till Mike went for a walk and then he unlocked the store, and slipped in and opened the safe. Two weeks ago Mike came back unexpectedly, and he had just time to get out of one of the rear windows of this office."

"Yes," Paul remarked, as the major paused, "Mike told me that he had found a window unfastened."

"I heard you asking about it," Major Van Zandt explained, "and I knew that if you were suspicious he was sure to be caught sooner or later. So I begged him not to try to injure you again. I offered him money to go away. But he refused my money—he said he could get it for himself now and I might keep mine till he needed it. He gave me the slip yesterday afternoon. When I found he was gone, I came here straight. The front door was unlocked; I walked in and found him just closing the safe here. I talked to him and he refused to listen to me. I tried to get him to give up his idea—and he struck me. Then I left him, and I went out, seeing no one as I hurried home. That's when Mr. Wheatcroft followed me, I suppose. The boy never came back all night. I haven't seen him since; I don't know where he is—but he is my son, after all, my only son. And when Mr. Wheatcroft accused me, I confessed at last, thinking you might be easier on me than you would be on the boy."

"My poor old friend," said Mr. Whittier, sympathetically, holding out his hand, which the major clasped gratefully for a moment.

"Now we know who was selling us to the Tuxedo people, we can protect ourselves hereafter," declared Mr. Wheatcroft. "And in spite of your trying to humbug me into believing you guilty, major, I'm willing to let your son off easy."

"I think I can get him a place where he

JUST CLOSING THE SAFE.

will be out of temptation because he will be kept hard at work always," said Paul.

The old bookkeeper looked up as though about to thank the young man, but there seemed to be a lump in his throat which prevented him from speaking.

Suddenly Mr. Wheatcroft began, explosively: "That's all very well!—but what I still don't understand is how Paul got those photographs."

Mr. Whittier looked at his son and smiled. "That is a little mysterious, Paul," he said, "and I confess I'd like to know how you did it."

"Were you concealed here yourself?" asked Mr. Wheatcroft.

"No," Paul answered. "If you will look around this room you will see that there isn't a dark corner in which anybody could tuck himself."

"Then where was the photographer hidden?" Mr. Wheatcroft inquired with increasing curiosity.

"In the clock," responded Paul.

"In the clock?" echoed Mr. Wheatcroft, greatly amazed. "Why, there isn't room in the case of that clock for a thin midget, let alone a man."

Paul enjoyed puzzling his father's partner. "I didn't say I had a man there or a midget, either," he explained. "I said that the photographer was in the clock—and I might have said that the clock itself was the photographer."

Mr. Wheatcroft threw up his hands in disgust. "Well," he cried, "if you want to go on mystifying us in this absurd way, go on as long as you like! But your father and I are entitled to some consideration, I think."

"I'm not mystifying you at all. The clock took the pictures automatically. I'll show you how," Paul returned, getting up from his chair and going to the corner of the office. Taking a key from his pocket he opened the case of the clock and revealed a small photographic apparatus inside with the tube of the objective opposite the round glass panel in the door of the case. At the bottom of the case was a small electrical battery and on a small shelf over this was an electro-magnet.

"I begin to see how you did it," Mr. Whittier remarked, "but I'm not an expert in photography, Paul, and I'd like a full explanation. And make it as simple as you can."

"It's a very simple thing, indeed," said his son. "One day while I was wondering how we could best catch the man who was getting at the books, that clock happened to strike, and somehow it reminded me that in our photographic society at college we had once suggested that it would be amusing to atttach a detective camera to a timepiece and take snap shots every few minutes all through the day. I saw that this clock of ours faced the safe, and that it couldn't be better placed for the purpose. So when I had thought out my plan, I came over here and pretended that the clock was wrong, and in settting it right I broke off the minute hand. Then I had a man I know send for it to repair it; he is both an electrician and a photographic expert. Together we worked out this device. Here is a small snap shot camera loaded with a hundred and fifty films; and here is the electrical attachment which connects with the clock so as to take a photograph every ten minutes, from 6 in the morning to 7 at night. We arranged that the magnet should turn the spool of film after every snap shot."

"Well," cried Mr. Wheatcroft, "I don't know much about these things, but I read the papers, and I suppose you mean that the clock 'pressed the button' and the electricity 'pulled the string.' "

"That's it, precisely," the young man responded. Of course, I wasn't quite sure how it would work, so I thought I'd try it first on a week day, when we were all here. It did work all right, and I made several interesting discoveries. I found that Mike smoked a pipe in this office and that Bob played leapfrog in the store and stood on his red head in the corner there up against the safe—"

"The confounded little rascal!" interrupted Mr. Wheatcroft.

Paul smiled as he continued: "I found also that Mr. Wheatcroft was captivated by a pretty book agent and bought two bulky volumes he didn't want."

Mr. Wheatcroft looked sheepish for a moment.

"Oh, that's how you knew, is it?" he growled, running his hands impatiently through his shock of hair.

"That's how I knew," Paul replied. "I told you I had an eye on you. It was the lone eye of the camera. And on Sunday it kept watch for us here, winking every ten minutes. From 6 o'clock in the morning to 3 in the afternoon it winked ninety times and all it saw was the same scene, the empty corner of the room here, with the safe in the shadow at first and at last in the full light that poured down from the glass roof over us. But a little after 3 a man came into the office and made ready to open the safe. At ten minutes past 3 the clock and the camera took his photograph—in the twinkling of an eye. At twenty minutes past 3 a second record was made. Before half past 3 the man was gone and the camera winked every ten minutes until 7 o'clock in vain. I came down early this morning and got the roll of negatives. One after another I developed them, disappointed that I had almost counted a hundred of them without reward. But the ninety-second and the ninety-third paid for all my trouble."

Mr. Whittier gave his son a look of pride. "That was very ingeniously worked out, Paul, very ingeniously, indeed," he said. "If it had not been for your clock here I might have found it difficult to prove that the major was innocent—especially since he declared himself guilty."

Mr. Wheatcroft rose to his feet to close the conversation.

"I am glad we know the truth, anyhow," he asserted, emphatically. And then as though to relieve the strain on the old bookkeeper he added, with a loud laugh at his own joke: "That clock had its hands before its face all the time—but it kept its eyes open for all that!"

"Don't forget that it had only one eye," said Mr. Whittier, joining in the laugh. "It had an eye to its duty."

"You know the French saying, father," added Paul: "In the realm of the blind the one-eyed man is king."

ROME ONLY REPLIED "RETURN."

A Type of the Jesuit to Be Found in South America.

London Saturday Review.

It was, I think, at the little port of the Esquina in Corrientes that he came on board. A priest at first sight, yet not quite similar to other priests, at least to those whose mission is only for mass and meat. A Spaniard, too, at first sight, with the clean-cut features of Old Castille, the bony hands that mark the man of action, and feet as square as boxes. Withal not commonplace, though unassuming, but with a look of that intensity of purpose which many saints have shared with bulldogs.

Nobody knew him, and he did not seem to be a man of much importance. The stewards observing that all his luggage consisted of a newspaper which he carried under his arm, turned from him with disdain. The traders and the gamblers saw he was not of them. Even the gauchos looked a little scornful and remarked that he was most probably a "maturango." In their vocabulary "maturango," meaning a bad rider, is the most contemptuous term of all. Among them a philosopher who touched his horse with his toe in mounting would have no acceptation. As for the itinerant opera company, even the basso (always the wit of an Italian opera troupe) had nothing to say about him.

Still, after a little time, and as the steamer skirted the City of Corrientes and entered the Paraguay, and passing Humaita with the church a ruin still from the time of the war, and left Curupaity behind her, passing into the regions of dense forests where the Bermejo and the Pilcomayo, after running through the Chaco, fall into the Paraguay, it was apparent that the lonely passenger had become a favorite. Why, was not apparent at first sight. Certainly he knew the river better in some respects than the Correntino pilot, and could point out the various places where, in bygone times, such or such a missionary had met his fate by Indian spear or arrow.

"Just between that tuft of palms under the mountain in the distance, Father Julian Lizardi, a Biscayan, received his martyr's crown in 1735 at the hands of the Chiriguanas. Beside his body, pierced with arrows, was found his breviary, open at the office for the dead, as if, poor soul, he had been trying to read his own funeral service. In pace requiescat. There, where you see the broken tower and ruined walls—the 'tapera,' as they call it here in these countries—the Jesuits had a town among the Guaycurus. This was before the Philistines prevailed against them, and withdrew them from their work and light from the souls of the poor Indians."

Thus discoursing and smoking cigarettes perpetually, for the newspaper contained nothing but paper and tobacco, he wound himself into our hearts. The traders swore by him; even the Englishmen, when he said he was a Jesuit, replied that they did not care, he was a d—d good fellow, and he smiled, not understanding, but seeing they were pleased. The Brazilians in the morning asked for his blessing on the sly, though all free-thinkers when talking in the smoking room. The opera troupe were his devoted slaves, and he used to sit and hear their grievances and settle their quarrels. Even the gauchos, before they went ashore at Asuncion, chatted familiarly with him, and asked him if he knew the pope, and told him of the "deaths they owed," and wondered if one of them who never was baptized, and, therefore, had no saint, could go to heaven; to which he answered: "Yes, my son, on All Saints' Day."

We left Asuncion, with its towers and houses hidden in orange gardens, and the great palace, in the style of Palladio, by the river's edge. Asuncion, the capital of the viceroyalty of Paraguay—in the Spanish times a territory about as large as Europe and now a sleepy semi-Indian village, after having endured the three successive tyrannies of Francia and the two Lopezes—looks over the Chaco at the great desert, still an unknown wilderness of swamps and forests. Then the river narrows and all traces of civilization are left behind. Here the Jesuit, for all had now begun to call him nothing else, seemed to brighten up as if he expected something, and his stories of the Jesuits of old times became more frequent.

Little by little his own history came out, for he was not communicative, at least about himself. Near the Laguna de los Xarayes, it appeared that the company of Jesus had secretly started a mission among the Guasarapos, and he was of it. Never since the days of the Jesuits' glory in America had any missionary been bold enough to make the experiment. Fernandez and Alvar Nunez, in times past, had written of their fierceness and intractability. Nuno de Chaves, the bold adventurer, who founded the town of Sta. Cruz de la Sierra, had met his death close to their territory. At long intervals they had been known to come to the mission of El Santo Corazon, or sometimes to wander even as far as that of Reyes, in the district of the Moxos, while throughout the region of the upper Paraguay stories of their outrages and murders were rife. In the long, hot nights, as the vessel drew near to Corumba, the passengers would sit and listen to the tales the Jesuit told.

Seated in a cane chair, dressed in rusty black, a jipijapa hat, nothing about him priestly but his breviary and "alzacuello," without an atom of pose, he held us spellbound. Even the Catalonian captain, nurtured to show his liberalism by hating priests of all degrees, Catholic and Protestant, grew quite friendly with the "little crow," as he called him, and promised to put him ashore as near the mission as he could. "Mission, Senor Captain? There is no mission—that is, now, I am the mission—that is, all that now remains of it."

Such was the case, for it appeared that the Indians, either tired of missions or bored by preaching, or because they wished to kill a white man, had risen some months ago and burned the church and buildings, killed the priests, with the exception of our passenger, and returned to wander in the forests. "Those who are dead are now in glory," our Jesuit observed, "and the Indians will find some other pastors more successful, though none more self-devoted." Every one on board the steamer protested, and the little man smiled as he informed us that he had escaped and made his way to a settlement, had gone to Buenos Ayres, whence he had telegraphed to Rome for orders, and the one word had come: "Return."

Next day, after much protestation from the captain, the steamer stopped at a sort of clearing in the forest, lowered a boat, and the Jesuit went ashore, his newspaper well filled with cigarettes. Stepping ashore he stood for an instant, a little figure in rusty black, a midget against the giant trees, a speck against the giant vegetation. The steamer puffed and snorted, swung into the stream, the Jesuit waved his hand, took up his newspaper of cigarettes, and, as the passengers and crew stood staring at him from the decks and rigging, walked into the forest.

Work Helps to Lengthen Life.

Washington City Letter to Chicago Times-Herald.

A few days ago I was talking with Chief Justice Fuller at his summer home in Sorrento, when Mr. Fuller reminded me that Justice Strong had lived longer after leaving the bench than any man of recent times. "The rule is," said the chief justice, "that when a man resigns or retires from our bench, he lives but a short time. It has become one of the traditions of our body, that if we want to live to a green old age, we should stay in harness. Justice Nelson retired in 1872 and died the next year. Justice Swayne retired in 1881 and died three years later. David Davis lived only seven years after leaving the bench. Justice Hunt lived but four years after retiring. While it is true that years ago some men lived a long time after giving up their seats on the bench, the modern instances point in the other direction. We have talked about this in the court, and have concluded that after a man has passed his earlier years amid the smoke and fire of court room battles, and the after half of his life in the quiet but intense application of the bench, it is dangerous to cut off all activity and retire to a life of idleness. The dry rot of aimlessness eats out existence. Probably it is true of the supreme court as of other fields of activity in this world, that it is work which gives long life. The records of the court appear to prove it in our case at least. Justice Strong's experience is an exception. He left the bench in 1880, and until recently has been healthy and happy."

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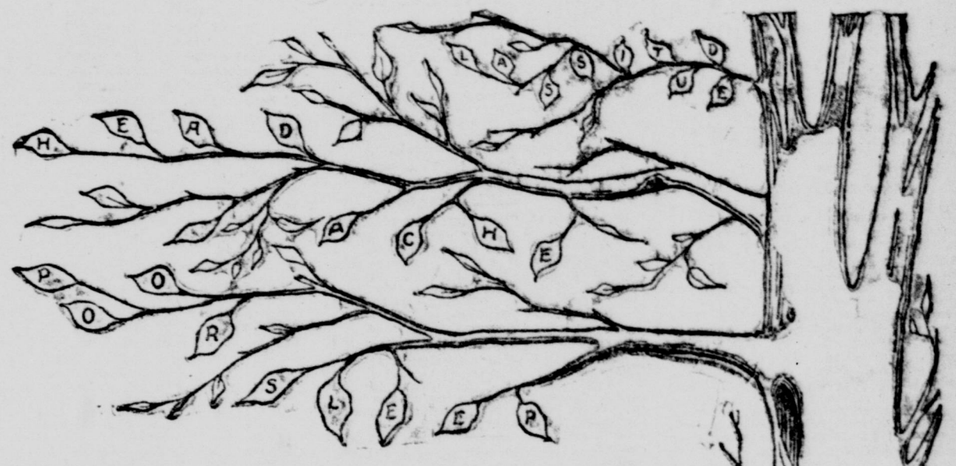

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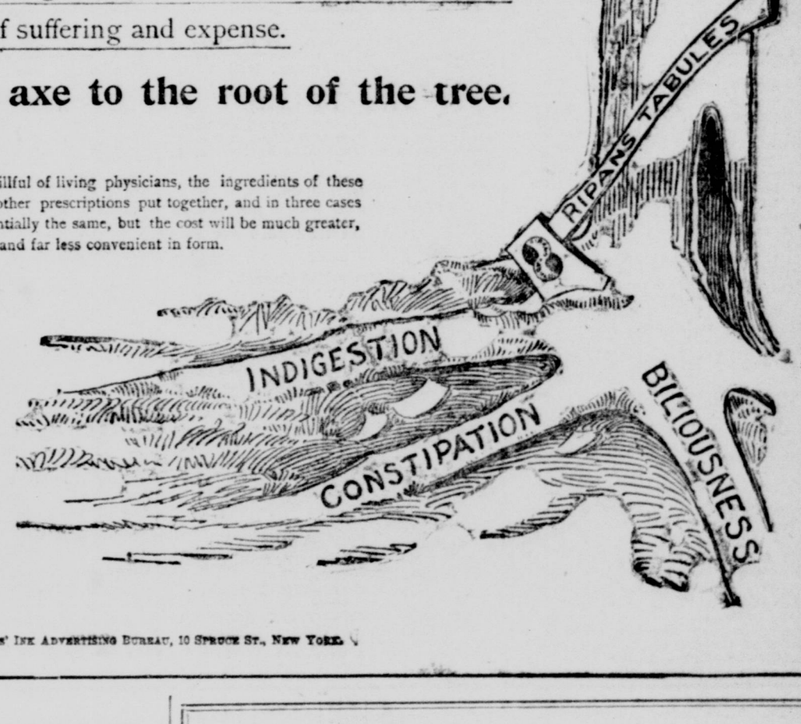

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