

### TO-MORROW.

To-morrow! Oh, to-morrow's  
The day that I like best;  
For though my sunset's clouded,  
It's golden farther west.  
Observe the little sparrow!  
Throughout the dark To-day  
She sings of her To-morrow  
And the egg she's going to lay.  
I hear a sad soul sighing  
To leave "this vale of tears,"  
But make no doubt he's lying  
About a hundred years.  
And feel no twinge of sorrow  
When his ship puts to sea;  
The ship that sails To-morrow  
Sails soon enough for me.  
For though my sun's declining  
Behind yon hoary hill,  
I know that it is shining  
Beyond the summit still;  
And howsoever I sorrow  
I know 'twill pass away—  
God gives a glad To-morrow  
For every sad To-day.  
—Cy Warman, in N. Y. Sun.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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### CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

She rested her clasped hands upon the table and looked pleadingly at me. "And will you do so?"

"I am considering the matter," I said, with the first feeling of reluctance I had experienced in the case. "I have promised to give them my decision this afternoon."

"So they informed me and that is why I am here," she replied. "Oh, Mr. Fairfax, you don't know how I pity them! Surely if they could find this man his heart would be touched, and he would refund them a portion, at least, of what he took from them, and what is legally theirs."

"I am afraid it is very doubtful whether he will," I said, "even in the event of his being found. Gentlemen of his description are not conspicuous for their pity, nor, as a rule, will they disburse unless considerable pressure of an unpleasant description is brought to bear upon them."

"Then that pressure must be brought to bear," she said, "and if I may say so, you are the only one who can do it. That is why I have called upon you this morning. I have come to plead with you, to implore you, if necessary, to take the matter up. I am not very rich, but I would willingly give all I have in the world to help them."

"In that case you are one niece in a thousand, Miss Kitwater," I said, with a smile. "Your uncle is indeed fortunate in having such a champion."

She looked at me as if she were not quite certain whether I was joking or not.

"You will do this for them?"

What was I to say? What could I say? I had well-nigh decided to have nothing to do with the matter, yet here I was, beginning to think it was hard upon me to have to disappoint her. My profession is not one calculated to render a man's heart over tender, but I must confess that in this case I was by no means as adamant as was usual with me. As I have said, she was an unusually pretty girl, and had she not been kind enough to express her belief in my powers! After all, detectives, like other people, are only human.

"Your uncle and his companion have promised to call upon me this afternoon," I said, "and when they do so, I think I may promise you that I will endeavor to come to some arrangement with them."

"I thank you," she said; "for I think that means that you will try to help them. If you do, I feel confident that you will succeed. I hope you will forgive me for having called upon you as I have done, but, when I saw how disappointed they were after their interview with you yesterday, I made up my mind that I would endeavor to see you and to interest you on their behalf before they came again."

"You have certainly done so," I answered, as she rose to go. "If I take the case up, and believe me I am not at all sure that I shall do so, they will owe it to your intervention."

"Oh, no, I did not mean that exactly," she replied, blushing prettily. "I should like to feel that you did it for the reason that you believe in the justice of their cause, not merely because I tried to persuade you into it. That would not be fair, either to them or to you."

"Would it not be possible for it to be on account of both reasons?" I asked. "Let us hope so. And now good morning, Miss Kitwater. I trust your uncle will have good news for you when you see him again this afternoon."

"I hope so, too," she answered, and then with a renewal of her thanks and a little bow she left the office.

I closed the door and went back to my seat, almost wondering at my own behavior. Here was I, a hard-headed man of the world, being drawn into an extraordinary piece of business, which I had most certainly decided to have nothing to do with, simply because a pretty girl had smiled upon me, and had asked me to do it. For I don't mind confessing that I had made up my mind to help Kitwater and Codd in their search for the villain Hayle. The Trust company would have to look elsewhere for assistance. And yet, as I had the best of reasons for knowing, that piece of business was likely to prove twice as remunerative as this search for the traitorous friend. Happily, however, money is not everything in this world.

During the remainder of the day I found myself looking forward with eagerness to the interview I was to have with Kitwater and Codd that afternoon. If the two gentlemen had faults, unpunctuality was certainly

not one of them, for the clock upon my mantelpiece had scarcely finished striking the hour of four, when I heard footsteps in the office outside, and next moment they were shown into my own sanctum. Codd came first, leading his friend by the hand, and as he did so he eyed me with a look of intense anxiety upon his face. Kitwater, on the other hand, was dignified, and as impressive as ever. If he were nervous, he certainly concealed it very well.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fairfax," he said, as Codd led him to a seat. "According to the arrangement we came to yesterday afternoon, we have come here to learn your decision which you promised to give us at four o'clock to-day. I trust you have good news for us."

"That depends upon how you take it," I answered. "I have made up my mind to help you on certain conditions."

"And those conditions?"

"Are that you pay my expenses and the sum of £500, to which another £500 is to be added if I am successful in helping you to recover the treasure of which you told me yesterday. Is that a fair offer?"

"An exceedingly fair one," Kitwater replied, while little Codd nodded his head energetically to show that he appreciated it. "We had expected that you would charge more. Of course you understand that it may involve a chase round half the world before you can find him? He's as slippery as an eel, and, if he once gets to know that we are after him, he'll double and twist like a hare."

"He'll not be the first man I have had to deal with who possessed these characteristics," I answered. "And I have generally succeeded in running them to earth at the end."

"Let's hope for all our sakes that you will be as successful in this case," he said. "And now, if I may ask the question, when will you be ready to begin your search? We shall both feel happier when we know you are on his track."

"I am ready as soon as you like," I rejoined. "Indeed, the sooner the better for all parties concerned. Nothing is to be gained by delay, and if, as you say, the man has now been in England two months, he may soon be thinking of getting out of it again, if he has not done so already. But before I embark on anything, you must answer me some questions."

"A hundred, if you like," he returned. "You have only to ask them and I will do my best to answer."

"In the first place, I must have a description of this Mr. Gideon Hayle. What is he like?"

"Tall, thin, with brown hair, and a short, close-cropped beard; he carries himself erect, and looks about 38."

"You don't happen to have a photograph of him in your possession, I suppose?"

"No," replied Kitwater, shaking his head. "Gideon Hayle is not the sort of man to allow himself to be phot-



HE HEAVED A HEAVY SIGH AND THEN ROSE TO DEPART.

graphed, and what's more you must remember that when we reached Nampoung, the station on the frontier of Burmah, we had scarcely a rag upon our backs. Any goods and chattels we might once have possessed were in the hands of the Chinese. They had robbed us of everything, except what that arch thief, Hayle, had already stolen from us."

As he said this, another look such as I had seen on the occasion of his previous visit spread over his face.

"The robber, the thief," he hissed, almost trembling in his sudden excess of rage; "when I get hold of him he shall rue his treachery to the day of his death. Upwards of a quarter of a million of money he stole from us, and where is it now? Where is my sight, and where is Codd's power of speech? All gone, and he is free. 'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord, but I want to repay it myself. I want to—"

Here he leant across the table and turned his sightless eyes upon me. "This is certainly a curious sort of missionary," I said to myself as I watched him. "He may be smitten on one cheek, but I scarcely fancy he would be content to turn the other to the striker."

At this moment Codd leant forward in his chair, and placed his hand upon his friend's arm. The effect was magical. His fit of impotent rage died down as suddenly as it had sprung up, and immediately he became again the quiet, suave, smooth-spoken individual who had first entered my office.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Fairfax," he said, in a totally different voice to that in which he had just spoken. "When I remember how we have been wronged, I am apt to forget myself. I trust you will forgive me."

"I will do so willingly," I answered. "You have certainly won the right to be excused if you entertain a feel-

ing of resentment for the man who has treated you so shamefully. And now to resume our conversation?"

"What were you about to say?"

"I was about to ask you the number and description of the stones of which he robbed you. You told me they numbered 93 in all, if I remember aright. Can you tell me how many there were of each?"

"Forty-eight rubies and 45 sapphires," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "The rubies were uncut and of various sizes, ranging perhaps from ten to eighty carats. They were true rubies, not spinels, remember that. The sapphires ran from 15 carats to 60, and there was not a flaw amongst them."

"Has Hayle any knowledge of the value of precious stones?"

"There's not a keener judge in the east. He would be a cunning man who would succeed in taking him in about the value of anything from a moonstone to a ruby."

"In that case he would, in all probability, know where to place them to the best advantage?"

"You may be sure that was his intention in coming to England. But we have tried Hatton Garden and can hear nothing of him there."

"He may have disposed of some of them on the continent," I said. "However, we will soon clear that point up. The size of the larger stones is so unusual that they would be certain to attract attention. And now one other question. Are you aware whether he has any friends or relatives in England?"

"So far as we know he has not a single relative in the world," Kitwater replied. "Have you ever heard of one, Caddy?"

The little man shook his head, and then, taking the other's hand, tapped upon it with his fingers in the manner I have already described.

"He says Hayle had a sister once, of whom he was very fond." The tapping upon the hand continued, and once more Kitwater translated: "She was a cripple, and lived in a small house off the Brompton road. She died while Hayle was in North Borneo; is not that so, little man?"

Codd nodded his head to show that Kitwater had interpreted him correctly. I then made some inquiries as to the missing man's habits. So far the description I had had of him was commonplace in the extreme.

"Do you know whether he shipped on board the Jemadar for England under his own name, or under an assumed one?"

"He booked his passage as George Bertram," Kitwater replied. "We know that is so, for we made inquiries at Rangoon."

I next noted the name and address of the vessel's owner, and resolved to pay him a visit next morning. It would be hard if I could not learn from him something concerning Mr. Hayle, and where he had gone on loading.

"I think those are all the questions I want to ask you at present," I said, closing my note-book. "It would be as well perhaps for you to furnish me with your address, in order that I may communicate with you, should it be necessary."

"At present," said Kitwater, "we are staying with my niece at the village of Bishopstowe in Surrey. My late brother was vicar of the parish for many years, and he left his daughter a small property in the neighborhood. They tell me it is a pretty place, but, as you are aware, I unfortunately cannot see it, and my friend Codd here cannot talk to me about it?"

He heaved a heavy sigh and then rose to depart.

"I must again express my gratitude to you, Mr. Fairfax," he said, "for having consented to take up the case. I feel certain you will ultimately be successful. I will leave you to imagine with what anxiety we shall await any news you may have to give us."

"I will communicate with you as soon as I have anything to report," I answered. "You may rely upon my doing my best to serve you. By the way, are you aware that your niece called upon me this morning?"

He gave a start of surprise.

"No, I certainly did not know it," he replied. "She said nothing to us of such an intention. I know that she is heart and soul with us in our desire to find Hayle. But since you have seen her you probably know that?"

"I think I do," I returned, for some reason almost abruptly.

"She is a good girl," said Kitwater, and then took from his pocket an envelope which he handed to me.

"By the way, I brought this with me," he said, "in the hope that you should be able to induce you to accede to our wishes. Inside you will find a £100 note, which should be sufficient to cover any preliminary expenses. If you need more, perhaps you will be kind enough to communicate with me at once, and it shall be sent you. A receipt can be forwarded to me at your leisure."

I thanked him and placed the envelope upon the table. In my own mind I felt that it would be an easy matter to guess whence the sum had come, and for a reason that I could not then analyze, and therefore am unable to describe, the thought irritated me.

Having assured them that the amount would be quite sufficient, in the event of nothing unforeseen happening, to last for some considerable time to come, I conducted them to the door, again repeating the promise that I would communicate with them so soon as I had anything to report. If I had only known then, that, at the very moment when they stepped into the street, the man they wanted me to find for them, and whom they hated so desperately, was standing in a shop on the other side of the road, keeping an eye on

my door, and evidently watching for their departure, how much trouble and vexation of spirit we should all have been saved. But I did not know this until long afterwards, and then of course the information came too late to be of any service to us.

Next morning I was early at the office, being desirous of winding up another little matter before I turned my attention to the new affair. One of my subordinates had just returned from the continent whither I had sent him to keep an eye on a certain pseudo-French marquis with whom I expected to have dealings at no distant date. He reported that the gentleman in question had broken the bank at Monte Carlo, had staked and lost all his winnings next day, and had shot himself on the promenade on the evening following. With his death the affair, on which I had confidently expected to be employed, came to an end. I could not say that I was altogether sorry.

"I shall want you to leave on Friday, Turner, for St. Petersburg," I said, when he had finished his report and I had commented upon it. "Do you remember Paulus Scevanovitch, who was concerned in that attempt to defraud the Parisian jewelers, Maurel & Co., two years ago?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him perfectly," Turner replied. "A tall, burly man, with a bushy beard, the top of his little finger on the left hand missing, and a long white scar over his right eyebrow."

"The same," I answered. "I see you have not forgotten him. Well, I want you to find him out, and let me have an exact account of his movements during the next three weeks. The office will arrange your expenses in the usual way, and you had better leave by the mail train. In all probability I shall see you off."

"Very good, sir," the man responded, and withdrew.

[To Be Continued.]

### GODDESS OF SMALLPOX.

In Her Honor the Thugs of India, It Is Said, Commit Many Murders.

The divinity worshiped by the thugs of India is appropriately enough the goddess of smallpox. Thagi (or Thuggee), the only religion that preaches murder is not yet extinct. It appears, in fact, of late years to have been actually on the increase. In the Punjab there were two cases of murder by thugs as late as 1896, while in Central India the increase in the last three or four years is startling.

About 70 years have passed since two young English officials agreed that the day of retribution was come for the followers of the goddess Kali, says the Boston Post. There were at that time at least 10,000 thugs wandering unmolested over the surface of India, who earned a livelihood by murdering their fellow men. They lived in this way partly because it was their religion and partly because they preferred murdering to either working or begging.

As each thug killed, on an average, three men a year, some 30,000 people, mostly under British rule or protection vanished into the earth every year. Such figures seem incredible, and yet officials of the time say that they are probably under the mark.

The thug would set out on his business with the quiet earnestness of one who is merely doing his duty, and would brutally murder 20 or 30 victims, not only with an easy conscience, but with the calm self-approval of a successful practitioner. Nor was he at all grasping in his dealings. The celebrated thug, Shumsherah, deposed that "eight annas (a shilling) is a very good remuneration for murdering a man. We often strangle a victim who is suspected of having two pice (three farthings)." Their motto was evidently small profits.

### Why He Agreed.

"I think," said the old-fashioned member of the school board, "that we ought to pay more attention to writing."

"So do I," said the Harvard graduate, unexpectedly. "Teach 'em all to write plain—plain as print."

"My boy," said the old-fashioned member after the meeting, "what made you agree with me so enthusiastically?"

"Why, you see," said the youth with hesitation, "I—I proposed to a girl last month, and she sent me her answer in writing, and—and, hang it, I don't know whether she said no or yes."—Washington Times.

### Overheard.

Two men, we may assume that one was a Frenchman, were riding together one day through Paris. One was exceedingly clever, while the other was correspondingly dull. As is sometimes the case, the latter monopolized the conversation, and his talk was fast becoming unendurable when his companion saw a man on the street far ahead yawning openly.

It is not probable that the dullard felt this needleprick of wit, but his companion's exasperation must have found momentary relief.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "We are overheard!"—Short Stories.

### A Case in Point.

Mrs. Manning—John, I believe you are the biggest liar in the world. The fact is, you don't care a fig for me, or you wouldn't try to deceive me all this time. There was a time when you said I was the best and sweetest woman on earth.

Mr. Manning—And you believed it. Then why can't you believe the little fibs I tell you now?—Boston Transcript.

### A Great Want.

Why doesn't some genius invent a glass eye that can see?—Chicago Daily News.



### A CHEERFUL QUEEN.

The Summer Life of Carmen Sylva in the Mountains of Roumania Is an Ideal One.

Much has been written of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (the poet "Carmen Sylva"), one of the interesting and admirable royal figures of Europe. The Century contains a little paper on her summer life in the mountains by Mme. Zoe de Bolatchano, once of her court, who gives this agreeable glimpse of her:

Sometimes, at a very early hour, I could hear the queen's clear, powerful



QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

voice caroling as joyously as a bird on awakening; or the sound of her footsteps approaching my cell would be followed by a succession of sharp little taps on the window with her parasol. I would jump up hastily, to find it full day, ashamed to have been caught napping while my sovereign was setting so admirable an example in industry and early rising; yet I was never permitted to feel that I was not at liberty to do as I pleased. On the contrary, the queen's maternal solicitude was aroused by my frail health, and she was unremitting in her efforts to spare me unnecessary trouble or fatigue.

In spite of this tender care, there were times when the malady that I was endeavoring to throw off reasserted itself and confined me to my bed. It was during these depressing hours that I learned to know the full significance of the name Maica ranitor ("mother of the wounded") bestowed on the queen by the soldiers when she moved among them on the battlefield. Her presence by my couch, the soothing effect of her words, were restoratives that seldom failed to act like a charm. She did not always come alone, but sought to provide diversion for me by making my room a place where subjects of interest could be discussed.

On one occasion a lady who had introduced first one topic, then another, strove to uphold the theory, and with no small degree of eloquence, that a person who had been overburdened by sorrow in early years was not apt to be happy later on. "Do not believe that," exclaimed the queen, smiling brightly. Then, seizing upon a poetic figure of expression, she added: "Happiness is like the ocean. It bears you away from your past and its sorrow, provided you do not persist in looking backward."

### CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

Why Parents Should Endeavor to Answer Them Instead of Snubbing the Inquirers.

Little folks are wont to ask the most terribly embarrassing questions at times, and the more intelligent the children are the more they will want to know, for the active little brain of a clever child is always asking the why and wherefore of everything. In dealing with children's questions be careful to discriminate between those which are asked from the desire to know and those which are the outcome merely of a childish love of talking. The latter are often best dealt with by saying, quite gently: "If you think a little, dear, you will be able to answer that for yourself." To questions of the former class reply if possible, as carefully as you would to an adult questioner. If the matter be beyond the child's comprehension or unsuitable for explanation to one of tender years don't make any foolish or evasive answer. Say simply: "I cannot explain that to you now, for you are not old enough to understand it. By and by, when you are older, if you come and ask me again, then I will do my best to tell you what you want to know." If parents would speak thus to their children, instead of snubbing, or laughing at their questions, they would keep their confidence, and by and by would be referred to for information which boys and girls are sure to want and which is best learned from a father's or a mother's lips.—Chicago Daily News.

### Old Sweetheart Remembered.

Thirty years ago Miss Rachel Dickson and Peter Barclay, of Middletown, N. Y., were lovers. A quarrel separated them, and he went to Ringold county, La., where he married. His wife and two children died, and lately he followed them. In his will he left all his estate, valued at \$30,000, to his old sweetheart, who remained single.

### CURE FOR THE BLUES.

Women and Men Who Take a Genuine Interest in Life Are Free from Chronic Depression.

Is there any one of the human family who does not suffer occasionally from that "loathed melancholy" called "the blues"? If such a person exists he is as rare as the great auk, and he never, never eats late suppers or looks a thought too often on "the cup that cheers."

From whatever cause the blue devils take possession of us; whether from derangements of the liver or nervous system, or from simple ennui, the cure for them is the same, unless, indeed, they are bred by organic disease which has taken vital hold on the system.

And this cure—an absorbing interest or occupation. People who ride their hobbies in season and out of season very rarely have the blues. Enthusiastic collectors are apt to be aggressively cheerful. If you suffer from depression of spirits, then take the advice of authorities on the subject and look about for an interest in life.

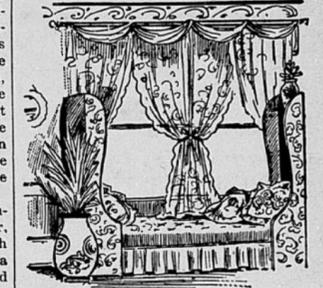
Ursula Gesterfeld, in one of her books, handles the blue devils without gloves. She frankly informs the victims that what is the matter with them is not that they are "too fine for earth's coarser uses," and that their delicate natures suffer from contact with the rude, boisterous world, but that they are abominably selfish, too absorbed in their own sensations to heed the fact that they are enveloping themselves in an atmosphere of gloom which must necessarily depress all about them. Her prescription is to smile, smile; smile in season and out of season; smile whether you feel like it or not, and gradually the mental state will adapt itself to the bodily expression.

A charming young woman was heard to say the other day: "I am too much in love ever to have the blues." "Too much in love?" echoed her astonished auditors, surprised at this frank revelation. "Yes," she replied, provokingly, "too much in love with myself. I regard myself as a mirror, don't you see, put on earth to reflect all the joy and gladness of the universe; and so I cannot think of letting myself become obscured and dimmed by such ugly clouds as the blues. Ah, never! I am too vain."—St. Louis Republic.

### PRETTY WINDOW SEAT.

It Gives a Homelike Appearance and Adds to the Comfort of Small City Flats.

Our sketch shows a very pretty and quaint idea for treating a flat window. A bench, with the short legs underneath, is used. To this at each end an upright is firmly fixed, and two shaped sides are fastened to each, giving the ends the appearance of the old-fashioned high-backed chairs. A flat cushion



DAINTY WINDOW SEAT.

ion, which will lie along the seat and fit under the arms at each end, should be made, and a valance fastened along the side to hide the legs of the seat. Within the space at the top of each end formed by the uprights and the two arms light shelves may be fixed. Cover the whole of the woodwork with cretonne or tapestry, or, if preferred, it may be enameled or stained.—Chicago Daily News.

### SELECTION OF COLORS.

Tints for Blondes and Brunettes Should Be Chosen with More Than Ordinary Care.

The reason why certain colors, however beautiful in themselves, will not suit us all are various; nor do all shades of a color produce identical effects. It is an error to suppose, for instance, that yellow is necessarily unfavorable to blondes in all its shades. It is the orange tint, deep or slight, that is specially the brunette's tint; and only for her with a clear complexion. Orange, like red, contrasts with the dark hair and skin, and becomingly depends their effect. For the blonde the delicate yellow of ripe corn is exactly beautifying, making the fair skin whiter by contrast. Green, again, in moss and eau-de-Nil tints, most becoming to blondes, has some tones that are very favorable to brunettes—the emerald greens, not too bright—while the moss greens can be worn by either blonde or brunette, though most suited to the fair girl; and the lighter shades of green are not becoming to ruddy complexions of either the fair or dark type of skin. If you look hard at green for a few minutes you will find that the eye has a red color in it, as it were, which is reflected on all else that the gaze falls upon for a time. In the glances that are given at a costume while worn, this same effect is but slightly produced, and thus a rosy tone is diffused on the skin. Bright green, therefore, is becoming to the pale but clear skin, but not to the high or muddled complexion. Violet is only becoming near the face if the skin be quite free from yellow tints of its own, as few brunettes (and, sooth to say, not many blondes!) can claim to be.—Chicago American.