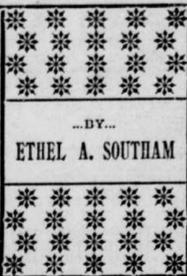


# That Mysterious Major...



...BY...  
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

## CHAPTER IX.

On the following evening Lady Howard and her niece, accompanied by the indefatigable Falkland, were taking a little stroll along the terrace, when Major Brown appeared and handed a note to Evelyn.

"The last delivery, and only one letter! Dear me, the postman is treating us badly to-day!" exclaimed Lady Howard, with symptoms of astonishment. "I have been expecting to hear from the boys. Their school breaks up on the twenty-ninth, and I was wanting to arrange about the trains. Why, Evelyn dear, whoever is your correspondent? You look surprised," she broke off suddenly.

"Well, yes—I am," said Miss Luttrell, with a little nod, contracting her brows into a distinct frown. "It is from the bank; but what it means I have no idea. I cannot make head or tail of it."

"From the bank?" repeated Lady Howard questioning.

"Yes," explained Evelyn. "They say that the enclosed check was presented at the bank this morning, but that they refused to cash it on the ground that only the initial of my second name was signed instead of my name in full."

"Ah—I understand! It is merely your own mistake. I suppose? You wrote the check in a hurry and forgot how you usually sign your name."

"That must be it, of course," mused Evelyn in a tone which, in spite of her words, sounded slightly doubtful. "All the same, though—without sudden decision—I am perfectly certain that I have not written any check for five hundred pounds!"

"Five hundred pounds! My dear child, why did you not tell me that at once?" Lady Howard turned anxiously towards her niece. "Let me look at the check. Is that your sig-

the first time. "And, as one of my check books, upon which I had very foolishly written my name, 'Evelyn C. Luttrell,' was lost in the post last year, they said at the bank that for the future, as a preventive of forgeries, they would never cash any checks that were not signed with 'Chantry' in full."

"Then this check," suggested Falkland in the same calm deliberate tones, is of course one of those which you lost last year?"

"It must be, I suppose," she returned, gazing down in genuine astonishment at the forged signature, which was so like, so alarmingly like, her own that she could scarcely believe, despite the convincing "Five hundred pounds," that she had not really written it herself. "And the finder has evidently considered it advisable to let some months pass before trying his experiment; only, now that I come to think of it"—Miss Luttrell paused, and, glancing up quickly as if for inspiration, encountered Falkland's dark penetrating eyes fixed steadily upon her—"the checks I lost were blue—I know they were—whilst this one is pink, payable to order like those I am using now."

It was undoubtedly rather an astounding piece of news. Falkland looked distinctly perturbed, whilst Brown examined the end of his cigar more intently than ever and tried to appear perfectly unimpressed.

"Are you certain of that, Miss Luttrell?" The question came somewhat abruptly from Falkland.

"Certain!" answered Evelyn decidedly. "But, if you like, I will fetch my check book; then you can see for yourself."

She jumped up from her chair and turned to hurry off along the terrace, when, to her surprise, she found that

without having the least clue? You see, we have not the faintest suspicion as to who it is; we have no writing to show or anything of that sort," observed Evelyn, with a rather doubtful expression.

"Certainly there was weight in her words."

"No—of course not," returned Brown hurriedly; perhaps nobody realized the truth of her assertion more vividly than he. "But this expert that I know of is such a wonderfully clever man that, if anything can be found out, you may be quite sure that he will succeed."

"Oh—if you think there is even the smallest hope, try him, by all means! Anyhow, it is really the only thing that can be done; and, if it fails"—Miss Luttrell laughed; she was evidently not in the least sanguine—"we can but have recourse to our locks."

"At any rate, you will let my expert have a chance first? Thank you, Miss Luttrell," was the reply, accompanied by a glance so full of gratitude that, had his companion conferred the greatest of favors upon him, it could scarcely have been received with more apparent appreciation. "But what about the check? May I have it some time this evening? In order to lose no time, I shall take it myself by the first train in the morning."

"Oh, yes—take it now, if you like! I shall be only too thankful to get rid of it. I cannot help thinking that there is something rather uncanny about it, and that as long as I have it in my possession the writer of it will be coming to haunt me. I only hope, though," she added, as she handed the precious paper into the Major's charge, "that he will not haunt you."

"No such luck, I am afraid. Forgers are only horribly commonplace beings at the best of times. But never say 'Die,' Miss Luttrell! We shall succeed—see if we don't!"

With these prophetic words the Major raised his hat and went slowly on his way, whilst Evelyn, who was just on the point of entering Lady Howard's room, paused and looked round quickly, her attention having been arrested by a crunching of the gravel and a shadow which had suddenly fallen across her path.

It was Falkland. Evidently he must have followed almost immediately upon their footsteps; and, as Evelyn turned and surveyed him, she was instantly struck by the deathly whiteness of his face.

(To be continued.)

## LASHED COOKING STOVE

To the Engine's Pilot and Easled the Custom Officials.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "Speaking of smuggling," said an old-time federal deputy, "I'll tell you a curious little story. Shortly after the opening of one of the Mexican roads, never mind which, a locomotive engineer got married to a native belle in the town at the lower end of his run and set up housekeeping. Among other things they needed was a cooking stove. He could get exactly what they wanted on the American side, but the duty on hardware of that kind was extremely high, and he racked his brains to think of some way to slip it down to his home without paying the exorbitant tariff. A cooking stove is about as easy to smuggle as a baby elephant, but at last he struck a brilliant scheme, and on his next trip he simply lashed the thing to the pilot of his engine. It looked as much out of place as a piano on top of a hearse, but the yardmen were conveniently blind, and he pulled out in triumph. When he stopped at the customs office the Mexican officials stared at the stove in amazement, but they concluded at once that it was some new Yankee device in connection with the locomotive, and asked no questions for fear of betraying their ignorance of up-to-date machinery. The consequence was that the engineer got his stove without paying a cent of duty. He always claimed that he was not guilty of smuggling because there was no concealment, and the Mexican guards themselves passed it without a word of protest."

## An Idea About Money.

Two men were recently looking at the new mint building, at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, and one of them spoke of the fact that in the vaults are stored 65,000,000 silver dollars. His companion made the statement that he would be willing to undertake the job of carrying the coin home in his pockets and hands if allowed to keep it. He claimed that his house is about one mile distant from the mint. The other man doubted his ability to carry out the contract, and they computed the matter, allowing 10 trips a day as a fair average. As about 20 coins would weigh a pound it was agreed that 1,000 coins a trip would be the limit, thus giving a load of fifty pounds. This would make 65,000 trips, or at the rate specified it would take 6,500 days. The would-be coin-carrier now has a better idea of the number represented by the figures and his a poorer opinion of his own guessing abilities.—Philadelphia Record.

## John Brown's Son.

John Brown's son, Jason, is living a hermit's life on the highest peak of the Santa Cruz mountains in California. He was with his father at Harper's Ferry and still suffers from a wound received there.

## Away Ahead.

The Boston Matron—"This is my thirtieth wedding anniversary." The Chicago Matron—"And yet they revile Chicago. Why, I have only had eleven weddings."—Philadelphia North American.

## DO THE FISHES TALK?

### QUEER PROPOSITION BROUGHT FORWARD.

Both the Lungfish and Drampfish Can Bark Like a Dog—The Eel and the Gizzard-Shad Emit Queer Sounds—Whales Have Been Known to Cry.

Piscatorial cranks are just now parading their knowledge on the subject of fish talk. It is freely admitted that fish that utter sounds are not rare to a remarkable extent; but to translate these sounds into the English or any other language and be able to appreciate the feelings of the denizens of the deep at various thrilling stages of their uncertain careers is beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. We are told that a fisherman out at sea landed a strange fish in his boat, and that the fishy captive immediately opened its mouth and began to grunt and groan so loudly as to attract attention. The fisherman took it up and was so convinced that it was talking and begging for liberty that he tossed it back into the brine. More musical than the noise made by any fish is said to be that of the eel, while the loudest sound uttered by a fish is that of the dogfish. Both the lungfish and the drampfish utter singular barking sounds of peculiar resonance, and whales have been known to cry out as if for help when they have been stranded. Of the salmon and the trout little has been learned, so far as fish-talk on their part is concerned, but this may be due in a measure to the fact that the man with the rod has never felt inclined to devote his ear to patient listening of a well-stocked stream. If these favorite fish could talk, what tales they might unfold! What reputations might they blast! Perhaps it is best for us all that the trout is not gifted with eloquence, like the eel and gizzard-shad. Perhaps, too, it were better for us to continue on merely a glancing acquaintance, a gastronomical acquaintance. If fishes talk they might even betray us to ourselves and take away from us the joy of our own deceptions. Nevertheless, it is a question for debate whether the noises produced by certain fish can be considered as a language, or as expressions of the emotions, fraught with meaning. Without a doubt we shall soon be in receipt of a batch of communications from mountain resorts and watering-places, throwing light on the matter of fish-talk, and it is not improbable that we may learn that some Bostonian scientist has already prepared a table of codfish sounds and their meanings, so that a fisherman may sit still with line or net and call the fish to him at will.—San Francisco News-Letter.

## FAMOUS IN SPORTS.

There is no one who can compete with Lord de Gray of England as a sportsman. Once in Ireland, when shooting, he brought down sixteen wild geese with a two-barreled gun and in one year was responsible for the death of 15,000 birds.

Lord Carnarvon is a good shot and recently he gave a party for the prince of Wales, at which 10,800 birds were slaughtered in three days with only six hunters—600 birds a day to each gun.

There has been some record deer-shooting in Scotland. Atholl forest is supposed to contain about 15,000 head of red deer, and when the prince and princess of Wales visited there in 1872 no fewer than 3,000 deer were driven before them.

There is always good fishing at the duke of Richmond's place, Gordon castle, and Lady Caroline Lenox, who acts as hostess for her brother, is quite an expert with the rod.

The Bradley Martins have one of the finest shooting estates in Scotland, and their shooting parties are always eagerly attended. Their daughter, Lady Craven, and her husband stay with them during the season.

## A Story of Cullom.

Just at the busy time one day when the crowds from the department stores packed the cars a tired-looking man with a painful limp came in with the crowd at the Fifteenth street transfer station and stood clinging to a strap just in front of Senator Cullom. The senator looked up, and, seeing the weary face, instantly rose and offered his seat. The man demurred. The senator insisted. "Sit down, sit down," said he cheerily. "You mustn't stand; sit down." The man sank into the seat, and the tall Illinoisan contented himself with a strap. From beneath a great poppy-laden hat the bright eyes of a little girl near whom he stood peered up at him eagerly. At last he looked down and saw her. "Won't you take my seat?" she said, politely. The senator smiled down at her and shook his head. "No, thank you, child," he said. "You mustn't ever give up your seat to a man. It sets a bad example."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Goethe Anniversary.

If Goethe were living he would now be 150 years old, which fact German authors and book printers have just commemorated. An interesting detail is that Goethe's life was one of uninterrupted prosperity, and that in 1826 Motta of Stuttgart paid \$60,000 for his copyrights. That would not be a large sum nowadays for men much less important than Goethe to receive; neither is it a small sum to pay for copyrights upon books some of which have been in print over fifty years.

## A QUICKSILVER FOUNTAIN.

Household Flatirons Float Lightly on Its Surface.

Probably the most ingenious, not to say expensive, fountain ever devised is to be seen in operation daily in the Queensland section of the Greater Britain exhibition, Earl's court. It has taken a clever young engineer, Charles Bright, F. R. S. E., over three months to overcome the difficulties of producing anything like an appreciable effect on the public eye. Quicksilver or mercury is a very difficult mineral to deal with. It is tremendously heavy, being at least four times heavier than water, has a peculiar quality of disappearing anywhere and everywhere on the slightest provocation, and is so expensive that few can indulge in so interesting a luxury as a quicksilver cascade. The metal in the Earl's court fountain falls from an upper bowl, four feet in diameter, to a basin seven feet below. Both of these basins, as well as the ornamental supporting pillar, are constructed of iron, painted dull black to heighten the effect. Owing to the great cost of the mercury (2s. 6d a pound) one of the main problems was to devise the apparatus so as to get rid of any possibility of waste. Hence, anything like Niagara falls of mercury was out of the question. The top bowl is, in fact, not a bowl at all, but a table, with sixty-four small channels radiating from the center to the outer edge. From the center the quicksilver is thus distributed evenly over the edge, and drops in silvery streaks into the basin below, where, curious to relate, two household flatirons float about as airily as if they were ducks on a millpond—a striking object lesson, proving the wonderful density of the liquid. From the lower bowl there is a drain-pipe, eighty feet long and one inch in diameter, which conveys the mercury to a tank at a slightly lower level, forming the supply to an elevator apparatus for providing the necessary "head" of mercury. The form of elevator adopted consists of a number of small, thickly set steel buckets freely suspended at intervals on an endless bicycle chain, which is conveyed through the storage tank. As each bucket dips into the latter, a tilting device insures it picking up all the mercury which it will conveniently hold. The buckets are then carried upward to a reservoir tank some fourteen feet above, where each in turn, by means of a similar tilting arrangement, is emptied. From this upper tank the mercury is conducted by a pipe 106 feet in length to the upper basin of the fountain.—London Mail.

## STORIES OF THE CLERGY.

A Baptist minister fishing near Cape Cod catches a strange fish, and asks the skipper: "What manner of fish is this, my good man? It has a curious appearance this year." "Yaas. Only been 'round here this year." "What do you call it?" "We calls 'em Baptists." "Why so?" "Cause they spile so quick arter they come out of the water."—Nacomb Bystander.

The Home Magazine recalls a good story which Dr. Newman Hall used to tell on the lecture platform. An illiterate negro preacher said to his congregation: "My brethren, when de fust man, Adam, was made, he was made ob wet clay, and set up agin de palings to dry." "Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay?" "Yes, sar, I do." "Who made the palings?" "Sit down, sar," said the preacher, sternly; "such questions as dat would upset any system of theology."

"How is the world using you, pastor?" was asked of a happy itinerant Methodist preacher in Georgia. "First-class, sir, first-class." "Nothing to complain of, eh?" "Nothing at all sir—nothing at all. The festival for the benefit of the new organ came out only \$30 in debt; the fair for the new lighting-rod was \$20 behind, and the watermelon party for the new bell was \$20 short, but the parsonage didn't burn down until six weeks after the pound party—praise the Lord."

## The Law of Compensation.

From the Argonaut: Richard Cumberland, the playwright, was extremely jealous of his young rival, Richard Sheridan. It is related that he took his children to see one of the first performances of "The School for Scandal," and when they screamed with delight their irritable father pinched them, saying: "What are you laughing at? You should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at," adding in an undertone: "Keep still, you little dunces." When this was reported to Sheridan, he said: "It was ungrateful in Cumberland to be displeased with his children for laughing at my comedy, for when I went to see his tragedy I laughed from beginning to end."

## Impudence of Genius.

Mrs. Parvenu—I don't think the picture looks like me at all. The Artist—Perhaps not. But it is an exact representation of the way you would look if you had been rich all your life, and that is what you want, is it not?—Indianapolis Journal.

## Universal Belief.

Professor—"Now, Mr. Doolittle, what have you learned about your topic, the diamond?" Mr. Doolittle—"That every woman believes it harmonizes exactly with her complexion."—Jewelers' Weekly.

## An Insult to the Dog.

Mr. Newlywed—Why don't you call me a brute and done with it? Mrs. Newlywed—You forget that Fido is present!—Puck.

A Judge, answering objections to a mother's fitness to have the custody of her children, said as to the fact that she was untidy: "There are persons who think that excessive housecleaning ought to be made a ground for divorce." As to her visits to beer gardens he said: "Women have throats which become thirsty as well as the throats of men, and there is no law to prevent them from slaking their thirst in a natural and ordinary way." In order to give her some moral support, he added: "It is said of Martin Luther that he visited the beer gardens."

## "It is an Ill Wind

### That Blows Nobody Good."

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the remedy for all ages and both sexes.

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NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Whilst we are considering when we are to begin, it is often too late to act.—Quintilian.

## U. S. Patent Office Report.

Indexes to periodicals that are available for use by inventors and their attorneys are on file in the reading room of the Scientific Library at Washington as follows:

Astrophysical Journal, Chicago, a monthly title-index of publications on astrophysical and allied subjects.

Electrical World, New York, a weekly digest of electrical articles.

Engineering Magazine, New York, a monthly title-index of engineering articles in the English language only.

Electrical Engineer, New York, a weekly synoptical index of electrical literature, American and foreign.

Journal of the United States Artillery, a bi-monthly title-index of current artillery literature.

Proceedings of the Physical Society of London, monthly abstracts of the principal articles on physics published in the American and Continental journals since January 1, 1895.

School of Mines Quarterly, New York, a quarterly synoptical index of articles on analytical chemistry and title-index of metallurgical literature. Consultation and advice free.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO.,  
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Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 14, 1899.

A flying wedge of 228 mounted policemen cleared the way for Dewey in the parade. A sergeant rode first alone, behind him two roundsmen, followed by four, who had eight behind them, and so on until the rear files comprised twelve horses and men abreast.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets remove the cause that produces La Grippe. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25¢.

Little by little we depart from the terrible and reach the ridiculous.—Longinus.



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OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE  
THROAT AND LUNGS.**



"THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS BUSINESS," HE BEGAN.

nature? Oh, ridiculous! It is the most glaring case I ever saw! Mr. Falkland—Major Brown—in her agitation her ladyship would have appealed to her bitterest enemy—"come and say what you think about it. It is a forgery, of course!"

A forgery! The word acted like magic upon the two men. Falkland, with his head almost buried in an evening newspaper and his whole thoughts occupied with the interesting "Beauchamp Case," instantly dropped the paper and stood perfectly motionless, looking from Lady Howard to Evelyn, from Evelyn to her aunt, whilst Brown, who had sauntered off to the edge of the terrace, started perceptibly and grew white to the very lips.

For a moment not a word was uttered. Everybody gazed in fascinated silence at the thin slip of innocent looking pink paper fluttering softly to and fro in her ladyship's fingers, and then it was Falkland who was the first to speak.

"But the money? Five hundred pounds, did you say?" There was strange energy in his voice, a dash of feverish excitement in his manner. "The check has been cashed?"

"Oh, dear no—certainly not! Luckily for Evelyn, the flaw in her signature was discovered in time, so that no harm has been done."

"How very fortunate!" was the reply, terse rather than jubilant.

"And yet I hardly understand," came dubiously from the Major, who, from the moment the expression and alarm had come into his face, had stood, with his head bent, glaring fixedly at the glowing ash of his cigar. "Of what does the flaw consist?"

"Of the merest trifle," answered Lady Howard readily. "It is simply that my niece is always in the habit of signing her name in full—Evelyn Chantry Luttrell—whereas in this case it is signed only Evelyn C. Luttrell."

"Yes," added Evelyn, speaking for

Major Brown had turned likewise, and that consequently their paths both lay in the same direction.

"This is a very serious business, Miss Luttrell," he began as he walked along by her side, going straight to the all-important object.

"Yes; it is rather serious—at least, it might have been," was Evelyn's philosophical rejoinder.

"Anyhow, it is annoying; and of course some steps ought to be taken in the matter at once, or the same thing may be occurring again, only next time it will probably be your full name, instead of merely the initial."

"Yes; but, whatever we do, it is quite hopeless expecting to succeed," returned Evelyn, with a rueful shake of her head. That poor Sir Adrian Beauchamp has been offering his reward for months in the hope of discovering the man who has forged his name; but it has been perfectly useless. The only wise thing is to keep one's check book safely under lock and key. After all, Mr. Falkland's advice to me the other day was pretty sensible."

"Yes—lock up your check book, by all means; but even locks and keys are not always proof against such villains as—the writer of that check. It is all very well, Miss Luttrell, but because he has not succeeded in robbing you of that five hundred pounds is no reason he should be allowed to go scot-free."

"Still how are we to trace him?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders. "Well, your first and only chance of discovery would lie with an expert. The thing is"—he looked at her anxiously; notwithstanding the studied calmness of his manner, there was a strange inexplicable fear almost noticeable beneath his tones—"will you trust that check to me? If so, I will send it straight up to town in the morning for the advice of one of the best men in the country."

"Could he find out anything, though,