, the worthy ductor and his "little maiden" had the entire night before them in which to vanish from sight. Reaching the hotel I found that rumors of the tragedy had leaked out, and there was consequently a great excitement and a continual trotting about of the curious, who were anxious to obtain a peep into the fatal room. Holding the doctor by the arm I brushed by them, and ascended to the room of Ione Grande, as I was anxious to see the first meeting between her and her friend. Policeman Blind was standing guard outsaw the "little maiden" sitting disconsolately in a chair, the picture of hopelessnes and misery. At the sight of the doctor her face brightened, and she rushed eagerly toward him as if for protection. He placed

his hairy hand on her head, in a fatherly "I also am a victim of the great Lecon Fox," he said, nodding toward me, "and we will suffer together. We must be careful, my hibchen, not to speak our secrets

aloud, for lyax ears and lyax eyes are guard-ing us. Lecoq Fox is ubiquitous." I had turned to my assistant, and was listening to his account of his actions. He had searched most carefully Miss Grande's room and trunk, but, as I expected, had discovered nothing of a compromising na-ture. I left him after giving him strict orders that he was to remain in the room and keep an unsleeping eye on its two in-mates. I then descended the stairs, and with the assistance of Policeman Grope, made a thorough examination of the rooms occupied by Mrs. Glaye, and looked over every article in the bureau, but, strangely enough, did not discover a scrap of writing; not even an old letter, a dressmaker's bi memorandum of expenses. It looked as it articles of this nature had been deliberately destroyed. I was thus minute, not on account of my own convictions, for I believed she was murdered, but to do justice to the doctor and his mysterious hint about finding the dead woman's will. I found nothing; or, rather, I found everything in the natural condition they would have been in if the woman had been suddenly poisoned in the midst of her ordinary avocations. Having examined and re-examined every

square inch of the room, finally the body was examined, and beneath the the dress an envelope was found. It was directed: "To him who finds me after I annihilate myself. Mrs. Glaye's revenge on her termenter."

envelope was unscaled, and it contained two papers; one was a legally drawn up and attested will, which, among other things, said: "I give and bequeath all the money that comes to me on my death to my adopted daughter, Bertha Glayel" The other was a letter directed, "To whom it may concern," and read as follows: "Tired of life, I willingly leave it by my own hand. have poisoned myself for the sake of justice and to escape from my weariness. I was to have met a man who called himself, 'Mr. Du rand's friend.' It be calls he will discover nic, and he will find all I have to tell in the above sentence, which I again quote: 'I have poisoned mysel for the sake of justice and from weariness of life! If Mr. Durand has any information to give to justice, I free his lips and tongue. I am out of the reach of world anger and scorn, and, how-ever I may be judged, I have had my triumph and my revenge. Amelia Glave, Myrtle House, evening, September 21,

The letter was written in a fine firm handwriting without the evidence of a tremor in a single letter; the punctuation was perfect, every i was dotted, every t nearly crossed. At one place she had care ully scratched out a superfluous word. I say she, for the sake of eleurness; but I would ask any common sense man or woman it it comes to that, whether a person who meditates would display so much evidence of deliberation. The letter was too obscure and mysterious to be written by a dying woman anxious to enlighten justice, and this flour-ish about giving a fortune she did not possess to her daughter Bertha had a very suspicious air about it. I said as much

doctor, who was standing quietly in the room with his hands clasped behind him. "The poor lady must have been insane as well as 'doubly conscious,' to give away a tortune she did not possess."

"She did not possess it, my friend, but

she had the right to give it away. The man who originally owned the money committed suicide out of love for the useless mass of clay that lies yonder before you. He wished his revenge, as she wished hers. She had sworn that she would be true to the one man who was killed in a brawl; he tortured her by writing in the will that she could only inherit his money and enjoy it in life by mar-rying. He killed himself for her sake, and she retaliated. If she did not marry, the money was to go to a distant relative, me, whom she detested; yet with the following proviso, that if she deliberately killed her-self, she might thwart me, the man she detested, by willing the money lying idle to whom she pleased. Living unmarried she could not touch it; dying by her own hand she could only touch it to will it to another.

ties. According to the far-seeing detective, Lecoq Fox, I have murdered, or caused to be murdered, the very woman whose life was most precious to me. I hoped to share the fortune by marrying her. I kill her, her and then forge a will in her name that robs me of everything. My friend, I con-gratulate you, and conclude by saying that I give you this information for the sake of the young woman who trusts in me, and whom I would not see harmed for a moment even that I might laugh at you. Had I been alone, there would have been a differ-

ent story. His manner nettled me, and I said:

"Granting, for the sake of argument, that your story is true, it only partially clears matters. Mrs. Glaye committed suicide. Admitted; but, having gone so far, I shall hold you and Miss Grands until the mys Lecoq Fox stands in her way, Lecoq Fox "you can also prove that she committed suicide.

"My friend, it is late, and I am going home to my house to sleep. Play the spy yourself, or send some one of your men to play the spy on me, if you wish, but I will not remain here parleying with you. When to-morrow comes, act if you dare. To-night I am still master of my own actious!"

Providing he was kept in sight, it made little difference whether I kept him a prisoner in the hotel or in his own house. I gave him in charge of Policeman Grope, and took the opportunity of humiliating him as much as possible.

From the result of my night-long cogita-

tions, one fact alone was sure—a woman had been murdered. It she was not killed by the doctor or by Mrs. Glaye or by Cyril Durand, who was interested enough to stain his or her hands with blood? Berths Glaye, Otto Morton, or whom? Admitting, for the otto Morton, or whom? Admitting, for the sake of argument, that my first suspicions were wrong, I was completely in a log, and morning found me the most puzzled and disgusted man you can imagine. My first pay a visit to the fatal room in which as I learned from my assistant, Bertha had passed the entire night. I found her kneeling beside her dead mother, pale, swollen-eyed, but calm.

you, I kill myself. I love him, and had he

married me I would have lived. He never

loved me. I can never love another. I am

forever desolate, and rather than that you

should be left penniless and the money go to a stranger, I willingly release myself

from a world of which I am weary. I was

jealous of a woman whom I had never seen, and I threatened to kill her. Doubtless

Cyril Durand imagines I am a murderess

But, my child, facing eternity I assure you my soul is free from that crime; and I know that Cyril is equally guiltless. He loved

was cruel to her it was only to keep her

away from me, who had threatened to kill

shield me, whom, no doubt, he believes guilty. It is a consolation to believe that

a weak-willed, but a good man; this is mine,

let it be your judgment. Whoever the guilty party may be, it is not I, it is not he. Let that console you. For the rest I go where time is annihilated. Waiting will

not seem long, and I wait. Farewell

Bertha, and if you ever think of me, let it

child to her breast, and wept over it in love

Assuring the girl Bertha that she had

done perfectly right in showing me the letter, and that I would guard its contents

to receive the report of Policeman Blind,

who had stood as guardian outside Miss Grande's door all night. The room was

empty; the window overlooking the top of the veranda was opened, and the little maiden had flown! No doubt she intended

to take the first train to the city, and as my

the railway station I trotted over to it at full

speed, followed by my assistant. The little wretch was not there, but the incoming train

is always at the service of 'Lecoq' Fox, my

Turning in surprise, I faced the smiling

figure of Dr. Brandt.
"By what authority has Policeman Grope

allowed you out of his sight?" I asked,

my friend," was the calm answer. "He is

sleeping very soundly just now."

I was thinking of more important matters,

and allowed the clownish dector to turn his mental somersaults at leisure. Reaching his cottage, I found Policeman Grope just waking up from his drugged sleep, and

"You must ask him when he wakes up,

brought Cyril Durand with two officers, While I was discussing the subject with the officers a quiet voice said: "My house

duty imperatively led me in the direction of

as sacredly confidential, I trotted upstair

be as the woman who clasped the orphaned

and in desolation.

If he confesses his guilt, it is only to

the woman too much to harm her.

he thinks of me even to that extent.

She handed me a letter, which I eagerly "Have you done?" I asked angrily. received and more eagerly read:
"MY DAUGHTER—If I have not been a "One moment more, my gasconading Le-q. Let me give you a little more instruccoq. Let me give you a ment in your next tion, that you may be wiser in your next very affectionate mother to you, forgive me now, as I torgive you. I loved you in my beart, but I neglected you, selfishly bent on my own happiness. The only justice I can do you and others is to kill mysel, and thus by my death bring about the happiness my life could not afford. I leave the fortune the 'doubly conscious' Mrs. Glaye. dagger which you stole was stained with the lood of Mr. Durand, and or poor Dr. Brandt, whom the frenzied woman tried its point on. She went over to the pond to wash her bands, for in her abnormal condithat will come to me on my death to you, and you alone. But I have another wish tion she was cunning. The scratches on her hands were received in her struggles with which, even now, I have not courage to make public in a will. I loved Cyril me near the blackberry bushes. She went over to the deserted house to hide her jewels, Durand, but he never loved me; he is weakof which fact she was unconscious in her normal condition. From your blabbing, willed, and my wild jealousy crushed him into unresisting obedience, without winning his heart. His love was always for another my friend, I learnt of this, and so I dug up and if avarice for a moment conquered his the tin case to obtain certain papers which contain family revelations that do not enter better nature, he speedily rose to a noble height. I held him as my slave, and I into the case. Abnormally she teared me; normally she detested me. What I did I alone am responsible for his weaknesses. What I dared not set down in my will I did to blind you. But, my friend, is Ella Constant dead?" trust to you to carry out. Share the fortune you inherit with him; not by marriage, for The man Durand had recovered, and had know your heart is otherwise engaged; but by surrendering half your wealth to him without condition. It is only justice, and that justice may be done to him and

seated himself on the sofa, where he was now openly holding the hand of the goldenwoman, and murmuring every now and then like a gasping fish. "Ella, dear Ella! tell me once again that you forgive me. I am unworthy of you, but I always loved you, and you slone!"

"You caused the only tragedy, Lecoq Fox, caused it by your natural stupidity, said the doctor.
If the political superintendent had only obeyed my orders, if-

CHAPTER XL

CONCLUDING WORDS BY DR. BRANDT. I am a philosopher first and last, If, through the stupidity of a policeman, I lost the fair hand and the fair money of an estimable diseased and deceased lady, I can still smile. Am I to blame? Ask the happy husband of Bertha Glaye, who lives in luxury on the money that might have been mine. I plotted for money, but my nancs and soul are free from crime and treachery. Can thousands and millions of the world's successful ones say as much? My friend, I have lost the money I plotted for, but are you sorry for Mrs. Glaye? interested sorrow is ennobling; be sorry, but rest consoled with the knowledge that Mrs. Glaye escaped much future physical agony by her wild act. The post mortem examination proved that fact. Living, she would have dragged on a few years, to be racked by exeruciating pain. She was better dead, although I am sorry to say that Cyril Durand refused the money Bertha begged him to accept. But his inven-tions proved profitable at last, and he and his wie live in a very happy home. He is atill weak-willed enough to allow his wife to rule him; but that is the ordinary concomitant of marriage, although I am willing to confess that Ella Joan Durand uses her

authority with the most gentle and loving hand. They have persuaded me to live with them, and when I am not inventing new dishes in the kitchen I am playing with a very charming little, blue-eved, flaxen-haired girl, who is named Ella after her mother, and who has been taught to call me "grandpa." Am I to bisme? I hold the little child in my arms, I feel her soit little a loving smile for me on her face and a lov-

I can not belp regretting my sad loss now and then, but perhaps, after all, I was cut out for a bachelor, and who knows if I had wealth I might not have turned into a glut-THE END.

quiet, yet effective dignity. When he had obeyed, I added: "I would be your friend, Mr. Durand, but it depends on yourself. Now, as you know, a crime has been committed here; but the reason why you have kept your lips sealed no longer exists. Mrs. CLARA BELLE'S CHAT A Street Blockade Caused by a Girl's Loss of a Bit of Edging.

ing:
"The news is very painful to me, but I am not heroic enough to say that I do not feel a grain of consolation. What I suffered I deserved. I placed myself in her power. In a weak moment I coveted her wealth and Fair Faces and Splendid Forms Aren't

PRETTY SCENES IN A CITY PARK.

He started and became visibly paler, say

to recriminations which I already knew by

heart. I received a dagger thrust in the

"I had also a taste of it," murmured the

"And I also received the information that

me; but when I heard that the dead body of Ella Constant was found, I only realized

the extent of my misery. I ran away; not to save myself, but to save the woman who

lieved is now a matter of indifference to me. My desire for life died with Ella Con-stant. All the rest is indifferent to me

During the conversation I had kept my

eyes and ears open, and I had seen a woman

boring the part of eavesdropper in a neigh-boring room. I now rose, and continued: "Dr. Brandt, you may blind me once, but

not twice; you may cause the woman Ione Grande to escape from Policeman Blind; but you cannot hide her from my lynxeyes." With the words I unexpectedly rushed

into the other room, and dragged the hiding

lone Grande into the light. She struggled, but she was powerless in my grasp, and l

dragged her into the sitting room. During the struggle a wig of black hair fell off her head, and when I landed her in the center of

the sitting room, she stood a panting, blush-

ing, laughing blonde-haired young woman!
I was astonished, but Cyril Durand was amazed. He had risen from his seat, but he

stood frozen as if gazing at a ghost, tremb-ling in every limb. Then, with a groan, he staggered forward and fell in a dead faint at

the woman's feet. She was speedily kneel-ing over him, holding his head in her arms,

kissing him and calling him endearing names, and murmuring, "I forgive you, dear-est," in the most meaningless manner. What added to the aggravation was that

Dr. Brandt sat silently in his chair, hurling

his broad German smile in my direction

with an air of satisfaction that was disgust-

Assuming all my dignity, I said: "Car

you give me an explanation of all this faint-ing and kissing business?"
"I am willing now to satisfy you. To save

a man to the woman who loved him, and to win for myself a wife with money, I in-vented this little plot of murder. Mrs. Glaye's continual threats to the unwilling

Durand put the germ of the idea into my head. I started the pursuit, and you car-

ried it to the end. In my plot there was to

her I got the shoe, the breastpin, the ring and the hat and veil that were so useful to

Always Found Together.

PATRIOTIC LESSONS FROM ABROAD

I covered ner wearin and forgot the woman whom I loved and to whom I pledged my faith; both are dead. Whether I rot in jail, or in the tree air is indifferent to me now. I speak under the supposition that my words will bring safety to others. I would not speak them while I thought they might bring harm to a westehed woman. CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 might bring harm to a wretched woman."
"On a certain night I agreed to meet a young woman who loved me, who clung to me in spite of my brutalities; brutalities, let me here say, in slight vindication of my-NEW YORK, July 19. UMMER doesn't keep all the fashionable femininity let me here say, in slight vindication of myself, assumed for the sake of keeping her
out of the reach of an insanely jealous
woman who had threatened to kill her. I
did not meet. Ella Constant," his voice
trembled at the word, "but I met a raging
fury, Mrs. Glaye. I was compelled to listen
to reaction which I stready knew by ut of town. The belles come in from the watering places, and are objects of high regard in the public places. A strikingly handsome and stylish girl paused in the center the woman I was waiting for was dead; killed by the jealous, revenge ul Mrs. Glaye. I parted with her, believing that this statement was only uttered to torture of the sidewalk on had committed a crime out of her love for me. I was caught, and accepted all the blame. This is the truth; whether it is be-

Fifth avenue and bent her eyes upon the pavement. She had evidently dropped something, and ped something, and began to wander bout in that heed-less manner common to people in her preto people in her predicament. A district telegraph boy stopped and joined the girl in her search, and presently the footman of a carriage that was standing near strolled up and looked over the payement for the missing item. Then

after which several gentlemen took part in the hunt. The people seemed to now flock from all directions, and even those in the passing omnibuses leaned forward to see what the search was all about. A grimy old fellow driving a coal cart got down from his perch and elbowed his way through the crowd to discover what the trouble was. By this time a policeman, who was standing on the corner, a block away, sauntered leisurely down to where the throng was assembled, and he, too, began hunting the sidewalk for something of value. Finally he stopped and asked the young lady what it was that she had lost.

two small boys crossed over from the other

side of the street and joined the company,

SHE SCATTERED THE CROWD. At his words, spoken somewhat gruffly, the girl gave a nervous start and raised her lustrous eyes from the ground. Seeing the large assemblage congregated about her she reddened like a rose and stammered:

"Oh, it's nothing. Only a sample of-of edging, that's all." There was a common ejaculation among the crowa: "A sample of edging!" and then it dispersed as swiftly as a flock of birds. As the old coal cart driver clambered up to his seat he muttered to himself: "An' far hivin's sake phwat's edgin'?"

The girl being left alone, opened her pocketbook and the troubled look faded instantly from her face. Tucked down into the depths of the little leather pocket was a slender strip of white lace. The policeman be no tragedy, in your stupidity you made one. I started the cry of murder when no murder was committed; a quantity of bullock's blood was the only blood shed. In my efforts I was ably assisted by yonder blushing, happy little maiden, and had I risked more than I did risk, I would for her sake have done what I have done. Through standing near would have rebuked the fair creature for causing so much trouble over nothing, but he caught a peep of the edging as the girl shook it out to satisfy herself it was safe, and then he looked at her, and he was reminded of her tender femininity. He sauntered away swinging his club and whistling "Annie Rooney," and the girl hastened down town to match her edging.

Two sprightly and dapper young men were walking along the shady side of Broadway, when their impressionable hearts were gladdened by the sight of a figure immediately shead at them. The shade of the s a wise detective. Mrs. Glaye threatened to kill Ella Constant. I started the report that Ella Constant was murdered to punish bring him to the arms that hungered for him, and to bring Mrs. Glaye into the arms mediately shead of them. There were, in fact, two figures, but one was not worth that hungered for her money! That I was not completely successful is due to a certain mentioning, for it was so slender, flat and generally insignificant. The other filled the eye as snugly as it filled the stylish gown by which it was enveloped. Seen from be-

hind the lines, the bearing of this feminine figure was impressive in the extreme. "She's a queen from the ground up, I'll stake my last dollar," said one of the young men. "We'll have to get a look at her. I suppose the little old thing with her will glare at us, but we can't help that, I shouldn't sleep for a week it I let that face

The two hastened their steps and passed the women. Hurrying on for a moment they paused to glance into a shop window, and then turned to inspect the woman of the beautiful shape. A close observer might and thus he saves his own time, as well as have seen the faces of both turn pale when the time of his patients. "Like a panto-the women passed. The woman of the elemine, isn't?" said he, as he gave me a practhe eyes like the sun reflected from a mirror. enough for two noses and was as red as flanwas, moreover, a lady of something near fifty, and had more than a suggestion of moustache. The little creature by her side, on the contrary, was as sweet-faced as one could wish, with soft, pensive eyes and the an hour and a half every day," said the sweetest sort of a dimple near the corner of famous pysician, with a merry twinkle in her mouth.

A SCENE IN THE PARK. One of the prettiest life pictures that the city affords can be seen in Central Park on

afternoons when the meadows are open to the children. Hundreds of these merryhearted creatures are then scattered over the velvety greensward, or perched on the rocks, or nested in the low hanging branches of the trees. They are of all ages, all sizes and nearly all nationalties. Charlie and Hans, Patrick, Francois and Bernardino; Jennie and Gretchen, Biddy, Lucille and Ninna hobnob together, interpret each other's patois unerringly and evolve a gen crai one, including a shade of all, that could scarcely have been known at the Tower of Babel. The colored Martha Wash-ingtons and Abraham Lincolns are in the

merry troop where all sorts of games are go-ing on that scople legs and feet can master. Then the babies! Babies in perambula-tors, babies that never knew any other than nature's own, the mother's arms, babies rolling on the grass, babies toddling and tumbling everywhere, babies seated on shawls ruling the whole family—it seems as if this were a world of babies with no room left for the old folks. But the old folks are there. Here is a big brown ma stretched at full length on the greensward, while half a dozen youngsters pelt him with grass balls, stick straws in his ears and roll and tumble all over him, and you can see the happy gurgle of fatherly pride shaking him like a mold of jelly. There is a buxom matron running races with her five boys. She is fleet of foot, but she never reache the goal first, and her youngsters never sus-pect why. They are loud in their triumph over her defeat and her eyes sparkle no less

APPRECIATES THE STARS AND STRIPES. People who saw a certain Murray Hill residence profusely decorated with flags on the Fourth need have no doubt of the loyalty of its mistress, even though she has lived abroad several years, been entertained by the nobility and presented to the Queen.
They should have seen, too, her beach cot tage with its great wave of bunting ebt and flowing with the aerial tides. In a hands tearing at my spectacles and hair; I tion, they should have heard her discourse glance toward a happy wife, made happy through my exertions, and who has always "Nobody truly appreciates the Stars and Stripes but the soldier who has fought for it ing place for me in her heart, and I am con-tent. and the citizen who has lived abroad," she said. "I found by a life in London and Paris that it is not only the most beautiful, but the most symbolic of noble principles, of any flag in the world. You know we saw inside of much that is never apparent waking up from his drugged sleep, and read him a pretty severe lecture on his lack o cunning.

"Sit down, Mr. Durand," I said, with the profit by it in your own wiser way.

THE RED.]

ton. I have made others happy. While you blame me, remember that fact, and stayed the more were we impressed with the absurdities of rank and royalty. I think neither of us knew how deep the feeling

was becoming till one holiday when we were out driving. The British flag, of course, was flaunting everywhere, and suddenly we came upon a line of the flags of all patterns. denly we came upon a line of the flags of all nations strung across the street, and right in the center hung the Stars and Stripes. My heart gave a great bound as at the sight o an old friend, and as our carriage passed under the flag my husband, who you know is the most unsentimental person in the world, removed his hat and bowed his head; I gave my tribute in silent tears. I believe I vowed then and there to show my love and loyalty on every fitting occasion, and that is what I am doing to-day. A great deal is said about society people turning English worshipers and little lovers. Why," turning to a lovely young girl who was smiling at her eloquence" "my girl who was smiling at her eloquence "my daughter shall not marry either earl or prince, rich or poor, influential or other-wise, unless he first renounces title and estate and becomes a simple American citizen!"

THE LATEST LUNCHEON FAD. Did you ever hear of a wine-tasting luncheon? One of those lively young men that are forever entertaining the young ladies gave one the other day. The peculiarity of the wine-tasting luncheon is its extreme costliness. Aside from that it is not half so enjoyable as an ordinary repast. The idea is to have as many kinds of wines served as possible, and of each class of wine a cheap and expensive brand are used. For instance, a cheap and costly claret is offered to each guest, and the game is for the guest to take both and choose the part. best. There is some interest attached to this, in consideration of the fact that all fashion able people pride themselves upon their ability to tell good wine from bad, and, therefore, those that persistently choose the ordinary wine are joyously derided by their victorious companious.

There was one young creature at this wine-

tasting luncheon the other day who chose the expensive wine straight through the list. As she was a mere child, with big, in-nocent eyes and a face as fresh as a flower, her judgment astounded the entire company. She was the heroine of the day, and some the veterans eyed her with envy. Asked for an explanation of her remarkable talent, she shrugged her pretty shoulders and said that she was born with a taste for the best of everything. When the luncheon was over listener might have overheard a conversanon between the clever girl and her host. I am not able to say why, when, how or where the trick was arranged, but I am sure that he company at that luncheon still worships the pretty wine taster as the best connoisseu in the neighborhood. CLARA BELLE.

## MACKENZIE A BUSY MAN.

How the Great London Physician Utilizer Every Minute of the Day, Boston Herald's London Letter.1

It is said in the profession that no physician in London receives so many patients in his consulting room as Sir Morell Mackenzie. They come, not only from every part of England, but from every part of the world, and the list includes royalties and nobles, as well as commoners. In addition to the patients who call, there are the patients who must be called upon. And then you may say the work is but begun. For a man whose working days are very long, Sir Morell is an early riser. He has breakfasted, read his mail and morning papers, and is out of the house by 9 o'clock. He reserves the hour from 9 to 10 for a few urgent cases which require a timely morning visit. Returning home, he receives patients in his consulting room for the next four ours. All who call before 2 o'clock may have audiences with him. At 2 he lunches with his family. But there may be a dozen persons waiting at that hour, and they must be attended to after luncheon. Then he enters his carriage and makes his round of calls. It he reaches home by 7:30 he thinks he has done well. After dinner he goes through his correspondence, and per-haps finishes a scientific article or adds a chapter to one of his medical works. He rarely dismisses his secretary before 11 clock, and he is generally at his own desk

sage, closed at each end by swinging doors. During "office hours" the reception room is certain to be filled with patients. The caller, in his order of arrival, is shown by a polite nanservant into one of the consulting rooms Presently Sir Morell enters, greets his patient, discusses the "case," and, when the discussion is at an end, touches a hidden signal, to which an attendant responds, as the great physician bows cou tecusly to the dearting visitor, and then disappears through his "private exit" to the second consulting room, where another patient is in waiting.
When this "case has been disposed of," Sir Morell retreats again to the first room, to which a third visitor has meanwhile hee admitted, and during this interview a fourth caller is shown to an adjoining apartment. Thus, Sir Morell is never kept in waiting, gaut figure was so ugly that her face hurt | tical illustration of the efficacy of his "ar eyes like the sun reflected from a mirror. rangement." "I am continually appearing eyes were askew, her nose was long and disappearing through doors." But the visiting patient sees no evidence of the nel, and her mouth was a monstrosity. She | pressure that is always upon the genial doctor—the arrangement is so periest, the polite attendants are so thoroughly trained, and Sir Morell's manner is so cordial and attentive. "This little passage saves me at least an hour and a balf every day," said the his keen brown eyes.

# THE JOCKEY'S MOTHER

Overcome by Excitement at Monmont While Watching Her Boy Ride Arab. New York Sun. !

At Monmouth Park on Saturday a neatly dressed middle-aged-woman, with a mother ly face, sat just behind the reporter's stand. She watched everything and everybody closely, and seemed to be laboring under great excitement. As the horses were going to the post for the sixth race, she stood up and looked down the track anxiously. Turning to several men setting behind her she asked with assumed composure, "Car you tell me what horse the boy Decker is "Arab," replied one of the men.

"Is he a favorite?" she asked "No," said the man. "Do you want to make a bet." "Oh, no, I dont care to make a bet," she replied, "but I'm interested in the race." Just then the cry went up "They're off." The woman stood on tip-toe and watched them coming. As they entered the stretch she clapped her hands and cried, "Come on, Arab; come on! Good horse, good horse!' The horses were nearly at the wire whe her excitement overcame her and she sank to the floor. She didn't swoon, but she didn't have any strength left. When she

was lifted upon a chair her first question was: "Did Arab win?" She was told that he was beaten by a head. She was terribly disappointed. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently she lest the track. A man who said he knew her said she was the Jockey Decker' mother. Decker had been a jockey several years, but that was the first time she had seen him ride.

A Hindee Decter Doing a Land Office Business in Replacing the Member.

New Castle, Eng. Chronicle.1 In an out-of-the-way corner of India, in Kattywar, a Hindoo doctor, Tribhowundas Motichund Shab, L. M., has during the past six years been carrying on a succession of operation in rhinoplasty, or the renewing of noses, such as probably no other medical practioner in the world has ever had the oppractioner in the world nas ever has the of portunity of attempting. The State of Junagadh, where these interesting operations have been performed, is notorious for the cutting off of noses, the practice being adopted both by jealous husbands as a punishment for their wives, and by several tribes, of whom the Mekranis are the worst,

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT. The New Testament a Thoroughly Authenticated Document.

HISTORY OF THE MANUSCRIPTS.

Testimony of Writers of the Early Centuries Completes a Chain

THAT LINKS THE PAST AND PRESENT

The center of discussion to-day between Christians and non-Christians is the person of Christ. One of the essential positions in this discussion is the relation between the "Jesus of history" and the "Christ of dogma." Was Christ really what Christians believe Him to have been? The answer to this question is wrapped

up in the authenticity of the gospels. If

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.)

these are cotemporary records, as Christians hold them to be, then the matter is settled, for the Christ of the evangelists is the Christ of the Christian creed. It is worth while to notice here that the very first appearance and mention of Christ in Christian literature coincides with the Christian belief in Him, and has no standing room for rationalistic theories about Him. There is no doubt in the mind of any scholar as to the genuineness of at least four of the epistles of St. Paul. But the Christ of St. Paul is the Christ of Christian theology. Here in these epistles, written before a word of, one of the four gospels was set on paper, is the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, held and declared with all the clearness of the creed. And when we come to the earliest Christian writers, here is the same idea of Christ. There are no Unitarians among them. They believe and teach about Him exactly what we believe and teach today. This is worth thinking about. The Christian Church has never in all these centuries wavered in its adherence to the divine Christ. OUTSIDE THE TESTAMENT.

### Go back to the earliest fragmentary remains

of Christian writing outside of the New Testiment, to Clement of Rome, to Ignatius, to Polycarp, to Justin, and come down all the long course of the ages, past the persecutions past the manifold endeavors of heretics, past the varied and persistent attacks of number nineteen, you will find that Christian (aith in Christ is a perfectly straight line. Nothing has ever pushed the Church to one side or the other of it. The assaults which are being made upon the creed to-day are nothing new. The Church, by long experience, has grown expectant of attack, and has always prospered under it. The beseigers always fail, and always will fail. Nothing can destroy truth.

When I say that the relation of the

"Jesus of history" to the "Christ of dogma" is very closely connected with the question of the authenticity of the gospels, I would not be understood to mean that the Christian religion rests upon any book whatsoever. The Church in her sermons and her sacraments taught the gospel long before there were any "gospels" heard of. The Church is the living witness to the life and person of Jesus Christ. But the gospels are the record of the Church's earliest teaching. And they serve to detect any possible departures from it. It is of importance that we should know as nearly as we can who wrote these

gospels, and when.
It is with this in mind that I purpose to consider in two articles one of the gospels—that which bears the name of Matthew. And what I want to do to-day is to trace the history of this gospel as a book. I have nothing to say about its contents. My consideration is of the book itself. Here is a record of the life and deeds of Jesus of and founded the church at Rome. After Nazareth. Where did it come from? the departure of these, Mark, the disciple Matthew's name is written at the top of these pages, but Matthew did not write it then. He did not sign his name to it. Nor is there in the gospel itself page of these, Mark, the disciple and interpreter of Peter, also transmitted to us in writing what had been preached by Peter. And Luke, the companion of Paul, committed to writing the gospel. any indication of its authorship. we know that Matthew wrote it? How do we know when it was written? What is the history of this history?

PRINTED, WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN. The history of St. Matthew's gospel falls into three stages. The period of print, the period of manuscript, and the period of patriotic reference. The first two periods are perfectly plain. The gospel of St. Matthew is in print to-day, and has been in print since the year 1456. In that year John Gutenberg, whom some account to have been the inventor of printing, published an edition of the Bible in Latin contains this same gospel which we read to-

inv.

Before the middle of the fifteenth century the Bible was in manuscript. Nobody could count the number of printed New Testaments which are in the world, but the num-ber of manuscript New Testaments which remain is not so difficult of reckoning. There are in existence about 1,500 mann eripts, most of them written before the year

These manuscript New Testaments are of two kinds, some earlier and some more recent. The difference can be readily seen by a different fashion of writing. Part of these manuscripts were written entirely in capital letters and with no spaces between ither the sentences or even the words. Part of them were written, as we write to-day, in both capitals and small letters. The manuscripts which were written in capitals are called uncials. The manuscripts which were written in running hand are called cursives. The difference in the letters may be seen by looking at the omega which is painted on the ceiling of the chancel of Calvary Church, which is an uncial, and then at the omega which is painted in the chancel window which is a cursive. The division in time is about the middle of the tenth century. Manuscripts witten before that date were all written in uncials.

TORN AND TATTERED FRAGMENTS

There are great differences among the uncial manuscripts. Of these manuscripts, written before the year 950 there remain only about 50, and of these some are but fragments. A good many of them contain only a page or two; that is, in the days when paper was scarce. The ink of St. Mat-thew's gospel, for example, might be erased as much as was possible, and then some-thing else written over it, and all that remains is the dim impression of the old letters faintly seen under a microscope; one is a little bundle of small bits of paper found in the binding of ome old book. The binder had cut up a New Testament manuscript and used it, like any common parchment, in his trade. are able to distinguish among these various manuscripts, as to their dates, partly by the kind of parchment or vellum used, and partly by the fashion of forming the letters, which varied from contury to century. Of these uncial manuscripts of the New Testament there are three of surpassing value. One, which is called the Codex Alexandrinus (A), is in the British Museum. It dates back to the fifth century. The first part is torn off, so that it begins with the ixth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew. Another (B), which is called the most as readily as these authentic records of a Continental correspondent avers, they are Codex Vaticanus, is in the Vatican Library at Christ's life and teaching could be altered Rome. The last part is torn off from this manuscript, so that it comes abruptly to an end with the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. St. Matthew's gospel is here entire. This manuscript goes back to the fourth century. The third (A), which is called the Codex Sinaiticus, is in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and was found by the great German scholor, Tischendorf, in the ancient monastery of St. Catherine, which has stood for centuries among the crags of Sinai. This manuscript includes the entire New Testament as we have it to-day. The date is the

THE OLDEST YET DISCOVERED. An especial interest attaches to this third manuscript. In the year 331 the Emperor Constantine ordered Bishop Eusebius to

fourth century.

have 50 handsome and well-written copies of the New Testament made for the churches of Constantinople. Eusebins, whose writings we have, tells us that these copies writings we have, tells us that these copies were arranged in sheets by threes and fours. With this description the codex Sinsiticus tallies exactly. It is written upon the finest vellum and is arranged in sheets by threes and fours. It is certainly as old as the fourth century. It is probably of the year 231

This is the oldest manuscript of St Matthew's gospel which has yet been dis-covered. In the year 303 began the last of the pagan persecutions. The Emperor Diocletian was determined to destroy our religion utterly. He paid especial attention to the discovery and destruction of our sacred books. Everybody who had in his possession any part of the New Testament possession any part of the New Testament was required upon pain of death to give it up to be burned. A new class of offenders comes into church history with this persecution, the "traditions" or "traitors," who played the coward and gave up the Scriptures into the hands of the pagans. This will explain the lack of manuscripts earlier than this long and thorough persecution. They were hurned on horough persecution. They were burned on

pagon bonfires.

Here is a space then of three centuries between the events which are described in St. Matthew's gospel, and the earliest manuscript of this gospel which remains. This is the period of patriotic reference. That is, we trace the existence of this gospel during these obscure centuries by noting what is said about it by the Christian writers whose works have survived. KNOWLEDGE THROUGH REFERENCES.

The references to the New Testament in the writings of the first three centuries may be divided into two classes—quotation and description. Sometimes there is only the taking of a text or the using of an illustration which can be referred to the pages of the New Testament, and which shows that the writer was acquainted with the Scriptures which we have in our hands to-day. Concerning these quotations, it will be enough to say that they occur to a greater or less extent in every one of these writers, the amount of quotation being determined partly by the literary habits of the writer and partly by the nature of his subject, exactly as in sermons and in theological books to-day. In a standard work on "The credibility of the Gospel History" these quotations fill five octavo volumes. From the works of Origen, for example, which were written in the third century, it is said that nearly the whole of the New Testament could be reproduced. Of the works of Justin Martyr, which were written in the second century, it is said: "This father introduces into his extant writings a large number of evangelical passages. A few of them coincide exactly with our canonical gospels. A much larger number have so close a resemblance that without referring to the actual text of our gospels, the variations would not be noticed by an ordinary reader. Justin Martyr pro-poses to derive these sayings and doings from written documents which he atyles Memoirs of the Apostles, and which (he tells his heathen readers) are called gospels." The most interesting testimonies to the authenticity of the New Testament Scripture

come under the head, not of quotation but

of description. LEARNED THROUGH DESCRIPTION We have seen that the Gospel of St. Matthew was accepted by the Church in its present form in the fourth century, and can still be read in the very pages which were written in the year 331. which were written in the year 331. Athanasius, Eusebius, Cyril, Jerome and others, all in that same century give lists of the New Testament books, with St. Matthew's gospel at the head. Origen, in the year 250, gives a similar list. Irensus was writing about the year 290. He was a pupil of Polycarp, who had been a disciple of St. John himself. There was, accordingly, only one generation intervening between Irensus and the days of the last Apostle. Here is what Irensus says about the gospels in his day: "Matthew." about the gospels in his day: "Matthew," he says, "produced his gospel written among the Hebrews in their own dialect, while Peter and Paul proclaimed the gospel Paul, committed to writing the gor pel preached by him, i. e., Paul. Afterward John, the disciple of our Lord, the same that lay upon his brenst, also published the gospel, while he was yet at Ephesus, in Asia. In the year 200, then, there were four accepted gospels, exactly as there are now, the first of them bearing the name of Matthew as its author. In the year

160 a Christian writer named Tatian composed a harmony of the four gospels, that is, he so arranged the four records as to make one continuous narrative. This arrangement he called Diatessaron, which means four put together. This work, which dates back to the middle of the second century, has recently, within the past twenty years been discovered. We learn from it that in that day there were four accepted gospels as there are now, and that these fou essentially the same which we have to-day Thus we trace the gospel of St. Matth back to the year 160. THE EARLIEST INFORMATION.

In that same year, or earlier, lived a friend of the Martyr Polycarp, named Papias. Papias is described by Irenaus as a disciple of St. John. He tells himself how diligent he was to inquire about the sayings of the Apostles. "When a person came in my way who had been a follower of the elders, I would inquire about the discoveries of the elders—what was said by Andrew, or by Peter, or by Philip, or by Thomas or James, or by John or Matthew, or any other of the Lord's disciples." "Matthew," says Papias, passing on from description of the composition of St. Mark's gospel, "Matthew composed the oracles in the Hebrew language, and each one interpreted them as he could."

This is the earliest mention of the name. This man, who touches with one hand the

days of the Apostles, is acquainted with the spel of St. Matthew. We arrive, then, at this conclusion. That in the middle of the second century, 50 years after the death of the last of the spostles, there were four gospels known among Christians, one of which bore the name of

Matthew.

Now remember, that was not a day books. It was a day of remarkable and trained memories. To hand down facts, words and teachings, without the aid of writing, from one generation to another was a universal Hebrew custom. Scarcely anything was put in writing. All was left to the safe keeping of a practiced memory. The Christians of the middle of the second century had this same traditional remembrance of the deeds and words of Christ by which to test these and all other gospels. Christian acceptance of the gospels is a testimony t their truth. THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS.

It is not likely, however, that the four gospels had any real rivals. The "apocryphal gospels" which we have from that early day are mere foolishness. The gennine gospels stand among them as Plato and Aristotle stand among the petty and obscure philosophers of their day.

Remember, also, that there was already heresy in the church. Orthodox and here-

ties alike looked for authority to the four gospels. The Constitution of the United States could be altered by the Republicans without detection from the Democrats aleither by orthodox or heretics without the knowledge of the other. In the year 140 there was a cry against the heretic Marcion that he had altered the gospel of St. Luke. In such a church, and in such a time, when Christians were not so many but that the affairs of one parish were known all, when men were still living who had known the apostles and heard them talk, when the presence of heresy was like the presence of a watchman-in such a time this gospel of St. Matthew was accepted as a true record of the deeds and words of Jesus

-A large cave has been discovered by prospectors on Cerros Island, off the coast of Lower California. It was explored for 600 feet, and the walls were ornamented with beautiful THE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for

Home Cracking. Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine. 1131-A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.



1132-ANAGRAM. Three Words.

Three Words.

I've read about a happy pair
Who dwelt amid surroundings fair,
Where all their wants were well supplied
And nothing to them was denied
Save one small luxury—a food
Which probably was pretry good,
But one which they could do without,
And which they need not care about.
Yet they were tempted in some way,
Just how it was I need not say,
To eat this food which seemed more sweet
Because twas a ferbidden treat.
It was a naughty thing to do. Because 'twas a forbidden treat.
It was a naughty thing to do,
And they were punished for it, too.
Compelled to leave their happy home
They had wide space o'er which to roam,
For population was so sparse
That dwelling places were not scarce.
Expelled from whole they had to toll
And set their living from the soil Expelled from whose they had to And get their living from the soil.

Such was the penalty decreed,
Though it was not "AN END OF GREED."

NELSONIAN.

1133-NUMERICAL. . 2, 3, 4, 9 room you'll find, When the complete dawns on your mind.
Do not 8, 7, 2, 3 down,
And "rive it up," with fretful frown.
6, 5, 2, 9 and patience will
Oft take the place of practiced skill.

1134-DOUBLE OBLONG. First Oblong.—1. To injure. 2. A hitchen itensil. 3. The hammer of a piledriver. 4. Without. 5. Evil. 6. The center of a target. Apropos. Second Oblong.-I. To give leave. 2 To keep busy. 3. A small insect. 4. A kiln for dryi hops or malt, 5. By. 6. Mineral matter.

hops or mait, a by, 6, Mineral matter, 7.
The sea eagle.

Join with the letters of a word meaning the highest, and get these words of seven letters.

1. A kind of swallow. 2 A full suit of defensive armor. 3. Expherant. 4 Farthest outward. 5. (Min.) Red ferruginous quartz. 6.

Something offensive to the sight. 7. An example. ample. PARADOX

1135-CURTAILMENT. That primal is of total but the germ;
First primal is of total but the germ;
First prime, then total—that is all his creed;
But mothers know the difference, indeed.
To the true woman, far the sweetest thing
In the wide world a prime is; it does bring.
To her, not total; speaks tha heavenly tongue
Which keeps the world forever fresh and
young.

BITTER SWEET.

1136-TRANSPOSITION. A priest who were a first I heard,
When he explained the sacred word;
So dull he was I thought such preacher
Quite unfit to be a teacher.
By those who heard him he was classed
As one that's often called a lost. NELSONIAN.

1137-DIAMOND. 1. In New York. 2. To beat. (Prov. Eng.).
3. The color of a diamond. 4. Diversified with wave-like lines. 5. A range of high land. 5. Certain police. 7. Allures. 8. (Mining). Deviates answ from the vertical. 9. Hurts. (Obs). 10. Doctor of dental surgery. (Abbr.) 11. In Pittsburg.

> 1138-CHARADE. FIRST.

I'm useful to the merchant, he For guidance often turns to me; When he consults me I can show The very thing he wants to know. Perhaps the spelling that I use Is not the kind that you would choose,

SECOND. In feudal times, I may avow My name was oftener heard than now, Then I described the part of land On which the owner's house did stand, But here again I grieve to tell Is evidence of a bad spell. WHOLE.

A certain kind of skill am I. A craft that's full of mystery!
Twould seem that miracles are wrought
By those who in my art are taught,
It is my business to deceive;
I am a humbug, I believe.

1139-SYNCOPATION. Last is a bird of swimming kind: A whole is what you wish to find,

Come, my boy, while you may, Have a game of ball to-day; I have no hands nor feet, you see, But back the ball I'll throw to the Only to the you must agree—Always to throw first ball to me.

Now, my boy, just guess my name,

And then come on and have a game.

—MRS, J. P. DRYSDALE.

1140-ENIGMA.

THE JUNE COMPETITION. Prize winners: 1. H. C. Burger, Alliance, G Wm. Hughes, Apollo, Pa. & Sadle Harlow 2 Wm. Hughes, Apollo, Pa. 3, Sadle Harlow, Pittsburg, Pa. Roll of honor: Eva S. Nelson, John M. Mar-lowe, H. M. T., Triton, Alice T. Clough, Leah Bernstein, J. P. Leathe, Mr. E., Ellice Jacques, B. Ingalis, Helen B. Teague, Sphinx Crank, L. S. P., T. M. Parker, Ida Burns, John Foley, Geo, A. Merlin, S. P. Roak, Linda C. Peabody, Mrs. A. H. Rand, Peleg Waterman, Elsie Peters, R. M. V., L. C. Penley.

ANSWERS. 1121-McGinty "at the bottom of the sea." 1124-Martha

1125—Cure, cue. 1126—Scepter, specter. 1127—

THE CZAR AND HIS EGGS. Stuce He Has Learned They Can be Potsoned Every Precaution is Takes.

Pall Mall Budget. ] Not long ago a savant made the discovery that an egg could easily be poisoned by the insertion of a thin wire that would leave no mark on the shell. Until then the Czar had eaten eggs with absolute security; but now, sent him in all sorts of mysterious receptacles-sometimes in hat boxes-and they are boiled or converted into omelettes in a little kitchen contiguous to the Czar's study. Here a Parisian cook named Rey-mand operates, under the personal superiptendence of the Czarina, who goes in and out of the kitchen at all hours, and often prepares a dish with her own hands.

The Czar never eats thick soups or thick sauces. His food is meat, boiled or broiled, but the broth or gravy must always be perfectly clear. The vegetables are served whole, and cut before him with a silver kuife. The sugar which he eats with his fruit is also pounded in his sight, and his salt is the common gray salt in large grains, with which it would be impossible to mix arsenie, as could be done with the fine white