



CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED.)

"It is just like this, my friend. A lusty throat utters, by me aroused suspicion in the mind of my brother, James Potter, the coroner and juror. Circumstances made it seem extremely likely that that suspicion was correct. Circumstantial evidence brought me here."

"Yes." "You formed a suspicion; circumstances have straightened it. You thought my brother guilty, and so have worked upon that suspicion only. There are many things which certainly look doubtful, but if you should fall upon some one else, might you not build up a theory upon that other which would also look suspicious, and bear weight with it?"

"The case against you is not as strong as that against your brother. Why, I could arrest him even now on the strength of the evidence I have against him, and I'll bet you a new silk hat that if the man Gardner was put on the stand and worked right, he'd hang your brother."

"He speaks emphatically. Franklin turns pale—he knows that Taker has told the truth. It would hang him, for Gardner could reveal everything."

"Ah, you see it, don't you?" cries Taker. "Don't speak of it! Do as I say, but do nothing rash. Be sure before you act."

"All right, I'll do it, only you're foolish to stay here in jail."

"A few days more or less will make no difference. The disgrace of a suspicion has already shadowed me. A few days will not make it any worse."

"He speaks sadly. Silas Watson appears at the door. 'Your ten minutes are long,' he says to the detective."

"By the hokey, you're right! I've been here nearly an hour," looking at his watch. "Well, I'll be off now. I'll work harder than ever. Why? Because I've got you to work against now. My boy, I'm going to unearth your secret. Don't you forget it."

"He smiles reassuringly upon the young man, and hurries out into the street. He has taken up the note-book during his last speech, and has it in his pocket. He walks briskly toward the railroad depot. The telegraph office is in the station, and he is going to send a message—a message to Chief Smith of the Philadelphia force. He is going to follow Franklin Dyke's instructions."

"Walking along the station platform he sees Dr. Gureau. He approaches him. 'Ah, good morning, Mr. Taker, going to the city?'"

"No, only to the telegraph office." "You called upon Franklin Dyke?" "Yes, I kept my word."

"What do you think of him?" "Do you mean from the standpoint of a physiologist?"

"Big word that. Yes. Did you read him?" "I think so. Franklin Dyke is one of those unfortunate young men who cannot say no. Easily led; weak with a good head, sharp, shrewd reasoning powers, but with no push. A young man who knows his weaknesses understands his talents, but cannot help the one or improve the other."

"By the hokey, Doc, you're a good one; that's just him. You don't think him a murderer?" "No," emphatically. "Franklin Dyke might kill himself by numerous indignities. He never would commit crime, particularly such a crime—take the life of another."

"Your visit did me good then." "A great deal. It made me his friend, convinced me of his innocence." "A short silence, during which the two men walk along the platform. Suddenly Taker asks, 'What are you doing here, Doc?'"

"Waiting for the train. I received a dispatch upon returning to my office. One of my late partner's patients at Pauli has taken a bad turn. I must attend to it. Apropos, have you that notebook with you? It will give me some idea of this case."

"Yes, here it is." "Taker hands it to him. 'Take good care of it.' "Never fear, I shall not lose it."

"When does the funeral take place?" "Dr. Wilbur?" "Yes."

"Not until Sunday. I had intended to lay him in his last resting-place tomorrow, but this sudden call makes it impossible."

"And your proposed engagement for this afternoon?" Taker recalls the Doctor's words. "Yes, I spoke to you about that. That will have to be postponed also. He speaks sadly. He feels the loss of his benefactor greatly. The last wishes of the loved one cannot be carried out until his return."

"The whistle blows. 'Ah! There's my train. Take good care of yourself, Mr. Taker,' and with a hearty shake of the hand the Doctor leaves him."

"The next minute the train rolls out of the depot. 'And I must send my dispatch,' mutters the detective, going to the telegraph office. He writes it."

"Wm. Smith, Chief of Police, Central Station, Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 'If Dyke sends for man, put me on the work. I am here; good points. 'H. O. T.'"

"Send answer to the 'Turk's Head,'" he says to the operator. In an hour the answer is brought. "H. O. T., West Chester, Pa. 'Have just heard from your man, A. D. Go see him. You can have the case. Smith.'"

"By the hokey," he mutters, "looks as if he was going to keep his word to his brother." He starts immediately for the residence of Adrian Dyke.

The afternoon train lands another stranger at West Chester. A stranger who registers at the "Turk's Head," Roger Rogerson, New York.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVAL DETECTIVES.



HE DAY IS A FINE ONE.

"The detective follows him into the house. The baby is sleeping in the arms of Mrs. Gardner, a heavy, troubled sleep."

"This is my missus, sir," announces Gardner. "Happy to meet you," says Taker. "I hope you'll be out of there soon."

"I hope so, sir. I don't like the bed well enough to stay in it long." "She's always up before day," comments the husband.

The detective looks at the babe—a little delicate thing, her baby face flushed with fever. A tiny little face, not at all like either father or mother. There is a resemblance to some one he has seen. Who?

"Do you think she looks like me?" asks the woman, looking fondly upon the child. The detective thinks a moment before answering. It will do no harm to lie to this fond mother. Mothers like to have strangers say their offspring resemble them. "Yes," he answers, "of course the features are not completely formed as yet. As she grows older she will look more like you."

"Do you think so?" It is the husband who speaks, and his voice is strangely anxious. "Yes," who does this child resemble? The detective is thinking deeply. "If she would open her eyes," he meditates.

As if in answer to his wish, the infant does so; opens the little orbs of vision and looks about her, then utters a tiny wail. "By the hokey," flashes through the detective's brain. He is astonished. For the eyes, although not possessed of intelligence, with no sign of reason (for the babe is young) are the eyes of Adrian Dyke. He controls himself, and after giving the parents some suggestions as to the care of the little one, leaves the house.

"Adrian Dyke's eyes," he mutters, continuing his way to that gentleman's residence. "What can this mean? Is there a mystery here? Can there be anything in this? If I could only see the other one." He is at the gate opening upon the lawn before Dyke's residence, before he has recovered from his astonishment. He walks mechanically up the path. He notices a horse tied to the hitching post outside. "Dyke has a visitor," he mutters.

James Potter admits him. "I wish to see your master," he says. "He is busy, sir, just now. Will you wait?" "Yes, take in my card."

He hands the man his card. Potter glances at it and turns pale. "Another one," he mutters, and leaves him.

Taker looks after him. "What did he mean by another one," he growls. Potter returns. "Step right into the reception-room, sir. Mr. Dyke will be with you presently."

He enters the reception-room. He can hear the hum of voices in the adjoining room, the library. If his memory serves him correctly there is an open key hole in a door near by. He applies his eye to it. Ah, the man who has passed him on the road is engaged in conversation with the master of the house. He has his hat off. "By the hokey," I know him," cries Taker, mentally. "It's Rogerson of New York. When in the devil does he want here?"

That he remembers that Franklin had said that his brother had announced his determination of sending to both New York and Philadelphia. "He has sent to both places," he mutters, "and Rogerson has been detailed from New York. I wonder what theory he'll form. I must pump him."

He cannot hear what is being said, so he rises from his knees and composes himself to wait. It is not long, for Adrian Dyke soon makes his appearance. Taker is sitting in the shadow, so he is not seen at first.

"Mr. Taker," speaks the master of the house in an inquiring tone of voice. "At your service, sir," answers that gentleman, coming forward. "Ah, you are Mr. Taker."

"Yes, sir. I was sent here by my chief, Mr. Smith." "Adrian Dyke is studying his face. 'Have I not seen you before?' he asks. 'Here, in this house, yesterday?'"

The detective determines to put a bold face on the matter. "Yes," he answers, "you did. I was here."

"Representing yourself as the agent of Drexel & Co.?" "The same."

"I am a detective, sir. We have many ways of getting at the bottom of things."

"But why did you wish to pry into my affairs?" "Little job from the school board," slyly.

He sees his companion frown. "Ah, you wanted to get at my financial circumstances."

"Exactly," quietly. "And you succeeded?" "Yes, sir; I know how much you are worth as well as yourself, sir."

Adrian Dyke shows signs of annoyance, mixed with fear. "You must be a shrewd man to get at this," he says at last controlling himself.

(To be Continued.)

Protection for Young Girls at Chicago. Various Chicago associations, including the Woman's Club, King's Daughters, Protective Association for Women and Children, and other humane societies have issued a warning to parents and guardians against allowing young and inexperienced girls to go the World's Fair without the protection of older people, and also against allowing young girls to answer advertisements or accept the offers of agents for "light and easy work with good wages for young girls." Women without friends in the city may address the Women and Children's Protective Agency, room 826, Opera House building, Chicago, Ill., and they will refer them there to respectable localities for board or room. Women arriving in the city after business hours, alone and friendless, would do well to remain under the protection of the janitress during the night before seeking lodgings. The societies are constrained to publish this warning because of serious dangers threatening all unprotected women, and particularly young girls, during the fair season.

THE NEBRASKA CLUB.

WITH GOVERNOR OF THE STATE AT ITS HEAD.

An Organization of All the People Willing to Stand Up for Nebraska and Keep It in the Front—Its President the Chief Executive of the State—Objects and Aims Set Forth by An Address from the Executive Committee.

A Purely Nebraska Movement.

The organization of the Nebraska Club is now perfected, the following officers for the ensuing year having been elected—President, Governor Silas A. Holcomb; vice president, Senators Thurston and Allen and Congressmen Strode, Mercer, Halber, Meikeljohn, Andrews and Keen; secretary, Charles E. Williamson; treasurer, Alfred Millard, cashier of the Commercial National Bank of Omaha, the latter two officers being of Omaha. The organization is strictly a state one, as it was formed by a body of men called together from every section of Nebraska and representing every interest. It starts out under very favorable circumstances, having the endorsement of Governor Holcomb and other leading official and business men as well as definite assurance of their hearty co-operation and substantial aid and support. Nearly twenty counties, or nearly one-fourth the entire number, were pledged at the organization meeting to immediately form auxiliary clubs, and this is to be done at once. Full information concerning plans for the foundation of auxiliary clubs may be had of the secretary at Omaha.

The president and the executive committee have jointly issued a formal address to the people of Nebraska, the substance of which is given below, and should and will be read to the end by every loyal citizen of the state. The proposition seems to be a broad one, in the interest of the whole state, freed from sectional bias or preferment and political selfish motives. It will therefore appeal to the ready and substantial support and co-operation of all good citizens. The address, in substance, is as follows, limited space forbidding the publication of the full text, viz:

Recognizing the value and need of organization, in the general interest of our state, a number of gentlemen, representative of all sections of Nebraska, met at Omaha, December 30, 1895, and incorporated the Nebraska club, the general object of which is expressed in the articles of incorporation, also the preamble and resolutions which were in the early stages of the movement adopted, first by the Manufacturers and Consumers association of Nebraska, and subsequently endorsed by the leading business and professional men, also state officials, mayors of cities, and others, forming a preliminary groundwork for the subsequent building of the completed structure represented in the Nebraska club now being formed. The preamble and resolutions referred to are as follows:

Whereas, The immigration of good citizens into Nebraska should be encouraged. Whereas, Having in our great state a territory capable of supporting many times its present population, thousands of acres of as fertile soil as can be found anywhere in the world, one of Nebraska's greatest needs now is a more rapidly increasing population. Whereas, An increase in immigration, more particularly upon our agricultural lands, would result in (1) an increased trade in the commodities handled by the jobbers and retail merchants of the state; (2) an increased consumption of the products of our home manufactures; (3) the employment of idle labor and increased activity in all the avenues of business and the professions; (4) an increase in the valuation of our farm land, city realty and other taxable property, thereby producing a higher general average of prosperity to all our people now here and to come; and

Whereas, There already exists among the people of the state, needing only to be crystallized and organized in order to become a live working factor in the general advancement of the interests of the state, a sentiment strongly in favor of keeping Nebraska to the front in an honest, earnest and effective manner, therefore, with an abiding faith in the great resources of our state and fullest confidence in the integrity of its citizens, be it Resolved, That we, the undersigned, and others who shall hereafter join with us, hereby agree to associate ourselves together and organize as association to be known as The Nebraska Club for the general purpose of securing the co-operation of all classes of people throughout the state in a systematic effort to promote immigration of good citizens and add to the population of the state by the year A. D. 1900, one million immigrants, being good settlers from other states and countries.

There are scores of ways and methods to be adopted and put into execution. To a very large extent they must be left to the Board of Directors and Executive Committee. It is a fact not to be lost sight of that we have not only to induce immigrants, but to stay the tide of emigration, though small, from Nebraska. We have to meet in a dignified and forceful way the misapprehension that has gained footing abroad by the circulation of slanderous statements derogatory to the good name of the state. There is no question but that it can be done by simple and persistent statement of facts. As expressed by a prominent citizen of the state, "We must start a back-fire against that which is injuring us so severely or we shall be consumed." This must be done by giving the widest possible circulation in the proper territory to such editorial work for illustration as is being turned out day by day by one of the leading newspapers of this city, in which it makes comparisons from statistics with southern and other states which are attracting settlers from the country generally, as well as from Nebraska and which show up very largely to the advantage of Nebraska. Much of the migration

VICTORIA BURIED WITH HONORS

New Jersey's Smallest Dog Had a Funeral Worthy of a Prince.

From the Buffalo Express: Probably the most novel funeral ever seen in New Jersey occurred in Rahway on Sunday afternoon. The corpse was that of a dog, said to be the smallest of its kind in America, if not in the world. Victoria was a pure black-and-tan terrier. Her history is interesting. About fifteen years ago the late Mrs. Garbonetti of Rahway, who was at that time a performer in Barnum's circus, was engaged in a tour of England with the show. She was exceptionally clever in handling horses, and she frequently received presents from her admirers. One day in Manchester a man sent his compliments to the fair rider, accompanied by a basket, which contained the smallest bit of caninity she had ever beheld. The dog accompanied her on her travels all over the world, and though it never grew to robust size, it was always healthy, and she became sincerely attached to her pet. In due course of time Mrs. Garbonetti left the sawdust ring and settled down in Rahway. Last summer she was thrown from a buggy and killed, and her husband, who is a farmer near Rahway, presented the dog to Miss Mary McCann, who was with Mrs. Garbonetti when she met with the accident. Victoria was about six inches long and her head was less than four inches from the ground. She weighed about eighteen ounces when in good condition. She was not capable of learning many tricks, but after years of patient training her mistress succeeded in teaching her to sit up on her haunches and sneeze. This latter accomplishment, it is said, was responsible for her death, as she sneezed so much that asthma set in, and after an illness of less than an hour she died. As a mark of regard for the departed canine Miss McCann had a New York firm manufacture a miniature coffin, which was covered with embossed white plush. The coffin was nine inches long, five wide and four high, and the body of Victoria was arranged in it as if she was taking her daily nap behind the stove. Before the body was committed to the grave an amateur photographer was called in and several pictures were taken of the animal. The dog was buried in Miss McCann's garden, and the bereaved woman says a monument will some day mark the resting place of her departed friend.

Superstitions Among Animals. Many authors have alluded to the superstition about the porcupine, that it possesses the ability to shoot its quills to a considerable distance and thus to wound those who anger it. In proof of the notion the fact that dogs are often found with porcupine quills sticking in their mouths and throats is sometimes cited. The quills do not get there, however, by being thrown from the porcupine, but on account of the eagerness of the dog attempting to seize the animal and so fixing the quills in his own flesh. Pliny says that among the Romans of his time there was a belief that stags could, by their breath, draw serpents from their holes in the ground, and after getting them out would then trample them to death. The early hunters of this country relate many incidents concerning the enmity between deer and serpents of all kinds. It is well known that stags would often, without hesitation, attack rattlesnakes, and by jumping high in the air and descending upon the serpent with the fore hoofs drawn closely together would cut the snake to pieces. The country people of England, as well as several other countries, have an idea that the red of the robin's breast was caused by the drop of blood which fell upon it at the crucifixion. According to the story the robin, commiserating the condition of Christ, tried to pluck the crown of thorns from his brow and, in doing so, got its breast wet with the blood flowing from the wounds. The color became permanent, being transmitted from generation to generation, and thus, according to the legend, the robin is a perpetual reminder of the sufferings of Christ.—Exchange.

Where Washington Drank. General Daniel Butterfield, whose country home is at Cold Spring, N. Y., has offered as a gift, through the Village Improvement association of that place, a handsome tablet, to bear the following inscription: "Gen. Washington, in frequent visits to the American troops encamped near by during the war of the revolution, drank at this spring and gave it its name—Cold Spring."

Push It Along. Indiana physicians are mad because one of their number has taken to advertising, and it is said that, out of revenge, and disgust, all of them may take to advertising. Thus, in the most mysterious ways, impelled by the most contrary motives, does the great cause of human civilization make its advances.—Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.

Can't Beat the English Sparrow. After several years of tireless warfare, and the payment of many thousands of dollars in bounties, the farmers of Berrien county, Michigan, have given up fighting the English sparrow pest.

Long Wagon Bridge in Texas. The longest wagon bridge in the world is situated at Galveston, Tex. It is more than three miles long, and spans the Galveston bay from north to south.

March of Progress. Almost the only monument of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the fortress of Babylon, at Old Cairo, is being torn down to make way for modern buildings.

Print 150 Languages. The university press at Oxford has appliances for printing 150 different languages.

PERSONALS. Bernhard expects to pass the summer in an old ruined castle on the Atlantic coast of Brittany. Miss Blackadder, 19 years old and the daughter of a Dundee architect, is the first woman to be graduated from St. Andrew's University, Scotland. Emperor William, it is announced, will forego a visit to Norway this year. He will cruise a time on the Baltic Sea and go to Sweden, spending some time in Stockholm. Prince Bismarck has given to the Gray Friars a school in Berlin, where he went as a boy, a young oak from the Sachsenwald, near Friedrichsruhe, to be planted in the playground. Dr. Hirschfeld, the archaeologist, who conducted the German excavations at Olympia, died recently at Wiesbaden at the age of 48. He was professor of archaeology at the University of Koenigsberg. Capt. William G. Randle, who has been selected to command the new American liner, St. Louis, when she is placed in active service June 5, is the son of an English sea captain and is a skillful seaman. John W. Foster will remain at the Chinese capital for the present and may not return to the United States for some weeks. The Chinese want Mr. Foster to do something further toward earning his \$100,000 fee. Admired Wotelegi, the merchant who helped Slatin Pasha to escape, on returning to Omdurman was hanged by order of the Khedive. He was betrayed by Slatin's servants, who were tortured until they confessed that he was the last person in communication with their master before his flight. Red Thunder, who was concerned in the Turtle Mountain outbreak in North Dakota and refused to surrender to Maj. Hale, the Indian agent, is 88 years old. Maj. Heros von Boreke, who died recently in Berlin, fought with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the confederate cavalry leader, during the civil war, being one of the most trusted members of his staff. Shad roe with eggs and parsley makes a most palatable breakfast omelet, long known to gastronomic students. Only the ignorant ever wash strawberries. They should be lightly shaken in a towel as a means of cleaning them. The world is full of people who are disappointed and displeased when there is no Oolong flavor in tea biscuits. Alleged currant jelly one buys at the average grocery shop is a strong suggestion of what would be considered red ink.



ADRIAN DYKE'S EYES.

"Women think a great deal of such things." Suddenly, "Would you mind letting me see the baby? I am very fond of children; besides, I know something about medicine. I might tell you what to give the little one to help her." Gardner looks doubtful. "I don't know whether my missus would like it, sir," he answers.

Further shortening the discovery of stage quit Boston and the morning, and his store is in the hands of W. E. ...