

THE REVIEW.

MEYERS & TUCKER.

DENISON, IOWA.

A FATAL ATTRACTION.

Unconsciously Encountered by the Victim, But It Became Very Holding.

"It is a hateful habit!" declared the dandy.

"Pshaw!" said the medical student, according to the New York Herald. "What's the harm in chewing gum? It improves the digestion."

"And ruins the temper. Did you hear of my experience at Lake Lucid last summer? No?"

"I was visiting the Smith-Joneses at their lodge, and on the opposite shore lived a girl I wanted to meet. You may think how pleased I was when she sent out invitations for an informal dance, and I, as the guest of the Smith-Joneses, was included."

"You know, I belong to the 10th regiment, and therefore possess a pair of perfect fitting duck trousers. Now those of the other men were only ready-made, and I would easily eclipse them."

"The evening arrived, and a dilemma confronted me; it was necessary to take a rowboat, yet to sit down would create my trousers, but I recalled the famous painting of Washington crossing the Delaware in a standing posture, and I, too, hoped to pass to victory."

"I opened the dance with the hostess, who was stunning, in some gauzy stuff with blue ribbons. Elated by this honor, I stepped out on the porch to cool off on a corner of the rustic railing. Presently I started to slip down."

"Imagine my horror when I found myself firmly fixed to my perch."

"I realized my position at once; the small boy of the family had forgotten his tolu gum."

"It was a long evening. Through the window I could see that beautiful blond, with plenty of partners, among whom I could no longer be numbered."

"John Smith-Jones came running out to fill up a set of lancers."

"I am not dancing to-night," I pleaded, with truth.

"When supper was served John again sought me, saying we must help the ladies, but I refused to stir."

"At last the boat returned and then I literally tore myself away from the festivities. And my hostess never knew why I neglected to thank her for a pleasant evening."

FASHION IN GLOVES.

Those That Are Worn in the Country and at Society Gatherings in the City.

In the open air and for afternoon calls white kid gloves or white Swedish leather gloves are worn, says the New York Tribune. For travel they use white Berlin (twine) gloves that can be easily put on and taken off, for riding on horseback, hand sewed gloves of kid leather; for driving, very large gloves of chamois leather. For the country or on the strand the "gants de waxe" is recommended. It is not fastened, can be washed and can be worn in the country on all occasions, such as while plucking fruits or flowers, visiting the stables, the pigeon house or the poultry yard, or when playing with the children at the seashore. At balls and evening parties the kid glove still reigns supreme, though also the white Swedish glove, which must always reach to the elbow, is often worn. At dinner or in the interval between dinner and supper it is absolutely necessary to remove the gloves. The stupid fashion of taking off but one glove and hiding the hand as much as possible has been entirely abandoned. The fashion of wearing pretty lace gloves has never taken a strong hold in high circles, though it cannot be denied that a beautiful hand covered by a silk network, is exceedingly attractive. They are still worn by highly fashionable women at their private receptions, but such daring deserves appreciation only when the wearer has hands of great beauty, and there are but few endowed with the enviable gift of beautiful hands.

Corn Botted in Husk.

Select short, thick ears of sweet corn; remove all husks except the inner layer; strip these down and remove the silk from the corn; then replace it and tie the ends together at upper end of each ear. Throw into a large boiler of boiling water and boil rapidly for ten or twelve minutes, if corn is young and ears small. Take from the water, take off the strings and serve at once without removing the husks, before sent to table. Put butter, salt and pepper in a saucepan and melt to consistency of cream; pour this into a gravy boat and serve with the corn.—Washington Star.

The Value of Perspiration.

The summer girl who suffers with an oily skin will find in the hot days of summer an opportunity offered by the great beautifying establishment of Dame Nature to rid herself of her annoyance. Every friendly drop of perspiration should be encouraged. Do not dam the stream with the perpetual powder rag. Let it flow as it will, knowing that each little rivulet carries with it impurities of which you should be glad to be rid.—Good Health.

A Dainty Salad.

One-half pint of crab meat, two heads of celery, two hard-boiled eggs minced very fine, one tomato scalded and cut in slices, laid in a border of shaved lettuce with the crab meat, celery and hard-boiled eggs in the center; garnish with capers and season with French dressing.—People's Home Journal.

THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETE.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Point five," resumed Sturgis, "the right arm was broken just above the wrist."

"Yes," said the physician, "I thought at first that the arm might have been broken in the collision with the cable car; but the discoloration of the flesh proves conclusively that the fracture occurred before death."

"Precisely. Now, it is possible that the man broke his arm when he fell, after being shot; but the contused wound looks to me as if it had been made by a severe blow with some blunt instrument."

"Possibly," admitted Thurston. "This broken arm, if we can place it in its proper chronological position, may prove to be of some importance in the chain of evidence," mused Sturgis. "If the fracture occurred before the man was shot, that, of course, excludes the possibility of suicide; but, on the other hand, it also brings in an obstacle to the hypothesis of murder."

"How so?"

"Because we have settled, you will remember, that the shot was fired from the right of the victim, and close to him. Now, if he did not fire the shot himself the person who did must have reached over his right arm to do so. In that case, unless the victim was asleep or stupefied, would he not instinctively have raised his arm in self-defense, and thus deflected the weapon upward?"

"Evidently."

"Well, it is idle to speculate on this line for the present. Let us come to point six. You remember I called your particular attention to the cabman. Do you still think he was only drunk?"

"No," replied Thurston; "while he had unquestionably been drinking heavily, he also showed symptoms of narcotic poisoning."

"Then the presumption is that he had been drugged by those who wished to place the wounded man in his cab. I observed him closely and I am satisfied that he knows as little about his dead passenger as we do. He probably knows less about him, at all events, than the young man in the sealskin cap who gave the police the slip during the excitement which followed the overturning of the cab."

Sturgis paused a moment.

"This, I think," he continued, "covers all the evidence we have thus far collected in the Cab Mystery. It is quite satisfactory, as far as it goes, for it is circumstantial evidence, and, therefore, absolutely truthful. In the Knickerbocker bank mystery we have as yet no satisfactory data whatever; for everything we have heard concerning it has its origin in the fallible evidence of witnesses, and has, moreover, reached us third or fourth hand. There is, however, one fact that may, or may not, prove to be important. Have you noticed that these two mysteries are contemporaneous, and, therefore, that they may be related?"

"Do you think there is any connection between the two?" inquired Thurston, interested.

"I do not allow myself to think about it at all as yet," replied Sturgis; "I simply note the fact, that, so far as time is concerned, the Cab Mystery could be the sequel to the Knickerbocker Bank Mystery—that is all. Facts, my dear boy, are like words. A word is only an assemblage of meaningless letters until it becomes pregnant with sense by context. So, a fact, which, standing by itself, has no meaning, may, when correlated with other facts, become fraught with deep significance."

"And now," he continued, after a pause, "I think our work is concluded for the present. I shall be able to lay it aside for the night. Let me offer you a glass of sherry. Pleasant evening we spent at Sprague's to-night. I have a great admiration for him as an artist, and a great fondness for him as a man. Most of his friends are strangers to me, though. You know I have very little time to indulge in social dissipation. By the way, who is that Dr. Murdock with whom I have made this bet?"

"Oh! he is a physician, though now retired from practice. He devotes himself entirely to scientific research, especially in the domain of chemistry. He has made some important discoveries in organic chemistry, and they say he has succeeded in proving some of the supposed elementary metals to be compounds. He has quite an enviable reputation in the scientific world. I understand he is a remarkable man."

"That is evident at a glance. He showed himself this evening to be a clear thinker and a brilliant speaker. I should say he was something of a genius, and I should judge, moreover, that he was a man of magnificent nerve, capable of the most heroic actions, or—"

Sturgis hesitated.

"Or—?" asked Thurston.

"Or of the most infamous cruelty and crime. It all depends upon whether or not his great mental attributes are under the control of a heart; a point upon which I am somewhat in doubt."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARTIST.

Sprague was a dilettante in art as he was in life. If he had not been rich, he might perhaps have become a great artist. But, lacking the spur of poverty, he seemed incapable of sustained effort. Occasionally he was seized with a frenzy for labor; and, for weeks at a time he would shut himself up in his studio, until he had creditably accomplished some bit of work. But the fever was soon spent,

and a reaction invariably followed, during which palette and brush were taken up only in desultory fashion. Thus it was that at the age of eight and twenty, Sprague had painted a few pictures which had attracted favorable attention at the annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design, and which the critics had spoken of as "promising;" and thus it was that the promise was as yet unfulfilled, and that Sprague, though a man of undoubted talent, was not likely ever to rank as a genius in his profession.

Sturgis, with his keen insight into human nature, fully realized the potential capacities of the artist, and at times he could not control his impatience at his friend's inert drifting through life. But, with all their differences, these two men held each other in the highest esteem, each admiring in the other those very qualities which were lacking in himself.

The artist lived in a fashionable quarter of the city, in a bachelor apartment which included a large and commodious studio fitted up according to the latest canons of artistic taste.

On this particular New Year's morning, after waking and observing, by the filtering of a few bright sunbeams through the closely drawn blinds, that it was broad daylight, he stretched himself with a voluptuous yawn and prepared to relapse into the sensuous enjoyment of that semi-solomonic state which succeeds a night of calm and refreshing sleep.

Just as he was settling himself comfortably, however, he was startled by a knock at the bedroom door. Most men, under the circumstances, would have betrayed some vexation at being thus unceremoniously disturbed. But there was no suspicion of annoyance in Sprague's cheery voice, as he exclaimed:

"You cannot come in yet, Mrs. O'Meagher. I am asleep, and I shall be asleep for another hour at the least. Surely you cannot have forgotten that to-day is a holiday. Happy New Year! You have time to go to several masses before—"

"Get up, old lazybones; and don't keep a man waiting at your door in this inhospitable way, when he is in a hurry," interrupted a voice whose timbre was not that of the housekeeper, Mrs. O'Meagher.

"Oh! is that you, Sturgis?" laughed the artist. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to come routing honest men out of bed at this unseemly hour? Wait a minute, till I put on my court costume, that I may receive you with the honors and ceremonies due to your rank and station."

A couple of minutes later the artist, pittoresquely attired in a loose oriental dressing gown and fez, opened the door to his friend, Ralph Sturgis.

"Come in, old man," he said, cordially extending his hand to the reporter; "you are welcome at any hour of the day or night. What is it now? This is not your digestion call, I presume."

"No," replied Sturgis, "I merely dropped in to say that I should be unable to take our projected bicycle trip this afternoon. I shall probably be busy with the Knickerbocker bank case all day. By the way, if you would like to come to the bank with me, I shall be glad of your company. I am on my way there now."

"I should like nothing better," said Sprague, "but I have made an appointment for this morning with a—er—er—with a sitter."

"What, on New Year's day, you heathen!"

Sturgis observed the artist closely, and then added, quizzically:

"Accept my congratulations, old man."

"Your congratulations?" inquired Sprague, coloring slightly.

"Yes; my congratulations and my condolence. My congratulations on the fact that she is young and beautiful, and possessed of those qualities of mind and heart which—and so on and so forth. My condolence because I fear you are hit at last."

"What do you mean?" stammered the artist, sheepishly; "do you know her? What do you know about her?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Sturgis, laughing, "except what you are telling me by your hesitations, your reticence and your confusion."

The artist spoke after a moment of thoughtful silence.

"Your inductions in this case are premature, to say the least. My sitter is a young lady, so much is undeniably true. And there is no doubt in my mind as to her possession of all the qualities you jocularly attribute to her; but my interest in her is only that of an artist in a beautiful and charming woman."

"At any rate," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I hope so; for I have heard that she is as good as betrothed to another man."

The reporter's keen ear detected in his friend's tones a touch of genuine sadness of which the artist himself was probably unconscious. Laying his hand gently upon Sprague's shoulder, he said, gravely:

"I hope so, too, old man; for you are one of those foolish men whose lives can be ruined by an unhappy love affair. I suppose it's useless to preach to you—more's the pity—but, in my humble opinion, no woman's love is worth the sacrifice of a good man's life."

"Yes, I know your opinion on that subject, you old cynic," replied Sprague, "but you need not worry on my account; not yet, at all events. I am still safe; the portrait is almost finished; and I should be a fool to walk into such a scrape with my eyes wide open."

"Bumph!" ejaculated Sturgis, skeptically, "when a man makes a fool of himself for a woman, it matters little whether his eyes be open or shut; the result is the same."

Sprague laughed somewhat uneasily; and then, as if to change the subject:

"Come and see the picture," he said. "I should like your opinion of it."

The reporter consulted his watch.

"I shall have to come back some other time for that," he replied; "I must hurry off now to keep my appointment with Mr. Dunlap."

He started toward the door; but suddenly facing Sprague again, he held out his hand to the artist, who pressed it cordially.

"Good-bye, old man," he said, affectionately, "be as sensible as you can, and don't wantonly play with the fire."

And before Sprague could frame an answer, the reporter was gone.

The artist remained thoughtfully standing until his friend's footsteps had died away in the distance. Then he turned and walked slowly into the studio. Here, in the middle of the room, stood an easel, upon which was the portrait of a beautiful young girl.

Sprague gazed at it long and earnestly. Then he heaved an almost inaudible sigh.

"Sturgis is right," he said to himself, turning away at last, "and—and I am a confounded idiot!"

CHAPTER VII.

AGNES MURDOCK.

In a quarter of the city which is rapidly surrendering to the relentless encroachments of trade, there still stand a few old-fashioned houses, the sole survivors of what was once an aristocratic settlement.

One by one their fellows have been sapped and swept away by the resistless tide of commerce, until these ancient dwellings, stubbornly contesting a position already lost, now rear their sepulchral brownstone fronts in stiff and solitary grandeur—huge sarcophagi in a busy mart.

One of these houses stands well back from the street line, the traditional backyard of the ordinary New York dwelling having been sacrificed, in this instance, to make room for a tiny garden, which is separated from the street by a tall spiked iron railing, behind which grows an arbor vitae hedge. The former serves as a defense against the marauding of the irrepressible metropolitan gamin; while the latter confers upon

the occupants of the garden a semblance of protection from the curious gaze of the passers-by.

This property, having been the subject of an interminable lawsuit, had remained for many years unoccupied, and was even now beginning to be regarded by some of the neighbors as haunted, when at last it was bought by Dr. Murdock, a wealthy widower with an only daughter. For some months masons and carpenters were at work; and then, one day, the new occupants entered into possession.

The Murdocks lived quietly but luxuriously, like people accustomed to wealth. They had their horses and carriages, their house at Lenox and at Newport, and their yacht. Their circle of acquaintances was large, and included not only the fashionable set, but also a scientific, literary and artistic set. For Dr. Murdock was a chemist of national reputation, a member of several scientific bodies, and a man of great intelligence and broad culture.

On this particular New Year's morning Dr. Murdock was seated in his study, apparently absorbed in reading the daily papers, a pile of which lay upon his table. His occupation might perhaps more accurately be described as skimming the daily papers; for each journal in turn was subjected to a rapid scrutiny, and only a few columns seemed occasionally to interest the reader.

There was no haste visible in the doctor's actions, each one of which appeared to be performed with the coolness and deliberation of a man who is not the slave of time; and yet, so systematic were they, that all lost motion being avoided, every operation was rapidly completed.

In a short time the pile of newspapers had been disposed of, and the doctor, lighting a choice cigar, leaned back in his comfortable armchair and placidly puffed the wreaths of fragrant smoke ceilingward. He was apparently satisfied with the world and with himself, this calm, passionless man. And yet a sharp observer would have noted an almost imperceptible furrow between the eyes, which might perhaps have indicated only the healthy mental activity of an ordinary man; but which, in one given so little to outward manifestation of feeling as Dr. Murdock, might also betoken more or less serious annoyance or displeasure.

While the chemist sat in this pensive attitude, there was a rustle of skirts outside, and presently there came a gentle knock at the door of the study.

"Come in!" said Murdock, removing the cigar from his lips.

The door opened, admitting a tall and beautiful young girl, evidently not long out of her teens.

"Did I disturb you, father?" she asked, stepping lightly into the room.

"No, Agnes," replied Murdock, courteously; "as you see, I am indulging in a period of dolce far niente."

The young girl laughed a clear, silvery laugh, as her eyes fell upon the pile of newspapers.

"If the reading of a dozen newspapers is dolce far niente, I should think you would welcome hard work as a pleasant change."

"Oh!" replied her father, "the work I have done on those has not amounted to much. I have only been gleaning the news from the morning papers."

"Yes," he added, answering her surprised look, "it takes a deal of skim milk to yield a little cream."

The last paper which Murdock had been examining lay upon the desk before him. From the closely printed columns stood out in bold relief the glaring headlines:

MURDER IN A CAB.

MYSTERIOUS ASSASSINATION OF AN UNKNOWN MAN, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

CABMAN REILLY DENIES ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE CRIME.

Miss Murdock's glance rested carefully upon these words for an instant. They aroused in her nothing more than the mild curiosity which attaches to events of palpitating human interest, when they have been congealed in the columns of the daily newspapers and served to palates already sated with sensational verbosity.

"Mary said you wished to speak to me," said the young girl, after a short pause. "I thought I would step in to see you before going to Mr. Sprague's."

"To Sprague's?" inquired Murdock, fixing his keen eyes upon the young girl. "Ah, yes; I remember he spoke of the appointment last night. How is the portrait coming on?"

"It is almost finished. Probably only one or two more sittings, at the most, will be necessary."

Agnes seemed slightly embarrassed by the fixity of her father's searching glance. She settled herself in an armchair and assumed a look of deferent expectancy.

[To Be Continued.]

AN INVOLUNTARY THIEF.

Drove Off with Another Man's Horse and Wagon and Got Into Trouble.

There is no fun in being a criminal, even though it be by accident. George H. Jessup, the novelist and playwright, who has now a big place in Cabintely, Ireland, once lived in San Francisco, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Herald. There was an epidemic of horse stealing at that time, which was followed by a sympathetic attack of lynching. Vigilance committees were everywhere, and strangers on strange horses were viewed with suspicion.

Jessup and a friend were out driving one day and took part in a picnic where they knew nobody. They passed several pleasant hours at San Mateo, where the festival took place, and then remembered an important engagement. They left the crowd and went to the neighboring grove where the horses were tethered, and unfasting their own rig, as they supposed, jumped in and drove off. The horse had trotted two or three miles when the friend said:

"George, this isn't our horse. It's a larger and better animal."

Jessup looked at the steed carefully and replied: "Upon my word, you are right. This isn't our carriage robe either."

It was a handsome affair, and they looked at it with some curiosity. On the inside of it was sewed a piece of cloth bearing the name and address of the owner. The friend gasped:

"George, do you know the owner of this rig is the head of the vigilance committee?"

Mr. Jessup broke into a cold perspiration as he replied: "Let's drive to the nearest telegraph station and wire him."

They drove like mad, and when they reached the station made arrangements at the hotel to have the horse and wagon cleaned. Then they sent a dispatch, and waited their fate.

In due time the irate owner arrived, and to their inexpressible joy he came in their own vehicle. There were explanations and apologies, and, according to California custom, the luckless Jessup was compelled to "treat the house," an act which kept him poor for the remainder of the month.

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.

Different Denominations.

"A man gave over a hundred dollars for a copper cent the other day."

"That's nothing. An English syndicate has just paid \$2,000,000 for a woolen mill."—Harlem Life.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the 15 years from 1885 to 1900 the number of physicians in Germany increased from 15,764 to 27,374.

At Eucla, in Australia, a subterranean lake has been found at a depth of 300 feet, with a comparatively inexhaustible supply of water.

In 1868 Japan's export and import trade amounted altogether to only 26,246,545 yen, or silver dollars. In 1900 it reached the figure of 435,331,820 yen.

Among the "accidents" reported in Austria recently was the case of a workman who walked along the road smoking a pipe, with a 50-pound bag of gunpowder on his back!

By offering King Menelik eight per cent. of the proceeds, Italian capitalists have succeeded in securing the exclusive privilege of working the gold mines of western Ethiopia for 50 years.

Oberammergau used to be deserted by tourists except in the years of the Passion performances. It is now becoming a regular summer resort, about 500 persons having spent the hot months there this year.

The recent large vintages in France recall the years 1874 and 1875, when wine was so abundant that it was given to the horses. It was claimed that if oats were soaked in wine the horses would need only half the usual quantity for the same amount of work.

In the recent British naval maneuvers Admiral Lord Charles Berosford introduced a complete innovation. In the event of a war at sea there is the contingency of the commander in chief and his second in command being killed. Without spare admirals no one would be left with experience in maneuvering a whole fleet. Lord Charles, during a whole week, caused the fleet under his command to be maneuvered by the various captains, with the result that valuable experience was gained all round.

VOLTS AND A COOL MIND.

Marvelous Escape from Electro-cution Through Retention of Wits and Nerve.

Five thousand volts of electricity were hurled into E. L. Price, an electrician at the Edison company plant, and he walked over to the City hospital to tell 'em about it. It proved to be the tallest thing in the line of a story of that kind the doctors had ever heard, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"A very few hundred of those things—volts of electricity—kill a person," remarked one of the doctors, eying the electrician askance.

"Just so," said the electrician, "but always put in providing a circuit be formed."

"You say 5,000 volts of the stuff entered your body?" inquired another one, gazing at the man in wonder.

"Yes, sir," Price replied; "2,500 volts—registered."

"Didn't it do anything at all to you?" asked a physician.

"Nothing but this," replied Price, and holding up his left hand he showed the two middle fingers split a little at the tips.

"That's all, except kind of a queer feeling in my breast, as if somebody had hit me there, but not very hard. When my fingers touched the 5,000-volt wire I knew enough not to try and put the wire away from 'em with my other hand. If I had, of course, my life would have been snuffed out quicker'n a match in a gale."

"But at that time I might have done so, for the shock as it was enough to make the oldest hand at the business forget for the instant all he knew."

"It's the old question of keeping your presence of mind, no matter what happens. Let a person one part of whose body comes in contact with a live wire of whatever strength keep presence of mind enough not to touch the wire with another part of his body, like the other hand or a foot or any part of his body, and he will most generally get away alive. This, of course, is providing there's somebody else around or within call to come and knock the wire away with a club."

"And the rescuer, under such circumstances, should not try to push the wire away, for this may cause him to get fastened to it himself. It should always be knocked away with a blow, any kind of a blow. This gives only instantaneous contact, and the momentum of the blow sends the wire away from the club the next second after contact."

Small Horseshoes.

The smallest horse, probably, that was ever fitted with a set of shoes by any horseshoer in California occupied a place in the shop of a Petaluma blacksmith not long ago. It was a six-months-old Shetland pony, one of a herd a Los Angeles man was bringing down from Mendocino county, where they had been pastured during the summer. The rough roads had worn its bare feet and necessitated shoeing. The shoes, fashioned out of a steel bar, when fitted to the pony's feet were a trifle larger than a silver dollar piece and the full set weighed just four ounces, an ounce for each shoe.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Heartache and Indigestion.
If we could be as blind to other people's blessings as we are to our own we certainly should not have so much heartache and probably not so much indigestion.—Brooklyn Life.

Don't Go Well Together.
A woman wearing diamonds and using bad grammar seems like putting new wine into old bottles.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

In the Balance.
Life for the equilibrium often hangs in the balance.—Chicago Daily News.