

THE THREE SONGS.

A poet in the rosy prime And blithe and dewy morn of time, When song was natural as breath, Three songs sent forth to fight with death.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Hendricks laid the letters side by side on a table, and then continued: "Notice this, captain; in the letter to the mayor the writer has misspelled the word received. It struck me, you see, that in nine cases out of ten a person that misspells a word once will do it again; so in my make-believe note I purposely made use of that word. You see the mistake occurs on both these sheets."

"And you infer that—" "That the two communications were written by the same person."

"But evidently not on the same machine," said Welsh. "This is purple, and the other black."

"True; but don't you remember I surprised them all by telling Roundtree he had discarded an old machine?"

"Yes, Ah, that's a fact." "Well, while you and the others were at the telephone, the mayor showed me upstairs to look at the grounds from the lumber-room. There I saw the typewriter, examined the ribbon, and found that it was purple and beaten in holes, as the writing in the threatening communication shows by the badly-printed letter through it."

"I understand so far," said Welsh. "But what kept you so long in the rosebushes when you went after the umbrella? I thought you would never come."

Hendricks smiled. "I went to find her revolver. I knew it must be somewhere near, for I had seen a freshly-broken boxwood twig near the tracks, and knew that she would not have wished to be seen with the revolver hidden in a thick cluster of long grass about two yards from her footmarks. I would have brought it with me, but she will go for it to-night, and if it were not there she would suspect that I know."

"You have taught me a lesson," laughed Welsh. "I should have brought it away, and told the reporters about it. Shall you arrest her?"

"No; but I want you to watch her and report her actions to me. I have other things to attend to." Hendricks was silent for several minutes. He rose and walked to and fro in the office, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Anything else?" asked Capt. Welsh, when the silence was becoming embarrassing.

"I hardly know," said Hendricks, stopping suddenly. "But perhaps you can do something for me. You know this town better than I do. I want you to discover if there is any reason for Mrs. Walters desiring to leave the city at present. Find out, if you can, what sort of girl she was before she married. Was she in love with Walters? and does she know Whidby personally—be sure about that—and has she ever had any affair of the heart with him?"

"Ah, I get a little light!" exclaimed Welsh. "If she is interested in Whidby, and knows him to be guilty, she may have played that part to mislead us, to establish an alibi for him, which would not be hard to do, since he is under watch in another part of town. Ah! she is a clever girl."

Hendricks paid no attention to Welsh's remark. He had begun his nervous walk up and down the room again. Welsh cleared his throat, and Hendricks caught his eye. "Oh!" he said, "I forgot you. To be more frank, I am watching the movements of a distinguished stranger who is at my hotel under an assumed name. I know him well; that is, I did in New York. I have an idea that he came by appointment with Whidby and Col. Warrenton. If he did, I shall be absolutely nonplussed, and shall have to begin all over again. What I have discovered at the mayor's won't amount to a row of pins."

CHAPTER X.

The next morning after the sensation at Mayor Roundtree's, Warrenton called on Whidby.

"Well," he began, cordially, as his friend motioned him to a seat in the library and stepped back to close the door, "you've read about the shooting at the mayor's. That ought to make you feel better; it is additional proof that you are not the man."

Whidby sat down by his friend and crossed his hands over his knee.

"On the contrary, I am more miserable to-day than ever."

"Why, what is the matter?" "Annette has just left me."

"She has been here again? How very imprudent! She ought not to have come."

"Poor little girl!" sighed Whidby. "She had heard about the shooting at the mayor's, and was so happy over it that she came right in, regardless of consequences."

"Well, surely there is nothing in such a beautiful proof of her love as that to make you despondent. You ought to have been glad to see her happy, you ungrateful dog!"

murder. I know I acted the fool. I broke my promise to you about keeping the theory of my having been hypnotized to myself. I could not help it, old man; don't scold! It is done. She expected me to be elated over the new developments, and with that bloody horror over me I simply could not be so. She wormed it all out of me finally, and now she is quite undone. She turned sick and almost fainted in the library, and could hardly walk when she left the house. She went home crying at every step."

"You might have known that such a thing would horrify her."

Whidby groaned. "Poor little darling! She begged and begged me to tell her what depressed me so. She knows very little about hypnotism, and when I tried to explain that I feared I had been made to kill my uncle with my own hands she shrieked and looked at me as if she thought I was mad."

"I am awfully sorry you told her—at least until we have had the opinion of that hypnotic doctor. He may prove to us that you were not hypnotized at all."

Whidby rose and began to pace the floor nervously.

"I shall welcome any advice or opinion he can give. I have just begun to think I did wrong in not reporting everything to Hendricks at the start. It may have been a very necessary clew. I mean, you know, the blood on the chair."

"I begin to think so myself, now that the murderer has actually shown himself in broad daylight and attempted another life. You can easily prove an alibi. You were here all day yesterday—Matthews and I can testify to that; and, besides, I am pretty sure your movements are being watched by the police. I want you to see Hendricks, but not before we have an interview with Dr. Lampkin. He is at the Hotel Imperial. He came yesterday, and at my request has registered under an assumed name. I made an appointment with him to meet me here, and expect him every minute."

"What, so soon?" and Whidby shuddered. "Ugh! old man, I hate the subject. I am actually afraid of what he may tell me."

"Never mind; nothing can be worse than the suspense you are suffering. You will lose your reason if something is not done."

The doorbell rang. "That must be our man," said Warrenton. "Keep your seat. I told Matthews to let me answer the bell, and I will bring him in."

The next moment the colonel ushered in the visitor. He was short, thick-set, and about 45 years of age. His hair was stiff, very abundant, and dark brown, with dashes of iron-gray. His face was of the round German type; his eyes were steely gray, and shot with strange spots of brown, which, with his long lashes, gave a peculiar effect to his glance. He wore a heavy beard, which he stroked continually, in a nervous way, and a cutaway suit of ordinary gray material. His manner was very easy, and inspired confidence. On being introduced to Whidby, he held his hand tightly for a moment and looked steadily into his eyes; then he released the hand and sat down.

"I presume you have looked over the newspaper accounts I sent you, doctor," said Warrenton. "I thought they would prepare you for the slight additional information we are going to give you."

"I had seen them all before I came," replied the hypnotist. "I had no sooner read that the dead man—pardon me, your uncle, Mr. Whidby—had been found murdered with that smile on his face than I wanted to know all about it. No other case has ever occurred that I know of, except that of Goetz, of Berlin, in '88. But tell me, gentlemen, in what way I can serve you. My time is valuable. I want to say just here that I am afraid Hendricks, the detective, has recognized me. I knew him in New York, but had no idea that he had been retained here. I tell you this so that you may dismiss me if my presence could injure your case in any way. I tried to follow your instructions as to my disguise here, but was thrown entirely off my guard by meeting him face to face."

"It does not matter now," returned the colonel. "There are only one or two points that he does not know about our side, and we have decided to place ourselves wholly in his hands after our interview with you."

"I am sure that is wise," said Dr. Lampkin. "Hendricks is the most far-seeing man I ever knew. It would be unjust for any reason to withhold the slightest light you may be able to throw on the matter. Mr. Whidby, you need not tell me what your particular trouble is, for I think I have already guessed it from one look at your sensitive face. You fear that hypnotism was used by the criminal in some way?"

"You have guessed it," faltered Whidby.

"You think Mr. Strong was hypnotized just before his death?"

"Yes."

"That you may have been hypnotized and made the murderer's tool for performing the act?"

"Yes."

"You were led to this conclusion by the blood-stain on your hand, on the portiere, and the drop on your cuff?"

"I have other reasons, which have not been made public."

"May I ask what they are? I thought you testified to your experience in full at the inquest."

"Some things seemed to come back to me later in the day. I can't say even now that I was not dreaming, but I have an indistinct remembrance of being up that night, of walking from the portiere towards my bed, and of striking a chair and catching it with my hand to keep from falling. It seemed to me that I caused my shirt to fall from the chair to the floor, and that I picked it up and replaced it before going back to bed. I told Col. Warrenton about it the next day. He went into my room and dis-

covered a blood-stain just where my hand had been on the chair. I think it escaped the notice of the detective."

"If it did, it is the first blood stain that ever escaped him."

"He did not mention it."

"He never mentions anything. He has been discharged from more than one case for looking like an idiot, but that's part of his method. He knows what he is doing."

There was a short silence then. Whidby and Warrenton could see that the hypnotist was deeply engaged in thought. Presently he said brusquely: "I'll have to see you again to-morrow, or next day, Mr. Whidby. I can do nothing now. Will you come with me to my hotel, colonel? I want to consult you on a point of law before we go any further. I think it will be necessary, Mr. Whidby, for you to get a good night's rest before we do anything. Where do you sleep?"

"Last night I began occupying my old room just across the hall," replied Whidby. "I was sleeping there when the crime was committed, and I have had an aversion to it ever since; but I was glad to find that I slept better there last night than I had upstairs in another room."

"You naturally would, and you were wise to move back. If you go to bed with the idea that you are doing even a slight thing for self-protection, the thought will haunt you in your sleep. It is one of the psychic laws. Would you mind showing me the room?"

"Not at all." The three men rose and went into Whidby's room.

"Which is the chair you spoke of, and where was it placed that night?" asked Dr. Lampkin.

Whidby drew it from behind a screen in a corner.

"You ought not to have placed it there," remarked the hypnotist. "The idea of its being pushed away out of sight will remain with your sub-consciousness longer than you dream of. Such things belong to a wonderful science that all people ought to know. Where was the chair standing that night, as near as you can remember?"

"Exactly there," and Whidby placed the chair within a few feet of the bed.

"Ah, yes," said the hypnotist. "I see where you touched it that night with your hand. Now, do as I direct you. Leave it exactly where it is, and to-night when you go to bed place your

shirt on it precisely as you did before. All these things will aid you to sleep soundly, and, believe me, that is what you need above all things just now. Remember when you lie down to-night that I have told you positively, on my honor, that you will sleep better than you ever have slept before!"

"You mean," Col. Warrenton interposed, "that it will be necessary for him to sleep well before—before the—the test?"

A slight, almost unnoticeable, look of vexation passed over the face of the hypnotist, but it was gone when he began to speak.

"Oh, no, only that it will put him in a better humor. He is rather too despondent for his own good. I don't want to talk to him about any test now. That will be for the future. Perhaps we won't have it at all."

CHAPTER XI.

After Dr. Lampkin and Col. Warrenton had taken their leave and were on the way down town, Dr. Lampkin said: "I must make a confession to you. What I said about wanting to talk over a legal point was only a pretext to see you alone about another matter. Your friend must be hypnotized to-night after he falls asleep naturally. You see, I had to get the idea of the test out of his mind, for that would have made him unusually wakeful. If he was hypnotized on the night of the murder it was done when he was asleep, and of course, for our test, the conditions must be the same. I have prepared his mind so that he will sleep soundly to-night, and, if everything works well, I think that I can prove conclusively what his actions were on the night of the murder."

"I see," replied the colonel. "I place myself in your hands. Use me as you will."

"You must take him for a short drive this evening at about seven," continued the doctor. "While you are out I shall come in and secrete myself somewhere upstairs. Then you must make some excuse for wanting to spend the night in his house. I would have you occupy the bed of the murdered man, but I am afraid Whidby would be surprised at your choice, so stay wherever he puts you, but manage to send that manservant away for the night. We shall want the house entirely to ourselves. About two o'clock in the morning I shall come to your room and arouse you. Whidby won't awake; I shall see to that."

"You can rely on me," the colonel promised; "but I should like to ask one question, if I may."

"As many as you like."

"From your observations so far, would you think the blood on the portiere, the spot on the chair, and the drop on the cuff would have come from Whidby's hand after simply touching the bloody sheet?"

"To be frank, I am going to work on the supposition that they could not," answered the hypnotist, and he left the colonel deeply perplexed.

A few moments after two o'clock the next morning Warrenton, who had been put by Whidby into the large guest-chamber over Strong's old room, heard a light step on the stairs. He rose from a chair near the window and opened the door. It was the doctor.

"Why," said the visitor in surprise, "not asleep? I thought I should make you furious by rousing you from sweet dreams."

"Couldn't sleep to save my life," said the colonel, sheepishly. "I tried for four solid hours, but it was impossible. It was the thought of the whole uncanny business, I suppose."

"It is always impossible when one tries hard to sleep," said the hypnotist. He closed the door softly, and sat down on the side of the bed. "The idea is to forget all about it, and nature will do all the rest. An effort to sleep keeps the mind active, and activity of thought prevents sleep."

"Where have you been?" asked the colonel.

"Slumbering sweetly on a lounge in the library ever since Whidby turbed in. If I had known that you were restless, I could have put you to sleep without even seeing you."

"I shouldn't care to have you do it," said the colonel, with a smile.

"It's absolutely harmless. The fact is, you often hypnotize yourself when you go to sleep. But we are losing time. Before we go down to Whidby's room, I want to say that I have some hopes of demonstrating that he was not an instrument in the hands of the murderer; but, no matter what may be the result of our investigations, it is clearly our duty to confer with Minard Hendricks."

"I fully agree with you," replied Warrenton, "and so will my friend."

The doctor rose. "Whidby will be unconscious of all that takes place to-night, and if it should happen to be very unpleasant we need not tell him the particulars."

"Certainly; a good idea, indeed," Warrenton looked down at the feet of the hypnotist. "But you need slippers. Had I not better get you a pair?"

"No; the soles of my shoes are thin, and I can tread like a cat when I wish. Follow me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE WANTED A FAMILY TREE.

A Necessary Adjunct to Social Advancement.

"John," said Mrs. Croesus, thoughtfully, "everybody in society seems to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Croesus. "What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Croesus, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me; but don't bother me with the details of the affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out; and if it's too big for the conservatory stick it up on the lawn, and if that ain't big enough I'll buy the next plot of land in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and, if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed at last, "I don't know just where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep family trees and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the forist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."

—London Tit-Bits.

South American Locusts.

American farmers who have considered the potato bug pest a great calamity may view their lot with equanimity as compared with the troubles of their brethren in Argentine and Uruguay arising from the locust pest. To give an idea of the vast number of locusts that have played havoc with the grain-growing portions of those countries, it is told that over great areas the streams have been almost completely choked up by the young of the insects. The odor thus caused becomes so offensive that cattle would not drink the water and no human being could go near the streams.—N. Y. Sun.

Onomatopoeia.

A wag who, for a consideration, helped the Cincinnati police court to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty, got off a good thing.

His honor asked an officer who the prisoner was.

"A Russian, your honor."

"His name?"

"I can't pronounce it, your honor."

"Spell it, then."

"V-e-z-o-z-i-z-a-z-e-z-s-i-s-h-z-z-i."

"What is he charged with?"

Then Carl Nippert, the wag, jumped up and said: "Soda water, your honor, I should say, by Lis name."—Youth's Companion.

It is not safe to bet on what you "feel in your bones" unless you bet on rheumatism.—Atholton Globe.

HUNTERS AFTER GINSENG.

The Root That is Supposed by Chinese Doctors to Have Curative Powers.

One of the most peculiar and interesting occupations of the residents of the mountain sections of our own and other states at this season of the year is picking ginseng. This novel calling is just now being followed by hundreds of mountain residents, who are reaping no inconsiderable harvest from their labors. Many almost support their families by digging the plant, and so persevering have been the ginseng diggers of late years that the plant has become quite rare in many sections where it formerly flourished.

This valuable medicinal plant is to be found all through the Alleghany mountains. It has a fleshy root and a stalk from four to nine inches high, which bears near the top three petioled leaves of five small leaflets, and on the end of the stalk some insignificant white blossoms. The root is much used in medicine in this country, but it is chiefly of value as an article of export to China, in which country it is supposed to possess remarkable virtues for the treatment of nearly all diseases. Its value at the little mountain store is usually two or three dollars per pound when dried, and the green roots there sell for about one dollar a pound. The root thus readily passes as currency in the mountains, and is the chief article given in payment for many purchases made by the mountain residents.

Ginseng digging is indeed a novel occupation. The "sang diggers," as they are commonly called, go into the woods armed with a small mattock and a sack, and the search for the valuable plant begins. Ginseng usually grows in patches, and these spots are well known to the mountain residents. Often hundreds of pounds of the root are taken from one patch, and the occupation is a very profitable one. The women as well as the men hunt ginseng, and the stalk is well known to all the mountain lads and lassies. Ginseng grows in a rich, black soil, and is more commonly found on the hillsides.

Few are the mountain residents who do not devote some of their time to hunting this valuable plant, and in the mountain farmhouses there are now many hundred pounds of the article laid away waiting the market. While the fall is the favorite time for ginseng hunting, it is carried on all summer. When a patch of the root is found the hunter loses no time in digging it. To leave it until fall would be to lose it, for undoubtedly some other hunter would find the patch and dig it.

There is always a ready market for the article, and while many "sang" dealers visit the mountains, the mountain farmers usually sell to the mountain storekeepers. They are suspicious of the city dealers who come their way, and they usually find the mountain storekeeper ready to give as good a price as they can obtain elsewhere. They trade ginseng for their store supplies, boots, and clothing material. In our state alone thousands of dollars' worth of the root are dug annually, and in other mountain states of the east great quantities are also marketed. Minnesota is also a well-known region of the plant.

This plant is so esteemed in China that the right to gather it is reserved to the emperor. It is supposed to possess remarkable virtues for the treatment of body and mind and for the prolongation of life. Their physicians have written volumes about it, and they deem it necessary in all their best prescriptions. The best roots have a horny appearance and are yellow and semi-transparent. This condition is obtained by putting them into steaming hot water, brushing until clean, and then steaming over boiling millet. The roots that are bifurcated or divided are considered the most powerful, and it is said that it is to this kind of root that the plant owes its name. Jin Chen means like a man, and the American Indian name means the same. The nearer the root resembles the human form the more efficacious it is supposed to be. The genuine roots, say the Chinese, have offshoots to represent the arms and the legs. The Orientals have many legends concerning the great medicinal plant, and to it they assign many powers.

Before the discovery of the root in this country it frequently brought its weight in gold in Peking. In 1718 the Jesuits began shipping the root to China, and in 1755 it sold in this country for one dollar per pound. Over \$1,000,000 have been paid for a single root in China. Besides China and the United States, Japan and Corea produce the valuable plant. In this country attempts have been made to cultivate the root, but the attempt has not been so successful as was expected.

The quality of the ginseng root varies greatly, and it requires a shrewd dealer to make a success in the ginseng business. Not infrequently the hunters resort to strategy to get a good round price for their supply. With it other and less valuable roots are mixed, and sometimes the dried roots are immersed in water and then dried on the outside. The quality of the roots also varies greatly, according to the time of digging and their size. The larger roots are considered the best and command the highest prices.

In the mountain sections of our state ginseng hunting has been followed from the time of the earliest settlement. Like hunting, trapping, berry picking, bark peeling, shingle making and other callings of the mountain residents, ginseng hunting has its season, and just now hundreds of mountain residents are scouring the mountain woodlands in quest of the valuable plant.

These mountain residents are indeed most primitive people. They live much within themselves, and seldom get further from their mountain homes than the little village at the foot of the range. To them the great outside world is an unknown factor, and in the quietness of their mountain homes they live their humble existence.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Mary Rachel Dobson, a daughter of Austin Dobson, is one of the most active workers in the university settlement for women in Bombay, India. Their work is principally among the parsees.

—The man who is credited with being the best dressed man in Baltimore is Joseph Dammann, and he is the son of a leading cloth importer. This latter fact gives him all the opportunity desired to indulge a splendid taste for fine clothing.

—President McKinley always gives his boutonniere to the first little girl in the line at his receptions at the white house. Those who know this now try to get their little girls at the head of the line so as to secure the much-prized souvenir.

—Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has four volumes nearly ready for the public—a book of metrical translations, a collection of child verse, a new and improved edition of his multi-varioum Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and a translation of the German novel "Schloss Hubertus."

—This season, for the first time in 30 years, Rosa Bonheur exhibited some of her pictures in Paris. She lives in great seclusion all the year round near Fontainebleau, and the reason given by her for not exhibiting in Paris is that she has no need of pursuing such a course, as all her pictures are sold before they are finished.

—Mrs. Mary Sparling, the socialist, daughter of the late William Morris, is supposed to be the finest maker of artistic lace in the world. In appearance she very much resembles her mother, who furnished the original model for Dante Gabriel Rossetti's well-known type of female head, surmounted with a wealth of auburn hair.

—Monongalia county, W. Va., has a citizen named Raymond Grigg, with an ambition so peculiar and unusual that some people think him crazy. For many years he has made it a point to be the first citizen in the county to pay his taxes. About three years ago, and for the first time in his life, he was beaten by a swifter taxpayer, and it almost broke his heart.

SAWING UP A LOG.

How Planks Are Cut in a Great Western Sawmill.

Up from the yellowish-brown depths of the slow-moving river, flowing so steadily on its way to the sea, comes a huge, dark-brown thing with a shining, dripping coat. It is our log, entering upon its last stage. It passes at once up a long incline called the "slit"—a trench of wood about eight inches deep and two feet wide at the top, so hollowed out that the largest log will lie in it securely as it is being drawn up the incline by the stout chains with which the slit is equipped. Projecting pieces of steel on this chain serve to keep the log steady, its great weight causing it to sink upon these pieces of steel, which are like sharp teeth. A workman, standing at the side of the slit, by means of a lever throws up two powerful steel-pointed arms which lift the logs out of the slit and throw them upon tables, from which they are rolled down to the carriage which leads to the saws. When the log reaches the carriage it is thrown upon the framework by the "nigger"—a long, ratcheted timber or piece of steel. This framework is like a section of an ordinary flat car running on a regular railroad track. Two men stand on the moving carriage, and at a signal from the head Sawyer, who directs the cutting of the log, regulate the thickness of the plank or board by the levers of the carriage.

When the log has been adjusted it rapidly advances to the saw, and in a very few seconds its water-soaked sides have been trimmed by the sharp teeth. The carriage flies back to the starting place with the swiftness of the wind; and it is enough to make one shudder to see it go. You expect every instant that one of the men will be thrown off and terribly injured. They learn to balance themselves, however, though there are frequent accidents. One instant of inattention on the part of the head Sawyer, who regulates the speed of the carriage by his lever, would send the carriage flying back to the end of the mill with tremendous force, and probably kill both of the men. One of the men on the carriage, called the "setter," fixes the width of the board to be sawed, on a signal from the head Sawyer; the other man is the second Sawyer.

As I stood one day in one of these mills, watching the men flying forth and back on the narrow carriage, and almost expecting that one or both of them would be thrown off in the swiftness of their flight, I took out my watch and timed them; and I found that they traveled on an average, on this little railroad not more than 20 feet long, 168,000 feet a day, or about 31 miles.—W. S. Harwood, in St. Nicholas.

Consolation for the Rejected One.

"Didn't she seem at all affected when you told her how her refusal had wrecked your hopes?"

"No."

"Not even when you told her that you had become desperate and were going on an expedition to the north pole?"

"Not a bit."

"Didn't she offer you any little parting token, any memento of the past?"

"Yes, she did that. She said that if I wanted her to she'd work my monogram on ear muffs."—Odds and Ends.

A Sure Method.

Mulligan—Divil take these spring locks!

Mrs. Mulligan—Phwat's the matter? "Why to kape the young ones out of me trunk while I was away I wint an locked the key up inside."—N. Y. World.

Connubial Sympathy.

Mr. Grownes—In addition to this painful boil I believe I am in for an attack of toothache!

Mrs. Grownes—Oh, how nice to have your troubles all at once!—Cincinnati Enquirer.