

Down the centuries a-line, a-row— Grandmothers, grandfathers, belle and beau, Puritan, vagabond, gypsy, peer, Barefooted, carle or cavalier; Bone of the mountains, blood of the sea, Reaching down through the years to me.

Bravely and surely, as one kept his sword Unsheathed for the king in Naseby fight, Steadfastly—purely, as one kept his word, A Puritan word in a battle for right; Puritan courage and cavalier pride— The ages have sifted their dust away; Dead are the causes for which they died, But it's their love I give them, dear, to-day.

Success Magazine.



It was dark on board the Canada. All lights were out in the cabins and saloons, the deck and smoking rooms were empty, and the passengers were supposed to be asleep. I had not yet turned in, but was about to do so, and had taken off my coat, opened the door of my cabin, and was stepping across the threshold for a breath of cooler air (for it was a hot July night), when the sound of angry voices attracted my attention.

"You cur!" exclaimed some one in a tone of suppressed fury. "If you were a man, you would have had it out with me here and now!" "Let me guess!" returned a second voice, more sarcastic, less insistent than the first. "You've had my last word on the subject. I was a fool to come here with you. Now I'm done with you and with it, and I'm going down to bed."

Hasty footsteps moved across the deck, and I could hear the clatter of shoes on the metal which protected the stairs.

The brief disturbance was over, and was still for a moment or two, save the thrum of the engines and sound of the water against the sides of the ship. The bellengers had gone below, I thought, as I stood still in my cabin door, when suddenly a man walked rapidly by, his face showing clearly for an instant in the lights from within.

He was one of a party who had come on board the day before, when we had sailed from New York, and I had had a few moments' chat with him in the morning. He was a Canadian by the name of Trefusis, and I had seen him in the morning. He was a Canadian by the name of Trefusis, and I had seen him in the morning. He was a Canadian by the name of Trefusis, and I had seen him in the morning.

"She would have fallen had I not caught her on my arm." Trefusis, shared a stateroom with a Mr. Trefusis, who was apparently engaged to a very pretty girl—a cousin of both the young men—on board with her mother and a little sister. These were the only members of the party, though I had happened to observe soon after sailing that a good-looking young woman had bowed to Sevier and Trefusis as they were placing chairs and rugs in position on deck.

"Mr. Sevier," I said, as he went past, apparently without seeing me. He turned short round. "Captain Bruce," he exclaimed, still with the suppressed quiver of concentrated rage in his voice, "Is there any empty stateroom on board that I can occupy after this?" "Why? Is there anything wrong with No. 49?" "The only thing which is wrong is that I can't possibly share it with Mr. Trefusis," he said. "We have had a very serious disagreement, and shall have no further intercourse during the trip."

not only was I broad awake, but had forgotten my petty vexation in a far different emotion. "What do you mean?" I sternly demanded. "I mean that Arthur Trefusis has been murdered. He's lying dead in our—in his stateroom."

"Come inside, Mr. Sevier," I said. He did so. I closed the door and turned on the electric light. It flashed white upon him, and I saw with horror that there was blood upon his hands.

My first thought was that I had been a blind fool not to regard what had previously happened more seriously—a madman to have left this young fellow, in the heat of his anger, to go down to the man whom he had just virtually threatened, and the only recourse remaining was to be guilty of no further mistakes, no more imprudences.

"Do you fully understand the terrible nature of the thing you have just said, and the grave consequences this night's work may have for you?" I asked. "I understand all," he answered quickly. "I understand what is in your mind at this instant, and heaven knows I can't blame you for it. You think I killed him."

"If he is dead," I returned, "appearances certainly seem to present to be against you." "They will be so—to the end perhaps," he uttered desperately. "Murder may have been in my heart, but now that I see what it's like, I—he faltered for the first time, and giving a groan, covered his pale face with both blood-stained hands. "Your evidence, and what you'll find below, will be enough to convict me twice over. I don't think I'd care, if it weren't for Myra. Heavens! She'll believe it and loathe me!"

"I beg whom he meant. The pretty cousin, the young lady whose name was down in the passenger list as Miss Myra Ransome, and she was supposed to have been engaged to Trefusis. I started towards the door, and Sevier followed, then stopped abruptly. I knew his thought, and answered it. "I must ask you to remain here," I said, "with the first officer, for whom I shall now send, while I go below." Within the space of three or four minutes I had Hamilton with him, had given a word or two of explanation and had myself gone in search of Berkmyre, the ship's doctor.

thing that I had gone into the stateroom to get what I was to find that I spoke of him. I was angry because I fancied he had taken it, either because he wanted it, or to annoy me, and I addressed him rather roughly. "Still he was silent, and then I pulled the curtains of the berth aside to look in, and touched him on the back. What I saw I don't need to tell you. I fell against the door in a sort of daze. I hardly knew what to do at first. I could see I would be suspected, that evidence would be strong against me, and I wanted to decide on the wisest course. But my brain wouldn't work quickly, so great had been the shock of surprise, and it might have been ten minutes that I stood there before I ran up to tell you what had happened."

"Have you any theory," I inquired, "as to the murder?" His face expressed some emotion which I could not read. "I can't say I have," he said presently. "Will you tell me what was the object which you went to the stateroom to reclaim?" "No," he said, flushing. "I won't tell you or any one that. I deny your right to ask the question."

"I have the right of a magistrate," I returned. "Every captain of a ship is a magistrate as well, and I assure you it will be greatly to your advantage to answer questions and have as much light thrown upon the matter as possible."

"I have told you all I can," he replied obstinately. "You must now do whatever you like with me." "What I had to do, not what I liked, was to have him handcuffed (lest he should attempt to put an end to his life), and to put the numbers under."

It would have been a pleasant thing to be able to keep the fact that murder had been committed from the ears of the passengers, but that, of course, was impossible. Questions had to be asked of those whose staterooms were in the neighborhood of No. 49, as to whether a cry or noise of other kind had been heard by them in the night; and, indeed, in any event the truth would have to come out. I had to be the one to break the news of what had happened to Mrs. Ransome and her daughter before they should have time to hear it in some even more startling way.

While I was arranging for the unfortunate Trefusis' burial a knock came at my cabin door. I was alone at my writing table, and I was not surprised when the door opened, to see Miss Ransome. "Tony Sevier isn't guilty," she said. "I have come to try and make you believe that."

"Can you give me any reasons for believing it?" I gravely asked. "One thing I can tell you," she said, after a moment's reflection; "indeed, two things. The first one is, that there was a knife in Arthur and Tony's stateroom which might have been used by the murderer, and it was mine—a sort of a dirk which I carried in a case hanging from a silver and leather belt given me by a friend who has a big salmon fishing near us in Canada. It was presented to me in honor of a huge fish I caught last year. I was very proud of it, and generally wore the belt from which it was hung. I only lent it to Tony yesterday, to use as a paper knife, and then, when Arthur was cross because he saw him with it, I said (half out of spite) that he might keep it. But he hadn't it on his person, I know. At dinner last evening he happened to mention he had left it in the stateroom, but said he valued it so much he would carry it about with him in future in the case which I had detached from my belt. So you see, it was lying about in the stateroom, a person who came in with wicked intent would see it, and naturally pick it up."

In an instant I guessed what was the article for which Sevier had gone to the stateroom. But I had not the heart to tell the poor child how she had added another link in the chain of evidence against the man she loved. "The second thing I can tell you," she went on, when I made no comment, "is that whatever was the quarrel you confessed that you had overheard between those two, I am sure it was not about me. It was at my request that Tony sailed with us. We were to remain friends for always, since I had sacrificed myself and abandoned the hope of anything dearer, and this was the proof I had exacted. He had sworn that he would have no hard feelings toward Arthur because of me, and would always be loyal to us both. Nothing, I am sure, had occurred to make him break his promise, and the quarrel must have arisen from some totally different cause. Perhaps more may hinge on that than what we think."

Trefusis came down. Sevier is congratulated, as I would be in a position to prove, knowing as I do that he was on deck for at least ten minutes after Trefusis left it. There is so much to the good. But who besides Sevier and Miss Ransome had any reason to wish for Trefusis' death? As I questioned myself, I lifted the bath robes with the other clothing on the wall, and put myself behind them. At once a faint but agreeable perfume was perceptible to my nostrils.

Slowly I took down the garment which seemed more strongly saturated with the perfume than the other, and then—suddenly—I gave vent to a slight exclamation. A hairpin was sticking in the loosely woven meshes of the Turkish towel of which the robe was made, as though it had, in close contact, been dragged from a woman's hair. I put the pin to my nose. The sweet scent that clung to the garment in the place where it had been caught, also impregnated the peculiarly fashioned, silk-wind bit of metal.

Five silken threads of reddish-brown color entirely covered the hairpin, in obedience to some new fancy for matching the hue of the wearer's tresses. We carried two seawater-proof boxes on the Canada, and I lost no time, on leaving the room of the dead, in going first to one, and then to the other. "When you make your round in the staterooms this evening," I said to each (it is needless to explain without giving any clue to my reason), "bring me a hairpin from every one occupied by ladies alone, or by a husband and wife. Mark each one with its inmate's name. Write neatly in pencil, stick the hairpins on paper, and put the numbers under them as well."

After dinner the stewardesses came to me in my cabin. There was a long array of hairpins arranged according to my order, but comparatively few bottles. I could hardly control my excitement as my eyes lighted upon the mate to the hairpin I had concealed in my pocket. I drew it from the paper, it, too, was scented. "No. 51," I read aloud from the card underneath.

In a moment I was alone. In another I had found the name of the woman who occupied No. 51. It was the next stateroom but one to that in which the murder had been committed, and the name of its inmate was Mrs. Rochester, of Quebec. The Ransomes, Trefusis, and Sevier had all come from Montreal, and handsome, au-brun-haired Mrs. Rochester, in her widow's weeds was the woman who had bowed to Trefusis on deck the first day out.

A daring plan entered my head. I had no right to execute it, and in doing so I might be insulting, deeply injuring an innocent woman, but nevertheless I determined upon the venture. I went out on deck. I had seen Mrs. Rochester there several times, though never, save for the first scarcely answered hour, had I observed any intercourse between her and any member of the Ransome party.

I had the good luck to find her alone, leaning over and gazing through the great window into the depths of the great Atlantic waves. She started and looked around as I approached and took up a position beside her. "Will you allow me to offer a penny for your thoughts?" I inquired. "They are worth more than that," she answered in a low voice.

"You are right, Mrs. Rochester," I said; "but I believe I can guess that you are thinking of last night; living over again the time when you stole into stateroom 49, picking up a knife which lay there, hid behind the clothing hanging on the wall, waited for Mr. Arthur Trefusis to come in, and then, when you saw him at your mercy, struck—" "For heaven's sake!" she uttered thickly. "For heaven's sake!" Her voice broke, she reeled, and would have fallen in a dead faint had I not caught her across my arm.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

### A GROWING COMPETITOR.

ARGENTINA is making rapid progress as a competitor in the world's wheat market. Its wheat exports so far this year have exceeded 120,000,000 bushels, which is an increase over the same period of last year of about 33,000,000 bushels. A few years ago the United States annually exported 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, but recently the foreign demand has fallen off, although in 1907 it took 140,700,000 bushels, that being high-water mark for some years back. Argentina has overtaken and passed this country in supplying foreign markets with wheat and will doubtless maintain this lead, as it has a very large undeveloped area of wheat land.

### SLAUGHTER BY FIRE AND AX.

IT is of little use to discuss plans for the conservation of our forests through more scientific cutting and the like until some effective measures can be taken for putting a stop to the wholesale destruction of the woodlands each year by fire. It is hardly too much to say that we should have little or no forestry problem if public authority could substantially eliminate the fire evil and at the same time would relieve the growing woodlands from the severity of the burden of taxation. The owner of growing trees will turn them into money at the earliest opportunity so long as he has to pay a tax each year on their value, and must besides constantly run the very large risk of complete loss by fire. If the State—or public authority—could attend to these things in behalf of the individual it is probable that the mounting price of lumber would be a sufficient inducement for men to raise wood, and that we should then have little of a forestry problem.

### WORK VS. CRIME.

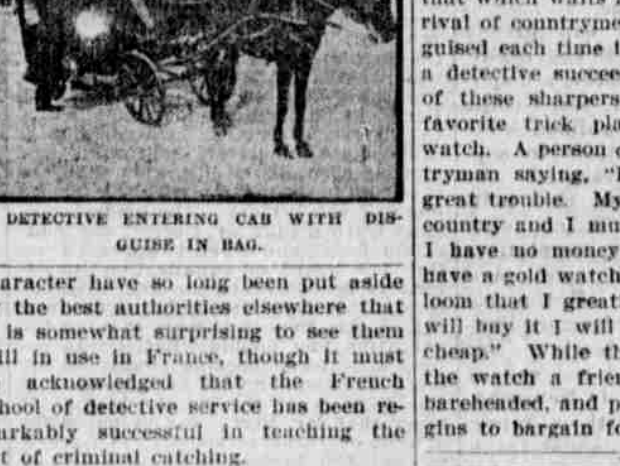
ALL the known agencies designed to stop criminal activity none has been discovered equal to that which turns the criminal force into honest industrial activity. Sociologists declare that of all those engaged in criminal occupations, particularly robbery, at least 75 per cent have never been taught any useful trade and have turned to crime because they had no means or incentive toward earning an honest living.

Year by year society at large is coming to regard its



A DISGUISED DETECTIVE CATCHING SHARPER AT A PARIS TERMINUS.

In the detective service, as in every thing else, they still cling to the theatrical in France. Disguises of various types are used on every occasion, greatly to the amusement of foreigners who have anything to do with the police department. Make-ups of this



A DETECTIVE ENTERING CAB WITH DISGUISE IN BAG.

character have so long been put aside by the best authorities elsewhere that it is somewhat surprising to see them still in use in France, though it must be acknowledged that the French school of detective service has been remarkably successful in teaching the art of criminal catching.

duty toward the criminal classes as grave and responsible, and every effort that is made to turn men toward an honest life is sure of a sympathetic hearing and a generous measure of support from the public. One of the latest—and one which promises to be most efficient—of these is a National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education. Carroll D. Wright, formerly United States Commissioner of Labor, is president. Its object is to provide for every youth in the land such a measure of industrial education as shall enable him to earn money at a useful and honorable trade.

### EDISON'S GLOWING PROPHECY.

R. THOMAS A. EDISON'S forecast of the future of aerial navigation lacks nothing in the quality of optimism. Within five years, according to Mr. Edison, we will be able to get into the 9 p. m. flyer in New York and arrive in Paris for a late lunch the next afternoon. Also a forty-four-hour trip to the North Pole will be a welcome alleviation of the heated term.

As the speed which Mr. Edison is reported to predict for airships is double that of the most savage hurricane, it is expected that the aviation of the future will outfly the winds. Also, as this is to be achieved not by aeroplanes of the Wright brothers' type, nor by dirigible balloons, such as Zeppelin guides, but by automatic action of principles yet to be discovered, it is evident that the progress of invention must anticipate the swiftness of the things to be invented.

All of which will be interesting and delightful when Mr. Edison's sanguine prophecies are realized. Nevertheless, it occurs to the disinterested observer that Mr. Edison cannot permit revolutionary changes to fully eventuate before he completes one long-advertised change. The 200-mile-an-hour flyer should not draw off his attention from the introduction to the public of that much-promised storage battery which is to place the smokeless and deodorized automobile within the means of quite ordinary people.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### MOR COSTS IN ILLINOIS.

HAVING had or permitted a mob dance, the taxpaying citizens of Springfield, Ill., will next be compelled to pay the piper. The law of the State permits property owners to recover from the city or county three-fourths of the value of any property destroyed by a mob, and the dependent heirs of anyone killed by a mob may recover \$5,000 from the same source. Following criminal prosecutions of mob leaders will come civil suits for damages to life and property, and they will aggregate to a large sum. Nevertheless, they will not represent anything like the whole material loss and expense resulting to the locality from the indulgence in riot, murder and arson.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

### MONSTER OREGON ELK.

Has Led Many Hunters Wild Chase in the Necanicum Mountains. James Heckman, who is just in from a timber cruise in the Necanicum mountains, is able to verify the legend of a monster elk, which has led many hunters on a wild chase through the mountains of the Upper Necanicum, says the Portland Oregonian.

For years it has been reported that an elk larger than any horse in Seaside, with a hoof that made a track over seven inches in diameter, roamed the woods near the headwaters of the Necanicum and the North Nehalem. He was too wary for the most experienced hunters, who tried in vain to stalk him.

Jim took a stroll while they were nooning and within a half mile from camp came to an open glade containing about eighty acres. Standing within the edge of the timber he counted sixteen elk feeding leisurely in the opening. He noticed three bucks, good large fellows, but he almost had the ague when he saw the monarch of the herd, which he avers, is a monster. Being to leeward of the band and within eighty yards of them, Jim had a splendid chance to observe the elk. The big fellow had a magnificent pair of antlers, twelve points on one and eleven on the other, in the velvet. The other bucks were large, but they looked like pigmies by the side of the big fellow.

### KOREAN ETIQUETTE.

A Native's New Year's Call Upon an American Lady. The native Koreans, who have become familiar with foreigners and their ways, take very readily to the custom of calling—and eating—on New Year's day, and one American lady had a very peculiar experience with a native official in Seoul on New Year's day. She was keeping open house and had made preparations for receiving her guests in the proper manner.