A WOMAN'S CRIME

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

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(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Hale took up the first paper and read—

I begin to doubt you. Don't think me blind or that I am one to submit to neglect, after what has been. Remember, you are not dealing with one friendless or helpless. I must see you to-night.
August 9, 187—

Mr. Hale read this aloud, and then laid it down without a comment.

"This note," resumed the detective, "is, as you see, without address or signature. And it is not an ordinary love letter. It is dated less than a month prior to the first meeting of Arteveldt and Miss Armyn. 'I begin to doubt you,' it says—doubtless this is one of the 'old loves' that the young man was so constantly putting off for news. But this one is not to be trifled with, and she rebels. She reminds him that she is neither friendless nor helpless, and then, she commands, 'I must see you to-night.' Now, Mr. Hale, please read the next note, the one found in the coat pocket."

Again Mr. Hale complied, reading the second note as he had the first, without comment or question.

I have seen the girl you think to make your wife; and—she does not love you—I swear it. I have warned you before. I repeat that warning. Break off this marriage, even at the last moment. Break it off, or the thunderbolt that hangs over you will fall.

"See, said the detective, when the lawyer had put this note aside, "it is in the same hand as the first one. It warns, or threatens—or both. It bids him break off his marriage, or dread the thunderbolt. Gentlemen, he did not break off the marriage, and three days after the date of this letter the thunderbolt had fallen. Clarence Arteveldt lay a corpse."

"Now comes the third letter, or fragment of one. It is in the handwriting of the murdured man. Probably he wrote this letter, and then, for some reason rewrote it, throwing this copy into the grate. Now I begin to theorize: This letter is partially destroyed; we must guess at the meaning of half of it. I thought that some woman, doubtless this one who had written him these two letters, had made some demands upon him. I think that he sent back to her, her letters and pictures, and that these two were overlooked in making up the package. I think that he told her how idle and useless were her threats, and then resorted to a little judicious flattery; speaking of her beauty, her position, etc., and that he ended by saying she must keep aloof from his wife; such a letter would be characteristic of the man I founded my reason, gentlemen, on these fragments of sentences:

—This day return to you—and gifts have retained nothing. —these useless threats—the admiration your beauty commands;—position warrants—shall be your friend—two must not meet.

"Well, I read these three documents, and this is the theory I evoked from them: Some man, woman who was beautiful, accomplished, and, perhaps, of high social standing, had been the favored of this young Lancelot of the drawing-room; he had grown weary of the flame, and she had sought to hold him; then had come Lenore Armyn, and he had grown still more neglectful. She had written him other letters full of warning and threats, but these had been returned, as he states here; probably he believed what he said, that he had retained nothing. Doubtless he was careless, hurried, even impatient, in gathering up these letters; he was disposing of the old love, you know. Well, the popular theory was, that Lenore Armyn, because of her wrongs, had taken the life of her husband. Here was another who complained, who had been even deeply wronged, perhaps; might not she have laid her plans and struck down her destroyer on his wedding night?

"I said nothing of these notes or my suspicions, but I worked to find, not only Lenore Armyn, but this other one, and then to fix the guilt where it belonged. I knew of one young lady that had been more or less talked of in connection with Clarence Arteveldt, but it seemed quite absurd to think of her as this suspected one. I had met this lady—and just here I may as well state how. One day, the second of September last, as I sat at lunch Clarence Arteveldt sought me, saying that the house of a friend had been robbed, and more than twenty thousand dollars taken from a private desk. I hastened to the scene of the robbery, and made a minute investigation of the premises, and I at once decided that no burglar did the deed; no one had forced an entrance, and, spite of the fact that the front door was open, I did not believe that a burglar had gone away from that house after robbing it. In short, I suspected a 'put-up job,' and I began to look for the robber in the family of the robbed man. Well, I was baffled here, but a strange suspicion entered my mind, and I resolved to let the matter die down, and then begin at it afresh. The young lady of the house, as I have said, had been a friend of Arteveldts. I questioned him concerning her, and soon saw that it was a sore subject. One day he chaffed me in turn, saying that a certain George Fordham had told him that I was a frequent visitor at this house. Now, I was not aware that this Fordham was on calling terms there, and I felt a little surprised at this, and resolved to ascertain how, and to what end, Mr. George Fordham kept himself so well posted concerning me. I inquired in a careless manner, and was assured that Mr. Fordham was barely known to the lady in question. A few days before his marriage Arteveldt made, what I considered, an odd request; he asked me to ascertain, in an off-hand way what the young lady thought of his marriage with Miss Armyn. I made a mental note of this, and after the tragedy it came back to my mind.

"Now I will go back to the letters; having read these, I looked up Fordham, and talked with him about Arteveldt and his affairs; I knew that if anyone could give me information upon this subject, he was the man. But Fordham fought shy, and denied any knowledge of an old love affair; but while he denied it I saw in his eye that he lied. I knew that he lied to me. Next I went to Fairlie, to see what I could learn from Doctor Austin here."

Mr. Hale turned his eyes upon Doctor Austin, and saw that both he and Mr. Ferrars were smiling significantly.

"At Fairlie," pursued Bathurst, "I was surprised to find my friend and brother detective, Robert Jocelyn. He was there in pursuit of an English scoundrel, whom he had been shadowing for weeks. And now I must deviate, or seem to, again, while I put in a word concerning Rob Jocelyn.

"He had arrived in this city on the first day of last September, after a five years' absence in Europe. While in London he had been employed in working up a murder case. One Schwartz, a Jewish broker, and Rebecca Schwartz, his sister, both aged people, had been murdered by the girl-wife of the old man. Jocelyn had searched all Europe for the murderess, who had fled, taking with her a large and very valuable collection of jewels, that had been hoarded by the miserly old man. He had at last come to America, in the hope of finding Elise Schwartz on this continent.

"I was glad to come upon Jocelyn thus unexpectedly, for I wanted his help. I began to tell him my business, and described the manner of the murder, whereupon Jocelyn sprang up in great excitement, declared that Clarence Arteveldt and the Jew, Schwartz, had been killed in the same way, and he believed by the same weapon, and the same hand. The wound in the temple in each case had been made with the stylet, an instrument similar to the Spanish stiletto, but smaller, and keener, even, than that. This statement seemed improbable; how could Lenore Armyn and this Elise Schwartz be the same? They could not; this we knew. But the stylet is a foreign weapon, little used, and the coincidence served to deepen our interest in the case."

The detective paused for a moment; his four auditors were listening with almost breathless attention; what he now stated was new, to all alike.

CHAPTER XLVIII. — THE MURDERESS IS FOUND.

The detective sat in thoughtful silence for a few moments, and then recommenced his story.

"I can now condense my narrative a little more, and yet make myself understood," he said. "I might say much concerning Lenore Armyn, for Jocelyn had made some startling discoveries concerning her while in Fairlie, but that must remain until another time. Now we must talk of the murderess.

"I told Jocelyn all that I had discovered, and all I suspected, and the next morning he started back to the city, to keep a watch upon the suspected house, and upon Mr. Fordham. My information concerning the house was this: It had been taken a few days after Arteveldt had secured the other, by a middle-aged widow; she intended to open a fashionable boarding-house, she said. Now, mark this, the two houses were taken within the same week, but, while that of Clarence Arteveldt was ready for its occupants many days before the wedding, the other house was still vacant on the wedding night.

"Well! Rob attended to the house, and I remained in Fairlie, as you know, for three long months.

"A few days after my return from Fairlie, I received a note from the young lady, who was said to have been, at one time, a special friend of Arteveldt's and whose father had been robbed so mysteriously, and I may as well begin here to use the name of that young lady. It was Miss Aura, the adopted daughter of that gentleman, Mr. James Durand."

The lawyer turned a startled face toward Mr. Durand, but that gentleman merely nodded, and then turned his stern set face again toward the detective.

"At the time of the robbery," continued Neil, "Miss Durand had with her a Miss Nina Annin, a hired companion, who was seemingly a prime favorite with the young lady of the house. I had been in the society of the two young ladies—previous to the murder—frequently, and for a purpose. And—I had assured myself that the bond between them was not that of love. But, so clever was their outward seeming that it was impossible for me to guess which held the mastery over the other. When I called, after my three months' absence, and in response to her note, I found Miss Durand without a companion. Before going to Miss Durand's room, however, I met Mr. Durand, and, at his request, entered the room of his wife, who was slightly indisposed. I sat beside Mrs. Durand for a time, and I listened to a description of her symptoms. And then I knew that her slight indisposition was a creeping insidious danger; that she was being slowly poisoned. Unseen by any one I took from the table near her couch a bottle that she had told me contained her medicine. Well, I will dispose of this part of my story now. I took the bottle to Dr. Werthing and he analyzed the medicine. It contained a strong mineral poison. Then I told Mr. Durand the truth, and convinced him that it was the truth. He took his wife away from the city, starting suddenly, and taking only one servant with them. Before he went we fully understood each other. He put a woman in charge of the house, whom I recommended, and who I knew I could depend on; and he did other things that will develop themselves later. His house held a dark secret, and he left me to penetrate it. Now, I must go back to that call upon Miss Durand. She had sent for me, she said, to learn something more than she already knew of the Arteveldt tragedy; she wanted to know if I had found any clue to the fugitive bride, etc. But I knew that I had not come to the true reason of her desire to see me yet. Presently I spoke of Miss Annin, and then she managed to convey to me, under a pretence of speaking regretfully, pitifully and affectionately of the girl, the idea that it was Miss Annin, and not herself, who had been abandoned for Lenore Armyn by young Arteveldt. She, Miss Durand, had been aware of the true state of affairs, and had suffered herself to be misrepresented for the sake of her friend. But she had been obliged to give Miss Annin up; and then in the same soft, insinuating way, she said enough to make me understand that Miss Annin was the one who had robbed Mr. Durand, and that she, Miss Aura, had done all she could to shield her. Out of pity, of course. Then I knew why she had sent that note. She wanted to place Miss Annin under suspicion. As I was about to go I asked Miss Aura if she could give me the address of Miss Annin. She replied that Miss Annin was at present stopping with a Mrs. Rogers, who kept a boarding-house, and who was said to be her aunt. Well, this I knew already, and I knew, too, that 'Mrs. Rogers' boarding-house' was the very one then under suspicion—the house next that of the late Clarence Arteveldt. Having satisfied myself on this point, I next asked Miss Aura if she would give me a scrap of Miss Annin's handwriting. She hesitated for a time, and then said that she would if I would give her my word not to use it to the injury of Miss Annin. I promised this readily; and then she said that she could not then put her hand upon the writing of her late companion, but would look for some and send it to me through the mail. I had told her that I would leave town again very soon. While we were conversing, and just after being assured by Miss Aura that she and her late companion did not visit each other, a servant announced Miss Annin; and before Miss Aura could utter a word Miss Annin herself sailed into the room. Of course I withdrew; but I paused outside the door long enough to hear Miss Aura say, in a cold, angry voice: "What do you want now?"

"'One thousand dollars," replied Miss Annin coolly.

"And then Miss Aura exclaimed: 'What, more money?"

"I had heard enough to give me something to think of, and I hurried away then. You must remember that this was before Mr. Durand took his wife away—on the day the poisoning was discovered, in fact.

"Many things engaged my time for days after that, and when next I called at Mr. Durand's house, he, as I was well aware, was away with his wife. Mrs. Richards, the woman who was left in charge of the house, was under my instructions, and I knew how things were moving there. Miss Aura, in the meantime, had sent me the asked for specimens of Miss Annin's writing, and, as I fully expected, it was the same as those two notes that I took from among the papers in Clarence Arteveld't rooms. I had found pretexts for writing Miss Durand several notes, and of course they had been answered, so you will see that I had now what was supposed to be samples of the penmanship of both Miss Annin and her quandom companion.

"One day Miss Aura sent for Mrs. Richards, the new housekeeper; she had received several letters that morning, and among them one from Mr. Durand. This letter informed her in the kindest and pleasantest manner that he (Mr. Durand) had just discovered that he had a nephew living, the son of an only brother, and therefore he could not, as had always been expected, make her his sole heiress. She would, of course, marry well, and he owed a duty to his nephew, etc., etc. He finished by saying this nephew, Mr. Charles Durand, would arrive in the city almost as soon as did his letter, and that he should leave it to Miss Aura to entertain him properly in the house that was henceforth to be his home. Now, some young ladies might have been angry, even prejudiced, against this young man who had come between her and a fine fortune. But Miss Aura sent for Mrs. Richards, told her that a favorite nephew of her 'papa's' was about to arrive, and desired that every honor should be paid to the young man.

"While she was talking Mrs. Richards surreptitiously picked from the ashes of the grate a crumpled up letter that had doubtless been thrown there to burn, but that had fallen short of the flames. It was a note from Miss Annin, and a very commanding one. That note is now in my possession.

"Well, the nephew arrived, and the next day came Miss Annin. She had stated in her note that Miss Aura must go shopping with her. Miss Aura had not called as instructed in the note, so the mountain had come to Mahomet. There was a warm scene. Miss Aura rebelled, and whispered something in the ear of the other that seemed to take away her breath for half a second; then she rallied, whipped out her purse and took from it a bit of cloth which she held before the horrified eyes of Miss Aura. This seemed to have the desired effect; each seemed to be a little in awe of the other, and they went shopping together, appearing the most amiable of young ladies. When Miss Annin reached home, however, she found that her pocket had been picked and the little purse containing the little bit of cloth was gone.

"Miss Aura seemed restless that night, and retired to her room very early, but Mrs. Richards followed her, and she found no chance for solitary reflection. Presently Mrs. Richards coaxed her to retire, and she, doubtless to get rid of the good housekeeper, consented. I don't think she intended to sleep, but scarcely had her head touched the pillow before she was in dreamland—the housekeeper had drugged her.

"Then I was admitted to her rooms, no matter how, and I made a thorough search. In a trunk that had a false bottom I found two packets of letters and a case containing thousands of dollars worth of unset jewels, and in another trunk that was locked and the key thereof kept upon the person of Miss Aura I found a valise containing the proofs that Aura Durand was guilty of the murder of Clarence Arteveldt.

Mr. Hale started violently, and again turned to gaze at Mr. Durand, but that gentleman looked as stern as fate, as immovable as the sphynx. Dr. Austin, too, looked considerably startled; but Francis Farrars was not at all astonished.

"Think what a skillful intriguante this girl or woman is," continued Bathurst. "The package of letters revealed a long and close intimacy between the murdered man and herself. One was the packet returned to her by Arteveldt, and to which he referred in that fragment of burned letter, a complete copy of which was with this packet. The other smaller letter packet contained letters written by him. She had returned him some of his letters, and he had burned them; but a few, those that he would care least to have seen by his wife or mother, she had retained, together with several pictures of him. No doubt she had discovered that two of her notes were missing and knowing of my search, as she did from Mrs. Arteveldt, she took measures to throw suspicion upon the woman who was her enemy—Nina Annin.

"She put me off to gain time, and wrote a line which she sent to me as the writing of Miss Annin, while the notes she sent me were all written by her maid. The note found in the grate was really written by Miss Annin; and Mrs. Richards took great care to get a sample of the maid's writing, which corresponds exactly with the notes sent me by Miss Aura, and bearing her signature.

"The letters and the jewels I kept, but I took care to replace them with three packages that so closely resembled the genuine ones, that, unless they were examined into, the fraud would not be detected. I did the same with the black valise. I removed its contents, filed it with something else, relocked it, and replaced it in the trunk. When I left the room I was careful to leave everything as I found it. I will tell you now the fate of that black valise.

"At daybreak Aura Durand stole from the house. No doubt the drug had delayed her movements considerably, and she carried in her hand that same dark valise. She went straight down to the lake, and out upon a pier. Here she dropped the valise into the water, watched it sink, and then hurried back home. She believed that she was sinking the evidence of her crime. But these were in my possession.

"Mr. Hale, in my first report I said that Clarence Arteveldt was killed by a small foreign weapon, known as the stylet. Well, I took from that black valise now lying at the bottom of the lake, a long, dark cloak, that had lost a small corner, a bunch of keys, that fit the doors of Mrs. Rogers' boarding house, and—a blood-stained, gold-hilted stylet."

There was a murmur of horror from Doctor Austin, from Mr. Hale, even from James Durand.

"But that is not all," went on the detective. "Miss Annin, you will remember, lost her pocket book. Well—I found it. It contained some money, part of it counterfeit, and a smaller part good; a piece of cloth that matched in size, color and quality, the torn corner of Miss Durand's cloak; and several scraps of writing, the writing of Miss Aura herself, the same writing that is contained in the two threatening notes, in the letters returned to her by Arteveldt, in the scrap she sent me alleging it to be from Miss Annin. These scraps speak for themselves."

He took from his pocket a lady's purse, opened it, and took out a little roll of paper.

"I don't know whether they were written to her, or to Fordham. I am inclined to think that they were not intended for Miss Annin, and I don't know how they came into her possession, as I have not heard her statement yet. They are without signature or address, and evidently refer to the house of Mrs. Rogers. Listen:

One thousand is all I can raise for you now. In a week I shall have more.
September 1st.

"This, you see was written before the robbery. She was bribing some one. We must look to Miss Annin to explain who it was. Here is the next; it is dated September 7th, nearly a week after the robbery of Mr. Durand's desk:

You can have $5,000 to-night. Do not fail me. I am growing impatient.

"Here is the next one:

Do not take that house. I can recommend a better one. Will pay the difference. You can have $1,000—when the change is made.

"This note is dated just two days before the Rogers house was taken. Here is the last note:

Delay your preparations. I can not raise the money now. In ten days can give you $5,000. Do nothing until then.

"And this is dated one week before the murder. Do you see, gentlemen? Aura Durand robbed her adopted father, that she might bribe some one. They are about for some reason, to take a house; she bids them take this particular one, and pays them $1,000 for obliging her. Then she bids them to delay their preparations for ten days; by that time she will have no further use for the house. Now, then, gentlemen, for our next testimony, we must visit Miss Annin, in her cell, and hear what she will tell us."

Neil Bathurst arose and put back the scraps of paper in the pocket-book, and then put that away carefully in his pocket.

Mr. Hale arose and turned to Mr. Durand.

"Mr. Durand, sir," he said, "this seems incomprehensible to me. Is it your wish that this young lady, your adopted daughter, be arrested?"

"Mr. Hale," replied Mr. Durand, gravely, "you are Mrs. Arteveldt's business manager, and you can, I think, speak with some authority. If Aura could be arrested on another charge, and could be taken quietly out of the country, to be tried in another land, would you consent to it, or aid in bringing it about?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Clean India Rubbers.

In these days, when India rubber shoes are so often made of shoddy material, it is especially necessary to take good care of them. It is a great mistake to wash an India rubber to free it from mud. Soap always injures them, and even clear water applications are of no special advantage. The best way is to allow the overshoes to become thoroughly dry. Then brush them free from all dust and mud, and rub them thoroughly with vaseline. This not only cleans them, but leaves an even surface, which makes the overshoes more impervous to water.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Magazines as well as Daily Papers Contribute to Make this Department of Our Paper of General Interest.

Books of the Old Testament.

In Genesis and Exodus
And also in Leviticus
God speaks to sinful man;
In Numbers He with Israel meets,
In Deuteronomy repeats
While Moses holds the pen.

Bold Joshua crosses Jordon's wave,
Then Judges rise both strong and brave,
And Ruth's sweet graces shine.
In Samuel First old Eli dies,
While Second Samuel sees arise
First Kings of David's line.

In Second Kings and also in
First Chronicles through deeds of sin
A gathering storm is feared.
While Second Chronicles declares
How Israel fell, through heathen snares,
Till Ezra appeared.

Then Nehemiah proves most true;
And Esther saves the hated few,
Then Job majestic speaks.
In Psalms rich melodies abound;
In Proverbs priceless gems are found
By him who wisdom seeks.

Ecclesiastes sits in gloom,
But Solomon's Song retains its bloom
And shows a mystery deep.
Isaiah speaks what he believes,
While Jeremiah sadly grieves
And Lamentations weep.

Ezekiel tells his visions rare;
And Daniel talks with angels fair;
And Hosea reproves
Then Joel speaks the faithful word,
For which brave Amos leaves his herd;
And Obediah loves.

Jonah from God's own presence flees;
But Micah his salvation sees;
And Nahum tells His power
Old Habakkuk on Him confides;
And Zephaniah in Him hides
In sore temptation's hour.

Haggai cries: Arise and build,
For God's good time is now fulfilled,
And Zachariah sends
To Israel's host a message plain,
And then with Malachi's refrain
The Hebrew Canon ends

Compulsory Insomnia.

When I was courtin' Mary Jane, some twenty years ago,
I couldn't nater sleep o' nights a thinkin' of her so;
It seemed ez if her purty face was floatin' round the bed,
An' little midgets in my ears buzzed all the things she sed.

I lost a pile o' sleep, you bet, till Hymen's knot was tied;
An' then I hardly made it up afore the baby cried;
While arter that for fifteen year, I couldn't start a dream
Thout some kid 'r other d wake an' kick an' howl an' scream.

At last I got 'em all growed up. "And now, by gosh," thinks I,
This worn-out frame I'll git some sleep, 'r know the reason why."
I went an' bought a feather bed an' pillers soft ez snow;
Now, Mary Jane, sez I, "thurah for God's best gift below."

But durn the everlastin' luck that's pursued me from a child!
Ther' ain't no bed onleigh forty ton an' a mule drives me wild
Ther' isn't a time thu I jined a club with heavy snorers
An' I believe me till peep o' day cuz she ain't allowed to vote!

Stub Ends of Thought.

Language is the bucket which hangs in the well of thought.

Art is the sublimation of the artificial.

Don't trust a man who is too ready to trust you.

A woman's brain doesn't empty into her heart.

An impulse should be kept on ice for a time.

Advertisements are the legs that business walks on.

The Room Required.

Prof. Hunt, in a paper read before the Iowa Stock Breeders' Association, on barn building, said that storage for a 1,000-pound animal for 200 days would require room as follows: For grain, 150 cubic feet; hay, 500 cubic feet; bedding, 600 cubic feet. The animal, tied up, requires 580 cubic feet. The daily amount of manure accumulations is about seventy pounds from each 1,000 pound animal, and one animal will produce about ten tons of manure a year.

The Taxidermist.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

Ostrich taming is a very profitable industry in Africa, where it is computed there are over 150,000 tame birds.

In the Shetland isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles. It is therefore regarded as the privileged bird.

Ram's Horn Wrinklets.

When good seed is sown, the better the ground the better the crop.

If some men had a bulldog's teeth they would bite when he wouldn't.

A selfish man is the ugliest thing upon which angels have to look.

It generally takes a blockhead a good while to find out what ails him.

If our faults were written on our faces, how quick we would all hang our heads.

The Advantage of Advertising.

The Rambler met a man who came to Brooklyn from the interior of the state five or six years ago, and in the course of the conversation reference was made to countrymen's ideas of city life and city business methods. The man said that he received his impressions from the newspapers. "While on this subject," said he, "I want to tell you an incident in my experience which I do not think is unique. It is interesting because every one has done the same thing. When I was a small boy living at home I used to see a weekly paper printed in New York devoted to literature and fashions. I read nearly everything but the fashion articles which were printed in it, and I did not omit the advertisements. Each week I used to see the announcement of a shoe store which contained a picture of a shoe and the statement that no better shoes were made for men, women and children. About ten years later I came to Brooklyn, and one day I wanted to buy a pair of shoes, and while looking for a shoe store I saw the name of the man whose advertisement I had read in my youth, and I went to the store and bought my shoes, and have been there several times since. There were other shoe stores in the vicinity, but I selected this one for no other reason than that I had seen it advertised. I suppose that advertising agents would be interested in this incident. It simply shows that a man who invests money in publicity will continue to get returns as long as he lives. Some day I'm going to tell the shoe merchant why I patronize him."

THE NEW DIPHTHERIA CURE.

Manufacturing Anti-Toxin by Buffalo Doctors.

A Buffalo despatch says: A syndicate of Buffalo doctors has started the process for the manufacture of anti-toxin on a farm near Williamsville, N.Y. They have two horses, and they have already inoculated them. Doctors Macbeth, Long, Wilburne and Davis are the men engaged in the project. Dr. Macbeth, who graduated from the Buffalo Academy of Medicine in 1892, and from the King's College, London, in 1894, has charge of the work. The horses chosen were young, and were selected after a careful examination as to their physical condition. They were found to be absolutely perfect in health, and were inoculated with the poison which had been cultivated in broth from the diphteria bacili.

The inoculation was made in the neck, and was performed while the horses were eating oats from the mangers. The operation was very simple, and neither animal seemed to mind it in the least, not even for a moment during the operation stopping the munching of the oats.

It will be nearly three months before the horses will be in a condition to give up the fluid which, when injected into the system of a person suffering with diphtheria, kills the disease, and which, when upon a person threatened with or exposed to diphtheria, absolutely prevents the disease from gaining a foothold in the system.

The horses will have the best of care, and will be watched very closely. The injection given them yesterday was very weak. It will be increased in strength and size until the animals receive the full strength of the poison. It will have no effect on them at all. When they are ready to give up some of their blood, a neck vein will be opened and some blood drawn off. This blood will be treated so as to separate the clot from the watery part, or serum. The latter is the anti-toxin.

The Mermaid.

The surface of Lake Superior is 602 feet above the ocean's level.

The maelstrom is not a whirlpool which sucks ships down into the depths of the ocean. It is an eddy, which in fair weather can be crossed in safety by any vessel.

Soup Creek in West Virginia passes a hamlet called Vivian, and about a mile below returns, runs around a tract of land about a half mile wide and then passes under itself. The freak is caused by the lay of the land, which sinks spirally.

The narrowest part of the straits of Florida, through which the gulf stream flows at the rate of five knots an hour, is fifty miles wide and has a mean depth of 350 fathoms. If this were stopped up, the climate of this country in winter would be totally changed.

MUSIC HALL IN 1897.

Drawn Up by the London, Eng., County Council—What We Are Coming to.

1. There shall be no cake and ale.
2. No person smelling of tobacco shall be admitted.
3. No person smelling of alcoholic liquors shall be admitted.
4. No person, whether male or female, shall be admitted who has not got a marriage license, as all unmarried persons ought to stay at home after 7 p.m.
5. No person with a marriage certificate shall be admitted unless he or she have a special personal license in addition from the London County Council.
6. All managers must be over the age of seventy-one, so as to adequately supervise the ladies of the ballet.
7. There shall be no ballet.
8. Promenading being prohibited every visitor shall be taken to his or her seat in a bath chair.
9. It will be against the rules for vocalists to sing patriotic songs, as they lead to jingoism.
10. No vocalist shall sing comic songs as they lead to laughter.
11. No vocalist shall sing sentimental songs, as they lead to amorousness.
12. The orchestra shall not play any dance music, as it suggests dancing.
13. The orchestra shall not play any sacred music, because it is irreverent in a music hall.
14. The orchestra shall not play operatic music, because the subjects of some operatic plots are immoral.
15. There shall be no acrobatic performances, because acrobatic performers are scantily clad.
16. There shall be no living pictures for a similar reason.
17. There shall be no conjuring or ventriloquial entertainments, because such lead to teaching deception.
18. All music halls shall be lighted by electricity, the electric conductors being connected to Spring Gardens, and the light being switched off at 9.30 p.m.

AN OX TEAM ELOPEMENT.

WANDERING down through the lumber region of the Ozarks, not far from the Missouri-Arkansas line, I came upon a wagon in which were seated two young people—a man of 24 and a girl of 18 or 19. To their vehicle were yoked two red oxen. The beasts rolled their eyes lazily as they stood still at the command of the youth and the girl blushed and looked off into the trees.

"Lookin' for us?" the young fellow called out to me, as I appeared through the undergrowth with my gun slung idly across my should r.

"Looking for you?" I echoed. "Bless you, no. Where did you get the notion?"

"Dunno," the youth replied, lifting his hand from an old-time rifle that lay along the back of the seat. "I'm kind r suspisshus like of every feller I see."

"Why?"

"Well, to git right down to the fac's, we're—Clorindy, here, and me—we're elopin'."

The youth's face had relaxed the expression of sternness that I first noted and he was smiling. The girl's was very red, but she was smiling, too. Then I smiled.

"Eloping? Well, that's pretty good. You haven't a very fast team there, have you?"

"No," returned the youth, looking at the dusty, tired, red animals. "No," he said again, "but they're stiddy, an' what's more," he went on, with a show of pride, "they're mine."

"How do you happen to be eloping?" I inquired.

"Th y was two of us after her—Clorindy here—an' I jest went up an' sez I, 'which'll you have?' She kinder smirked and said as she 'lowed she didn't know. I don't take no stock in dickerin', so I come right out an' says, says I, 'Ye kin have me now or not at all.' 'Mighty presumpt in,' says she, but kinder soft like in tone. I knowed I had her then and I kep' up my blusterin', though my heart wa'n't backin' up all my mouth said. 'Well,' says I, 'we'll go right away if yer ready,' at which she held off like and said it wa'n't fair not to give Jonathan—that's the other fellow's name—a chance at it. I see right then an' there that I'd got to hustle if I was goin' to win, so I says good-bye to her for the minit an' I goes over home an' yokes up. It was jest as I thought. When I got back she—Clorindy here—was all tuckered up ready fer to start."

"When did all this happen?" I interposed.

"Last week," he said, "and then we started to —"

"And you are still eloping? Aren't you married yet?" I asked, stopping him in his narrative.

"Bless yo', yes," he exclaimed.

The girl blushed again and pulling the pink sunbonnet over her face, turned away.

"Oh, yes," the youth went on. "Married that day noon at 'Squire Harrises, over near Thayer. We was sittin' at the 'Squire's table, eatin', when Phil Henry, one of the neighbor boys, kem runnin' in an' says, says he, 'Hank, Jonathan an' Rindy's dad's after you with the black yoke an' they're gittin' all the boys out.' Well, all we could do was to git right up and pike off, puttin' the 'Squire's good dinner under the seat. Phil said that Jonathan thought I had tuk a mean advantage of him."

"And haven't you seen anything of them yet?" I asked.

"No, not yet, but I'm skeered of that one of the boys at Jon'than don't like 'll go to Thayer an' git one of the hotel hosses and come along, but I'm fixed here," and he patted his old rifle. "Our yoke is purty fresh yet an' they're better than their'n any day. Ef they catch us we'll have fun then, shore."

"But didn't you tell me that you were married by 'Squire Harris?" I asked

"Yes, in course we's all right and jined," the youth responded.

"Then what right have the father and friends of the girl—your wife—to run after you in this manner?"

"Wall, to tell the truth, I hadn't thought of that," the young fellow replied.

The girl's sunbonnet was pushed back at this part of the conversation. She was a pretty thing, a good type of the Ozark young woman. Her eyes were red with weeping, but they brightened up at my words.

"An' don't you think that —"

The girl started to speak, but she was stayed by the hand of her husband.

"What was you goin' to say, sweetanger?" he asked.

"I was going to say that you are foolish in running away in this fashion. Do you know how far you've gone?"

"About fifty mile, I reckon."

"You've gone across Oregon county," I answered. "You are in Ripley now."

"But they're right after us."

"What of it?"

"They'd take Clorindy."

The girl burst into tears.

"Stuff and nonsense!" I replied. "She's yours for all time. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for running away like this. Where have you been sleeping?"

"In the wagon. Clorindy druv while I slep', an' I druv while she snoozed."

"Well, I'd advise you to turn back and go home."

"An' can't they take Clorindy?"

"I should say not," I replied. "If you have a marriage certificate."

The girl almost laughed aloud.

"Well, I'll be gosh durned," the groom exclaimed. "Gee about, you leather hided sons of Satan. If we meet them fellers 'nd they say shoo to us I'll put 'em so full o' holes that they won't hold sand and—"

"Don't be rash," I exclaimed, "just show your certificate. They'll growl, but that will be the end of it."

"Stranger," said the young mountaineer, "you've done me a good turn, so I'm goin' to do you one. You kin s'lute the bride of you want."

The girl did not hesitate a moment. She pushed her bonnet back and leaned far down from the seat, her red lips puckered and her eyes dancing with merriment. The blush was there yet, but it was more delicate than at first, the rich tan on the forehead blending with the roses on the cheek.

My wife has always wanted to know whether or not I took that proffered kiss.

WATCHES THAT TALK.

You Couldn't Miss Your Train With One of These.

Watches that will tell you in so many words what o'clock it is, and clocks that will tell you it is time to get up, are among the latest results of the application of the phonograph. Nor are these mere playthings, but appear to be instruments of real service. They are described in a paper by Ricerschon in La Nature. These novel chronometers are the invention of M. Sivan, of Geneva.

Ordinarily repeating watches are furnished with a driving wheel, which admits of the attachment of a small movement operating the hammers that strike the sounding bell. This admits of striking the hours the quarters, and even the minutes, if desired. This striking, essentially monotonous, calls for a great deal of attention on the part of the owner of of the watch, who is forced to count the strokes and to distinguish the intervals between hours and quarters, between quarters and minutes. Sivan's watch is free from all these inconveniences; the sounding bells are replaced by a circular plate of vulcanized rubber, with striated furrows and the hammers by a point resting upon the furrows.

When a rubber plate is inserted in its place with the watch going, its face is traversed by a point which, vibrating with the sinuosities of the furrow, translates the vibrations into spoken words: "It is 8 o'clock," "it is half past 12," etc. The furrows are, in fact, exact reproductions upon a plane, of the helicoidal strie produced by the human voice on a phonographic cylinder.

Curing Drunkards.

A Keely drunk-cure doctor is quoted as saying: "The public generally would be astonished if they knew the number of people who drink alcohol as a beverage. I am just from Fargo, and find that the Scandinavians are largely given to this pure-alcohol habit. One reason is that drug-store whisky, which is not whisky at all, as a rule, is so vile and injurious that they prefer to get their cheering sensations from the straight alcohol, to insure some degree of purity in their drink. It is usually diluted one-half, and in that form, gives about three times the effect of the same amount of whisky. The trouble with the Keeley-cure institutes is their high prices. The charge is $25 a week with four weeks to cure. It takes in every case from $180 to $140, which many men, who most need the treatment can't afford. I have had charge of institutes in Illinois, Missouri and North Dakota. For seven months I conducted the one at Kirkwood, Mo., and have a number of graduates here in St. Louis. Great progress is being made in the treatment of the drinking and morphine habits. The original Keeley method has evolved into a number of quite distinct lines of treatment, all more or less effective, and all legitimate developments of the old system. In other words, the doctors are learning as they go. One of these modified methods will soon be put into effect in Central Illinois. One part of the plan I understand, is to cut down the price of treatment to $60 for a case, with charge for board and incidentals that will run it up to say $75 actual expenses. I am glad to know this, for I have been a drinking man myself, and a Kentucky one at that. I had eighteen years of it, but concluded I would have to choose between professional success and whisky, and I said good-by to whisky. I have now left the Keeley service, but wish it success in its work of saving drunkards in spite of its mercenary methods."

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