

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 grieves to his brother brings
 In his turn some day shall weep.
 To the man who bears his victim's cross
 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 desert 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. Nikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," etc.

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 worthy 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 the expression upon 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. I 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 happens to be. To sum it all up, if he gets a week's start of us, we shall never see 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



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

will do you no harm, and needless to say we shall be most pleased to see you."

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 prove to 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-changeaire." 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 aansom. 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.

"What's up, guvner?" asked the cabman. "Don't go a worrying 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 belligerent. 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 aboth'ring 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 stand yer both a two of Scotch cold. It looks as if 'twould kind a' cheer the guvner up a bit, seein' as how he's disappointed 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 tuition 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 sverring. As it is I don't take it friendly like that you should a' bilked us."

[To Be Continued.]

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The state of Illinois has 23 Carnegie libraries.

All the Latin poems written by the pope have been collected and published at Milan in a two-penny volume of 112 pages.

Bryant is said to have written "Thanatopsis" in a week. The work of translating Homer consumed four or five of his best years.

Josiah Lynn, once partner of Jay Gould in the tannery at Gouldsboro, Pa., is now blind and an inmate of the poorhouse at Karlsruhe, N. J.

The Wyoming national bank, of Warsaw, N. Y., claims the youngest bank president in the country. He is Wilecott J. Humphrey, 24 years old, and graduated from Williams college in 1900.

"Every business man should read Shakespeare," says James J. Hill, the railroad magnate. "There are other good works a-plenty, of course, but I have found more valuable advice, consolation and information in Shakespeare than in any other author."

Joseph Jefferson was asked the other day why he never introduced a dog into "Rip Van Winkle," and this was his reply: "If I had brought on a real dog he would never have pleased everyone, because each one had a special idea of what sort of a dog Schneider ought to be. And if the tail of the dog of realism had wagged once at the wrong time it would have spoiled everything."

The story that the late William Black liked best to tell, says Harper's, was that of the luncheon given to him by a small party of American admirers just before he left New York on his return voyage. A certain American author of venerable age, whose acquaintance with English literature was probably more extensive than exact, presided at this entertainment, and in proposing Black's health, after referring to him as "the greatest of living novelists," he called upon the company to drink to their guest, "William Black, the author of 'Lorna Doone!'" It was characteristic of Black's good sense and freedom from vanity that in after years he not only delighted to tell this story in private, but repeated it once, at least, in public.

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 Nordenskiöld, 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 200,000 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 200,000 rubles every time he breaks a pledge, but the moral is a good one for all that.

THE COLOR OF WATER.

What Recent Investigation Shows—Results Are Important Because of Popular Prejudice.

Recent investigations of natural color in water show that it is due to two distinct causes, vegetable stain and suspended matter. When the latter is present in appreciable quantity, it causes turbidity and is not a real pigment. The true color of vegetable stain is greenish-yellow to reddish brown, and is due to decayed plant growth; the suspended matter is generally mineral and often contains iron. The color acquired by water at the bottom of a deep pond is largely due to this cause.

Experts have adopted a method of stating the depth of color in water by comparison with a mixture of platinum and cobalt, the color produced by one part of platinum to one million parts of water being taken as the unit. Thus it has been shown, says Arthur E. Bostwick, in Success, that the color of surface water depends both on the character of the neighboring vegetation and on the time that the water remains in contact with it. Water near steep rocks, where there are few trees, will generally be below 20 units in color; steep wooded or cultivated slopes give 20 to 50 units; similar, but gentler slopes, from five to one hundred; and swampy areas, 100 to 500 or even higher. Highly colored waters are more common in the northern states than in the south. Colored water is gradually bleached by sunlight, the action taking place chiefly within one foot of the surface. The study of color in water is of commercial importance, because most people object to drinking brownish water. Hence, in a town water supply the color must either be removed or its formation must be prevented. The latter is often the most economical thing to do, and it may be accomplished by intercepting the water from the uplands and leading it into the streams without letting it pass through the swamps.

Filtering through sand will not remove the color from water, and even clay will take it out but partially. Generally, the water must be altered chemically, as by mixture with sulphate of aluminum, which coagulates the coloring matter. The color may also be removed by oxidation, as with permanganate of potash, or by ozon; but this method is not much in use at present. The question is largely one of aesthetics, as natural coloring matter in water is rarely harmful.

Too Sincere.

"My husband often says that his disposition might be worse," said the patient-looking woman.

"That sounds gentle and conciliatory."

"Yes; but he always insists on going ahead and proving it."—Washington Star.

A Sure Proof.

"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?"

"I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarreling."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Hers Alone.

Mrs. Quiverful—Do you know, dear, that I think the baby sometimes cries in her sleep?

Mr. Quiverful (savagely)—I don't know about that; but I know she often cries in mine.—Tit-Bits.

SUFFERED 25 YEARS
 With Catarrh of the Stomach—
 Pe-ru-na Cured.

In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman Congressman Botkin says: "My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure."—J. D. Botkin.

Mr. L. F. Verdery, a prominent real estate agent, of Augusta, Ga., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from catarrh of the stomach, and constipation, visited a good many physicians, but I believe Peruna has done more for me than all of the above put together. I feel like a new person."—L. F. Verdery.

The most common form of summer catarrh is catarrh of the stomach. This is generally known as dyspepsia. Peruna cures these cases like magic. If you do not derive prompt satisfaction from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

A Cynical Suggestion.

"Do you think that people are less romantic and imaginative after they are married?"

"I don't know about the romance," answered Mr. Chiggins. "But if they are going to try to explain everything they've got to be more imaginative."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Papa Was Pleased.

"And what did papa say?"

"He said it was all right."

"Didn't he seem very reluctant?"

"I can't say that he did. When I told him that I came to ask him for your hand he muttered something that sounded very much like 'Thank heaven, at last!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a man is accused of leading a dog's life it may be an insult to the dog.—Chicago Daily News.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot Ease, it cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The poor being always with us, it is fortunate that they are so much more tolerable than the rich.—Puck.

I am sure Pina's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, 8 Maple Street, Newark, N. Y., Feb 17, 1900.

Practice builds on the plane laid down by principle.—Ruin's Horn.

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Fear not the scorn of ignorance nor the slurs of pretenders.—Town Topics.

MILWAUKEE PEOPLE

Could Hardly Believe It. A Prominent Woman Saved From Death by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suppose a large number of people who read of my remarkable cure will hardly believe it; had I not experienced it myself, I know that I should not."

MRS. SADIE E. KOCH.

"I suffered for months with troubles peculiar to women which gradually broke down my health and my very life. I was nearly insane with pain at times, and no human skill I consulted in Milwaukee could bring me relief.

"My attention was called to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; the first bottle brought relief, and the second bottle an absolute cure. I could not believe it myself, and felt sure it was only temporary, but blessed fact, I have now been well for a year, enjoy the best of health, and cannot in words express my gratitude. Sincerely yours, SADIE E. KOCH, 124 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis."—\$6000 forfeit if above statement is not genuine.

Such unquestionable testimony proves the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over diseases of women.

Women should remember that they are privileged to consult Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., about their illness, entirely free.

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