The Clue on the Keys

Dead."

the beliboy whistled was Quand

"'It's French for "When Love Is

"I allowed myself to grow serious

a mighty slim amount of evidence.

That bloodstain might have come on

the keys in a hundred different ways-

him, the motive must have been ven-

geance of some kind, or jealousy.

And so, in spite of my misgivings, I

felt rather certain in my own heart

that the man who had played the pi-

ano was the same one who had killed

the girl. But with that, I had not

progressed so very far, and I knew it.

"'Jim,' I said, 'I've got a little hunch

on this thing. It may be right, and

then again it may all be wrong. I'm

going out to look up a little angle.

You go ahead and see what you can

find out and then we'll get together

"It was still early, too early for the

work that I wanted to do, and so I

started to my house to attend to an

important duty of the night, the tuck-

ing away in bed of my little kiddie,

and giving her the good-night kiss.

my home life and the little kiddie

things that I might risk-and the

keeping away from those risks has

not best to be too foolhardy in this

"And so I went out home, stayed

there and sang the little girl to sleep

and then I hurried downtown again.

It was far after ten by this time and

"I had changed my dress. I had

rouged my cheeks and blackened my

eyebrows. My lips bore a coating of

in from a long run of 'tank towns' and

taking a first good look at a big city

after many months of absence. And,

of course, I was traveling as fast as

"The loop district was my first stop.

Cafe after cafe I entered, to linger

a while, watch the crowds and listen

to the music, and then take my cab

again for another place. Gradually

the loop district was worked. I start-

cafes which fringed Michigan avenue

and lower State street. A moment or

two I spent in each place, but finally

"The piano player was of a different

type from the ordinary men who work-

ed in the orchestras. There was

something about his eyes that bespoke

with the rhythm of the melody he

played, his head shook with the

thumping of the keys, while his

music he was pounding forth. Some-

thing within my brain snapped. I sud-

denly became nervous as I watched

him. I felt that I was shaking with

was something about that man which

made me desire to seize him, to drag

him from that piano and force him

to a police station. I guess there's a

Just the same, I felt that the cabman

outside would not have to carry me

any farther; if my theory was any

good at all, here was the person to

"'Waiter,' I called, and handed him

a slip of paper, 'take this to the pian-

"The waiter obeyed. I watched the

quickly and received the message

from the negro. He gazed at the

words I had written and started

slightly. Then he raised his head,

looked in my direction and smiled. I

could see his lips move. It seemed that they said 'certainly.' On the pa-

per I had written 'Please play "Quand

"He hesitated a moment as he turn

ed to the piano again, and it seemed

that there swept over him a feeling of

revulsion. Then, almost by force,

the hands were placed on the keys

and the music began. For a moment

as the swing broke its way into his

heart, everything changed. Pealing,

almost thundering forth at times

plaintive, appealing, the notes trick-

ling out like tiny brooks at other mo-

ments, he brought from that tin-

panny piano a harmony that was al-

most divine. The loud chatter and

brazen laughter of the cafe ceased.

Men and women turned in their chairs

to listen and to watch the better.

apart. I looked at his face. It was

"It was nearly midnight when I

my table and left the cafe.

Stronger, then weaker,

try working it out on.

L'Amor est Mort."

ist, please.

not fathom

Tall.

a veritable craze for music.

there came one at which I lingered.

carmine. I was a burlesque 'queen,'

my work was about to begin.

saved me more times than one.

So I turned to the detective.

again, later on.'

business.

was possible.

Now are you beginning to

L'Amour est Mort.'

"'Whatever that is.'

"'Plain as mud."

I had begun, times do that, Jim. I'll tell you, for "chance often plays a big your own information, that the music part in the catching of criminals." Miss Clement and I were

chatting between acts at one of the theaters. She allowed her eyes to narrow a bit. "Chance has a great deal to do with it, in a way," she answered. "There many a time when chance will give rou the lead to a criminal, but it takes the detective instinct to work the case up to where the man or woman may raught. And it is not everyone that will take advantage of the chance when it is offered. That is why there are so few really great detectives. Not every person can see the opportunity small chance. And then again," the added, "there are those who

"Including yourself," I supplement-

"Well," she laughed, "I had no bustess in the case, and to tell the truth, fre never been credited with it over at headquarters. What's more, I don't care to be. When I know I've done my best, what's the difference? But here's the story.

"It was about four years ago, just before I went on the force as a reguby detective. I had been taking a assignments from the office, and this particular night I was looking for an army deserter. I had the infor-mation that he was going to meet a irl in a parlor of one of the small is, and so I made up my mind that would be waiting about the same

"Well, I went and waited. No one came. I wandered around the room for a while and finally sat down at the plane. I had just started to play when something on one of the keys me to stop. I looked closer. It was a tiny spot of blood. But that ad no connection with my deserter, or was there anything else to cause my excitement. So I went on with my playing, waited an hour or so for deserter to show up, and then gave p the quest until I could get some information. I was just leaving the botel when I met one of the men om the central office.

"What are you doing over here?" sked. 'Working on the killing,

What killing?' I asked. It was

Woman found dead up in her mem here about 6 o'clock tonight.

Rull fractured by a blow. Some chanter singer or something like that, at we haven't been able to find out name yet. Don't you know any-

"No,' I answered, 'but I think I'm ong to find out something mighty con. I've got a little tip that may p you. What did you say her busiwas cafe singer?

Yes, one of these chantey girls at work around the country singing chop suey cafes. What do you

"I laughed at him.

"I may know a whole lot, I and, and then I may not know anys. How long had the girl been

"About two hours when she was

"That would make the killing about our o'clock. All right. Let's see

me of the house managers." The central office man followed me blankly when I went to seek use managers. I did not tell m what I had seen. I asked that e bellboys who had been on duty afternoon be summoned. When

arrived, I began to ask questions. Was the piano in the upper paror played this afternoon? I asked. One by one the bellboys thought over. At last one answered in the

What time was it?' I questioned. 'About four o'clock.'

'Did you see who was playing?'

'Can you remember what it was hat was being played?"

"For a good many moments the boy truggled with his memory. Then his puckered. Can't name it,' he said, 'but I

hink I can whistle it.' "Go ahead."

He whistled a few bars then

"That's all I know.

That's enough,' I turned to go. 'I table. Don't you think so?' I looked at the central office man.

"I can't see that you've got anything he said. 'I can't see where it seemed ragged and untimely. Then, playing's going to help us out ny. Now stop that smiling and tell

what you've got up your sleeve." "I was smiling, too, because I had with him. But at that, I had figured

out a few facts in my mind." "Ill make a little bet,' I said, 'that room wasn't robbed."

You're right there, but how-The bet also that a man did the

otel fully ten minutes after he had illed the girl. But we'll have to that later on. When you get the music.

Fou'll probably find him of a rising and Want to make a few bets?" Central Office man was staring

ne with bulging eyes. Bay, he asked, 'what are you ing to do, kid me?"

te few things.

But you're not wise to all this drop to the keys. Silently, I rose from

I just said that I was figuring out things. A woman can someready investigated had turned forth anything about this business you're looked questionably at me. "'What do you know?' he asked. It?"

"'I know our man, Jim. I feel sure of it,' I answered; 'but he's a queer one, just as I said. And I think there's only one way to make him own up. You can't start his passions much otherwise. I'm afraid that we're going to have to act a bit theatrical. That room up there where the girl was found dead has not been changed much, has it?"

"'The body has been taken away." "'I know that, but otherwise?' "'No. Wny?"

"'See if the room next to it is vacant. And find out if there is a connecting door.' "'I know that already.' The de-

What do you want?"

"I want a piano moved into the then. I knew that I was working on I want some one who will be brave Then his head dropped. enough to stay in there and play it. Can you get him?"

"His eyes bulged again.

and yet, there was that peculiar coin-"'What are you trying tocidence that the room was not robbed, "He looked at me blankly a momaking the motive for killing something besides greed; there was the fact that no doubt the killing was utes he was back. "I've got it all fixed. Now, what done by a man, and if it was done by

"Make the arrest. Come on."

"On the way I explained things, and in an hour we had our musician in the room adjoining the one in which the murder had been committed. We had taken him into the hotel in a manner that left him in the dark as to exact- Then again he lapsed into silence, ly where he was going. It was plain that he did not recognize the roundings. The door to the girl's name?

"'Thomas Withers.'

"That, of course," explained Miss Clement, "wasn't his name. One thing I could see too that here was a music I do not like to do is to tell the real maniac, that his whole being, just as name of a man whose case has been I had judged, was ruled by music, and through my hands. Of course, he by one bit in particular. At last he can't be hurt, but there are others rose and began to pace about the who have remained behind whom it room. He patted his hands nervously. can injure, and so"—she studied the His shoulders rocked.
face of a woman in a nearby box and "Who's playing that?" he asked. That's one thing I never can forget, face of a woman in a nearby box and "Jim continued:

He had learned nothing new. Clues me something I can tell you about there were, of course, but those al- and I'll talk to you. I don't know nothing. He told his story and then going so wild about. There isn't any girl, and suppose there was, what of

> "'You've killed her, that's all,' an swered Jim.

"Withers started in his chair. His eyes grew a bit furious, then calmed. "'You are mistaken,' he said slow

"I motioned to Jim and he reached gently down by the side of his chair, pulled a cord that had been laid along the floor and into the next room. Then he turned, allowed the scowl to fade from his face, and sat smiling at the "For a moment there was silence,

and then, from a distance, there began to drift the tones of a plaintiff melody. Slowly it began, and softly. tective grinned. 'And you can bet that Gradually the tones grew in strength all the rooms around it are vacant, and seemed to float into the silent room from a hundred scources at once. I saw Withers look up, I saw room where the murder occurred, and him gaze about him in astonishment.

"Gradually, ever and ever more intense, the music grew. Withers edged forward a bit in his chair and folded his arms. I could see that his head waved a trifle with the action of ment, then moved away. In ten min- the music. His face grew saddened. "'"Quand l'Amour est Mort",' he

> mused. "'An echo,' said Jim, 'of the same piece you played in the parlor of the this afternoon

"Withers turned sharply. 'I don't---' he began.

"'Oh, yes you do,' Jim returned, and the smile still rested on his face. while he and I watched the man before us.

"The music was growing more pasroom was closed. Jim began on him sionate, more pleading, even more melancholy. Once it was played through, then again. Withers rocked in his seat. I could see that the tears were beginning to start from his eyes.

went on-"well, I just don't like to as he stopped nervously for a second. swered Jim with a smile

MINE ROMANCES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

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660 EEKING for treasure." words are as a magnet in the power they have over the minds of men. Let an excome home to tell of gold mines, of gems, and of pearls to be found in some region of utter desolaion, amid peril, discomfort and solitude, and the great and small, gentle and simple rush in thousands overseas in pursuit of the golden spoil. Perhaps nowhere has the romance of seeking treasure been kept so actively alive as in the northern gold-producing regions of North America.

monton prospector, who, while leading to be an exceedingly paying one. a party of gold-seekers through the wastes of the northwest section of British Columbia, stumbled over the bones of his two brothers and hit upon An old "dump" of worked rock had a location of auriferous quartz now bringing him in a colossal fortune.

McLeod found traces of an old camp- ists, and the old workings were refire in the forest nearby, and in idle opened. curiosity began to scrape among the On the face of the hill being clearashes and bids of charred wood, pres- ed for the tunnel, the miners were ently to find on the trunk of a pine surprised to find a solid wall near at hand an inscription consisting masonry, laid in cement, and so hard of the date, "May, 1905," and the ini- that they had to blow it down by tials of his two brothers, who had means of dynamite. Once through skeletons under a tree a little distance by a massive door of hardwood logs McLeod picked up a watch, which he Spanish workmanship. They broke in at once recognized as having belong- and found that the tunnel ran about ed to his brother Frank.

closely examined a "blazed" trunk was found with much carving, but probably caused the mine to be abanvery few of the words were readable. doned, and the workers with the char-Near the foot of the tree McLeod acteristic subtlety of their time had managed to make out sufficient to hidden the bonanza, leaving exposed lead him to believe that a complete only the waste product on the surface. deciphering would probably mean his fortune.

The words that had remained de-

an alluvial source from which the In dians, early in the nineteenth century, must have obtained the gold dust which for a time they disposed of to trappers, the Hudson Bay company and others. One morning a prospec tor, Joe Carver, when camping with an Indian hunter, was told by him that, seeing the rising sun gleam on the rocks, at the base of which ran a stream, brought to his memory that the place had been called by his forefathers the "Rocks of Gold." Search revealed the great hoard which Nature had been accumulating in the bed of the stream there for innumerable centuries.

ON AN ISLE OF BIRDS

Commodore Salisbury Tells of an

Expedition to Laysan.

Retired Naval Officer With Party of

Scientists Spent Eighty Days

Gathering Data on a Mid-

Pacific Island.

Kansas City, Mo.-Straight from

the exploration of an uninhabited isle

in the Pacific ocean, Commodore George R. Salisbury of the United

States navy, retired, has arrived at the home of his brother, Mark Salis-

of Independence. The contrast is

great between life in this old mansion

hidden among gigantic pines in a quiet

Jackson county farm and life on the

island of Laysan, where no man lives,

and where myriads of water fowl

darken the air or hide in the low-lying

sandy slopes, barely rising above the

Commodore Salisbury was busy

writing out a report of his voyage to

the government, but not too busy to

tell a representative of the Kansas

City Star of some of the strange

He was in charge of an expedi-

tion sent out by the department of

agriculture, which has charge of the

bird reservation of United States ter-

ritory. With him were three natura-

December 5, 1912, in the United States

revenue cutter Thetis. Their destina-

tion was the Island of Laysan, eight

hundred miles northwest of Honolulu,

life. Eighty days were spent there.

They returned to Honolulu March 22,

and a few days later took passage on

the United States transport Sherman

for San Francisco. They reached

that city April 11. There specimens

taken on the voyage were shipped to

Washington. After a few days spent

in the coast city, Commodore Salis-

bury started back to Independence,

A map of the Island of Laysan made

during their stay shows it to be of pe-

culiar formation. It is about two and

one-half miles long and one mile wide

In the center, occupying about one

Bird Island of Laysan,

hundred and sixty acres is a lagoon

This gives the island the appearance

of an elongated doughnut. At no

place does the island rise more than

The place swarms with birds. "I

learned more about birds on this trip

than I had ever dreamed of before,"

Commodore Salisbury said yesterday

afternoon. "We brought home with us

175 rare specimens. These will be

mounted and placed in the govern-

"We found two varieties that are

found nowhere else. One is the Lay-

san rail. It is about the size of a

quail and has small wings, but they do it little good, for it cannot fly. We

started home with eighty living speci-

mens of the rail, but the return trip

was so cold that all except five died

The survivors were left at the Golden

Gate park in San Francisco. The

other bird peculiar to the island is

the Laysan teal, a fowl smaller than

the mallard duck, but resembling it in

general appearance. Incidentally, we

found a pair of mallard ducks that had

come over from the mainland of Cali-

ment museums

twenty-five feet above ocean level.

arriving there last Sunday.

Laysan is peculiarly rich in bird

The party left San Francisco

ocean level.

sights on the island.

ry, two and one-half miles northeast

About eight years ago Isaac Newton Fowler, a Brooklyn man, while hunting in Chihuahua, Mexico, found an old tunnel, the mouth of which had been walled up at some remote time. There was the usual local tradition of a lost mine in the neighborhood. worked by the Spaniards of old and abandoned by them in consequence of the hostflity of the Apaches. The dis-Even stranger than fiction is the coverers of the walled-up tunnel detale told by Charles McLeod, as Ed- cided this was it, and have found it

A still richer find was that of a prospector on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, near Fort Hancock, Tex. been there so long that nobody knew One night in 1908, while "making even a tradition was associated with with his fellow-prespectors, it. A prospector interested capital-

been missing for several years. Later this wall they discovered a tunnel on, the discovery was made of two that a few feet further on was closed off the trail, and not far from the cree fastened by a huge lock of antique 400 feet to a breast of ore many times On the trees in the vicinity being richer than any found for many years. A revolution or Indian rising had

SEEMS NOT TO CURE CROOKS

Moral Character.

An interesting after development in surgical case which attracted much attention about four years ago has just occurred, says the Journal of the American Medical Association. A prisoner serving a long sentence in the prison at Dannemora, N. Y., was pardoned by Governor White on representations which seemed to make it clear that he had been cured of his criminal tendencies by a surgical operation. Following the operation the prisoner's character seemed to change. From being sullen and morose he became bright and cheerful, walked with firmer step, held his head erect and appeared to be a different man. It is not surprising that a few months after the operation the governor was induced to set him free on parole, and there seemed to be every reason to hope that a useful citizen had been restored to society in place of the eriminal that had been taken from

Unfortunately the arrest of the paroled prisoner the first week of January of the present year, for a series of burglaries with regard to which the evidence is complete, seems to make it clear that the improvement was only temporary, or that the operation and his subsequent good conduct were steps in a scheme to obtain his release from prison. It is of course only what might be expected. There is no trustworthy evidence to show that changes in moral character, independent of mental deterioration, result from pressure on the brain. Sensational announcements of improvement in such cases after surgh tion, like those that used to be made after various surgical procedures in epilepsy, need to be controlled by the subsequent history of the case. Immediate improvement in such cases means of identification, but had also is usually mental rather than physical, Near years have tested their permanence

cerusalem Since Conquest by Titus.

Briefly the history of Jerusalem since it feil to Titus, A. D. 70, covers the devastation of the city in 134 A. D., following the rebellion of Bar Cochba. In 136 the Emperor Hadrian rebuilt the city, and generally paganized it. When the empire eventually be came Christian, pilgrimages to the Holy City increased, and in 333 the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was founded. Justinian also distinguished himself as a restorer; but in 614 Jerusalem fell before the Persians, and in 637 it came under the rule of the Mohamme Jans. The Arab overlords were not on the whole unfriendly to the Christians, and the city was well cared for by them; but when the Seljuk Turks came into power their oppression of the pilgrims became a challenge to the Christian nations, and the crusades were the result. Godfrey of Bouillon restored the city in 1099, but it was retaken by Saladin in 1187. From 1247 it was subject to Egpyt for 270 years, but eventually fell to the Sultan Selim I. in 1517. In 1825 there was a partially successful revolt against the Turkish despotism, but in 1840 the authority of Turkey was confirmed by the powers. Of recent years the city has become the refuge for exiled Jews, mainly from Rus-

To Much for Him. "Why George, what a condition you Where have you been?" are in! "It's all ri'. Been to say goo' bye to

Charlie Scrapple." "Where's Charlie going?" "Charlie's going to glirdle th' globe."

"Girbal th' globe."

"Say it slowly." "Global th' gird."

"Once more. "He's going round th' earth in eighty days' What's th' matter with you? "Ah, he's going to girdle the globe,

and Alexander Drummond were cap silver pencil, while they were ransack ing his room in Vanderbilt hall on the Yale campus. They thought the pen-



HE BURST FORTH INTO WILD SOBBING.

lot of intuition in me, I don't know. that true?"

"'Yes, but I don't see why you are questioning me, or why you have brought me here. If you've got any charge to make against me, why don't you take me to a police station. I-

"That'll be about enough of that," Jim interrupted. 'You'll see the inside of a station soon enough. Now, where's that girl that came here with man at the instrument as he turned

"Withers whirled. Then his face set. "'There wasn't any girl,'

"'Wasn't there? Are you sure about You came here with her, then that? you told her that you didn't care for her any more and that she could go. Isn't that the truth?'

Withers did not answer. "You told her that you were fond of another and that she could get out of the way. Answer me!'

"Still no response came from the man before us. Jim fidgeted in his

"'You're going to talk before I get through with you,' he threatened, 'and you might as well make up your mind to that right now. What was that girl's name?

"There wasn't any girl." "'You've said that before.

want something different. What was sobs. that girl's name?" " 'There-

"'Don't start that again. You know there was a girl and that you quit Half drunken men leered silently; oth- loving her and that she balked on the forth into wild sobbing. he had to. A woman ers who had gone farther into the game. She knew something on you, couldn't have struck the blow that cups that sometimes cheer and some didn't she? Withers seemed to shift the did. times breed melancholy, began to in his chair a bit. 'She knew some-

and fancied. Bar after bar, on went that the truth; isn't it?" "Withers looked at Jim with dull hysterical, emotional tempered. It seemed that the planist had nervously. He ran his tongue about "William of a rising and falling, the piece was playeyes. His hands clasped and unclasped nervously. He ran his tongue about "William of a rising and falling, the piece was playeyes. His hands clasped and unclasped nervously. lost every bit of knowledge of the on his dry lips. He raised his head world around him. He was now as if he were choking. But he gave

buried within himself, in a sphere forth no sound. Jim's face grew red. "'You're going to tell me the truth," lined and furrowed. The eyes had in he bellowed. 'And you're going to do ot a bit of it. I'm just figuring them the appearance of intense suf- it right now. Now, you answer my fering. I believed that I saw a tear questions!

tive and then looked at me.

the room, flooding it, filling it with their eloquence. More and more they cut the tree in such a manner as to and successes reported before many were having their effect on Withers. His eyes were growing wild. The at hand, however, McLeod chanced on are liable to produce false impressions, nervousness was becoming more and more marked. again in an agitated voice. 'Who's been extracted. Subsequently some playing that?"

'I told you,' said Jim. 'Open that

"Almost with a rush, Withers went

to the door that led into the next started to rush within. Then he re-He staggered. His hands went before his eyes and he reeled backward. Only the bare room was before him, bare except for the evidences of the struggle of the afternoon, of the evidences of death. The piano was not to be seen.

'You--' he screamed. 'You "Jim leaped to his feet and seized

him. "Now will you confess,' he urged. 'Now will you say that you did it? What was her name? What was her name? Answer me; answer me!"

"Slowly the head bent downward. Now I The shoulders shook, it seemed with

> "'Heloise,' came the broken answer. Yes-I did it-but I did love her-it was because of that-she had decided mine, the knowledge of which had to quit me and I-I---

"And that," concluded Miss Clement, "is about all there is to the story. You see, we had taken the precaution "And I'll bet that he stayed in this weep on each others' shoulders and to thing on you and she was going to to have the piano put into a deep apologize for all past misdeeds, real tell the other woman about it. Isn't closet in the room. Somewhat ghost-

> "What are the good songs in the next act?" she asked interestedly.

It is hard to say whether the more were the more surprised when an investigating committee of the wo-"Withers again looked at the detec- men found that in several of the find before he does the "Crazy Dutchmarkets the scales were giving more man mine." 'What do you want to know?' he than sixteen ounces of meat to the found my man from the Central office asked a' last, rather sullenly. 'Ask pound.-Boston Herald.

came to this city from Pittsburgh. Is out of his eyes, and Withers had who were presumed to have been Inturned to his pacing again. Still the dians, had not only taken the precaufull-toned notes were hurrying into tions to remove from their victims all make the carving unintelligible a shaft, which had apparently been sunk in recent years and from which "'Who's playing that?' he asked a considerable quantity of gold had Indians claimed that they had sunk this shaft, but the matter was deter-

mined in McLeod's favor. At the present day the prospectors' camps in southwest Oregon are room. Hurriedly he threw it open and haunted by a little old man, who seldom comes in, and who when approached threatens with his rifle and then slinks off into the tall timber and scrub at hand. The camp to which he attaches himself he watches most carefully, following one man after another as they leave to look for game.

Something like thirty years ago this ghost-like man was a stout. strong, young German, who came into Oregon to seek gold. He did find a very valuable "prospect," and had begun to work it when the Indians surprised him. His one companion was killed, but the young man escaped and made his way to Rogue river, still hugging some pieces of auriferous

It was years before he came back with money enough to reopen his made him rich during all the weary time of hard work and self-denial when he was laying up the "grubstake" which was to keep him from the necessity of sharing his wealth with a partner.

quartz.

But he could not find his mine! The frost and the snow, a landslip or two, She turned the pages of her pro- and the overflowing of the cascading stream had obliterated his landmarks. At last, his money being exhausted, he told others of his mine and showed them the specimens which he had kept by him all the years. The miners of southwest Oregon are tired now marketmen or the clubwomen of Balti- of looking for the lost mine, but the German still moves about the hills in state of fear lest any one should

> in the early days of the Yukon gold- is he? Well, you girdle your way to seekers much search was made for bed."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

fornia, thousands of miles away." LAST RELICS OF THE MAINE Six Thousand Pounds of Brass and

Bronze Fittings Stripped From

New York.-Six thousand pounds of relics from the U.S.S. Maine, which were taken from the battleship before was towed out to sea from Havana and given her final resting place. have arrived at the John William

bronze foundry, to be cast into a fitting and permanent memorial. This disposition of the brass and bronze fittings of the battleship which for twelve years had lain beneath the sea is in accordance with an act of

congress. The parts of the wreck that were thought to be suitable for the purpose were first sent to Washington, where they were melted together, purified and cast into thirty-pound ingots. It is in this form that all that is left of the Maine has just arrived in New One thousand tablets, designed by

Charles Keck of this city, are being cast by the Williams foundry, and will be delivered upon request to patriotic hundred applications have already been received at the office of the assistant secretary of the navy.

The tablets will have a natural bronze finish; they will weigh twelve and half bounds and measure 13 by 18 inches.

Nabs Burglars With Pencil. New Haven, Conn.-Henry Wedland

tured by R. L. Davisson of Dayton, Ohio, a Yale senior, at the point of a cil was a pistol. Wedland had a loaded revolver at the time.