

ALL THE GOOD WE CAN.

If the sunshine never crept
Into hovels dark and sad,
If its glories never shone
Save where everything was glad,
If it scattered not its beams
Over hearts by sorrow chilled,
Would the sunshine do His will?
Would its mission be fulfilled?

If the roses never bloomed
Save for gladsome eyes alone,
If their beauty and their grace
For the weary never shone,
If they never brought a smile
To the wayside passer-by,
Would the roses do their task
While the hours of summer fly?

If the birdies sang their songs
Far from every listening ear,
If they poured their notes abroad
All the earth to glad and cheer,
Would the birdies' work be done
Ere the autumn breezes call?
Ere the gold and crimson leaves
O'er the grave of summer fall?

If the sunshine of our smiles
We have scattered not afar,
If our roses—kindly deeds—
Bloom not where the lowly are,
If our words of hope and joy
Never fall to bless and cheer,
Have we done our Maker's will?
Have we wrought our mission here?
—George Cooper, in Golden Days.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The president was writing when I entered, but he laid aside his pen when he saw me.

"Take a seat, Conway," he said. I did as requested. My heart was heavy before, but it was heavier when I noticed the troubled look on his face.

"Mr. Perry, have you read the papers?" I asked.

The president nodded assent.

"How is it that such a general impression has gone abroad that I had something to do with the affair? Who has started such a rumor?"

"I do not know, Conway, unless the police have given public expression to their opinion."

"The police. And what is their opinion? Was it not shown beyond any doubt that I was miles away from the vault at the time that the robbery must have been committed? I say nothing about my own assertions. But how can anyone doubt the word of a man of Mr. Morley's standing?"

"Well, Conway, no one does doubt that you told the truth in that. But—"

"Mr. Perry seemed loath to proceed.

"But what, sir?" I demanded, after a pause.

"The detectives' theory is that you had accomplices, who, from directions given by you, were able to carry out a prearranged plan."

I answered with a scornful laugh. "Accomplices! Who are they?" I asked.

"Well, I suppose they are looking for them," Mr. Perry said, with a half-smile.

"I hope they'll enjoy the search," I said, sarcastically. "Oh, Mr. Perry, why is this thing brought upon me? Why am I so universally suspected, when nothing can be shown against me? If there is enough cause to attribute the robbery to me, why am I not arrested?"

"We had hoped to keep the affair a secret, for a time at least. Therefore some few of the trustees thought it best not to make it public, as having you arrested would have done. We were all pledged to secrecy, but somehow the affair got abroad. I suppose you did not mention it?"

"No, indeed. I have not spoken to a soul on the subject," I replied. "Mr. Perry, I cried, impulsively, 'you do not believe I am guilty, do you?'"

"I do not wish to believe so," he replied, guardedly.

"Oh, think, sir, what this terrible affair means to me! It is a fearful burden for a young fellow to bear who is wholly innocent."

"It is, indeed. But, you see, it is this way. The bank is a public institution, and I, as its head, dare not let my personal feelings interfere with my duty to the public. Personally, it does not seem possible that you could have any connection with the loss of the people's money."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Perry! I knew you could not think—"

He cut me short. "Officially, I must hold you in doubt, so much so at least that I cannot give you back your position."

"And did you suppose I expected to remain?" I asked, indignantly. "I could not. I want to hold no position where absolute and perfect confidence is not felt in me. You can consider this as my resignation, sir," I added.

"I am glad you look upon it in that light. It is manly, sir," said Mr. Perry. "And, Nelson, not even the restoration of the missing funds would give me as great pleasure as the establishment of your innocence."

"Never fear, sir, my innocence will soon be proved. It cannot be otherwise,

for I am innocent," I said, confidently. "I have a small estate which came to me from my grandfather," I continued. "Every cent shall be expended, if necessary, for the purpose of proving my innocence."

"You can do as you see fit about that," the president said, after a long pause, during which he seemed to be pondering over my words. "But if you wish for my advice, I would say, do nothing whatever on your own hook. Nelson," he continued, coming close up to me and speaking low, "secret measures have already been begun to solve the mystery, and they will be thorough and far-reaching. This is wholly independent of any investigations the police authorities may undertake. You see, my boy, that I do trust and believe in you, after all. What I have told you is in strict confidence. Live as quietly and patiently as possible under the cloud. Take a trip to Europe, and enjoy yourself."

"No, I'll stay and face the music. I am not afraid of any investigations which may be made into my life."

"Well, good-by now. I must not allow you to take up any more of my time. I beg of you to follow my advice, and undertake no search on your own hook. In spite of discouragement, heartache, or long delay, do nothing yourself."

He shook my hand heartily, and I left him.

As I was going out the door leading into the lobby, I ran against a man just coming in. He was an old fellow, small and thin, and had piercing steel-blue eyes. He rebounded a trifle from the collision, then gazed at me sharply.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I hope I did not hurt you?"

"No. Not much, at any rate. I want to see the president. Are you the president?" he asked.

There seemed to me to be something insolent about his question, as though he knew I was not the president and he had asked but to mock me.

"You will find the president in his office," I replied, curtly. "As for me, I am a bank robber."

There was the suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes as he said: "Indeed! Well, you don't look it."

The old fellow then entered the office, and I went outside to the street.

A few days went by, and, although nothing was found to sustain the theory of the detectives, that fact did not lessen the general suspicion which rested upon me.

Indeed, it was a case of surprise to me that I was not arrested. It would have been an easy matter, for I had no thought of hiding. The most public streets during the daytime, and a concert or the theater at night, were frequented by me. I held my head erect, as I had a right to do; but it was with a heavy heart and a chastened spirit that I realized that people shunned me. Houses where I had been on most friendly terms were closed against me.

I was tempted many times to seek consolation and encouragement in the presence of Florence Morley, but it did not seem right nor kind to burden her bright life with my troubles, even should she consent to see me, of which I was doubtful under the changed circumstances. Perhaps it was this fear which kept me away, as much as any other idea.

About a week after the robbery a letter came to my boarding-place:

"Mr. Nelson Conway—Dear Sir: If convenient, kindly favor me with an opportunity for conversation this evening at eight. I remain in town over night, and you will find me at my city residence."
"SYLVESTER MORLEY."

Wondering what he could wish to say to me, I repaired to his house at the time mentioned.

Mr. Morley received me in the library, and arose from his chair as I entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Conway," he gravely said, bowing his head. "Please be seated."

After I had chosen a chair on the opposite side of the room, and he had resumed his seat, he began, somewhat reluctantly, but in his stately, courteous way:

"Our conversation may prove unsatisfactory to you. If so, I beg your pardon in advance. Of course you are aware that the public in general connects your name with that daring and mysterious affair at the bank."

"I know very well, sir, that it is so," I replied, sadly.

"Now, I do not mind saying that I do not necessarily condemn a man because he is suspected," Mr. Morley continued. "In a case like yours the general public's opinion does not influence my opinion. At the same time, the general public is not to be blamed so much, after all. The people form their opinions from the newspapers, and I am sorry to note that the papers do not seem friendly toward you."

"That is true, sir," I answered. "And I cannot imagine why they should take that stand, when nothing, absolutely nothing, can be found to criminate me."

"I can furnish no idea why it is so; I simply state a fact. As I intimated, it is not my custom to condemn a man before he has been found guilty. But, whatever my private opinion may be, in this case you must understand that the suspicion which has fallen upon you will necessarily preclude a continuation of the friendly relations which have existed between you and—and my household."

"Oh, sir, you cannot believe in your heart that I had anything to do with the bank's loss!" I exclaimed, bitterly, for, kindly as was his manner, the

words he spoke seemed to strike a knell to my fondest hopes.

"I have already said all I care to say on that score," Mr. Morley replied, rather coldly.

"And—and your daughter, sir," I went on, with trembling voice; "she does not share the general suspicion!"

A smile flitted across his face for a moment. Then he became grave again, and regarded me earnestly. He did not reply for some time; he seemed to be considering his answer.

"My daughter is rather indignant; she thinks that you are unjustly treated," he finally said.

I could not restrain myself on hearing this. I sprang from my seat and approached him.

"Mr. Morley, you do not know what it means to me to hear this. You cannot imagine how your daughter's opinion fills me with hope. May I ask you, sir, to express to her my deepest gratitude for her faith in my innocence? As God hears me, her faith is not misplaced." There was no controlling my voice; it trembled in spite of my efforts to be calm. Dear, true-hearted girl!

"I will convey to her your message," said Mr. Morley. "She has informed me of the sentiment you entertain for her. But, Mr. Conway, I believe you are a young man of sense and honor. You must therefore realize the position you would place her in by insisting on the continuation of a friendship which, out of kindness and gentleness of disposition, she would probably not refuse you. It would be unjust to her, embarrassing to you, and wholly contrary to my wishes."

"I fully appreciate the meaning of your words, Mr. Morley. Believe me, I regard your daughter too highly to intrude upon her notice, under existing circumstances. It is no sentiment I entertain for her; it is love, sir, deeper, truer, fonder than mere sentiment. This love has become the ruling motive of my life, and will always remain so. But I promise you I will hold no communication with your daughter until it is shown before the world that I am innocent. I confess, to follow this course will be the greatest sacrifice of my life. I have no parents, no near relations to whom I can go for love and sympathy. It means something, therefore, for me to promise you this."

Mr. Morley arose from his chair. There was a kindly gleam in his eyes, and an expression on his face of—sadness, was it? At any rate, there was undoubtedly a touch of sorrow in his voice when he spoke again. It seemed somewhat strange to me at the time. He had obtained the promise he wished, but it did not seem to give him the pleasure I naturally expected it would.

He extended his hand. "Mr. Conway, you are a man of honor," he said. "I



"Speak out, I say, or I'll fire!"

The harvest moon was resplendent and the white beams came into the window where I sat in my night robe, flooding my white drapery with light. There were no sounds of human life; the world seemed left wholly to the crickets and katydids. With a sigh from the depths of my lonely heart I replaced the note in its receptacle and arose.

Turning from the window, I saw right opposite me, on the other side of the room, a tall white figure. What was it? There it stood, while I gazed spellbound, motionless, mysterious. In a lightning flash of thought Sarah's forebodings came to me.

Then I grasped my pistol, which was lying on the table beside me.

"Now, then, if this is a practical joke, intended simply to frighten me, let it stop," I said. It was with some difficulty, I confess, that my voice was kept steady.

"Whoever you are, speak and explain, or I'll see if you have substance enough to stop a bullet!"

I paused for a reply, but none came.

"Speak out, I say, or, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, I'll fire!" I called again, and again received no reply.

The white thing remained there, in spite of my threats. After another pause, during which the cold chills chased up and down my spine, I raised my arm, took deliberate aim and fired.

A rattle of breaking glass followed the report of the pistol, and a dark spot appeared in the center of the white figure. The flash of the pistol had been reflected back, and in an instant I realized the truth.

With a scornful laugh and a condemnatory exclamation at my foolishness, I placed the pistol on the table and got into bed.

Then a slight scuffling noise, seeming to come from beneath, reached my ear, and I said, aloud, and with a laugh: "I've stirred up the rats, at any rate. Hello, what's that?" I exclaimed, as a deep, muffled sound, accompanied by a slight jar, immediately followed. It was as though a heavy door in some distant part of the house had slammed.

For quite a time I sat up in bed and listened, but no more unusual sounds followed.

Mrs. Snyder's words concerning mysterious happenings in my house and Sarah's unreasonable fears for my safety, followed by the two events just mentioned, did have an effect upon me, although the first event was due wholly to an ordinary cause, and the second, the apparent sound of a slamming door, might be, and probably was, just what it seemed. A gentle night breeze had arisen, and some of the windows in the upper part of the house might have been left open, thereby producing a draught and causing an intervening door to swing shut. True, the sound seemed to come from beneath me. But then that was probably imagination. In the silence of night a sudden noise is rather difficult to locate. How often the most common events, under unfamiliar circumstances, become inexplicable mysteries!

I am not of a superstitious make-up, and therefore Sarah's vague fears did not produce in me a feeling of fright; but there was a watchfulness about my senses as though there were "funny things," to use Sarah's term, about the house, which would become apparent in due time.

Nestling my head down on the pillow, redolent with the grateful health-giving aroma of spruce, I closed my eyes.

Sleep did not come as quickly as I had boasted to my old nurse it would, and it was some time before my consciousness began to wander into the domain of vague fancies and indistinct ideas which characterize the period between waking and sleeping.

Then, almost before my eyes could open, I suddenly sat up in bed and listened with hearing sharpened by the sense of expectancy which had come over me.

Out through the silence of my room there came stealing the sound of a voice—but such a voice! Not possessed by any human being, surely! Pitched on a high, quavering tone, and yet so soft and small; so faint, as though borne from a great distance; so plain, as though right at my bedside; bearing no semblance to human tones, but nevertheless undoubtedly a voice; for after a time I could distinguish a word now and then.

If there were in the world weird, misshapen little folks like fairies and gnomes, and we could hear their conversation, I imagine their voices would sound like this one to which now I was listening.

There was no wonder Mrs. Snyder had been impressed by it, if this were the voice she had heard.

Strange indeed, and unnatural, as though not of this world, it seemed to me. A creeping sensation came over me, not exactly like that produced by fear; there was more of awe, of solemnity, about it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Plain Direction.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door: "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice: "Go round the other way."—Household Words.

THE AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY VINDICATED.

The suit for libel brought by the American Book company against the Kingdom Publishing company in the United States court at Minneapolis, Minn., for the publication of a pamphlet entitled "A Foe to American Schools," by George A. Gates, president of Iowa college, Grinnell, Ia., in which the American Book company was charged with bribery and corruption in securing the use of its school book publications by teachers and school officers throughout the country resulted in a verdict of libel against the Kingdom Publishing company, and the jury awarded the American Book company substantial damages.

The teachers and school officers throughout the whole country are interested in this vindication of the American Book company, because the pamphlet intimated that many of them accepted bribes from the agents of this company, and as its publications are used in a very large majority of the public schools, it is surely gratifying to the army of educators using them to be thus relieved from the suspicion of corruption of which they are directly accused by the author of the pamphlet.

A striking feature of the evidence presented at the trial was the apparent connection of rival publishers with the charges made by President Gates in the pamphlet. These rivals or their agents evidently fabricated some of the stories out of whole cloth. During the trial it was disclosed in the testimony of H. W. Gleason, business manager for the defendant, that 1,000 copies of the first edition of the said pamphlet were furnished to the office of Ginn & Co., Chicago, Ill., by order of President Gates, the author. This and other like facts imparted to the case a strong indication of conspiracy to injure the character and business of the American Book company for the benefit of a competitor.

It is understood that the American Book company has already instituted, or proposes to institute, similar legal proceedings against other parties instrumental in the preparation and circulation of this pamphlet.

FROM HER VIEW.

A Lady Passenger Chats Very Interestingly About Street-Car Etiquette.

A man standing on the back platform of an east-bound Euclid car was much amused by a conversation he couldn't help overhearing between two well-dressed women. It was six o'clock and, of course, the car was crowded. There were several ladies on the platform and the two who talked were close to the involuntary listener.

"Dreadful, isn't it, out here?" said one lady.

"Yes," said the other, but what can you do? I'm dreadfully ashamed to go home at this time of the afternoon. We have no business on these cars. I declare it's too bad. Just see all those men standing up in the car and all the women sitting down. They should be ashamed of themselves—the women, I mean. I'm glad that some of the men don't get up. They serve the women just right. Men are so foolish about such things—I mean giving up their seats. Of course nine gentlemen out of every ten will offer their seats, but I never want to accept one. We have no right to expect such favors. And yet what can you do? It makes a woman look so foolish, hemming and hawing and trying to refuse a seat. I tried it once or twice, and then sat down after all. The trouble is the men don't believe we are in earnest when we refuse a seat—and I guess most of the time they are right. There, look in the car now and see the poor, pale-faced man giving the stout woman his seat. It's too bad. That man has been bending over a desk all day, and I suppose the woman has been out to some afternoon euchre party. These things are unjustly arranged. Perhaps times will even them up. Oh, this is your street? Good night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GROWTH OF A GREAT MAN.

Step by Step He Won His Way from Obscurity to a Proud and Affluent Position.

The man who had come to Washington after an office was talking over old times with Col. Stilwell.

"Do you remember Mr. Gowans?" asked the visitor.

"Puffeekly well," replied the colonel; "puffeekly."

"I believe he settled in your city, did he not?"

"Yes, suh."

"He didn't seem to have a great deal of ambition when I knew him."

"There's where you show yourself a pore judge of human nature, suh. I nevah saw a man get along fastuh in our community, suh."

"Perhaps I did him an injustice."

"You undoubtedly did, suh. Why, befo' he had been there three weeks he had got to be a major; in less than six months he was known as 'colonel,' and when I left a great many people were aludin' to him as 'general.'"

"Still, that doesn't prove that he has accomplished anything practical."

"Don't mistake, suh; don't imagine that he has wasted his opportunities. A man cannot achieve all things at once, suh. His rise was gradual, but sure. I didn't tell you what happened to him aftuh I left the city. Step by step he made his way, suh, from major to colonel and from colonel to general, and still onward and upward, until now, suh, he has got to be a real postmaster, with compensation amounting to at least \$600 per annum, suh."—Washington Star.

A Splendid Substitute.

Amy—What an awkward name, a tete-a-tete. What is a good English substitute for it?

Mamie—A spoon holder.—N. Y. Journal.

When a man becomes thoroughly contented he has outlived his usefulness.—Chicago News.