

THE REVIEW.

MEYERS & TUCKER.

DENISON, IOWA.

SUFFERING FROM PARESIS.

Dealer Advised the Oil Man to Consult a Specialist for the Ailment.

A former Philadelphian, who has transferred his interests to New York, tells a good story at his own expense. He is in the oil business and makes frequent trips to his native city.

"I was never accused of being a parrot but once," he said, recently, "and that was by a man who is in business up in Kensington. He uses large quantities of lubricating oil and for a long time I had been at him to try our brand. He always protested that the oil he was using gave him perfect satisfaction and he didn't feel justified in making a change. One day I told him that his oil was all right; that it was fully as good as the oil I was selling, except in one very important particular. I said: 'In every barrel of oil I sell I put some of my brains.' Well, that sort of caught him and he gave me an order. This was followed by others, and his account grew rapidly.

"Recently we noticed a slight defect in our lubricating oil—one of those things that sometimes happen in every product, without any tangible reason. It was then that I received a letter from this customer of mine. It read:

"My Dear Marshall: I am seriously worried about your health. You once told me that you put some of your brains into every barrel of oil you sold. If this is true and the quality of oil you have been sending us recently is a criterion, I should say that you are suffering from paresis. I should advise you to consult a specialist before it is too late."

"Of course, the joke was on me," said the Philadelphian, according to the Philadelphia Record, "and since then I have cut out the brain simile."

AWAY BEHIND TIME.

Presence of Mind and the Telephone Got Ahead of the Smart Man.

"It isn't my fault," declared the bachelor, relates the Detroit Free Press. "I would have been married long ago if the fates hadn't been against me. I simply gave up when I discovered that the race was too swift for me. There was a time when all my future was centered in a certain young lady who lived in this city. But I had a detested rival who caused me a good deal of uneasiness. At last I resolved to settle the matter; so I dressed myself in my best and made for the girl's home. Say, but I was boiling mad when I met my rival at the door. Something told me that he was on the same errand, and we stood there and glared at each other till the mother came to the door and informed us that the young lady had gone to a neighboring town to visit an aunt.

"As I turned away I chanced to notice a hack passing. I knew that there was a train leaving for the town where the girl was in a few minutes, and it gave me an idea. Making a dash for the hack, I jumped in and shouted to the driver that I would give him ten dollars if he would get me to the station in time to catch the train. Then I waved my hand to my rival as long as he was in sight and chuckled to myself at the success of my coup.

"Well, I arrived at the town, found where my friend was staying and called without loss of time, as I had an idea that my rival would be down on the next train.

"Say, I hope never to get married if that miserable fellow hadn't called her up by telephone and settled the whole thing before I had even caught my train!"

Homemade Violet Powder.

The safest and best violet scented toilet powder is that made at home. Crush six parts of ordinary laundry starch by pounding it fine in a cloth and sifting it with two parts of powderedorris root through a sieve several degrees finer than a flour sieve. Perfume the powder by adding a drop each of oil of cloves and of bergamot and two drops of oil of lemon to four ounces of powder. Sift the powder repeatedly, in order to mix the perfume through it. This is a very simple powder, and one that is perfectly harmless to the skin of an infant. It should be thoroughly washed out of the skin when it is renewed, leaving no excess of powder to clog up the pores.—N. Y. Tribune.

Eggs with Stewed Celery.

Stew two cups of celery, cut into small pieces; drain and with a cup of the water in which it was cooked, two level tablespoons of butter and two of flour make a white sauce; season to taste with salt and pepper; add the celery and keep hot over boiling water, while you poach six or eight eggs to a "film" in water kept just below the "boil." Add half a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of vinegar to the water; spread the stewed celery on a hot dish; lift out the eggs carefully; drain and place on the celery "mattress;" garnish the dish with pointed bits of toast and parsley.—Washington Star.

Fashion Fortissimo.

Hewitt—Do you think this suit of mine too loud?
Jewett—Why, my boy, that suit would make a good selection for your graphophone.—Smart Set.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometimes to flow In a minor strain, it will blend again With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies?

And hide for a time the sun; They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift, If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost its thrill, Though the tremulous note should die in the throat.

Let it sing in your spirit still. There is never a pain that hides not some gain.

And never a cup of rue So bitter to sip but what in the cup Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Ah! it never would need to go. If with thought more true and a broader view.

We looked at this life below. Oh, why should we moan that life's spring-time has flown.

Or sigh for the fair summer time? The autumn hath days filled with peacans of praise.

And the winter hath bells that chime. Don't let the song go out of your life; Let it ring in the soul while here.

And when you go hence, it shall follow you thence. And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond, Sweet songs of your life have flown. For if ever you knew a song that was true, Its music is still your own.

—Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"I beg to suggest," remarked Dunlap, "that the shots heard by the policeman and his prisoner were not fired from the inside of the bank."

"That appears quite likely," admitted Murdock; "but they must at any rate have been fired in close proximity to the bank, since the witnesses agree that they appeared to come from inside. In that case, whence were they fired? By whom? And why? On the whole, my little puzzle does not seem to me so ill chosen. What is your own opinion, Mr. Sturgis?"

"I quite agree with you that the problem is probably not so simple as it seemed at first blush to Sprague."

"Very well. Then doubtless you are willing to undertake the task of supplying whatever data may be required to complete the chain of evidence against Quinlan?"

"By no means," replied Sturgis, decidedly.

"Indeed? Ah! well, of course, if Mr. Sturgis wishes to withdraw his bet—"

"I do not wish to withdraw my bet," said Sturgis; "I will agree to solve your problem within 30 days or to forfeit my stakes; but I cannot undertake to prove the truth or falsity of any a priori theory. I have no personal knowledge of the matter as yet, and therefore no theory."

"Quite so," observed Murdock, ironically. "I had forgotten your scientific methods. Of course, it may turn out that it was the policeman who stole the satchel from Shorty Duff."

"Perhaps," answered Sturgis, imperturbably.

Murdock smiled. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I accept Mr. Sturgis' conditions. If you are willing," he continued, turning to the reporter, "our host will hold the stakes and decide the wager."

"I, for one, agree with Sprague," said Dr. Thurston. "I am disappointed in the problem. I have seen Sturgis unravel some extremely puzzling tangles in my day; and each case would not be hard to find. Why, no longer ago than this evening, on our way here, we stumbled upon a most peculiar case—"

"—oh!—er—please pass the cognac, Sprague. I wish I had some like it in my cellar; it is worth its weight in gold."

Dr. Thurston had met Sturgis' steady gaze and had understood that, for some reason or other, the reporter did not wish him to relate their adventure of the afternoon.

Only one person appeared to notice the abrupt termination of his story. This was Murdock, who had looked up at the speaker with mild curiosity, and who had also intercepted the reporter's warning glance at his friend. He observed Dr. Thurston narrowly for a full minute, appeared to enjoy his clumsy effort to cover his retreat, and then quietly sipped his coffee.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BANK PRESIDENT.

Sprague's dinner party was over, and among the first to take their leave, shortly after midnight, were Dunlap, Sturgis and Dr. Thurston.

The reporter did not often spend an evening in worldly dissipation. He was a man of action, a hard worker and an enthusiastic student. Almost all of the time which was not actually spent in the pursuit of his profession, was devoted to study in many widely different fields of art and science. For Sturgis' ideal of his profession was high; he held that almost every form of knowledge was essential to success in his line of work. It was seldom, therefore, that he allowed himself to spend a precious evening in social intercourse, unless as a more or less direct means to some end. He had made an exception in favor of Sprague's dinner, and his meeting with Dunlap, whom he had not previously known, had been entirely accidental.

Dunlap was, however, a man whom Sturgis needed to see in the course of his study of the Knickerbocker bank mystery, and he had not lost the opportunity which chance had placed in his way. After obtaining an

introduction to the bank president, the reporter had sought an occasion to speak with him in private; and, as this did not present itself during the course of the evening, he had timed his departure so that it should coincide with that of Dunlap. Dr. Thurston had followed his friend's lead.

"Are you going down to the bank this evening, Mr. Dunlap?" asked Sturgis, as the trio faced the bleak wind.

"I? No. Why should I?" inquired the banker, in apparent surprise.

"I see no particular reason why you should," replied the reporter. "If to-day were a banking day, there would be no time to lose. But since it is New Year's day, there is little, if any, chance of the trail being disturbed; and it will be much easier to find it in broad daylight than by gaslight. Our friends of the central office are usually pretty clever in discovering at least the more evident clues in a case of this sort, even when they have not the ability to correctly interpret them. And since they have completely failed in their search to-night, we must anticipate a more than ordinarily difficult puzzle."

"Why, Mr. Sturgis," said Dunlap, somewhat anxiously. "You talk as though you really believed that some mysterious crime has been committed at the bank."

"I do not know enough about the case as yet to advance any positive belief in the matter," said Sturgis; "but if we assume as correct the circumstances related in the article which Dr. Murdock read to us this evening, they certainly present an extraordinary aspect."

Dunlap reflected for an instant. "Still, the fact that our cashier found everything in good order at the bank is in itself completely reassuring," he said, musingly.

"Very likely," assented Sturgis. "It is quite possible that from a banker's point of view the problem is wholly devoid of interest; but from a detective's standpoint it appears to be full of promising features. Therefore, whether or not you intend to look farther into the matter yourself, I beg you will at least authorize me to make a survey of the field by daylight in the morning."

Dunlap looked anything but pleased as the reporter spoke these words. He thought before replying.

"Frankly, Mr. Sturgis," he said, at length, with studied courtesy, "I will not conceal the fact that what you ask places me in a rather awkward position. You are a friend of my friend Sprague, and my personal intercourse with you this evening has been pleasant enough to make me hope that, in the future, I may be so fortunate as to include you in my own circle of acquaintances. Therefore, on personal grounds, it would give me great pleasure to grant your request. But, on the other hand, you are a journalist and I am a banker; and it is with banks as with nations—happy that which has no history. Capital is proverbially timid, you know."

"I see," said Sturgis; "you fear that the reputation of the Knickerbocker bank may suffer if the mystery of the pistol shots is solved."

"No, no, my dear sir; not at all, not at all. You quite misunderstood me," replied the banker, with just a shade of warmth. "It is not a question of the bank's credit exactly, since there has been neither robbery nor defalcation; but depositors do not like to see the name of their bank mentioned in the newspapers; they take fright at once. Depositors are most unreasonable beings, Mr. Sturgis; they are liable to become panic-stricken on the most insignificant provocation; and then they run amuck like mad sheep. The Knickerbocker bank does not fear any run that might ever be made upon it. Its credit stands on too secure a foundation for that. But nevertheless a run on a bank is expensive, Mr. Sturgis, very expensive."

"The bank's affairs being in so satisfactory a condition," observed the reporter, "it seems to me that whatever harm publicity is likely to do has already been done. The imaginations of your depositors are now at work sapping the foundation of the Knickerbocker bank. If the truth cannot injure its credit, it can only strengthen it; and to withhold the truth under the circumstances is to invite suspicion."

Dunlap did not appear to like the turn the conversation was taking. He walked along in silence for a few minutes, irresolute. At length he seemed to make up his mind.

"Perhaps you are right after all, Mr. Sturgis. At any rate we have nothing to conceal from the public. If you will be at the bank to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I shall be pleased to meet you there."

Sturgis nodded his acquiescence. "Well, gentlemen, here is my street," continued the banker. "Good evening, good evening."

And he was off.

"Whether are you bound now, Thurston?" asked the reporter, as the friends resumed their walk.

"Home and to bed like a sensible fellow," replied the physician.

"Don't you do anything of the sort. Come along with me to my rooms. I must arrange the data so far collected in the two interesting cases that I have taken up to-day; and in the cab mystery, at least, you can probably be of assistance to me, if you will."

"Very well, old man; lead on. I am curious to know what theories you have adopted in these two cases."

"Theories!" replied Sturgis; "I never adopt theories. I simply ascertain facts and arrange them in their proper sequence, as far as possible. When this arrangement is successfully ac-

complished, the history of the crime is practically completed. Detection of crime is an exact science. Here, as in all other sciences, the imagination has an important part to play, but that part consists in coordinating and interpreting facts. The solid foundation of facts must invariably come first."

CHAPTER V.

A FOUNDATION OF FACTS.

When the two men were comfortably settled in the reporter's study, Sturgis produced pipes, tobacco and writing materials.

"There, now," said he, as he prepared to write, "I begin with what I shall call the Cab Mystery. The data in this case are almost plentiful and curious. I shall read as I write, and you can interrupt for suggestions and criticisms, as the points occur to you. In the first place, the dead man is about fifty years old, and was employed in some commercial house or financial institution, probably bookkeeper, at a fairly good salary."

"Hold on there, Sturgis," laughed Thurston. "I thought you were going to build up a solid foundation of facts before you allowed your imagination to run riot!"

"Well?" inquired the reporter, in apparent surprise.

"Well, the only fact you have mentioned is the approximate age of the dead man. The rest is pure assumption. How can you know anything certain about his occupation and the amount of his salary?"

"True; I forgot you had not followed the steps in the process of induction. Here they are: the dead man's sleeves, on the under side below the elbow, were worn shiny. This shows that his occupation is at a desk of some kind."

"Or behind a counter," suggested Thurston quizzically.

"No. Your hypothesis is untenable. A clerk behind a counter occasionally, it is true, leans upon his forearms. But incessant contact with the counter leaves across the front of his trousers an unmistakable line of wear, at a level varying according to the height of the individual. This line was not present in the case of the man in the cab. On the other hand, his waistcoat is frayed at the level of the fourth button from the top. Therefore I maintain that he was in the habit of working at a desk. Now the trousers, although not new, are not baggy at the

knees, though free from the seams which would suggest the effect of pressing or of a trouser stretcher. Conclusion, the desk is a high one; for the man stood at his work. Most men who work standing at high desks are bookkeepers of one kind or another. Therefore, as I said before, this man was probably a bookkeeper. Now, as to his salary; I do not pretend to know the exact amount of it, of course. But when a man, who was evidently not a duke, has his clothes made to order, of imported material, and when his linen, his hat and his shoes are of good quality, it is fair to infer that the man's income was comfortable."

"I proceed with the arrangement of my data:

"Secondly: the man in the cab died of a wound caused by a bullet fired at very close quarters. Indeed, the weapon must have been held either against the victim's body, or, at any rate, very near to it; for the coat is badly burned by the powder."

"On these points at least," assented Dr. Thurston, "I can agree with you. The bullet probably penetrated the upper lobe of the left lung."

"Yes," added Sturgis, "and it passed out at the back, far below where it went in."

"What makes you think it passed out? The wound in the back may have been caused by another bullet fired from the rear."

"That hypothesis might be tenable were it not for this."

With these words the reporter pulled out his watch, opened the case, and with the blade of a penknife took from the surface of the crystal a minute object, which he handed to the physician.

"Look at it," said he, pushing over a magnifying glass.

Dr. Thurston examined the object carefully.

"A splinter of bone," he said, at last.

"Yes. I found it on the surface of the wound in the back. How did it get there?"

"You are right," admitted the physician; "it must have come from within, chipped from a rib and carried out by the bullet which entered from the front."

"I think there can be no doubt as to that. Now, the bullet does not seem to have been deflected in its course by its contact with the rib, for, as far as I have been able to judge by probing the two wounds with my pencil, their direction is the same. This is important and brings me to point three, which is illustrated by these diagrams, drawn to scale from the measurements I took this afternoon."

As he said these words, the reporter handed to his friend a sheet of paper upon which he had drawn some geometrical figures.

"The first of these diagrams shows the angle which the course of the bullet made with a horizontal plane; the second represents the inclination from right to left. The former of these angles is nearly and the latter not far from forty-five degrees. The inclination from right to left shows that the shot was fired from the right side of the dead man. Now then, one of two things: Either it was fired by the man himself, the weapon being held in his right hand; or else it was fired by an assassin who stood close to the victim's right side. The first of these hypotheses, considered by itself, is admissible; but it involves the assumption of an extremely awkward and unusual position of the suicide's hand while firing. On the other hand, the dead man is tall—six feet one inch—and to fire down, at an angle of sixty degrees, upon a man of his height, his assailant would have to be a colossus, or else to stand upon a chair or in some equally elevated position, unless the victim happened to be seated when the shot was fired."

"Happened to be seated!" exclaimed Thurston, astounded, "why, of course he was seated, since he was in the cab."

"That brings up point four, which is not the least puzzling of this interesting case," said Sturgis, impressively; "the shooting was not done in the cab."

"Not done in the cab!"

"No; otherwise the bullet would have remained in the cushions; and it was not there."

"It might have fallen out into the street at the time of the collision," suggested Thurston.

"No; I searched every inch of space in which it might have fallen. If it had been there I should have found it, for the spot was brilliantly lighted by an electric light, as you remember."

"The physician pondered in silence for a few minutes.

"With all due respect for the accuracy of your observations, and for the rigorous logic of your inductions, Sturgis," he asserted at last with decision, "I am positive that the man died seated, for his limbs stiffened in that position."

"Yes," asserted Sturgis, "and for that matter, I grant you, that he breathed his last in the cab; for in his death struggles he clutched in his left hand the cushion of the cab window, a piece of which remained in his dying grasp. I merely said that he was not shot in the cab."

"Then how did he get there?" asked the physician.

"Your question is premature, my dear fellow," replied Sturgis, smiling; "it must remain unanswered for the present. All we have established as yet is that he did get there. And that being the case, he must have been assisted; for, wounded as he was, he could not, I take it, have climbed into the cab by himself."

"Certainly not," agreed Thurston.

[To Be Continued.]

BORN IN 'NO MAN'S LAND.'

A Man Without a Country Makes an Informal Call on the Senate in Washington.

The doorkeepers of the United States senate come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. When the senate is in session, says a local exchange, there is an incessant demand by constituents to have their cards sent in. A strange looking individual who had been watching and listening in the east corridor said to a doorkeeper one day lately:

"I'd like to have you send in my card."

"Which senator do you wish to see?"

"I don't care."

"But you must send it to a particular senator, you know. Which is your state?"

"Got none."

"Which territory?"

"No territory."

"Where were you born?"

"In No Man's Land, before the strip was ceded to the government by Texas. It's now a county in Oklahoma. And I thought as I had no country, I'd come to Washington. You can keep the card and hand it to the first senator you catch. I think most any of 'em would like to meet a man like me."

Gethsemane.

The Garden of Gethsemane, which was so closely interwoven with the closing scenes in the life of Christ, is now a desolate spot, containing a few old and shattered olive trees, the trunks of which are supported by stones, though some of the branches are flourishing. It is a small square enclosure of about 200 feet, surrounded by a high wall, a little way out of Jerusalem, below St. Stephen's gate, and near the foot of the Mount of Olives. Biblical reference to it is made in Matt. 26:30-56; Mark 14:26-52; Luke 22:39-53, and John 18:1-14. The garden is the property of the Latin Christians, the Greek church having fixed upon another locality as the true site of Gethsemane.

Two Classes.

"She's a saleslady, isn't she?"

"Oh! no, indeed."

"Why, she certainly works in Joblotz' store."

"Exactly; she 'works' there, and that makes her a saleswoman. Salesladies don't work; they simply look pretty and in the opposite direction when you wish to be served."—Philadelphia Press.

A Genuine Orgy.

"What is your idea of a womanly woman?"

"Well, a womanly woman is one who likes to tie up her head in an old towel and clean house."—Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

"Slobbs seems to get fatter every day." "Yes; if he keeps on he'll be as big a man physically as he thinks he is mentally."—Indianapolis News.

The camel can go two weeks without taking a drink, but it would make some men hump themselves to abstain for two days.—Chicago Daily News.

The Doctor—"What you need is a little change." The Patient—"How'll I get it?" The Doctor—"Perhaps if you pay your bill now I might give it to you."—Indianapolis News.

Badness.—"Oh, mamma," cried Tommy, "Willie's pulling the pussy's tail!" "He's a very bad boy to do that," said mamma. "Yes, and he's selfish, too; 'cos he won't let me pull it at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Higgins—"I hold that there is no need for any man being idle." Wiggins—"That's right. All other things failing, the opportunity for hunting up the north pole is always open to him."—Boston Transcript.

"Did you see Mr. Smiffins this morning?" asked the bookkeeper. "No," replied the publisher. "What did he want?" "He desired us to advance him 15 shillings on his forthcoming work, 'How to Be a Financial Success.'"—Glasgow Evening Times.

Friendless Both.—"No," he said, "I haven't anything for you." "Say, mister," whined the beggar, "I guess you don't know how it feels to have no friends, an?" "Don't I, though? I'm the official handicapper for the ladies' golf tournament."—Philadelphia Press.

A Saucy Query.—Miss Passay—"When I watched the dear old soldiers pass by I thought how splendid it must have been to have had the privilege of living right here in the midst of the exciting times of the great civil war." Johnnie Fresh—"Then you were abroad during the war, were you, Miss Passay?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LORD MAYOR'S KINGDOM.

The "City" of London the Busiest Square Mile in the Whole World.

The city is not to be "censused" by day, after all. It is a pity; it would have been interesting to see how the lord mayor's little kingdom of one square mile has grown these last ten years. There is not a square mile in all England so interesting as this. No other area of the size teems with such busy life. By day it is the busiest square mile in the world; by night it is one of the quietest. There can hardly be 20,000 people in the city by night; by day there are over 300,000. While the night population has been surely going down, the day population has been rising year by year. Twenty years ago the day population was five times that of night; to-day the proportion is quite ten to one, says the London Times.

The exact day population of the city in 1891, when the last day census was taken, was 301,384, and of these no fewer than 29,520 were employees. Is there anywhere else in the world so much capital confined in so small a space? Over 200,000 of the workers in the city were males, 50,000 were females, and nearly 20,000 were boys and girls under 15.

The last census showed that there was only one pawnbroker for this population of over 300,000. There was, too, but one dealer in clothes, and one perfumer, which suggests that there is not so much vanity in the city as some of us have supposed. It is not surprising, perhaps, to find only one manufacturer of fishing tackle, but it is hardly credible that ten years ago there was only one typewriter office in the city, and only one maker of needles and pins.

The great rush to the city begins, of course, after eight o'clock in the morning. The city crowd is growing all through the small hours. In the first hour after midnight on May 4, 1891, 2,698 persons entered the lord mayor's kingdom, and up to five o'clock in the morning, the number was roughly 12,000. It is surprising to know that between 6,000 and 7,000 people begin work in the city between four and five o'clock in the morning. At six a. m., the ordinary population of the city, judging by the last day census, is about 14,000; at nine o'clock if you could count the people in the streets, they would number 250,000. By ten o'clock more than 100,000 more are added to the number, and it is estimated that at lunch time nearly 700,000 people have crossed the city bounds. Six hours later, by eight o'clock in the evening, the people in the city have reached a round million. Every 24 hours, it is calculated, 1,200,000 people enter the city area.

A New Use for Wine.

Viticulturists in France have just tried experiments in feeding draught animals with bran mixed with wines, which seem to be successful. It appears that poor wine can be used to replace oats as food, weight for weight—pound of wine for a pound of oats. At least half of the usual feed of grain can be replaced in this manner without disadvantage to the animals. Barley, beans, bran and the like, mixed with wine, can be substituted for oats entirely, if desired, it is said. In years of abundant vintage a material saving can be effected in this way.—N. Y. Sun.

Nothing Much.

"Bridget, there's a policeman at the door come for you."

"Sure, is ther, mum?"

"Yes, Bridget; I hope to goodness you haven't been doing anything wrong!"

"I hope not, mum."

"What have you been doing, Bridget, that he should come after you?"

"Only fallin' in love, mum."—Yonkers Statesman.