

FOREVER.

Every golden beam of light
Leaves a shadow to the right;
Every dewdrop on the rose
To the ocean's bosom goes.
Every star that ever shone
Somewhere has a gladness thrown.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

Every link in friendship's chain
Forged another link again;
Every throb that love has cost,
Made a heaven and was not lost.
Every look and every tone
Has a seed in memory sown.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

Never yet a spoken word
But in echo it was heard;
Never was a living thought
But some magic it wrought.
And no deed was ever done
That has died from under sun.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.

So, O soul, there's no farewell
Where souls once together dwell;
Have no fears, O beating heart!
There is no such word as part.
Hands that meet and closely clasp
Shall forever feel the grasp.
All that lives goes on forever,
Forever and forever.
—Annette Kohn, in N. Y. Independent.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.
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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"In the meantime," continued Sturgis, "'X,' to whom I have already alluded, was waiting in Exchange place, where Chatham had a cab. Upon hearing the pistol shot he went to the accountant's assistance. He passed into this office, which he probably reached in time to see Chatham rush in from the secretary's room, closely followed by Arbogast. 'X' seized that chair over there in the corner and sprang between the hunted man and his pursuer as the latter raised his arm to fire. Our anonymous friend is probably a man of great strength; for with one blow of the chair he broke the bookkeeper's wrist. The hammer fell, but the weapon was deflected and the bullet, instead of reaching its intended victim, passed through the upper lobe of Arbogast's left lung and out at the back at an angle of about 60 degrees. The bookkeeper was standing not far from the mantelpiece yonder. Do you see that broad black line on the hearth? That was made by the bullet. Its direction and the angle enabled me at once to see that it must have ricocheted into the fireplace; and there, sure enough, I found it in the soot in the bend of the chimney. Here it is."

Dunlap had listened to this narrative with evident interest. But now, recovering from the spell of Sturgis' persuasive conviction, his skepticism regained the ascendancy for a moment.

"Mr. Sturgis, you have missed your vocation," he said, laughing good naturedly; "you ought to have been a playwright. You have a most convincing way of presenting both your facts and your theories. While you are speaking, one is ready to admit the plausibility of every statement you make. But now that you have finished, I have become a hard-headed banker once more, and I beg to submit one or two facts—since we are seeking facts—which it seems to me are enough to demolish all your elaborate structure."

"Go on," said Sturgis; "it goes without saying that any theory is worth-

safe may be the result of an error; for we have no direct proof whatever that Arbogast is a defaulter. And, then, when it comes to your interesting description of the alleged shooting of Arbogast, it strikes me that you are entirely carried away by your enthusiasm; for, in your minute description of the path of the bullet, at a certain angle, of which you seem to know the measure almost to the fraction of a second, you overlook several important things. Two shots were fired yesterday in or near the Knickerbocker bank. In, say you, because here is a revolver with two empty cartridge shells; here is a black mark, which may have been produced by the ricochet of a bullet, and here is a shapeless piece of lead, which may be that bullet. As, however, one bullet cannot account for two shots, you are forced at once to assume that Chatham has carried away the second one in the palm of his hand. This is ingenious, very ingenious, but—

"His blood is on the telephone receiver," observed Sturgis, quietly.

"Blood!" exclaimed Dunlap; "why, with the carnage that you have imagined here, there should be oceans of blood. Here is a man, running around with a wounded hand, who leaves a few drops of blood on the telephone receiver, and nowhere else. And here is another man, shot through the lungs—excuse me, through the upper lobe of the left lung—who does not bleed at all. And where is he now? Such a wound as you have given him must, I take it, be fatal, or, at any rate, serious. Yet here is a dead or, at least, a dying man, calmly walking off as if—as if the curtain had fallen at the end of your drama, and the corpse had hurried off to his dressing-room."

"You have forgotten something else," suggested the reporter, smiling. Dunlap looked at him questioningly. "Yes; you have forgotten the pistol replaced in the drawer after Arbogast was shot, and the doors of the bank carefully locked."

"True. No, my dear sir; your elaborate theory will not bear an instant's calm examination."
"And yet," rejoined Sturgis, "my conclusions, as far as they go, are absolutely correct. Every objection which you raise is plausible enough when considered by itself; but we have not to deal with a lot of isolated facts, but with a series of connected events, each of which depends upon and supports all the others. Let me finish my story, and I think you will then be prepared to admit that what seems to you now a flight of fancy on my part, is nothing but a sober exposition of plain, unvarnished facts."

Dunlap, with a deprecating gesture, settled back into his chair once more. "We left Arbogast shot through the left lung—fatally wounded, as you have just remarked. He probably fell like a log; while Chatham, weak from shock, leaped against the door jamb yonder. He had probably stashed his wound with his free hand as he ran; I have been unable to find any trace of blood between the telephone and this spot. On the door jamb, however, the blood left a stain which has not been completely wiped out and which enabled me to judge of Chatham's height. 'X' was the only one of the trio who knew what he was about at this time. I have a genuine admiration for 'X'; he must be a man of marvelous nerve. Instead of flying panic-stricken from the scene, as any ordinary criminal would have done, he calmly proceeded to protect his retreat and to systematically cover his trail. His first step was to lock the Wall street gate and the inside door. Quinlan had doubtless pulled the outer door to as he ran away, so that 'X' probably thought this also locked. He then, with Chatham's assistance, helped Arbogast, who was not yet dead, and who perhaps by this time, had regained consciousness, into the cab which was waiting near by in Exchange place, where I found the bloodstains on the curb, as you will remember. After starting off his two accomplices in the cab, he returned to the bank, put away the pistol in its proper place, which, by the way, he seems to have known, and washed up all or nearly all the blood stains. There is a sponge and bucket under the sink in the clerks' room, which were used in this operation. After, as he thought, completely obliterating all traces of the tragedy, he quietly walked off by the Exchange place entrance, locked the door and threw away the key. All this, while Policeman Flynn was chasing Quinlan. You will note that 'X,' knowing nothing of the Quinlan episode, was quite justified in believing that the shots had failed to attract any attention outside of the bank. Very likely he was disturbed by the return of the policeman and Quinlan; I cannot otherwise account for his having left the gas burning. Had he had the time, I feel confident that, with his customary thoroughness, he would have turned it out. As to my minute description of Arbogast's wounds, there is nothing remarkable in that. I know that the weapon used by 'X' was yonder chair, because I found particles of the bookkeeper's epidermis upon one of the legs, which was considerably lacerated by the blow. But I know exactly what the wounds were, because I have examined them. I told you that I had seen Arbogast yesterday."

"What!" exclaimed Dunlap; "you mean after he was wounded?"

"Yes," replied Sturgis; "his body is at the morgue now. You might call this afternoon to identify it, if you choose; but, everything considered, it might be as well not to make the identification public until we are well on the track of Chatham and our friend 'X.'"

CHAPTER XII.
THE BOOKKEEPER'S CONFESSION.

Late that same evening Sturgis returned to his lodgings, after a busy day spent in working upon the Knickerbocker bank case. He was tired and he was perplexed; for, with all his unflagging energy, his quick intelligence and his plodding perseverance, he had come to a standstill in his investigation. The Evening Tempest had appeared with no further mention of the Quinlan case, and with only a perfunctory report of the cab mystery, no attempt having been made to connect the two, for Sturgis would not consent to publish his evidence until he was sure of complete success in his undertaking.

As he approached the house the reporter saw a light in his window, and inferred that a visitor was awaiting his coming. It was Mr. Dunlap, who, pale and careworn, was striding nervously back and forth in the room, with his hands behind his back and his head bent forward upon his breast.

"Ah, there you are at last!" exclaimed the banker, eagerly; "I have been waiting for you for over an hour."

"Has something new turned up?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes; read that."

At the same time Dunlap handed the reporter a letter.

"Let me tell you about it first. After leaving you this morning I went to the

criminal—and you will be wiser than a widow."
"I dare not ask your forgiveness for the trouble I am bringing upon you; for I realize all too clearly the extent of the wrong I have done you. But I feel irresistibly impelled to lay before you in all their nakedness, as it were, before my own conscience the circumstances which have led to my downfall. A knowledge of these may perhaps enable you to understand, in a measure, the temptation to which I have succumbed; although I find it hard myself now that all is over, to realize how I came to yield to it."
"Perhaps you may remember the celebration of my fifteenth anniversary. We were having a most enjoyable evening in the company of the friends whom you had invited to participate in the festivities, when a caller was announced. I was obliged to leave our guests in order to receive him in the library. This man lost no time in stating the nature of his business with me. His name was Thomas Chatham; he was an expert accountant, who had been employed at the Knickerbocker bank to examine the books, and he cooly informed me that he had just discovered a serious error in my books—one that had enabled a depositor to overdraw his account by a large amount. At first I refused to believe him, although he submitted copies from the books showing exactly how the blunder had been made. When he intimated that it only rested with me whether the error should be reported to the bank, I indignantly refused to listen to him. He remained perfectly unruffled during our interview and left me at last with the statement that he would wait 24 hours before handing in his report to the president."

"My first step on reaching the bank the next day was to verify Chatham's statements. Alas! they were only too true. There was the terrible blunder staring me in the face. I could not understand how I had come to make it; but there it was, and nothing could explain it away. I had hoped against hope up to this time; now I saw clearly that I was a ruined man."
"There was only one honorable course open to me—to frankly confess my responsibility for the blunder and take the consequences, whatever they might be. I hesitated, and I was lost."

"I hesitated because I felt that my position was at stake. Would not my error appear inexcusable to the officers of the bank, since I could find no palliation for it in my own eyes? I was 50 years old. Was it not probable that the depositor who had profited by my mistake had done so innocently? If so, would he not be willing to repay the amount overdrawn? At the worst, if he should refuse to do so, might it not be possible for me to scrape together and borrow enough to make good the deficiency in this way? I could correct the blunder and no one would be the wiser for it. But what of that man Chatham? Would not his report betray me? I recalled his intimation that the nature of his report depended upon myself. What did he mean by that? Probably he would set a price upon my silence. This would add considerably to the amount I should have to raise; but would not this be better, after all, than the loss of my position? At any rate, I should not be any the worse off for listening to his proposal, whatever it might be."

[To Be Continued.]

POLITE TO A CUSTOMER.
The Obliging Hibernian Clerk Gave Him Precisely What He Asked For.

Appropos of the ready comprehension and native wit attributed to the sons of Erin, Patrick's compliance with the customer's wish stands out in bold apposition, says the Chicago Post. Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.

"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?"
"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick, complacently. "Sure, an' it's Misher Jones has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? I thought the pound weight stayed in the store. How did Mr. Jones get it?"
"An' shure, didn't yez tell me to be perlitte to the regular customers?"
"Of course."

"Well, then, Misher Jones comes into the store for a pound of tay. An', says he, when I asked him what quality of tay he wud have: 'Whatever yez give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlitte like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."

Character Reading.
"Do you know anything about the lady who just moved into the house across the street?"
"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "her husband goes to the races every day and to the theater every night."
"But I was speaking of his wife."
"Yes. I was just about to remark that she must be one of the best natured and most economical of women."—Washington Journal.

Wants the Real Thing.
Jack—Old Nevricke is terribly worried about that pretty daughter of his.
Tom—What's the matter? Does she want to marry some foreign nobleman?
Jack—No; that's just the trouble. She is engaged to one of these American chappies, and the old gentleman says he is rich enough to afford the real thing, and doesn't want any cheap imitations.—Town Topics.

Feminine Electioneering.
"I thought you said you never again would elect her president of your club," he suggested, after she had told him all about the result of the club election.
"Well, we didn't intend to," she replied, "but when she broke down and cried we just couldn't help it."—Chicago Post.

Awakened.
"I understand it's all over between Jack and May."
"Yes; they're married."—Philadelphia North American.

My Darling Wife: When you receive this letter I shall be far away—a disgraced

criminal—and you will be wiser than a widow."

"I dare not ask your forgiveness for the trouble I am bringing upon you; for I realize all too clearly the extent of the wrong I have done you. But I feel irresistibly impelled to lay before you in all their nakedness, as it were, before my own conscience the circumstances which have led to my downfall. A knowledge of these may perhaps enable you to understand, in a measure, the temptation to which I have succumbed; although I find it hard myself now that all is over, to realize how I came to yield to it."

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THE LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY

Wonderful Prosperity Doubles the Work in the Iowa Veterinarian Department.

THE BIENNIAL REPORT HAS BEEN FILED.

Valuable Letters Placed in the Historical Department of the State—Statistics Concerning Urban and Rural Population—State Fire Losses—Other Notes of Interest.

[Special Correspondence.]

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 4.—State Veterinarian James I. Gibson, in his third biennial report to the governor, which has just been filed, says that the work of his department has doubled during the biennial period recently ended, because of "the fact that the live stock industry, during this period, with maximum prices for all domestic animals continuously, the result of state and national prosperity, and the ever increasing demand abroad for our horses, mules, beef, pork, mutton and dairy products." Dr. Gibson says that the Iowa farmers have sold their best animals, and the shortage thus caused has made a market in Iowa for western branded horses and ponies when Iowa farmers, in his opinion, should breed their own horses. The state veterinarian believes that this importation of western horses has been responsible for the existence of glanders in this state. By prompt action the disease has been stamped out promptly, he says in his report; and no serious losses have been suffered; but so serious has the danger been that Dr. Gibson recommends rigorous inspection of all imported horses. On this subject his report says:

From our experience in such outbreaks we believe there should be passed a ruling by the state board of health requiring the inspection of all horses imported into the state at the point of entry. Such inspection would cost little as compared with the cost of outbreaks of glanders that are liable to occur from the importation of horses from the ranges where veterinary inspection is almost entirely neglected. In one instance where a carload of infected horses were sold to Iowa citizens it had to be destroyed on account of glanders and a great many exposures occurred which may result in subsequent outbreaks of the disease.

The state veterinarian regrets that the importation of cattle into Iowa remains unguarded, except as to pleuro-pneumonia, anthrax and Texas fever. No test to discover if imported cattle are infected with tuberculosis is required by law. Dr. Gibson says that he regrets that the cattle industry of the state is left liable "to such a menace, and Iowa cattle owners subjected to grave chances in improving their herds."

Many Official Calls.

More than 150 official calls were required of the state veterinarian's department during the biennial period covered by his report. Eighteen diseases were encountered in investigations undertaken. Glanders, tuberculosis and rabies were found more often than all the others. Glanders were found in Allamakee, Adair, Buchanan, Buena Vista, Benton, Cedar, Delaware, Fayette, Franklin, Guthrie, Grundy, Hamilton, Madison, Palo Alto, Page, Pocahontas, Plymouth, Sioux, Shelby and Washington counties. About 100 horses and mules died or were killed on account of this disease. Tuberculosis was found in Adair, Boone, Buchanan, Cass, Carroll, Cherokee, Calhoun, Des Moines, Guthrie, Madison, Mahaska, Mitchell, Pottawattamie, Sioux, Shelby, Scott, Wright and Webster counties. The disease exists in all parts of the state to some extent. Dr. Gibson says of the transmission of the disease through bovine milk or meat to man:

The great burden of evidence in laboratory and field is to the effect that it is, first, a great detriment to our cattle and swine industry; and, secondly, a menace to human life. Those who refuse to admit these well authenticated facts have renewed their attacks upon all restrictive measures aiming at the control and eradication of this disease, on account of the recent statements of Dr. Koch, but the great majority of bacteriologists and field sanitarians have refused to follow the suggestions of Prof. Koch and have renewed their determination to wage a war of eradication on the "great white plague."

Rabies Found.

Rabies was found by the department in the following counties: Adair, Appanoose, Cedar, Delaware, Dubuque, Dallas, Mills, Iowa, Louisa, Muscatine, Marshall, Story and Mahaska. Arguments are presented with Dr. Gibson's report by Dr. J. W. Scott and Dr. John E. Brown, assistant state veterinarians, showing that rabies cannot be produced by heat and lack of water, and that it is more common in spring and autumn than in the heated summer months; that the disease is only acquired through infection; and that there are a score of diseases of similar symptoms which are popularly confounded with rabies.

Can Earn Her Living.

Trustee B. Murphy, of the Linnie Haguewood fund, has filed his annual report with the governor. This girl is deaf, dumb and blind. Since the state furnishes free schools for the whole people, giving public schools to those who are not defective and maintaining schools for the deaf and dumb and for the blind at Council Bluffs and Vinton, respectively, the legislature has appropriated \$1,000 a year for the education of this girl, who is not only blind, but deaf and dumb. During the years 1899-1900 she attended school at the state normal school at Cedar Falls. The past year she has spent at the state college for the blind of South Dakota. Miss Dora

Donald has been her teacher from the beginning, and when Miss Donald was elected to the faculty of the South Dakota institution she made it a condition that the unfortunate Linnie Haguewood should be admitted free and her board paid, also. These conditions were accepted by the trustees of the institution. Since entering the college the girl has become expertly proficient as a proof reader and book binder, and is able to earn her own living. She has spent the last year studying reading, spelling, typewriting, English composition, language, geography, United States history and mathematics. The latter study she detests, but she studies it diligently, and her teacher, in a report accompanying that of the trustee of the legislative fund provided for the girl's education, commends her charge highly for her fortitude and conscientious effort in pursuing the study of mathematics. Respecting the girl's wonderful mechanical ability despite her infirmities, Miss Donald says in her report to Gov. Shaw:

Linnie's dexterity along natural lines has been often mentioned. Her love for the feminine arts is deeply rooted in her nature and serves to fill each vacant hour with never ending pleasure. This ability has been called into activity in the institution printing office, where she has taken first honors as an operator of the stereotype maker. This machine is an apparatus for making brass plates from which the American Braille system of reading is printed. It is very necessary to make these impressions correctly, as mistakes are difficult to erase. All Linnie's natural characteristics are here called into activity. She is not called on to depart from a well known path and she writes with an assurance of conscious power. Proof reading and binding make Linnie a valuable assistant in the printing office, while it opens an avenue of employment that makes her future independent in a financial way.

Valuable Letters.

Maj. S. H. M. Byers, of Des Moines, who wrote "Sherman's March to the Sea," giving that name to the campaign of Gen. Sherman, has presented the state historical department with a bound volume containing about 50 letters from Gen. W. T. Sherman to Mr. Byers, in the former's handwriting. Some of these letters are of so great importance that one of the conditions of the gift was that they should not be allowed to be seen by the public. When this condition will be revoked is not known, but it is understood that Maj. Byers is inclined to insist upon it as long as he lives and until the immediate actors in the events concerning which Gen. Sherman wrote in confidence shall have passed away. The letters were presented to the collection because they may be kept there in safety, and whether Maj. Byers or Curator Charles Aldrich shall pass away, they will remain the property of the state. Accompanying the Gen. Sherman letters is one written in lead pencil by Gen. U. S. Grant on the field of battle, and on the back of which is a note written by Admiral David D. Porter. These letters Curator Aldrich regards as among the most valuable parts of the state collection.

Population Figures.

State Labor Commissioner C. F. Wennerstrum has completed for insertion in his forthcoming biennial report a statistical comparison of urban and rural population in this state in the years 1900 and 1901. The census publications by the government have not given this detailed information, so far as bulletins issued. The figures show an increase during the ten years of 281,612 urban population and but 38,347 rural population. There was a total increase of 319,959. The total population in 1890 was 1,911,896, of which 694,029 was urban. In 1900 the total was 2,231,853, and the urban population was 975,641. Commissioner Wennerstrum concludes that there is a vast increase in the industrial activity of the state and the products for which markets are sought are not agricultural, exclusively, as they were 20 years ago. The increase in urban population indicates, also, an influx from the country for the benefit of the cities, since the natural increase in the country would be much larger than in the city, in view of the fact that in 1890 not 30 per cent. of the population was urban.

State Fire Losses.

The state board of control has prepared for its forthcoming biennial report a complete statistical history of the losses by fire at the state institutions, and the measure of such loss as compared with the total value of the buildings and personal property in existence and risked. This compilation was made, primarily, with a view to securing figures from insurance companies on the cost of insuring state property. About \$15,000,000 worth of property is owned by the state at the state institutions, and after two serious fires at the educational institutions last winter, the board of control conceived the idea of carrying insurance. At present and at no time in the past has the state carried insurance, it being believed that it was more economical to carry its own risks. The board suggested to insurance companies that a blanket policy be issued to the state of Iowa, on similar conditions as those issued to railroad companies, but up to date the insurance companies have not been able to examine all the property owned by the state at the institutions and have not replied to the request of the board for rates.

F. W. BICKNELL.

Filled with Soap.

An attempt was made to blow up the Purslow block in Sioux City, occupied by 80 tenants. The safety valve of the steam boiler was filled with soap, and the engineer discovered it just in time to prevent a terrific explosion. The only reason suggested for the attempt is that many of the colored women who were run out from the notorious Soudan row two weeks ago have taken up their residence in this block.