

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Bit of Detective Work

(Original.)
"Here, Crane," said the chief, tossing me a note. "Is a job for you."

Jarvis, the bank robber that you're looking for, is going to give you the slip by leaving the country. He takes the 10:30 train tomorrow for Philadelphia from the Jersey City Pennsylvania depot and will sail the same evening on a tramp steamer. His mother goes with him.

The note was written in a woman's hand, and it seemed probable that some companion with whom he had become acquainted had given him away. I took an assistant along and an hour before train time went to the depot on the Jersey side and sat down in the spacious corridor rail off from the trains to wait and watch. Ten minutes before train time a woman about sixty years of age passed through to the train, and as there was something in the way she looked about her that attracted my attention I concluded to follow her, leaving Burton, my assistant, to watch outside till the train was about to start.

The woman went into an ordinary passenger coach and sat down, depositing her bundles beside her. She seemed to be anxiously looking for some one, and when the train pulled out of the station, that person not having appeared, she made a frantic rush to get off. But the train was by this time moving pretty rapidly and a brakeman, catching sight of her, stopped her. Then she went back to her seat and began to cry.

"What's the matter?" I asked.
"My old man's gone and got himself left. He was to meet me here to go to Philadelphia. I'm afraid some one's happened to him."

"Maybe he's on the train some're," I replied. "What kind of a looking man is he? I'll hunt him up for you."
"He's purty old, my man is. No hair 'cept patches of white hairs behind the ears, white beard under his chin and wears green glasses."

"All right, I'll find him for you if he's aboard."

Glad of an excuse to inspect the passengers, I got up from my seat and went into the next car forward, where I had posted Burton. Directing him to search the cars ahead I searched those in rear. We both scrutinized everybody, but when we met we had seen no one answering the description or exciting the last suspicion. I went back to the old woman and told her I feared her husband had really got left.
"What's the first stop?" she asked.
"Trenton, and that's the only stop of this train. Will you get out there?"
"I dunno. I dunno what to do."
The great danger now was that our man if on the train might elude us at Trenton. I posted Burton in the forward part of the train while I took a

position in the rear, arranging with him that as soon as the train stopped we were to jump off, move back on the platform to a point where those getting on and off would not intercept our view of each other and scrutinize every one. When the train rolled into the station we did as we had agreed, but neither of us saw any one get off exciting the least suspicion. We kept up the watch till the conductor signaled the engineer to pull out, and at the moment we were about to step aboard a well-dressed gentleman whom we had spotted on the train leaped from his newspaper jumped from the car platform and with the agility of a cat ran to the exit. Quick as thought I signaled Burton to get on the train while I turned and ran after the fugitive. He led me quite a long chase and it would have been longer had I not signaled a cop on the street just as the runner passed him. This ended the pursuit and in a few minutes I had a pair of bracelets on the gentlemanly man who had so long fooled us on the train.

As soon as I got him to the police station I took out a photograph of Jarvis and compared it with my captive. There was nothing very rugged about either man or photograph, though I did not doubt from the resemblance that the one was a likeness of the other. The original was of a more delicate cast of countenance than the picture, but this I attributed to the refining makeup, which was for a gentleman.

"Well," he said despondently, "you've got me. I done my best to beat you. I couldn't stay any longer in New York. You had me cornered."

I telegraphed Burton at Philadelphia that I had my man. He was not to risk anything by arresting the old woman unless he had proof of her complicity with Jarvis. This was the same as ordering him not to trouble her, for there was no evidence whatever against her. I was several days waiting for extradition papers from New Jersey to New York. Just before I was ready to leave the matron of the jail came to me with a curious look in her eye.

"You won't be allowed to take the prisoner out of the state on the papers you have," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because they call for a man."

"And whom do I propose to take if not a man?"

"Well, if you take the person you brought here it'll be a woman."

"What?"

"Jarvis sent for me this morning and proved to me conclusively that the papers committing him or her were illegal, since they state the sex incorrectly. She demands her release."

Well, that ends the story. The old woman was Jarvis himself, and my catch was his sister, who resembled him. She had got off at Trenton on purpose to enable her brother to elude us. Jarvis sailed and was never again seen in America. Who gave us the information we never discovered.
CLARENCE STORMS SHALER.

HARNESSING A CANAL.

Thirty Thousand Horse Power to Be Generated by Chicago Waterway.

Plans for "putting in harness" the immense water power of the Chicago sanitary canal at its termination in Lockport and Joliet are perfected by the engineering department of the drainage board and have received the approval of the board's engineering committee, says a Chicago dispatch. The plans involve an expenditure of \$2,700,000.

In developing the water power of the sanitary canal the board of drainage trustees is carrying out a policy that has been contemplated since the inception of the great engineering scheme designed to give Chicago an adequate supply of pure water. It is a sequel to the successful construction work on the great drainage channel now connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi river and the gulf of Mexico.

An extension of the present channel for a mile and one-eighth south of the controlling dam at Lockport is necessary for the utilization of the plan. For the extension channel a great excavation two miles long and 140 feet wide will have to be made through hard rock. Midway in this two-mile cut an artificial waterfall will be constructed. Here the mammoth hydraulic machinery will catch the rushing waters as they fall. It is in this fall that the power to be utilized resides.

Weight and momentum of the falling waters are the factors that make the power, which power is to be

caught, as it were, in its flight, converted into electrical energy and transmitted over wires and through storage batteries and dynamos for the turning of giant wheels in factories or for the lighting of streets or other buildings. That is what has been done with Niagara's mighty power, and that is what the plans just completed are to do with the water power of Chicago's \$45,000,000 drainage canal.

In the development of the power at Lockport the feats of engineering will duplicate in many respects the harnessing of Niagara falls for transmission of electric power to sundry points in New York and New England and Canada.

A Plant Disliked by Mosquitoes.

A consular report to the state department at Washington says that the Deutsche Kolonial Zeitung reports the finding in north Nigeria of a plant (ocimumyriside) two or three of which when placed in a room or on a veranda will remove mosquitoes. The effect is produced by the odor exhaled. This resembles thymian and eucalyptus. The natives extract an essence from the plant that is an excellent substitute for quinine. It is not only equal in its effects, but it lacks many of quinine's disagreeable attributes. The Deutsche Ostafrika Zeitung reports that a great many natives are familiar with a mosquito plant, called by them "rumbasi," which has similar properties to the one above described.

Would Not Insure Him.

Insurance Companies would not insure the Rev. J. W. Yeisley because he had Kidney Trouble.

Mr. Yeisley was much discouraged till a friend recommended Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it cured him.

Mr. Yeisley writes:
"My kidneys and liver were in bad condition and I was anxious for relief. I had tried many remedies without success. I bought a bottle of 'Favorite Remedy,' which effectively proved its worth. The best proof that it has completely cured me is my recent acceptance by four different life insurance companies."

The Rev. Mr. Yeisley is the pastor of the First Reformed Church of St. Paris, Ohio, and is as well the editor of the St. Paris Dispatch.

There is no question that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the best and surest medicine in the world for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, as well as the weakness, peculiar to women. It quickly relieves and cures inability to hold urine and the necessity of getting up a number of times during the night and puts an end to that scalding pain when passing urine.

It is for sale by all druggists in the New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a dose.

Sample bottles—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, etc.

CLEVELAND ON FISHING.

Ex-President Says He Has Only Contempt For His Decider.

Grover Cleveland made merry with the members and guests of the Old Colony club at a clam bake on Marshall's island the other day, says a special dispatch from Bourne, Mass., to the New York Times. The feature of the day was a short humorous address he made. Mr. Cleveland said in part:

"For a number of years I have been honored with membership in the Old Colony club, but this is the first time that I have attended one of its clam bakes. Therefore I rise full of clams, hot corn and enthusiasm for the welfare of the Old Colony club and zeal for its interests.

"I hope that the club will persevere in its efforts toward the unremitting preservation of the Buzzards bay fisheries, and I am willing to take out all the benefits of the club in fishing. Within the past few years I have been widely jeered and derided for spending so much of my time at fishing. For those who jeer and deride me I have only a quiet and unqualified contempt. I go fishing because I like it, and I hope that I will continue to go fishing until as near the end of the chapter as possible.

"I should like to say right here that I am more interested in the protection of the fishing at Buzzards bay than about our hourly headed infant industries. I care more for these fishing interests than I do about the policy of the next federal administration. I hope that the Old Colony club will keep up its fight for the protection of the fisheries. Let there be no relaxations or compromise. Keep up the fight unceasingly.

"Perhaps some of you are aware that an interesting event has recently taken place in our domestic circle. I am proud to say that another future fisherman has quite lately increased the population of Buzzards Bay by one. Now, some people are in the habit of telling fish stories, and some people, notably a well known physician of my acquaintance, are accustomed to weigh their catch of fish on their own private scales. Although this happy event was not the occasion for telling any unusual yarns, I put my fish scales into requisition and weighed my latest catch honestly, and the tally was an even nine pounds."

Before the merriment had subsided the presiding officer, Joseph Jefferson, who had kept moving nervously about on his seat, rose to a point of order and stated dryly that it was "quite natural for the son of a fisherman to be weighed with scales."

LIPTON HELPED HER.

How Irish Baronet Assisted Southern Girl in Getting a Home.

Among the arrivals at New York on the steamer Philadelphia the other day was Miss Reata Winfield, an attractive southern girl of considerable talent as a violinist, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She went to London last February expecting to meet with success. The engagements failed, and she became penniless. She told the following story of her experiences in London:

"I took my little violin and went out to play on the street corners of London, hoping to secure enough to keep life in my body. The first penny I received was given me by a colored man. You can imagine the feelings of a southern girl at such a humiliation. Finally I caught a severe cold and had an attack of typhoid fever. I was cared for in Claring Cross hospital. When I recovered I secured work at £1 a week in a restaurant. A gentleman who heard my story called the attention of Sir Thomas Lipton to my plight, and he came to my assistance. It is through his kindness that I am once more in my native land. He is the first person I shall look up, and I shall depend on his advice how and where to resume my musical career."

HUNT FOR GIANT BIRD

German Expedition to Find the Roc in Madagascar.

EVIDENCE OF LIVE SPECIMEN SEEN

One of its Fresh Eggs, Weighing Twenty-seven Pounds, Said to Have Been Found by the Natives—Professor Krause Will Try to Secure the Bird Alive.

For a single bird—\$100,000! That giant roc which terrorized Sindbad the Sailor and all his men was no myth, says the New York World. The "Arabian Nights" tells the truth when it speaks of that monster of the skies, which would carry off a man in its great claws. Scherzade was telling no fairy tale.

Professor Krause, foremost among the savants of the University of Berlin, is even now in Madagascar seeking the great bird which boy readers know as the roc and which scientists call the aepyornis. Arabian romance had a shorter name—the roc. The savant has been commissioned to engage whatever men and transport he needs and to spend 500,000 marks if he can bring back just one of those giant birds, long since believed to be extinct.

"Have started on the hunt" is the last cable message which the senate of the university has received. Now, it is all that those grave and spectacled German scientists can do to wait for the great day when the intrepid Krause shall return to civilization with perhaps another message: "I have the roc itself!"

But how does Professor Krause know that there is a live roc in the heart of Madagascar? That question is most easy to answer because a fresh egg has been found. It was floating down the quiet stream toward the southeast coast, borne upon the bosom of the current that had brought it from the wild and almost unexplored interior of the great island off the east African coast.

Natives found it. With loud cries of joy they bore it to a little party of white men who happened to be near by. One chanced to be a naturalist.

For a moment he was dumfounded; then he spoke. "The egg of Arabian fable," he said, "the roc of Arabian fable. The egg is fresh. It would have turned within a week. The bird that laid this egg is still alive!" The great egg was twelve inches in diameter and twenty inches long. It weighed twenty-seven pounds. Think of a chick of such tremendous weight! The white men were Germans. They tabbed at once to Berlin, and back the next day came the order for Professor Krause to take command and to work his way up the river at any price to find the live bird that laid the egg. That the egg was still fresh proved that the bird could not be far away.

The expedition is equipped with everything that science can suggest. Its orders are to bring the great bird back alive and to study its native haunts, its life and its present condition. If the expedition is successful, it will be one of the notable achievements for natural history of the present century.

For a long period the marshes of Madagascar have yielded the fossil eggs of these enormous extinct birds, the rocs of days long since bygone. The natives have known of them for many, many years and have been accustomed to hunt them for naturalists by probing the bottoms of the swamps with long iron rods. All the better museums of the world have one or more of the giant fossil eggs.

For the monster birds the name of aepyornis was proposed when the first fossil eggs were found. Gradually it became accepted as the scientific name of the giant bird that had laid those great eggs. In the course of time naturalists were rewarded by the discovery of fossil bones of the bird. Some of these disintegrated within recent years indicate that they belonged to birds bigger than any others known to students of natural history. The bones of the toes seemed almost as large as those of mastodons. Some of the birds had four toes; others had three. The toes can be told by the experts because of the absence of the bony bridge at the lower end of the thin bones, which are as thick and as long as those of the average elephant of today.

Many of the fossil eggs are far larger than the fresh one just discovered. Some of them have a circumference of thirty inches and a longer girth of thirty-six inches. The birds they have hatched in prehistoric times have been like the ordinary ostrich, yet possessed of wings which gave them tremendous powers of flight. They were endowed with strength sufficient to give battle to lions and tigers.

Should one of these great feathered creatures be brought back to the coast and successfully shipped to some menagerie or aviary it could easily be regarded as the most valuable natural history specimen in the whole world. An ordinary specimen, which is all that Professor Krause hopes for, would be about fifteen feet high and would weigh 2,000 pounds.

The egg that was found floating down the stream has been carefully preserved. Its contents would equal twenty dozen eggs of the ordinary hen and would easily make an omelet for the crew of a United States cruiser or provide a meal for a battalion of regular army soldiers, with hard tack and coffee to piece it out.

British King's Generosity.

King Edward has ordered that all the servants at Windsor castle shall have a week's holiday every year, with full pay.

Foods may come and foods may go but

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

goes on forever

"I have been an invalid for three years; have tried the different foods but find that Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the only food that I do not tire of and the only one when used constantly that agrees with me."

ETHEL M. SECOND, Ripley, N. Y.

THE ONLY FOOD THAT NOURISHES ALL PARTS OF THE BODY AND BRAIN

Cotton Ginning Facts.
Preparations are being made to gather the cotton ginning statistics of the crop of 1903. The census bureau has sent out 628 field agents, each of whom will make five reports. The reports will give a complete history of the cotton crop from the time it is harvested. The first will run up to Aug. 31, the second to Oct. 18, the third to Nov. 18, the fourth to Dec. 13 and the fifth to the end of the year, with a careful estimate of the crop remaining yet to be ginned.

Premature Grayness.
Premature grayness seems to run in families, and it is thought to be the result of dark haired men marrying the dark haired women for several generations.

The Napoleonic Arch.
The grand triumphal arch begun by Napoleon is 147 by 70 feet at its base and rises to a height of 162 feet. The central archway is 95 feet high and 48 feet wide. The inner walls are inscribed with the names of 384 generals and 96 victories.

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Capital Stock, \$50,000. Surplus and Profits, \$27,949.74

STATEMENT JULY 1, 1903	
Loans and Discounts,	\$713,815.98
Stocks and Bonds,	211,700.00
Banking House,	12,500.00
Real Estate,	7,104.17
Cash on hand and in banks,	144,176.61
	\$1,089,296.76
Capital Stock,	\$50,000.00
Surplus and Profits,	27,949.74
Dividend payable July 1, '03,	1,500.00
Dividends unpaid	15.00
Deposits,	\$1,009,832.02
	\$1,089,296.76

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STATEMENT JULY 1, 1903.	
ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Real Estate Loans, all in Vermont	Capital Stock
\$453,646.54	\$50,000.00
Loans to cities and towns	Surplus Fund
61,800.00	5,000.00
Other loans	Undivided Profits
163,296.36	7,255.66
U. S. 2 per cent. Bonds at par	Dividends unpaid
23,800.00	972.00
Other U. S. Bonds	
13,897.36	
Municipal Bonds	
324,771.95	
Bank Stock at par	
12,940.00	
Funds on hand	Deposits
42,097.09	1,037,821.64
	\$1,101,049.30
	\$1,101,049.30

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We pay all taxes on deposits not exceeding \$2,000.
We should be pleased to do business with you.



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