

A DAYTIME TUNE.

The sun sings out in a dawn dappled sky,
And a fleeting moon crosses a pale reply,

To What Base Uses.

By Walter E. Crogan.

Beyond Dieppe is a fair country skirting
a blue sea, and the poppies grow
and tall in the rustling wheat.

Half way down the steep hill is a little
hostel, a roadside inn. It has a face
of flowers and is pleasant; it smiles
with the welcome of a courteous native

The porch was hot, and I hesitated at
the porch. The room inside looked cool;
it had a stone floor and a latticed window,

She drew herself up with some hauteur
to the full extent of her 5 feet 4
inches, from which I deducted two
inches in consequence of a glance at
her shoes.

"Monsieur, I, too, must apologize. It
was ill of Fido. It is pardonable that,
in the heat of such a surprise, a man
should say—should say what you said."

"I hate to be taken for anybody else
but myself. I like to keep the flattering
hope that I am unique. I was piqued."

"Madame," I answered, "I am sorry
that I was not the other person."
She looked at me for quite awhile,

"Does monsieur generally enter an
inn to tread upon little dogs?" I
became aware that I had not summoned
the landlord.

"I was expecting some one. We had
quarreled," she made reply.
"He was to blame?"

"I have not said that it was a man."
"Was it unnecessary. You were good
enough not to think me devoid of common
sense."

"He departed in anger."
"A most ill tempered man."
"Which is a supposition very much
strained."

"I should be miserable, but as it is I
laugh."
"Every one seemed satisfied but myself.
I continued my walk to Pourville,

"Unless to Fido." She laughed a
little, and I began to find her laugh
rather irritating—at times. "But the
worst of it is there has been no introduction."

"Does that matter?" I asked. For

my part I was willing to forego such
trivialities.

"I do not know your name."
"Nor I yours, so that is a bond of
sympathy. Let us," I went on in a
glow of inspiration, "imagine that we
have never introduced at a dance. One
never knows the names in such cases."

"He was certainly to blame."
"Certainly. If a man willingly walks
out of Paradise, he must be either a
fool or—"

"He will come back."
"Is that case?"—I began, rising and
taking up my hat from the chair.

"Really," she answered, "a man
who willingly walks out of—"

"But I don't," I objected. "I go
with the greatest reluctance."
"Is it very hot in the sun, monsieur?"

"Madame, I greatly fear sunstroke.
It is a disease which has had remarkable
fatality for my family."
I replaced my hat upon the chair on
which I had previously seated myself,

"Monsieur is prudent," she said and
smiled. I should have been perfectly
happy if her gaze did not so often wander
through the window frame and seek
the sunshine outside.

"Nay, I fear," I murmured, looking
at her ardently, "impudent."
"That is hardly in the nature of a
compliment."

"Because," I went on boldly, "in
the joy of a moment, a minute, an hour,
I peril my future peace."
She beat another solo upon the floor
and again looked into the sunshine.

"Is the peril so great?" she asked.
She spoke so softly that I pushed my
chair a little nearer to her and leaned
forward.

"The answer is entirely in your
hands, madame," I said.
"Where may be no peril," she pouted,
"for who knows what tree of love
may spring from this mere grain of
barely ten minutes?"

"There is one—almost a bud. I covet
it. I must have it."
She rose and passed swiftly to the
window. Again I thought I saw the
hat. I rose. I followed her. I stood
behind her as she raised her ungloved
hand—a dainty, slender, white hand;

"Stupid," she cried pettishly, yet
not loudly. "Look again—I tell you I
have hurt my hand badly. You cannot
see well. Hold it to the light."
I held it to the light. I looked at it
very carefully—the hand was really
worth looking at—I bent lower over it,

"That suggested a diabolical scheme
of assassination, which the doctor
proceeded to put into execution. Repairing
to his office, he made up a duplicate
tablet of strychnine, and, encountering
the colonel next day, asked him to let
him have the vial for a moment, so he
could copy the address of the makers
from the label."

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly,
and while his attention was briefly
diverted elsewhere Smith put in the
prepared tablet. He placed it under
the top four, thus making it reasonably
certain that his victim would take
it on the fifth day from that date.

"When I made certain of all this, I
located Smith in Oklahoma and was
on the point of applying for an extradition
warrant when he anticipated me by
contracting pneumonia and dying. I
thereupon returned the case to its
mental pigeonhole, where it has remained
ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of
the listeners, "but is that really a true
story, or are you entertaining us with
interesting fiction?"

DEATH IN THE VIAL.

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE
THAT WAS FATAL.

Why the Doctor Had a Premonition
That Misfortune Had Overtaken a
Wealthy Planter—How the Story of
the Crime Leaked Out.

The story was told by a police commissioner
of another city who was in
New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murderer I ever
knew anything about," he said, "was
committed by a young physician. He
was a rising practitioner at a place
where I formerly lived, and, with your
permission, I will speak of him simply
as Dr. Smith."

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly
as I remember, this young man went
on a visit to a relative in a neighboring
city, and one afternoon, on the
third or fourth day of his stay, he
startled a lady member of the household
by remarking that he 'had a feeling'
that some misfortune had overtaken
a wealthy planter whom they both
knew very well, and whom I will
call Colonel Jones.

"On the day of Smith's singular premonition
he was on one of those tours
of inspection, but failed to come back,
and the following morning his corpse
was found lying in a cornfield. He
had evidently been dead about 24
hours, and from the appearance of the
body seemed to have been seized with
some sort of fit or convulsion."

"Of course the affair created a great
stir, and the police made a pretty
thorough investigation, but the only
thing they found that merited any
special attention was a small, round
vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It
was about the diameter of a lead pencil
by four inches long, and had originally
contained a couple of dozen
medicinal tablets, which, lying one on
top of the other, filled the little bottle
to the cork. A few still remained in
the bottom."

"Upon inquiry it was learned without
trouble that the tablets were a
harmless preparation of soda, and that
Jones himself had bought them at a
local drug store. That ended suspicion
in that quarter, and, for lack of anything
better, the coroner returned a
verdict of death from sunstroke.

"Some time after Jones had been
buried," continued the police commissioner,
"I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's
curious prophecy, and it set me
to thinking. Eventually I evolved
a theory, but it was impossible at the
time to sustain it with proof, and for
five or six years I kept it pigeonholed
in my brain, waiting for something to
happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's
surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs.

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable
sum of money and had given
a note, upon which he had forged his
father's name as indorser. The planter
was pressing him for payment and
had threatened suit, which meant inevitable
exposure. One day, while
they were conversing, Jones pulled out
a little glass vial and swallowed one
of the tablets it contained, remarking
that he took one daily, after dinner,
for sour stomach."

"That suggested a diabolical scheme
of assassination, which the doctor
proceeded to put into execution. Repairing
to his office, he made up a duplicate
tablet of strychnine, and, encountering
the colonel next day, asked him to let
him have the vial for a moment, so he
could copy the address of the makers
from the label."

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly,
and while his attention was briefly
diverted elsewhere Smith put in the
prepared tablet. He placed it under
the top four, thus making it reasonably
certain that his victim would take
it on the fifth day from that date.

"Next morning he left town, so as to
be far away when the tragedy was
consummated, and some mysterious,
uncontrollable impulse evidently led
him to make the prediction that first
excited my suspicion."

"When I made certain of all this, I
located Smith in Oklahoma and was
on the point of applying for an extradition
warrant when he anticipated me by
contracting pneumonia and dying. I
thereupon returned the case to its
mental pigeonhole, where it has remained
ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of
the listeners, "but is that really a true
story, or are you entertaining us with
interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the
narrator.
"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner,
smiling, "Smith was like most clever
criminals—he had one weak spot. He
was fool enough to tell a woman. She
blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

At a Course Dinners.
A woman just arrived from Australia
was recently negotiating with an
agent in London for a house in one
of the newer districts of Kensington.

SOME QUEER DREAMS.

VISIONS THAT RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE
OF CRIMINALS.

Marvelous Manifestations That Baffle
the Ingenuity of Man to Explain
and Which Prove Anew That Truth
Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A very remarkable instance of the
trafing of a criminal by means of a
dream occurred in St. Louis. A woman
named Mary Thornton was detained
in custody for a month, charged with
the murder of her husband. A week
or so after her arrest she requested to
see one of the prison officials and told
him she had dreamed that an individual
named George Ray had murdered
her spouse, giving the official at the
same time full details of the tragedy
as witnessed in her vision. The man
Ray was not suspected at the time,
but the prison authorities were so
much impressed by the woman's obvious
earnestness that a search was at
once made for him.

After some delay he was traced and
charged with the crime, the details of
the same as seen in the dream being
rehearsed to him. Overcome with
astonishment, he then and there
confessed that he had committed the
crime. Curiously enough, the woman
had only met the murderer once and
believed him to be on the very best of
terms with her husband.

Almost as remarkable was the case
of a woman named Drew, who dreamed
one night that her husband, a retired
sailor, had been murdered by a
peddler at a Gravesend tavern, where
the said husband was in the habit of
putting up when visiting the town in
question. The first news that awaited
her on rising in the morning was that
her spouse had been assassinated at
the very tavern she had seen in her
extraordinary vision, whereupon she
burst into hysterical tears and cried
out that her dream had come true.

She calmed down somewhat after a
few hours and then handed the police
officials an exact description of the
peddler of the vision, giving a minute
account of his dress, which included a
blue coat of a very peculiar pattern.
Marvelous as the fact may appear, a
man wearing such a coat and following
the occupation of a peddler was
discovered two days later at an inn
some six miles from Gravesend, and,
on being taxed with the crime, he at
once admitted that he was guilty and
that robbery had been the motive of
the outrage. He was hanged soon
afterward, his doom having been brought
about by the flimsy evidence of a woman's
dream.

Women as dreamers seem more
successful than men, but a rather peculiar
instance of a crime being traced by a
vision and in which the dreamer was
a member of the male sex comes from
Rennes, in France. A worthy merchant,
having quitted his office one
Saturday evening, proceeded home to
dinner and after enjoying a substantial
meal lay down on the couch and
fell into a light doze. A very vivid
dream then came to him wherein he
saw two men of the burglar type
engaged in rifling the safe in his office,
and so much impressed was he by the
vision that he resolved, upon awaking,
to go to the office and see that
everything was under lock and key.

His amazement may be imagined
when, on arriving there, he discovered
the door forced and a burglary in progress.
To summon a couple of gendarmes
was the work of an instant, and
five minutes later the thieves, who
proved to be notorious housebreakers,
were on their way to the police depot,
where the prosecutor told his extraordinary
story. In view of the fact that
the safe contained valuables to the
extent of some thousands of pounds,
the dream in question proved a very
fortunate one for the dreamer.

How to explain these marvelous
manifestations, which prove once more
that truth is stranger than fiction, is a
task beyond the ingenuity of man to
compass. Perchance the theory of
telepathy may have something to do
with the mysterious business, but even
that theory would appear rather inadequate
in such cases as the aforementioned.

A skillful forger who moved in the
highest circles of society was once
detected by the agency of a dream. The
affair occurred in Boston and caused
the greatest excitement of the time.

The forger, a young man of eight or
nine and twenty, had become acquainted
with a rich publisher, at whose
house he became a constant guest. One
day the publisher's bankers discovered
that some one was forging their client's
signature to various large checks, and
two detectives were at once instructed
to look out for the culprit.

Their efforts proved useless, but one
evening the publisher's youngest daughter,
a little girl of 11, dreamed that
she saw a man whom she described as
"like Mr. Blank," the visitor to whom
reference has been made, sitting in a
room in Maine street copying her father's
signature. The child's dream
was communicated to the police, who,
though inclined to ridicule the same at
the outset, eventually promised to
have the gentleman in question watched,
with the result that his lodgings were
raided and a complete plant for the
making of bank notes found there. It
then transpired that he was a man who
was wanted for manifold forgeries
throughout the Union, and he was sent
to prison for a very long term.

The child's dream was all the more
extraordinary in view of the fact that
she was too young to understand the
leading incidents of the business and
attributed the copying of her father's
signature in the dream to the "gentleman
wanting to write nicely, like papa."

Strange, very strange, but none the less
true, and proving once more that, as
Hamlet remarked, "There are more
things in heaven and earth. Horatio
than are dreamed of in your philosophy."—Philadelphia Times.

THE GRAND SCHEMER.

HE PLANS A DEVICE THAT WILL TAKE
THE PUBLIC BY STORM.

Major Crofoot Originates the M. W.
B. Company, Filling a Long Felt
Want, and Incidentally Takes In a
Lawyer Friend.

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The grand promoter sat at his desk
in his office with a wandering look on
his face and 40 cents in change spread
out before him. He had been counting
that change over and over and figuring
how many times the \$28 he owed his
landlord, the \$12 he owed his tailor,
the \$4 he owed his hatter and the \$75
he owed various other people would go
into that 40 cents. He was still about
it when he heard a step on the stairs.
It was the step of an aggressive man.
As it came nearer it betokened the step
of a determined man. As the door was
burst open without preliminary warning
the major recognized the fact that he
was face to face with a circumstancer.
For one brief second his knees
weakened, and he caught his breath
with a gasp. Then he was on his feet
with hand outstretched and a smile on
his face and saying:

"Bless my soul, but if you had been
two minutes later I should have been
on my way to your office! Come in;
come in."

"I didn't know as you would remember
me," dryly replied the visitor as he
looked around the office.

"What! Not remember Thompson of
Thompson & Thompson, attorneys at
law! You must be joking. My dear



"I WANT TO TAKE YOU IN."
man, Major Crofoot never forgets the
face or name of a friend. You more
than any other man in the world have
been in my thoughts for the last three
days, and, as I remarked, I was about
to start for your office. Thompson,
shake hands again."

"I haven't time," replied Thompson.
"Look here, major, bills against you to
the amount of \$200 have been put in
our hands for collection. You promise
to pay that old board bill two months
ago. I want to know what you are
going to do?"

"Do my dear Thompson? Why,
going to give you a check in about
seconds for the whole indebtedness.
You could have had your money long
ago if you had given me the slightest
hint. Major Crofoot has a good memory,
but how can you expect him to
keep track of shillings when he is
dealing in thousands of dollars."

"I heard you were promoting a little
check," said the lawyer as he waited
for the check.

"Ten companies formed in the last
three months, my boy, and the
eleventh just ready to be incorporated.
Grand aggregation of over \$300,000,000
capital thus far, and every company
bound to pay at least 30 per cent dividend.
What do you suppose I've got
on hand now?"

"I can't say, and as I'm in a hurry
you may fill out that check."

"The biggest scheme of all—the ne
plus ultra" whispered the major with
a flourish of his right arm. "I expected
to stop at ten, but this scheme
came pushing along and I had to take
it up. It's the richest of them all.
It'll pay 100 per cent profit from the
very start. In a week from now the
Standard Oil company won't be on
earth."

"But I'm here about those bills."
"My dear Thompson, walk with me.
When I was hard up, you were one of
the few who did not lose confidence in
my integrity. The man or woman who
trusts Major Crofoot never regrets it.
I might not have picked up this
eleventh scheme but for you. I wanted
to let you in. I wanted to reward you
for your faith in me. Thompson, my
boy, sell out your law business—give
it away—get rid of it before night."

"I want to know about those bills,"
said the lawyer as he came to a halt.

"The last and best scheme of all,"
continued the major as he got hold of
his arm again, "is the Musical Washboard
company, organized on a capital
of \$20,000,000. The idea is strictly original
with me. Washboard runs a music
box while you rub. Music box can be
placed in the laundry, parlor, kitchen
or even the next house. May arrange
later on to have 'em connected with
drug stores, kindergartens and public
schools. Twenty-four tunes in the box,
evenly divided between sad and lively.
As the washerwoman rubs away at
one of your colored shirts the music
box strikes up 'Comin Thro' the Rye.'
She changes off to a sheet or pillowslip,
and you have 'Home, Sweet Home,'
with variations. Thompson, shake hands!"

for a dollar and a quarter a day she's
furnishing music for the parlor free
gratis. Put a bedquilt on the washboard
and you can hear the strains of
'The Old Oaken Bucket' from garret to
cellar. Let the woman tackle a tablecloth,
and everybody goes dancing to
the tune of 'Maggie Murphy's Home.'
Drug stores can have it at a slight
cost for their patrons, and public
schools needn't pay a cent. Rub-a-dub-dub!
Music by the box! Thompson,
don't miss it. Don't throw a good
thing over your shoulder. I want to
take you in. I have taken you in. You
are to be secretary of the M. W. C. at
\$20,000 a year."

"That's all wind," bluntly exclaimed
the lawyer, "and it won't work. Will
you draw me a check for \$200?"

"Isn't it a wonder that somebody else
didn't strike on the idea?" whispered
the major as he patted Thompson on
the shoulder. "The washboard has
been known for 200 years. What was
easier than to make friction run a music
box to soothe the sorrowful, lull the
ailing or entuse the discouraged? It
would have saved thousands of lives
annually, prevented thousands of suicides,
and yet no one thought of it.
Thompson, shake hands! It's the secretaryship
at \$20,000 a year for you,
and I'll get you \$50,000 worth of stock
at ground floor figures. Months ago,
when I was hard up and couldn't pay
a bill of \$7, you put your hand on my
shoulder in a brotherly way and said
you had every confidence in my financial
integrity. Do you imagine I've forgotten
that, Thompson? Not by the grave
of my grandfather! I never think of
it without the tears coming to my
eyes."

"Do you want to be sued for those
accounts?" demanded the lawyer when
he could get in a word.

"And your reward for trusting me is
this," continued the major—"The salary
of \$20,000 is only a starter. I'll double
it after the washboards get into the
market. The \$50,000 in stock will pay
you \$25,000 a year in dividends at the
very least, and perhaps double that,
and there you are. You can safely put
your first year's income down at \$65,000.
Is that enough, Thompson? If not,
just say the word, and I'll add
\$20,000 to it. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I want no more of your
wind!"

"Meanwhile, my dear secretary of
the M. W. C., I owe \$200. You have
the accounts to collect. Just mark 'em
'collected,' and I'll pay in the \$200
to hold your stock. Always have to
have a deposit as evidence of good faith,
you know. If it was anybody else, I'd
demand a certified check for \$10,000.
Thompson, go home and throw your
lawbooks out of the window."

"I'll be hanged if I do! I want to
know—"

"Throw your lawbooks out of the
window, dissolve the partnership, and
then take your position as secretary.
No hurry for a day or two, but don't
wait too long. I want to get the articles
of incorporation through as soon
as possible and patent the idea. Good-by,
Thompson, good-by."

to keep him on our patent is secured."

The door was shut and locked, and
there was grim silence for five minutes.
Then the major heard threats
and vows and mutterings, and some
one went slowly down stairs.

M. QUAD.
Crowing Matches.
The Belgian artisan spends his leisure
in a very curious manner. He keeps
a special cock for crowing, and the
bird which can outcrow its fellows
has reached the highest pinnacle of
perfection. The mode of operation is
to place the cages containing the roosters
in long rows, for it appears that
one bird sets the other off crowing.
A marker appointed by the organizers
of the show is told off for each bird,
his duty being to note carefully the
number of crows for which it is responsible
in the same fashion as the laps are
recorded in a bicycle race. The customary
duration of the match is one hour,
the winner being the bird which scores
the highest number of crows in the
allotted time. A great number of these
competitions have taken place in the
Liege district, and in some cases heavy
bets have been made on the result.

Radishes.
Radishes originated in China, where
they have been cultivated for many
centuries and sometimes grow as big
as a man's head. In Germany the old
fashioned country mothers cure hoarseness
and cough with radish juice mixed
with sugar candy. The radishes of
today have no flavor, no character.
Formerly their sharp, biting taste made
them palatable.

A Jury Room Gem.
A gem from the records of a Missouri
court, given in an address by Hon.
William H. Wallace, is the following
lucid verdict in a lunacy case: "We,
the jury, impaneled, sworn and charged
to inquire into the insanity of
Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative."

Two Bad Bites.
Diogenes, being asked, "What is that
beast which is the most dangerous?"
replied, "Of wild beasts the bite of a
slanderer and of tame beasts that of
the flatterer."

If the average man could read the
story of his life he wouldn't believe
it.—Chicago News.

A man who finds no satisfaction in
himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere.