

DR. WILBUR'S NOTE BOOK BY DR. H. T. OLIVER

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.] "It must all be told. Keep nothing back. God will surely punish you if you do. He reprimanded his brother."

"Yes. Then Mr. Adrian got very angry. He said many harsh things to Mr. Franklin. Things about his wife, his children. He took it all, Mr. Franklin, and when his brother had got through—oh, dear me! when he got through he said: It is ringing in my ears yet. I can still hear it—he breaks down in a torrent of tears.

"What did he say?" The question comes in a softer tone.

The coroner is affected by the man's action, his grief. And he is not alone, nearly all in that crowded room are affected.

"Come, what did he say?" "I shall go out upon the highway. I shall rob, steal, perhaps murder! My little ones cannot suffer. By God, they shall not!"

The voice of the man has nearly risen to a shriek. He grasps the desk before him, his wild eyes staring at the corpse upon the bier. The coroner has dropped his pencil in astonishment. Mr. Gareaud had sprung to his feet.

"He said this?" he gasps.

"Yes, yes," roasting to and fro.

"He said it. Poor Mr. Franklin, made mad by his brother's words, said it. But he didn't mean it. He could not have meant those words."

Dr. Vandewater is himself again.

"What was said then?" he asks.

"I don't know. I ran away from the door. I could not stay to hear any more."

"So you made up your mind then, that you would give to this man the money he had been refused by his brother?"

"Yes, I had nearly three hundred dollars saved. I did not need it. I went to my room back of the kitchen, and got the money. I heard the door shut behind Mr. Franklin, and I was going to follow him, when the doctor arrived, and my master called me to serve him with lunch."

"And after the doctor had finished, what then?"

"I went out on the lawn to see if I could find Mr. Franklin; but he was gone. I could not see him. I ran down the road, nearly to West Chester, but he was not to be found. I came back to the house, I was going around by the back way to my room, when I ran into Mr. Franklin. He was leaning against the side of the house."

"What reason did he give for being there?"

"I didn't ask him. I was so glad to find him. I told him I had been looking for him everywhere. I offered him money. Did he accept it?"

"No, he said he would not take my savings, said he would come out all right."

"Well?"

"He walked toward the gate. I followed him. I told him I had heard what he had said. 'Take the money,' I said, 'don't commit a crime.' He turned on me. 'You heard me say that,' he demanded. I told him I had. 'I had no such intention,' he said. 'Here I give you \$50 of my money, to prove to you that I would have no reason for committing a crime. This amount will help me out of my difficulty.'"

"And he accepted \$50?"

"Yes, sir, he took it and left me."

"What time was this?"

feeted by pity, by sympathy, than anything else. The most of them have known Franklin Dyke, known him as a wild, impetuous, but good natured youth. The town has censured the action of the father in casting him off without a penny, in the days gone by. They shudder, and interchange glances of sympathy as they hear the damning evidence, see the prison doors yawning for the unfortunate one.

Yes, he has been in West Chester. He must have committed this murder. The jury render their verdict. "That the deceased, Ezra Wilbur, came to his death from the effects of a severe blow upon the right temple, given by a blunt rock, in the hands of Franklin Dyke."

CHAPTER VIII. HANNIBAL ORTON TAKER.

The crowd has dispersed, each to his or her special home or lounging-place. The hour is about six; the inquest has taken nearly three hours. The barber shops and saloons are filled with crowds of men who are talking of the many incidents which have been crowded into such a short space.

The coroner has gone to his home to eat his evening meal, and tell the wife of his doom the story of the afternoon's proceedings. The chief of police has followed his example. It has been proven to the satisfaction of all that Franklin Dyke has been the murderer of good old Dr. Wilbur. Now to arrest Franklin Dyke; in earnest meet him until such time as court meets and he can be given a chance to prove his innocence.

"Father, doubtful that," the portly chief mutters as he walks homeward. He eats his supper in comparative silence. He is a widower, this worthy man, his good wife and faithful companion having gone to the great unknown several years ago. His house is looked after by his sister.

He tells her what has been brought to light, and then settles himself to eat and think. He is thinking where he can find Franklin Dyke. He has been a stranger to West Chester for many years; no one there has any positive knowledge as to his place of residence. It is generally supposed by those who have interested themselves in the young man at all that he makes Philadelphia his home; but Philadelphia is a large city; it covers many miles. How can he hope to find the man in such a place? But he must try; he must call the well-regulated police service of the great metropolis to his aid; he must be about it at once.

He feels a certain amount of pride in the fact that his perspicacity so much has been brought to the surface; he will continue on in the good work. So he finishes his meal and orders his valet packed. To his sister's exclamation of astonishment he says:

"I am going to Philadelphia. I may not be back for a week, perhaps longer. Pack my valise. I shall take the 10:30 train for Frayser; I shall catch the Harrisburg express at midnight," and he leaves the house.

He walks with rapid footsteps to the "Turk's Head" Hotel, the principal hostelry of this thriving little town. The office is filled with town people, commercial tourists, and other travelers. The chief of police walks to the desk. He usually finds letters for him there. He has his office in the building. There are none, however, tonight.

"Terrible thing this murder," comments the clerk.

"Yes, very sad."

"Sad that young Dyke should go to the dogs so."

"Yes, I feel a great deal of sympathy for the young fellow. I am going to Philadelphia to-night to arrest him."

His words are spoken sufficiently loud to be heard by those standing near the desk.

"Then you know where to find him?"

"Not exactly, but I shall hunt him up. Never fear."

A stranger, dressed in black, wearing a shining beaver hat, approaches him. "You are sure he is the guilty one?" he asks quietly.

The chief looks at his questioner with mute astonishment.

"Sure? There can be no doubt of it. I see it say I'm glad of it, but I'm dead sure."

The stranger turns away. Throckmorton carries on his conversation for a few minutes, and then goes out upon the street. He finds the man who has spoken to him in the office of the hotel, leaning against a hitching-post outside, calmly smoking.

As the chief of police steps out upon the sidewalk, he looks up, knocks the ashes from his cigar, and steps toward him.

"Can I speak with you for a few minutes, Mr. Throckmorton?"

"You know my name?"

"It has been brought into prominence to-day. I did not know it until this afternoon."

"Did it not seem so to you?" he asks somewhat testily.

"Some parts of it, others rather doubtful."

"Well, what is it you wish to say to me? I cannot spare you much time. I must catch the 10:30 train to make connections for Philadelphia."

"That is just what I wished to speak to you about. I wish to save you the expense and trouble of that trip."

The chief springs to his feet. "Save me the expense and trouble? By jiminy! I must take that trip. I must capture the murderer!"

The stranger smiles, seemingly at a pair of handkerchiefs.

"Excuse me for not introducing myself," he said softly. "I should have done so before; allow me," removing a card from the top pocket of his vest and presenting it deffily.

The chief takes it and glances at the printed words upon it; his manner changes as he does so.

This is what he reads: HANNIBAL TAKER, DETECTIVE, ORTON, PHILADELPHIA.

He looks with interest upon his companion. His quaint manner attracts him.

"You are Taker, the detective?"

"Yes, Taker, the taker. Hot Taker, I am called by those who know me well; you will observe that the initials of my name are suggestive, H-O-T."

"Decidedly, you have made it hot for many criminals."

"That is my business."

"What brings you here?"

"The strange death of Dr. Wilbur. I saw it announced in the Evening Star. I felt interested and took the first train. I arrived in time for the inquest."

"I am glad you are here, but really I cannot understand your words of a short time ago."

"About your trip to the city. Oh, that's easily explained. I am going to the city upon that train, I'll bring Franklin Dyke back with me upon the first train in the morning."

The rural officer looks with amazement upon the smooth-talking detective.

"So soon as that," he cries. "Do you know where to find the man?"

"I shall have no trouble; I know where to lay my hands on him."

"And you will do this?"

"I have said so, providing of course, you think it necessary."

The chief looks at his companion with open mouthed surprise.

"Necessary?" he exclaims. "Of course it is necessary. The murderer cannot be allowed to go free." The detective drops his nonchalant air, and looks for the first time into the eyes of Throckmorton. "Hear what I have to

say," he says in a low voice. "I see you actually believe Franklin Dyke guilty. I was sounding you to see if you really thought so. Now let me tell you, I don't think so. I heard the evidence, and more than this, I studied the witnesses. I possess the faculty of hearing and seeing jointly. I always take the evidence of eyesight in preference to that of hearing. What did I hear? Purely circumstantial evidence, evidence that Franklin Dyke applied to his brother for money to assist him in his dire extremity, and did not get it. No, I do not believe that Adrian Dyke spoke the truth when he said he gave his brother money. If he did, it was only a small amount, for we have heard that he accepted \$50 from the man James Potter. He would not have taken this money if his brother had given him any. True, we have heard that in a moment of desperation he said that he would go out on the highway and rob, perhaps murder. He was in the heat of anger when he said it—he never contemplated such a thing. Do you think he would have said such damning words to his brother if he had thought of such a thing? No! that is about all there is against him: all I heard. Now what did I see? I saw that Conrad Gardner did not give his testimony freely; he acted under constraint, and if I had had the questioning of him, I would have got more out of him. I saw that Adrian Dyke acted a little bit too haughty. It is well enough to keep up a dignified appearance, but he overdid it. I noticed that he seemed worried when Gardner was being questioned about that note-book. Why? That I cannot say. Young Dr. Gareaud seemed perplexed that the note-book, a thing of no value to anyone but the owner, should be missing. It seemed singular to him that a thief should have taken that. That one point, Mr. Throckmorton, will lead to the detection of the real culprit."

(To be Continued.)

PLANET SHADOWS. There is no doubt that some of the most brilliant planets, such as Venus and Jupiter, are capable of casting distinct shadows, as may be seen any fine evening in the tropics. Not long ago M. L. Guiolet observed that Jupiter threw a distinct shadow of his watch upon a wall, and that he was able to read a newspaper by the light. M. Moye also finds that Mars is able to cast a shadow, but a much fainter one than Jupiter. He was also able to count the number of words in a newspaper, placed in the light of the planet entering by a window; but he could not read them.

The first locomotive has made its appearance in the Kingdom of Siam and Bangkok. The native population took an immense interest in the first trials of the engine on the first half-mile of track constructed.

THE WOES OF WEALTH

JOHN W. MACKAY'S CUP OF SORROW OVERFLOWING.

Troubles, Worries, Bereavements on Every Hand—Shot At, Operated On by Surgeons, Overwhelmed with Lawsuits, His Household Broken Up.



LISTEN to the story of the troubles of a multi-millionaire. His name is John W. Mackay. He has commonly been thought of as a man whose life has been a phenomenal success, because he made a great fortune suddenly in early

life, but the truth is that his life since he became wealthy has been one long series of troubles.

The greatest of them, no doubt, was the recent death of his eldest and favorite son, whom he was raising to succeed him in the management of his vast fortunes. The newspapers had hardly ceased to discuss this, however, when it was announced that he had lost his suit of \$500,000 against Edward S. Stokes. These two events illustrate the variety of troubles which are always raining down on this unfortunate millionaire.

They range from the most serious to the most ridiculous. He gets shot by a crank and has a rough-and-tumble fight with a social rival. He loses a son and loses a lawsuit.

His great fortune has enabled his wife to make a brilliant social reputation in Europe. She has magnificent houses in London and Paris, and entertains the Prince of Wales and the most fashionable French society. Mr. Mackay by the mere fact of his fortune, is kept away from her. He works in San Francisco and she entertains in London. Thus wealth has broken up his household.

His daughter's marriage with an Italian prince, once talked of as a brilliant event, has turned out a miserable failure.

He has been engaged in a long and ridiculous squabble concerning the social origin of his own and another Californian's family. Such a squabble is a particularly undignified one for a man of Mackay's ability and force of character.

He gets little or nothing in the way of personal comfort from his millions. His digestion and his tastes cause him to live simply and even coarsely. Fine wines and delicately cooked foods are not for him.

His culinary tastes were illustrated by a lunch which he gave to Mr. Hermann Oelrichs and some other friends before their departure for Alaska. It consisted of clam chowder, corned beef and cabbage, squash pie and butter-milk.

He has to live on a rigid diet from which the above festivity was no doubt a slight departure. A regular course of muscular exercise has also been prescribed for him by his doctors.

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the Big Four. They had all gone to California in '49. Mackay drifted to Nevada, where he gained possession of the famous Bonanza mines, at Virginia City.

Pointing to the entrance of one of these mines Mackay is reported to have said: "Out of that hole I took \$150,000,000."

In 1878 the four established the Bank of Nevada. In 1884 Mr. Mackay was concerned in the establishment of the Commercial Cable Company.

Mr. Mackay married his wife in 1867. She was the daughter of Col. Daniel C. Hungerford, of New York, and the widow of a California doctor. She had social ambitions, which she determined to gratify when her husband made his fortune.

The fashionable society of San Francisco snubbed the miner's wife, and Mrs. Mackay wisely went to Europe. Her career there has been a brilliant success. Mr. Mackay first bought her a house in the Rue de Tilsit in Paris and gave her \$10,000,000 in government bonds to keep things going. Later she bought a magnificent house at No. 6 Carlton House terrace, in London.

In 1855 Miss Lullia Bryant Mackay, their adopted daughter, married Prince Colonna di Galatro. This marriage turned out very unhappily, and the princess recently obtained a divorce. In Europe she had been obliged to hide with her children from her husband. Charges of cruelty and generally disreputable conduct were made against the prince.

The Bonyne-Mackay feud is one of the most amusing of the many rows that Mr. Mackay has been concerned in. It has been carried on by means of a fictitious encounter, by lawsuits, by inspired paragraphs in newspapers or both sides of the Atlantic and by a book.

The exact truth about it cannot be known, but the following account was given by a person favorable to Mr. Mackay when he assaulted Mr. Bonyne:

Charles William Bonyne, it appears, is a man of uncertain origin, but probably English, who made a fortune as a broker in California. It is alleged that he originally spelt his name Bunning. When he became rich he went to London in search of social triumphs. He preferred to pass as an American, because high English society will tolerate an American more readily than an Englishman of low birth. Unfortunately, in California he had laid stress on the fact that he was an Englishman.

Then some one wrote a letter signed "Publicola," or "Veritas" to the London Morning Post asking how it was that an Englishman not eligible for presentation at court could go to California, make money and come back and be presented.

Mr. Bonyne immediately concluded that this letter referred to him and that Mr. Mackay or one of his hirelings wrote it.

He replied with a number of revelations concerning Mr. and Mrs. Mackay's early life, published anonymously in London papers. It was said that Mrs

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HE FIRED ON SCHOFIELD.

Narrow Escape of the General from a Confederate Cannon's Ball.

From the Memphis Scimitar: Lieut.-Gen. Schofield, having passed the limit of years at the head of the Army, has been deemed necessary to qualify him for retirement, has stepped down from his high place and calculates to pass his declining years in peace or politics. If Frank Ozanne, of Memphis, while serving as gunner in the Washington artillery in the Confederate army, had accomplished the laudable purpose he once entertained of bringing Col. Schofield down with a charge of lead, Col. Schofield would have had to forego the honors he subsequently acquired and the country would not at this time be tearing its national shirt over the details of the retirement and the prospective successor. The Washington artillery was one of the best known corps in the Confederate army. There were three divisions, one of which operated in the west, taking part in the battle of Chickamauga and the subsequent operations in Tennessee. This corps of artillery is still in existence as a volunteer company, and it took a prominent part in the recent military demonstration attending the opening of the exposition at Atlanta. During the war it mixed with the enemy from Gettysburg to the Gulf and from the Mississippi river to Manassas. It was in the course of the maneuvers in Tennessee, The Washington artillery, of which Frank Ozanne, of Memphis, was a member, came upon Col. Schofield's command, with a river separating them. The battery was instructed to dislodge the Federals, and in obedience to this order, trained its guns upon Schofield's headquarters. That officer was in the front of his tent, reconnoitering the Confederate position through his field glasses. Just about that time a cannon ball came careening through the canvas, and the Federal officer, with his aids, found it convenient to lie prone. The circumstance was exciting enough, though it may sound commonplace, and impressed itself on the minds of those who took part. When Gen. Schofield visited Memphis last spring he was the object of attention from all the Confederate veterans. Under a marquee at Camp Schofield he held a levee, where a long line of grizzled veterans gathered awaiting their turn to shake his hand, each one saying a word of welcome to assure him that the fires of belligerency that once burned fiercely in this section are only ashes now. At last it came to Frank Ozanne's turn.

"General," said he, as he shook the hand of the commander-in-chief, "I had the pleasure once of aiming a shot to blow your head off. I was sorry at the time that I failed."

The general inquired about the occasion. Mr. Ozanne went into details and Gen. Schofield had no difficulty in recalling the incident. Mr. Ozanne was particular to remind Gen. Schofield of how he and his aids had scurried behind a piece of rising ground to get out of range of the Washington artillery guns. "I was sorry then that I missed you," concluded Mr. Ozanne, "but since you escaped I am glad to see you again, and I entertain no more hostile sentiments against you now than a desire to pour out a friendly libation on the altar of peace and good will."

The desire for reconciliation was reciprocated and the two adjourned to drown the recollections of belligerency in a glass of mild and soothing wine.

Englishman's Views of Ideal Society. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, a member of the English house of commons, has views upon an ideal society. In his perfect nation men and women will enjoy social and political equality.

"What I want to see," says this ardent champion of our sex, "is that woman should be placed in such an economic position that marriage will not be entered into by her as the last and the only means she has of getting a livelihood. Every woman should be taught to be self-supporting if she belongs to those who have to live by their own exertions; and, indeed, whether she does or not, she ought to learn to help herself, for even settled facts may disappear. In the weather classed woman should be given the highest education she is capable of receiving; so as to be an intellectual companion to her husband if she desire to have one—and to herself if she choose to live alone." But the admirable common sense of these statements is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that in Mr. O'Connor's ideal state "every girl will be married at 17 and every man at 21."

The Pianist's Only Requisite. When Hans von Bulow went to England for the first time on a concert tour, he was much surprised to find that the custom of the country made his dress suit inappropriate at afternoon concerts, where he was expected to appear in a frock coat with light trousers. Soon after his return from his tour a young pianist called on him to get his advice and opinion in regard to a comprehensive pianoforte method which he had just published under the title of "Indispensable da Pianiste."

"Ah, my dear young friend," cried the great musician with a whimsical smile, "you are far behind the times. You ought to travel and enlarge your mind. Then you will find out that the pianist's only 'indispensable' is a pair of light trousers!"

Unique Organization of Bachelor Girls. The Federation of Girl Bachelors' Clubs in New York is a co-operative affair with 300 "bachelor" households. The organization is composed of many small clubs banded together to secure home comforts at wholesale prices. They have a laundry of their own, and the President is an artist who notifies each member by mail where they may purchase their clothing and food and rent their apartments at 10 per cent or a third of the regular prices.



JOHN W. MACKAY.



THE CHIEF SPRINGS TO HIS FEET.



Mrs. Mackay as painted by Rembrandt.



JOHN W. MACKAY, JR.