

AT EVENTIDE.

The tired breezes are tucked to rest In the cloud-beds far away. The waves are pressed to the placid breast Of the gleaming, dreaming bay; The shore line swims in a hazy haze; Asleep in the sea and sky, And the muffled beat where the breakers meet Is a soft, sweet lullaby.

The pine-clad hills has a crimson crown Of glittering sunset glows; The roofs of brown in the distant town Are bathed in a blush of rose; The radiant ripples shine and shift In shimmering shreds of gold, The seaweeds lift and drowse and drift, And the jellies fill and fold.

The great sun sinks, and the gray fog heaves His cloak on the silent sea. The night-wind creeps where the ocean sleeps, And the wavelets wake in glee; Across the bay like a silver star There twinkles the harbor light, And faint and far from the outer bar The sea-birds call "Good night." —Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL HARRIS

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails marked to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Last night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantini, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantini. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks calls for a crematory employe, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Gielow in his own handwriting, postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight. Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Sergt. Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Gielow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined. Going to Gielow's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Hendricks of strange influence. Bantini had over Gielow. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantini was the murderer, and through hypnotism made Gielow confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others.

CHAPTER XIV.

At half after seven o'clock that evening Dr. Lampkin was waiting for Hendricks at the latter's office. Promptly at the time set by the detective he hurried into the room out of breath. At a glance it was plain to Lampkin that he had met with no success.

"It's no good," said Hendricks, fuming. "I can't get the slightest hint as to his whereabouts. They say he has left the city, and there it ends."

"What are you going to do next?" questioned Lampkin. "This case is fretting the life out of me. I never felt so much concern over anything in my life."

Hendricks' brows ran together and, without making a reply, he went into the adjoining room and Lampkin heard him ring the telephone. There was a pause; then he heard the voice of the detective calmly asking for the connection. Then tensely: "Is that Miss Huntington?"

"Pause of a moment. Then Hendricks' voice: "But you ought not to sit up there like that. I want to say that Dr. Lampkin and I are going out into the country, and that you need not expect to hear from me again to-night."

"Yes, really, I can tell you nothing to-night. I am sorry to say that so far I have been unsuccessful, but while there is life, you know, there is hope."

Then there was silence for a moment and Hendricks rang off. When he entered the room he was white in the face, and his fat hands—the hands which had tightened about the throats and wrists of a hundred criminals—were trembling.

"Old man," he said, "I heard her aunt to the floor just now. I heard her aunt scream and run to her." Hendricks sat down and leaned on his desk. There was something in his eyes that Lampkin had never seen in the eyes of any human being.

"Doctor," Hendricks added, "if I do run across that dirty scamp, I—I am afraid I never can wait for justice to take its course. I am satisfied that he is not only Gielow's abductor, but that he is the man who has tried twice to do me up in such a cowardly fashion."

"No, I am going out to have a talk with Kola, and as you said you'd like to see his big rambling den, I want to take you along for company."

"Nothing could please me more."

"I have ordered a carriage to meet us at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street elevated station. Come on, I'm ready."

"As the carriage, after having passed through a rather dense wood for about half a mile, drew up at the old brick mansion with its three and a half stories and massive fluted columns reaching from the ground to the rather flat roof, Lampkin remarked:

"Rather an isolated place. No bad place for the gang of robbers of which you spoke."

"It just suits Kola, as I said once before," answered Hendricks. "By the time his hoodwinked customers get here they are prepared for anything imaginative."

Telling the driver to wait for them at the door they alighted. There was but one light in sight and that was a dismal red one which could be seen through the old-fashioned side lights of the big door on the stone veranda. There was no bell on the door, but simply a quaint old knocker.

"I wish," observed Hendricks, "that it were day instead of night. You can form no idea of the picturesque ruggedness of the scenery. You see we came by the old road through the woods, but just behind the house there is a new drive. At this point it has been cut through solid stone, and there is a cliff, within 400 feet of us, over a hundred feet in height. In blasting the stone away, it was thought that the old mansion became unsafe, especially as it is believed that there are caverns under the hill."

Hendricks mounted the steps and used the knocker vigorously. The clatter had scarcely died out when the tones of a bell as soft and mellow as cathedral chimes in the distance came from the house.

"Kola knows my rap and the bell is a signal to his attendant to admit me," said Hendricks. "If I make no mistake you are going to be repaid for your ride out here. In psychic tom-foolery and mysticism you are a schoolboy compared to Kola. He imbued it at the dusky breast of an eastern mother, and his very life is steeped in it."

The door was opened by an Indian in the costume of his country. He placed his finger on his lip to indicate that they were to remain silent, and then gave a salaam that brought his turban almost into contact with the floor.

"I want to see your master," whispered Hendricks, handing him his card. Again the man bowed silently, closed the great door, and left them in the spacious hall. With many and profuse draperies, Kola had hung the walls and ceiling so that the effect was distinctly oriental. The ornaments, scrolls, paintings and statues were all eastern; but what struck Lampkin most forcibly, perhaps because it was so ill suited to its environment, was a dragon of carved walnut, which stood at the foot of the wide curving stairway.

"That belongs to the house," explained Hendricks in a whisper. "It is a genuine curiosity. The carving is excellent. One would think it of Japanese origin, but if you will notice, it is of the same material as the balustrade, and that must have been made in this country."

Just then the attendant glided from between two heavy silken curtains, and with another salaam, invited them to pass before him. Doing so, they found themselves in Kola's big reception-room. Here their vision was given a rare treat. The lessee of the old ruin had removed the two floors above the one on which they stood, giving a becoming altitude to the walls, which were gracefully draped with long flowing hangings of different blending cloths. The ceiling was disguised by a filmy mass of white material, as gauzy as cobwebs, behind which shone red and yellow lights, like signal fires in a mist.

Lampkin almost uttered an exclamation of delight, but the impressive manner of the attendant and Hendricks' unwonted silence checked the impulse. The servant gave them seats with their backs to the door through which he had entered, and then he stood still in the center of the room, his head bowed, his turban held in front of him.

After a moment the mellow-toned bell, which they had heard before, and which was suspended somewhere among the lights overhead, struck three times slowly. Then a white light blazed up and Kola was seen in a hitherto dark alcove. He wore his gray gown and close-fitting cowl, and was seen to be pacing back and forth. Without seeming conscious of their presence so near him, he picked up an unlighted electric bulb and turned the button. Then holding the light in his right hand, he approached a black tripod over which lay a red cloth. He lifted the cloth, and a big polished crystal sphere was exposed to view. It was about ten inches in diameter and as clear as a diamond. Reflecting the dull, sensuous lights overhead, and the bright rays of the electric bulb, it was certainly a marvelous sight.

Still Kola seemed unconscious of their proximity. From the walls near him the smoke of incense began to rise, a rosy light pervaded the room, and soft, seductive music was heard somewhere above.

Kola held the electric bulb over the crystal and began to gaze into its depths, uttering in sing-song tones words of a strange tongue.

Lampkin heard the detective take a deep, impatient breath, and then his voice jarred harshly through the room. "Oh, I say, Kola!" he remonstrated. "I came out here the other day and had to sit and watch you go through this sort of thing till I was obliged to leave. For the sake of—"

importance of what I am doing. You laugh at what you don't understand, but you don't know all that there is to be known. Right this minute I am reading for you, and seeing what your untutored eyes will never see. I knew you were coming. I saw it here," touching the crystal. "I know what you work on. If your eye were only trained you could see it now in the crystal."

"Pardon me," said Hendricks, "that is what I come to see you about. I am about to the end of my resources, and something must be done."

"Wait!" Kola turned to the crystal. The music changed to a weird air like a Chinese funeral chant. After a pause of several minutes he looked up.

"The other night I was reading the crystal. I saw a big hotel. A man was murdered; his body was shipped off somewhere in a trunk; its ashes were returned by express and placed in an urn together with a severed hand. The young man, who had murdered his rival, went to his rooms—his studio; there he remained a week and then he fled—south, yes, it was south. I went into a trance and my astral body—my spirit—followed him. I saw him aboard a ship, bound for Liverpool. I was near him on deck one dark night, and saw him hurl himself into the water. He is dead."

"Rot! Rubbish!" exclaimed Hendricks. "You have been reading the newspapers, Kola."

The face of the Indian darkened; it was terrible to behold. Turning off the electric light, and covering up the crystal as if to protect it from the profane gaze of an unbeliever, he strode from the alcove and stood before Hendricks. When next he spoke his voice was husky, tremulous, almost threatening. "You doubt it?" he said, his accent for the first time showing a slight foreign touch.

"I do, my boy, most thoroughly, and I really did think you would have more respect for me than to make such absurd statements to my face."

Kola twisted his long hands together in the folds of his gown. "As to the crystal," he began, "it is of inestimable value. It was cut from the most perfectly translucent rock crystal on earth, and it took a man's lifetime to polish it. I inherited it. It is revered by the ancient Society of Rosicrucians, and the Society of the Illuminati. You, whose mind is schooled to know only the signification of fallen straws and chips of material events, can almost into contact with the floor."



KOLA TURNED FURIOUSLY.

know nothing of what is revealed to a life-long student of the occult."

"I was not ridiculing the powers of your glass globe," said Hendricks, blending a sneer and a smile; "but when you said you had gone out of your body and roamed all round over sea and land, well, you know that is a little too much."

Kola's face darkened again. For a moment he bent over the back of one of the carved chairs.

"Hendricks," he began with tight lips. "You are a sensible man in most things and I want your good opinion. Now, I am willing for you to put me to any sort of test you or Dr. Lampkin may suggest to prove the truth of my claims."

"Oh, I haven't time just now for that sort of thing," answered Hendricks. "I came out here to have a talk with you about—"

"I know that very well," broke in the adept, "but it does not suit me to discuss anything with you till you acknowledge that I can do everything I claim. After you are convinced, and you will be, my dear sir, then you will value the information I gave you just now, and it may mean much to you. It will not take five minutes for the test I propose."

"Well, what is it?" asked Hendricks, who had noted Dr. Lampkin's look of intense interest in Kola's remarks.

"It is this," said Kola, impressively. "I will give you the opportunity to name any article at any distance from us that you wish. Then I will recline on that couch there, and after five minutes has passed, I will allow Dr. Lampkin to examine my body to see if it is not absolutely at the very lowest possible stage of vitality. As a signal, to show when the spirit has left my body, I will cause the bell overhead to strike once. Then, within five minutes from that time, I will bring to you here whatever article you have decided on."

"You can do that?" exclaimed Lampkin, impulsively.

"The idea of your having a Bible," joked Kola, his eyes falling to the floor. "Now, quick! think of something—anything in your office or Dr. Lampkin's."

Hendricks glanced at the doctor with a smile which seemed to say: "I have him there; watch me make him squirm out of his own proposition."

"The Bible or nothing," he said to Kola. "Get into your trance and bring me my Bible from home. I want to read a chapter on my way back. You can't mistake it. It is bound in Russian leather and has gold and pearl trimmings."

For a moment Kola stood as if undecided; then he went to the lounge and threw himself on it.

"You will have to tell me where it is," he said. "I confess that I know little more when out of my body about material things than I do now. People, like that fleeing artist, sometimes draw me to them magnetically, but any inanimate thing is different. Where is the book?"

Hendricks laughed. "It is on the center table in the library, directly under the chandelier; you can't miss it."

"Thanks," said the Indian. "Now, Dr. Lampkin, when you hear the bell strike, make an examination of my body. Then when the bell strikes, five minutes later, sit quiet and—and Mr. Hendricks shall have his proof."

"If you do what you propose," said Hendricks, still tauntingly, "you will make a convert of me, but mind, Kola, I don't want any explanations about unfavorable conditions preventing the performance, or anything of that kind. It won't go down."

Kola made no answer. The music overhead had ceased. The clouds of incense had risen and hovered about the red and yellow lights above. The Indian's breast heaved, as he took a deep breath, and then he lay still. Gradually he grew paler and paler, till he looked like a corpse. His features and limbs were rigid. Hendricks up to this moment had been smiling at the absurdity of Kola's proposal, but the earnestness depicted on Dr. Lampkin's face finally influenced him, and he grew strangely quiet.

In about five minutes the bell overhead struck. There was a fragmentary wave of soft music, and it died away in the distance.

THE LETTER THAT CAME.

There Was a Story Back of It and the Editor Was Not Permitted to Answer It.

Wilkins had lately joined the staff of a well-known newspaper, and was writing a series of "Bachelor Dreams" that had caused a continuous string of inquiring letters to flow into the editor's office.

"There's no doubt about it, Wilkins," remarked the editor; "you've made a hit! Why, here are six letters in this mail, asking twice as many questions about the author of your articles. Here's a serious case of heart palpitation of which you are the cause," said he, holding up a letter. "This young lady wants your picture."

"Well, she can't have it," said Wilkins, nonchalantly, as he watched the smoke rings, from his cigar, as they floated up and curled into a graceful wreath about a face that was always before him in imagination. "I gave my last one to a policeman last night. He wanted it to stop a thief."

"And here's another from an old man, who says that his chief joy in living is to watch the paper for your 'Bachelor Dreams.' So, you see, Wilkins, old boy, you are of some use in the world."

"That remark might be some consolation," drawled Wilkins, "if I didn't have to bang it up on the same nail with the fact that you so seldom tell the truth about me."

"Well, here's another," went on the editor. "It's from a little town in Norway—evidently a tourist—for there seems to be a New York address. There has probably been some romance in that girl's life. The things you say seem to make a remarkable impression on her. She wants to know your name and something about your life. It is a beautiful letter. Read it. What shall I tell her?" said he, as he handed it over. "Shall I inclose your affection, and tell her you're a victim of unrequited love?"

Wilkins took the letter, and every muscle became abruptly rigid, as he recognized the handwriting.

"No," said he gravely, as he suddenly turned to leave the room. "I'll answer that letter myself."—Detroit Free Press.

Supply and Demand.

Publisher—Good-morning, Mrs. De Writer! Glad to see you looking so well. Your husband is busy as usual, I presume?

POSTWEDDING STORIES.

The Mixed Matrimonial Experiences of Four Happy Brides Related by Themselves.

Four brides who were married in June had sworn to remain dearest friends after marriage, and also to tell truly when they met after their honeymoons how they liked being married. "Oh, girls, isn't it perfectly lovely being together again?" was what three of them cried simultaneously after all had hugged. The fourth said: "Perfectly stunning!" instead of lovely.

"Now, girls," went on Mrs. R., "remember we were to tell and be honest. I will if you will. Myrtle Rosebud—here! I can never think of you as Mrs. Puffball—speak up first, because you are the youngest." "Well," said she, "it was very nice. Charlie is lovely, and waits on me and all that, but I do get sick to death of being a baby. I have got so that I can hardly speak a straight word because I am so used to putting and babying for him. What in the world shall I do if I have to keep on acting like five years old when I get to be 40?"

"Now, Mollie Briar, tell us what you think," commanded Mrs. R.

"Oh, I'm all right. The thing I have noticed is that men are awful gossips." "Yes, aren't they?" breathed a relieved and delighted chorus.

"Now, my John is as pleased as can be if I will talk about my friends; and when I want him to talk, then," resumed Mollie, "I just starve him on his club fellows, and as for gossip, well, if I wasn't too busy thinking to notice much what he says, I should know the inside history of all the men we used to know. It's really disgusting—I don't mean John; he hasn't a bit of harm in him, but I do hate gossip."

"Why, Charlie does the same thing," pouted Mrs. Puffball, "not to me, but with his valet, and with men when he gives dinners. He says I mustn't get my little head full of nonsense. I only wish he would talk to me."

"Now, girls, I am going to confess something that I hoped one of you would speak of, since we are being honest." Thus Mrs. R., "Do your husbands pretend that they never asked to marry you?"

A perfect yell rent the walls of the sitting-room. "I thought so," breathed Mrs. R., indignantly, "and I will bet it's the way with all women. Henry simply grins, and says: 'Rats. It isn't that I care, because everyone knows the race Henry had to get me'—they all cooed fiery assurance—"it's the impudence of him, and sometimes I actually wonder if he will get to believe it."

"They all believe it," quavered Mrs. Puffball. "Charlie laughs, pats my head—oh! it makes me so mad—and says: 'Nonsense, Mousy. I always knew you would.'"

"John says I asked him," Mrs. Briar spoke up in calm despair, and the horror of Mrs. Puffball's insult was forgotten in the squawks of indignation aroused by this last statement.

Then some one discovered that Sophronia hadn't told her experience. "You all have lovely husbands," said she, "but mine is awful, and it's a comfort to get it off my mind. As for asking me, well, I have his proposal in a letter. Goodness knows I didn't get it in writing with a purpose. It happened so, but I am going to advise every girl I know—"

"Yes," they all interrupted, breathless. "Then he can't say he didn't," put in Mollie.

"Can't he?" Sophronia Beldon breathed hard. "Alfred Delancy Beldon says it's a forgery!"

Then the meeting broke up in tears. —Chicago Chronicle.

TIT FOR TAT.

How a Poor Woman Paid a Rich One Back in Her Own Coin.

She hoped that she was doing lots of good. She would visit the poor in their own homes and, as she believed, cheer them up. One time she called on a poor Jewish woman in Hester street, and, as was her wont, she immediately began to ask a stereotyped set of questions which she hurled at the woman.

"How old are you? How many children have you? Can you read? Does your husband drink, etc., etc."

The woman did her best to stem this interrogative avalanche and mumbled some answers. After about half an hour's talk the philanthropic woman went away and was driven to her home in Fifth avenue, leaving her card with her address at the poor woman's home. A clergyman who did charitable work in that section called on the Hester street woman a few days after the rich woman's visit. After some talk with her, she said to him:

"I think that I will make one call." "Well, my good woman, on whom do you intend to call?" She named the would-be benefactress. "But," said the clergyman, "do you know how to behave when you call upon such a person?" "Oh, yes!" she said. "I know how they behave and I behave myself just like 'em."

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