THE LAW.

'Tis a truth as old as the soul of things—
Whatever ye sow ye reap.
'Tis the cosmic law that forever springs
From the unimagined deep.
'Tis shown in the manifold sorrowings
Of the race; in remorse with its secret stings;
That he who grief to his brother brings
In his turn some day shall weep.

To the man who hears his victim's cries
And hardens his heart at the sound,
At last a Nemesis dread shall rise
From out of the void profound.
Who sows in selfishness, greed, and hate
Shall gain his deserts in the years that wait
For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate
Forever turns 'round and 'round.

If ye give out of mercy and love and light,
The same shall return to you;
For the standards of right are infinite
And the scales of the gods are true.
By its good or evil each life is weighed;
In motives and deeds is its record made;
In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid,
When your wages at last fall due.
—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver News.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

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

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

When he had gone I sat down at my desk to think. I had had a good many surprises in my life, but I don't know that I had ever been more astonished than I was that afternoon. If only I had been aware of Hayle's identity when he had called upon me two mornings before, how simply everything might have been arranged! As a matter of fact I had been talking with the very man I had been paid to find, and, what was worse, had even terminated the interview myself. When I realized everything, I could have kicked myself for my stupidity. Why should I have suspected him, however? The very boldness of his scheme carried conviction with it! Certainly, Mr. Gideon Hayle was a foeman worhy of my steel, and I began to realize that, with such a man to deal with, the enterprise I had taken in hand was likely to prove a bigger affair than I had bargained for.

"Having failed in both his attempts to get me out of the way, his next move will be to leave England with as little delay as possible," I said to myself. "If only I knew in what part of London he was staying, I'd ransack it for him, if I had to visit every house in order to do so. As it is, he has a thousand different ways of escape, and unless luck favors me I shall be unable to prevent him from taking his departure."

At that moment there was a tap at the door and my clerk entered the room.

"Mr. Kitwater and Mr. Codd to see you, sir."

"Show them in," I said, and a moment later the blind man and his companion were ushered into my presence.

Codd must have divined from my face that I was not pleased to see them.

"You must forgive me for troubling you again so soon," said Kitwater, as he dropped into the chair I had placed for him, "but you can understand that we are really anxious about the affair. Your letter tells us that you discovered that Hayle was in London a short time since, and that he had realized upon some of the stones. Is it not possible for you to discover some trace of his whereabouts?"

"I have not been able to do that yet," I answered. "It will be of interest to you, however, to know that he called upon me here in this room, and occupied the chair you are now sitting in, three days ago."

Kitwater clutched the arm of the chair in question and his face went as white as his beard.

"In this room three days ago, and sitting in your presence," he cried. "Then you know where he is, and can take us to him?"

"I regret that such a thing is out of my power," I answered. "The man came into and left this room without being hindered by me."

Kitwater sprang to his feet with an oath that struck me as coming rather oddly from the lips of a missionary.

"I see it all. You are in league with him," he cried, his face suffused with passion. "You are siding with him against us. By God you are, and I'll have you punished for it. You hoodwinked us, you sold us. You've taken our money, and now you've gone over and are acting for the enemy."

I opened the drawer of my table and took out the envelope he had given me when he had called. For a reason of my own I had not banked the note it contained.

"Excuse me, Mr. Kitwater," I said, speaking as calmly as I could, "but there seems to be a little misunderstanding. I have not sold you, and I have not gone over to the enemy. There is the money you gave me, and I will not charge you anything for the little trouble I have been put to. That should convince you of my integrity. Now perhaps you will leave my office, and let me wash my hands of the whole affair."

I noticed that little Codd placed his hand upon the other's arm. It traveled down until their hands met. I saw that the blind man was making an effort to recover his composure, and I felt sure that he regretted ever having lost it. A moment later Codd came across the room to my table, and, taking up a piece of paper, wrote upon it the following words:

"Kitwater is sorry, I am sure. Try to forgive him. Remember what he has suffered through Hayle."

The simplicity of the message touched me.

"Pray sit down a minute, Mr. Kitwater," I said, "and let me put myself right with you. It is only natural that you should get angry, if you think I have treated you as you said just now. However, that does not happen to be the case. I can assure you that had I known who Hayle was, I should have taken very good care that he did not leave this office until you had had an interview with him. Unfortunately, however, I was not aware of his identity. I have encountered some bold criminals in my time, but I do not know that I have ever had a more daring one than the man who treated you so badly."

I thereupon proceeded to give him a rough outline of Hayle's interview with myself, and his subsequent treatment of me. Both men listened with rapt attention.

"That is Hayle all over," said Kitwater when I had finished. "It is not his fault that you are not a dead man now. He will evade us if he possibly can. The story of the roughs you have just told us shows that he is aware that you are on the trail, and, if I know him at all, he will try the old dodge, and put running water between you and himself as soon as possible. As I said to you the other day, he knows the world as well as you know London, and, in spite of what people say, there are still plenty of places left in it where he can hide and we shall never find him. With the money he stole from us he can make himself as comfortable as he pleases wherever he may happen to be. To sum it all up, if he gets a week's start of us, we shall never set eyes on him again."

"If that is so we must endeavor to make sure that he does not get that start," I replied. "I will have the principal ports watched, and in the meantime will endeavor to find out where he has stowed himself away in London. You may rest assured of one thing, gentlemen, I took this matter up in the first place as an ordinary business speculation. I am now going on for that reason and another. Mr. Hayle tried a trick on me that I have never had attempted before, and for the future he is my enemy as well as yours. I hope I have set myself right with you now. You do not still believe that I am acting in collusion with him?"

"I do not," Kitwater answered, vehemently. "And I most humbly apologize for having said what I did. It would have served me right if you had thrown the case up there and then, and I regard it as a proof of your good feeling towards us that you consent to continue your work upon it. To-day is Friday, is it not? Then perhaps by Sunday you may have something more definite to tell us."

"It is just possible, I may," I returned.

"In that case I am instructed by my niece to ask if you will give us the pleasure of your company at Bishopstowe on that day. After the toils of London a day in the country will do you no harm, and needless to say we shall be most pleased to see you."

A TRAVELING RUG THROWN OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND CARRYING A SMALL BROWN LEATHER BAG IN HIS HAND, STOOD GIDEON HAYLE.

I remembered the girl's pretty face and the trim neat figure. I am not a lady's man, far from it, nevertheless I thought that I should like to renew my acquaintance with her.

"I shall be very pleased to accept Miss Kitwater's invitation, provided I have something of importance to communicate," I said. "Should I not be able to come, you will of course understand that my presence is required in London or elsewhere. My movements must of necessity be regulated by those of Mr. Hayle, and while I am attending to him I am not my own master."

Kitwater asked me one or two more questions about the disposal of the gems to the merchants in Hatton Garden, groaned as I describe the enthusiasm of the dealers, swore under his breath when he heard of Hayle's cunning in refusing to allow either his name or address to be known, and then rose and bade me good-by.

During dinner that evening I had plenty to think about. The various events of the day had been so absorbing, and had followed so thick and fast upon each other, that I had little time to seriously digest them. As I ate my meal, and drank my modest pint of claret, I gave them my fullest consideration. As Kitwater had observed, there was no time to waste if we desired to lay our hands upon that slippery Mr. Hayle. Given the full machinery of the law, and its boundless resources to stop him, it is by no means an easy thing for a criminal to fly the country unobserved; but with me the case was different. I had only my own and the exertions of a few and trusted servants to rely upon, and it was therefore impossible for us to watch all the various backdoors leading out of England at once. When I had finished my dinner I strolled down the Strand as far as Charing Cross station. Turner was to leave for St. Petersburg that night by the mail train, and I had some instructions to give him before his departure. I found him in the act of attending to the labeling of his luggage, and, when he had seen it safely on the van, we strolled down the platform together. I warned him of the delicate nature of the operation he was about to undertake, and bade him use the greatest possible care that the man he was to watch did not become aware of his intentions. Directly he knew for certain that this man was about to leave Russia, he was to communicate with me by cipher, and with my representative in Berlin, and then follow him with all speed to that city himself. As I had good reason to know, he was a shrewd and intelligent fellow, and one who never forgot any instructions that might be given him. Knowing that he was a great votary of the Goddess Nicotine, I gave him a few cigars to smoke on the way to Dover.

"Write to me immediately when you have seen your man," I said. "Remember me to Herr Schneider, and if you should see—"

I came to a sudden stop, for there, among the crowd, not three-carriage lengths away from me, a traveling-rug thrown over his shoulder, and carrying a small brown leather bag in his hand, stood Gideon Hayle. Unfortunately, he had already seen me, and almost before I realized what he was doing, he was making his way through the crowd in the direction of the main entrance. Without another word to Turner, I set off in pursuit, knowing that he was going to make his bolt, and that if I missed him now it would probably be my last chance of coming to grip with him. Never before had the platform seemed so crowded. An exasperating lady, with a lanky youth at her side, hindered my passage, porters with trucks piled with luggage barred the way just when I was getting along nicely; while, as I was about to make my way out into the courtyard, an idiotic Frenchman seized me by the arm and implored me to show him "ze office of ze money-changaire." I replied angrily that I did not know, and ran out into the portico, only to be in time to see Gideon Hayle take a seat in a hansom. He had evidently given his driver his instructions, for the man whipped up his horse, and went out of the yard at a speed which, at any other hour, would certainly have got him into trouble with the police. I called up another cab and jumped into it, promising the man a sovereign as I did so, if he would keep the other cab in sight and find out for me its destination.

"Right ye are, sir," the cabman replied. "You jest leave that to me. I won't let him go out of my sight."

Then we, in our turn, left the yard of the station, and set off eastwards along the Strand in pursuit. Both cabmen were sharp fellows and evidently familiar with every twist and turn of their famous London. In my time I have had a good many curious drives in one part of the world and another, but I think that chase will always rank first. We traveled along the Strand, about 100 yards behind the other vehicle, then turned up Southampton street, through Covent Garden by way of Henrietta street into Long Acre. After that I cannot pretend to have any idea of the direction we took. I know that we passed through Drury Lane, crossed High Holborn, to presently find ourselves somewhere at the back of Gray's Inn. The buildings of the Parcels' Post depot marked another stage in our journey. But still the other cab did not show any sign of coming to a standstill. Leaving Mount Pleasant behind us, we entered that dingy labyrinth of streets lying on the other side of the Clerkenwell House of Detention. How much longer was the chase going to last? Then, to my delight, the other cab slackened its pace, and eventually pulled up before a small public-house. We were so close behind it that we narrowly escaped a collision. I sprang out, and ran to the other vehicle in order to stop Hayle before he could alight.

"Wot's up, guvner?" asked the cabman. "Don't go a worriting of yourself. There's nobody inside."

He was quite right, the cab was empty!

CHAPTER VI.

I flatter myself that I am a man who is not easily disconcerted, but for the second time that day I was completely taken aback. I had watched that cab so closely, had followed its progress so carefully, that it seemed impossible Hayle could have escaped from it. Yet there was the fact, apparent to all the world, that he had got away. I looked from the cab to the cabman and then at my own driver, who had descended from his perch and was standing beside me.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it," I said aloud, when I had recovered somewhat from my astonishment.

My own driver, who had doubtless begun to think that the sovereign I had promised him was in danger, was inclined to be somewhat bellicose. It appeared as if he were anxious to make a personal matter of it, and in proof of this he sternly demanded of his rival what he had done with his fare.

"You don't think I've ate him, do yer?" asked that worthy. "What's it got to do with me what a fare does? I set 'im down, same as I should do you, and now I am on my way 'ome. Look arter your own fare, and take him 'ome and put him ter bed, but don't yer a'come abotherin' me. I've done the best day's work I've ever 'ad in my life, and if so be the pair of yer like to come into the pub here, well, I don't know as I won't a stand yer both a two of Scotch cold. It looks as if 'twould kind a' chear the guvner up a bit, seein' as how he's dis'pointed like. Come on now!"

It is one of my principles, and to it I feel that I owe a considerable portion of my success, that I never allow my pride to stand in the way of my business. The most valuable information is not unfrequently picked up in the most unlikely places, and for this reason I followed my own Jehu and his rival into the public-house in question. The man was visibly elated by the good stroke of business he had done that night, and was inclined to be convivial.

"'E was a proper sort of bloke," he said as we partook of our refreshment. "'E give me a fiver, 'e did, an' I wishes as 'ow I could meet another like 'im every day."

"They do say as how one man's mutton is another man's poison," retorted my driver, who, in spite of the entertainment he was receiving, visibly regarded the other with disfavor. "If you'd a give us the tip, I'd 'ave 'ad my suvering. As it is I don't take it friendly like that you should a' bilked us."

[To Be Continued.]

DECORATION WITH A MORAL.

Its Recipient Breaks a Pledge Not to Accept Such Honors and Is Sorry.

A story illustrative of an unfortunate error of judgment is told at the expense of the late Baron Nordensjold, says Youth's Companion. When he was on his way home from the Siberian coast, he received a telegram from the Russian government, asking him if he would accept a decoration from the czar in recognition of his services to the country.

Now the baron was a member of the Anti-Decoration society, which pledged its supporters to receive no decorations from anybody; and he wrestled long and faithfully with himself before finally he yielded to the temptation, and telegraphed back that he would gladly accept the honor.

How great, then, was his chagrin when, on reaching home, a friend told him that the czar was fully aware of his antipathy to honors of the nature of decorations, and he had put aside the sum of 300,000 rubles, to be given to him in case of his refusal of the offer.

"Russia," added the friend, blandly, "is certainly grateful to you for your failure to live up to your pledge."

A man does not lose 300,000 rubles every time he breaks a pledge, but the moral is a good one for all that.

Rosa's Bonheur's Lions.

Rosa Bonheur gave the freedom of her gardens to the lions of the menagerie at By. Sometimes the passers-by on the road would regard with stupefaction a tawny lion crouching on the terrace of Mlle. Rosa, and gazing majestically from the height of the wall which formed his pedestal. However, after awhile the artist grew tired of entertaining such expensive guests, which, moreover, in spite of all assurances, kept the neighborhood in a constant state of terror, and she gave her last lion, so carefully tamed, to the Jardin des Plantes. It was a privilege to hear the charming woman tell of her visit to her imprisoned pet, of how sad he was, revelling no longer in the caresses of his mistress, while his mane looked dirty and uncombed. "The poor animal," said she, "rose up when he saw me, and his glance, so eloquent and pathetic, seemed to tell me—I am wrong; his look actually said: 'See what they have done to me. I am weary. I suffer. Save me! Take me back!'"—Harper's Magazine.

A Burst of Generosity.

A man from Dunedin once visited (the town of) Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to the theaters and other amusements, paying all the cab fares, and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink.

"What'll you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at yer hoose for a month, an' payin' for a' the theaters an' cabs an' drinks—I tell ye I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—The Scotsman.

Excessive Politeness.

There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say: "How courteous he is!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in the car, he sits on your coat tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "pardon." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish and he has practiced all the variations.—Boston Journal.

Ominous.

When a woman's eyes look like fire and she rattles the dishes more in cooking than usual, it means that when her husband appears, she intends to start something.—Atchison Globe.

WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

Saved From The Maelstrom of Catarrh

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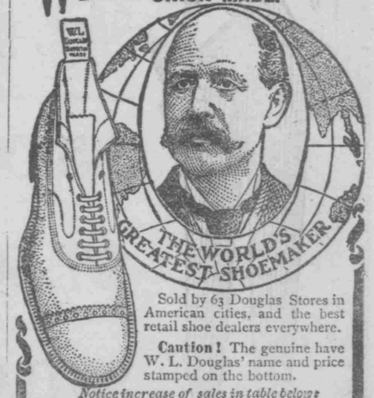

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