A THOUSAND VELAS FROM -NOW. wherever you may be ... A world, wherever you may be ... A me palaces upon the land, we The slips upon the see. The slips upon the read to count the bridge of mankind And crown art's manble brow, fet worder what this world will be A the usand years from now! RSET. "a"Deadly uarrel be-will proba-h. occurred rs. Alexan-N. J., last is 70 years ormer well The temples great of Babylon—
where are they all to-day?
And There is hundred-gated Thees?
All these have passed away?
The mighty walls of queenly Tyre
In pride no longer stand;
what is renowned Palmyra's site?
A heap of desert sand! n Richard, years old,
at Little
who is in
ewark, and
tutherford,
which is
point. The
iver road,

How insignificant is man! How insignificant is main.
In fame how strong his trust!
What are the Ptolemies to-day?
A pinch of mummy dust;
And where is Macedonia's boy,
Who from his gilded throne
Saw all the nations at his feet?
His very grave's unknown!

Tribes nations, kingdoms disappear Nor leave a trace behind; The dast of monarchs long forgot Is scattered by the wind. Where is the prophet who can say Upon what regal brow The English diadem will rest A thousand years from now?

A mount of the sea in spiender as to-day?
Will haughty Parls rule the world of tashion, proudly gay?
Sar will the mosque of Omar rise Above the Orlent deep?
Will Lendon be a mighty mart, And not a ruin heap?

What capitals will crown the plains?
What empress new will rise?
What peoples, now in darkness held,
Will fourish neath the skies?
Ab, will the banner of the stars
Crown freedom's radiant brow,
And float above her capitol
A thousand year's from now?

will all the nation's be at peace, If nations then exist?
Will not a crimson battle-plume
Be by the sunshine klased?
And will the glowing firmsment
Know not a baleful star?
And not a fragile flower bleed
Beneath the feet of war?

The bound'ries where we stand; He holds the many nations in The hollow of his hand. He drives the chariot of time Across this flying clod; The past is dead, to-day is ours, The future is with God!

- Tracino a Dark Crime.-

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

CHAPTER XXIX.

of all the astounding developments in beextraordinary case in which I was worked, this last one was the most be-It did more than startle me. It aroused

If did more than startle me. It aroused by stepicious. I did not believe Leonore. In a flash I decided that in some tacit as she and her husband had agreed to day the marriage relation for some Ment Secret reason.

Not your husband?" I cried finally.

He is not my husband."

Be says..."

"He says that which is false then," aswered Leonore coldly. "Doctor, I now has something to tell you: this man disince purposely, utterly. I will express a suspicion I have not uttered before, because it seems monstrous; but he alst have a sinister purpose in saying. aust have a sinister purpose in saying that I su his wife. He may be the murger, "No, he is not." I replied quickly. "Of then" Then."

Then?"
"Would you see him?"

les. "J was amazed at the cold, resolute ex-ression in the girl's face. left the room at once. Word for word, I related to Ketcham an interview."

Butteriew.

Be looked puzzled.

Bring up the prisoner, "he ordered.

Theodore Scabury, looking anxious,

Funded and suspenseful, was brought
bon the cells below.

The detective accompanied, we as I

m the cells bolow.

The detective accompanied me, as I him to the detention room.

The pushed him forward, closed the or, and watched him narrowly.

The girl sprang to her feet, stared soly at the new-comer, and then said: at the new-comer, and then said:

know you from your picture;

"Lenore, my wife!"
"Sit, are you mad?"

hat is this? She, and not she

what is this? She, and not she, Iheavens! you ere not a recling shock, Theodore Seaturered backward. Vestige of color left his face, in to a char, he buried his face and, he seemed convulsed with larger and the seemed some seemed she was a seemed to be seemed.

Thal commetten.

looked pained, puzzled, Ketchand partnrhed. As for myself,
by british mystined at this new

it mean? ss my impulses of imsurprise.

d up with a baggard face.
I commanded. "Is you
t with a baggard face." cho your

"Who is she, then?"
"I do not know."
"Her name is Leonore?" "I do not know

You saw her kill your father?

The man had sprung to his feet electrically.

trically.

"Colonel Cain says you did."

"He is mistaken. Solomnly do I swear
that neither of us saw that woman kill

my father." my father. The saw that woman ki my father. There we genuine conviction in Seabury's tones. "Do you know who did?" I persisted. His face grew more ghastly.

"Yes," he gasped inarticulately.

"Will you tell?"
"Never I am dumb from this time forth," he cried, wildly. "Mystery—error—it appalls me. I know the assaes in now, yes; but that woman yonder—she is not my wife. I positively swear that she did not kill my father.—Dr. Abraham Scabury."

CHAPTER XXX

My mind a blank of bewilderment, the mysterious case in which I had be-come involved a worse muddle than ever, I stared helplessly at the de-tective.

tective.

Ketcham's eye had brightened. It seemed to me as if the hast words of Theodore Seabnry, so mystifying to me, represented a positive enlightenment to his shrewder sense.

"A tangle—a horeless tangle!" I murmured, staring from one to the other of the prisoners.

Leonore, wearled, dejected, sat with

the prisoners.

Leonore, wearied, dejected, sat with her head bowed and weeping softly, as if her harsh environment and its troubling complications harassed and grieved her.

Young Seabury stood with set lips, grim eyes and a mien that said plainer than words:

I have spoken-henceforth I am si-

lent."
Suddenly Ketcham made me a quick motion, as quickly translated and acted upon. It said:
"Leave the room."
I did so.

I did so.

A minute later Theodore Seabury was marched back to his cell.

Then the detective came out locking Leonore in to her solitude and irksome captivity.

"Doctor," he said with spirit, "we are reaching the end."

I stared dubiously at Ketcham.
"Are we?" I murmured skeptically.
"Yes."

"It seems to me that the case is a corse muddle than ever."

worse muddle than ever."
"Why so?"
"Somewhere there is falsehood, false surmises, false action."
"All through the case."
"That girl is not the wife of young Seabury?"
"No."

"He thought she was?"

'His evidence will clear her?" 'It will."

Ketcham smiled-positively smiled in my face.
"Don't you see?" he queried quiz-"It's clear as crystal."
"To you, maybe."

"To you, maybe."
"You don't suspect?"
"Suspect what?"

The truth "
can't tell what the truth is:" Well, come back here in an hour and

I'll tell it to you then. I hung hopefully on his words. "Ketcham!"

"She is innocent? I now believe it."

"Come back in an hour.

I had to be content with that.
Glancing about the room as Ketchaim went below, apparently to see Seabury again. I noticed that Colonel Cain was nowhern in view.

went below, apparently to see Seabury again. I noticed that Colonel Cain was nowhere in view.

I went outside the station and walked around aimlossly.

I was on the razor-edge of suspense, and only impatiently waiting the lapse of the hour prescribed by the detective.

I was returning to the police station when I pansed suddenly.

Coming down the street I observed Colonel Cain.

He was in a tremendous hurry.

Every movement and expression of his face betokened excitement, rare and positive.

He nervously fumbled a piece of writing paper in his hand.

positive.

He nervously fumbled a piece of writing paper in his hand.

"Oh, Colonel!"

He halted.

"Helio! you Doctor?"

"Where's Ketcham?"

"At the station."
"I must see him."
"He's busy."
"Then I mustn't lose any time."

"About what? "Can you come with me?" demanded Cain, breathlessly

Cam, oreatnessly.

"Come where?"

"To—to the vicinity of the Seabury
mansion."

"What's up?"

"Something important."

"What is tt?"

"Read that!"

Cain handed me the piece of paper he I opened and perused the crumpled

It read:
LEONORS: Come to me at once. I am a friend. You are in peril, and I can save you. One hour's delay may mean your doom. Call at the Bon View restaurant, ladies entrance, at once. I will be there veiled and dressed in black.
The writing was feminine. I was interested in the not startled.

terested but not startled. "I intercepted that note," said Cain.

"I traced the writer."
"And what two of that?"
"Come and see."

The burgier's face was a study of won-der, doubt and excitement.
I realized that it must be something of great importance that would thus per-turb that usually imperturbable nature. He hurried down the exceet and we walked rapidly as we hastened on. Thappead is stray to the Seabury house," he explained. "The old servant was at the gate and a measure roy had just handed him a note and left. It was directed to Leonore. I convinced the man that Lwas in cahoots with Ketcham, and secured the note. Whoever wrote it, I discerned, held some mysterious relation to the case."

ion to the vasc.
"Why so?"
"Because she did not dare to venture to the house

to the house."

"That hooks plausible."

"And because she did not seem to know that Leoner was under arrest."

"What did you do, Colonel?"

"twent to the restaurant."

"And found the woman?"

"I saw her."
"Did you speak to her?"
"Not I." "Did you see her face?"
Colonel Cain looked serious.
"I did."
"And you know her?"
"Yes."
"Who is she?"
"The real murderess of Dr.

"The real murderess of Dr. Seabury!"
was the astounding reply.

CHAPTER XXXL

"The real murderess!" I gasped, agape. "Yes."

"And not Leenore?"
"Not Leonore."
"But you identified the girl at the police station." was mistaken," replied Cain,

was mystified. I was about to over-I was mystifled I was about to over-whelm my companion with questions when he halted before a large structure. "Here we are," he announced. "The restaurant?" "Yes; this is the Bon View." "And the woman?" "Is on the second floor." "Lead me to her."

"Lead me to nor." Follow me."

I was in a strange quiver of excitoment. The second floor was devoted to ladies, and there were many eating at the various tables in the place.

Away back near the rear of the room sat a woman alone.

She was dressed in black and deeply

selied.

She appeared to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of some one, for she scanned the entrance at the stairway closely.

I glided to the table, while Cain, as prearranged, found the manager and informed him why we had intruded—"detective service," he glibly announced. I kept my eyes fixed on the woman in black.

black.
Finally she made a gesture of deep impatience and rapped for a servant.
She wrote a note evidently telling Leonore, should she later appear, to come to some new place of rendezvous.
Then she gave the waiter a coin and explained how he was to deliver the note, and arose. and arose.

She went down to the curb and hailed a cab.

As it drove up I glided to her side, and

Cain also appeared.
"Drive me to the Western Hotel," said the woman. ne woman.

She entered the conveyance. I sprang a after her, closed the door, and said to

She entered the conveyance. I sprang in after her, closed the door, and said to the astonished cabman:
"No: drive straight to the eighth precinct police station."
"Phew! a detective!" he muttered, un-

der his breath. "Yes." "Get up!"
"Who are you?"

The woman had shrunk back with a startled cry. I could see her metallic eyes glowering upon me from behind the folds of the

detective, madame.

"How dare you intrude upon a lady?"
"Have I intruded?"

"Yes.".
"It is my duty."

"You are wanted at the police station." "Your connection with the Seabury murder case."

The woman uttered a sharp cry of

The woman uttered a snarp cay of alarm. She made a sudden movement.

From the folds of her dress a white jeweled hand extended a glittering stil-

I grasped it. I disarmed her. Then, zing her veil, I tore it from her face. The mystery was revealed.

Edzing her veil, I tore it from her face.

The mystery was revealed.

This indeed was the assassin of Dr.

The very picture of beautiful Leonore. I now realized the truth—the entire

There were two Leonores—the inno-cent and the guilty—that is, two women who looked alike.

And my Leonore—my heart thrilled at

And my Leonore—my heart turning at the thought—my Leonore was innocent. Here: undoubtedly, was the assassin for whom Leonore had been mistaken by both Theodore Scabury and Colonel Cain.

New for her motive in the original care. Now for her motive in the crime, and

Now for her motive in the crime, and her identity.

"You are the murderess of Dr. Abraham Seabury," I said boldly, as she glared at me in vindictive chagrin.

"Am 1?" she hissed. "Oh, I could kill you!"

CHAPIER XXXII.

My story is ended.

Doubtlessly the reader has already uessed what came to me in a flash as lazed at the face of the woman so like

gazed at the face of the woman so like the fate of Leonore.

An hour later, after she had been confronted with Theodore Scabury and Leonore—my Bonore—we knew every dark, hidden mystery in the Seabury case.

Theodore Scabury was induced to speak flat. The years provious, he had

speak first. Two years pro-wedded in the South a woman—the

"Her name was Leonore Legrande; and not until she was his wife thit he resilize that a passionate; hateful tigress was his bride.

Fashion, folly, and extravagrance was all she thought of, and when their means ran out shd she asked for more she learned that Dr. Seabury had diswared his son for marrying against, his wishes.

Disguised one night she visited the Pocace it was in New Orleans, where

he was visiting.

Her keres demands only drove the
Doctor to deeper dislike for her stren
nature. She vowed vengeance; ahe
awore a terrible oath that if he did not
take herself and Theodore to his home she would haunt him day and night and finally murder him, and said that Theo-dore, too, was resolved to have his for-tune.

Dr. Seabury believed this. He now refused even to speak to his son, whom he believed to be a heartless, selfish in-

The next night, as he was passing a dark court, a bullet grazed his hat. He hastened to the hotel, left it secretly. hastened to the hotel, left it secretly, and took a steamer up the Mississippi River.

A mishap delayed him at a small and A mishap delayed him at a small and obscure landing. He decided to cross the country to a railroad, fell through a broken bridge into a stream, lost consciousness, and awoke to find himself in a humble cabin, with a beautiful girl watching and nursing him.

This girl was my Leonore—the protege of the wealthy Doctor—and fate had played him a curious trick.

For she was the cousin of Theodore Seabury's wife, of the same name, Leonore, but Leonore Dolby, and her prototype in features.

nore, out Leonore Louvy, and her proce-type in features.

Dr. Seabury discovered the remarka-ble resemblance and learned of the re-lationship, but he did not tell my Leo-

one resultaneer and resulted or the relationship, but he did not tell my Leonore the truth. He learned her story—a sad one. Her father, her only surviving relative, had died a week previous. She was alone in the world.

A relative—a cousin, Leonore Legrande—she said, had, a year previous, robbed her father of every dollar he possessed, and had fled. She, Leonore Dolby, was therefore penniless.

Dr. Seabury hated the Leonore face, at he could not but be drawn to the gentle, innocent girl who had saved his life in the river at the risk of her own.

He had made her his ward—he had given her all his fortxne—he bestowed

given her all his fortxne—he bestowed all his love upon her.

He never told her that her cousin Leonore Legrande was the wife of the son he had disowned. As to Theodore Seabury, he had been deserted by his wife and finally came

North.

He hated her now as he had loved her previously; but he was a man of principle, and when he caught a sight of his father's ward at the mansion he supposed that it was Leonore Legrande.

Hence the note and his efforts to see her, wondering how it was that she had been taken in by the Doctor, mystified, maddened by his father's firm refusal to admit him beneath the same roof.

As to Leonore Legrande, she confessed all. She had kept her vow—had murdered the Doctor, hoping that the fortune would descend to his son. Then she would force Theodore to acknowledge her again.

her again.

She had thrown the knife and the handkerchief into Leonore's room, had plotted to have her arrested for the crime; but, learning that she was the real heiress, had sent for her to threaten compromise when arrested by my-

Thus the truth was known at last, and Theodore Scabury was released from

eustody at once.

His pale face writhed at the thought that his legally wedded wife was a proven murderess. That night, however, she made it possible for the scandal of a public trial to

sible for the scandal of a public trial to be avoided.

She committed sufefile in her prison cell, and the true mystery of the Seabury case never reached the public prints.

As to Leonore—my Leonore—she knew that I loved her. A week later she promised to become my wife before a month had passed by.

She insisted on dividing her fortune with Theodore Seabury, and he, a gloomy, heart-broken man, went abroad, and Colonel Cain, reformed, went with him as valet and companion.

Ketcham commended me highly for all I had done in the case, and is yet my

Valet and companion.

Ketcham commended me highly for all I had done in the case, and is yet my But I often wonder if at any time he

really believed that the assassin of Dr Seabury was my bonny bride—my inno cent, beautiful Leonore!

The Reward of Merit

"James," he began, as the clerk entered the private office, "the new year is close at hand."

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been with us?"

"Twenty years, sir."

"Ah! Twenty years. You came in from the country with all your worldly possessions tied up in a pocket hand-kerchief?"

"I did sir."

"I did, sir."

"And you left home determined to achieve success?"

"Yes, sir."
"You belived that honesty and integ

"You belived that honesty and integrity would be rewarded, and that faithful service would meet its reward?"

"That is the way I reasoned, sir."

"Ah! I remember the morning you applied for a situation. I liked your looks, and the way you talked."

"Thanks, sir."

"Now, James, my partuer goes out with the new year. I've been thinking of you."

"Of your long and faithful services."
"Yes, sir."
"And I'm going to reward you. I'm glad it's in my power to do so. I shall commence the new year alone."

"Exactly With limited capital.

"And it will, therefore, he necessary to reduce all salaries. On all others I shall make a cut of fifteen per cent. to reduce att smarrer, shall make a cut of fifteen per cent. Owing to your long and faithful services I shall make the cut in your case only ten. That's all, James; and I hope you will try to get down half an hour carlier in the morning, and also he a fittle more economical with gas he a Ritle more economical wand fuel."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE JOKERS' BUDGET

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In the Postry Business -- Preois Time is Money -- Easily Satisfied --

IN THE POBTRY BUSINESS

"Well," said the poet's friend, as he entered the poet's study, shaking the snow from his shoulders and unbuttoning his shaggy ulster, "how's

work getting on?" "sout that door, will you? You're letting the whole storm in. Oh, I've done first-rate to-day. Here are five poems I've done this afternoon. See? 'A Midsummer Idyl,' 'Under the Beech Trees,' In the Clover Bloom,' 'When Skies are Blue,' and 'August Sunghiag'.

Bloom.' When Skips are bloom,
'August Sunshine,''?
"Why didn't you make it the even
half-dozen?" inquired his friend; "I
see you've got. a heading put down,
here for another one—'Among the

Well, I just hadn't time!" well. I just hadn't time!" replied the poet; "you see, the fire
went out and I had to make it
again. But I don't care; I've got
all my spring and summer stock
ready for the market, and I'll begin
to manufacture the patterns for next
autumn in a week or two."

PRECISE.

"Shall I clean the snow off, mad-am?" asked the little boy of the Bos-ton lady. "No," she replied, severely,

"You'd far better go to school and learn that it is the parement and not the snow that is to be cleaned

It was nearly five o'clock, and the man was on his way home from w when he met a wanderer who had no

Excuse me," said the wanderer: "do you think time is money?"
"That's what they say," responded the man.

"And what time is it now?"

"About five o'clock."

"Well, give me about five cents and be thankful I didn't strike you at 10 o'clock."

He got the nickel.

EASILY SATISFIED.

"Your room is preferable to your company," observed the landlord, severely.
"Yes," lightly rejoined the guest, who held't reid his hear? who hadn't paid his board in two weeks; 'but I didn't expect to find either very good, you know; and I don't mind a bit.''

"CALL ME BENNIE," SAID MR. CABLE.

Hon. Ben T. Cable was on the floor of the House: A gay and breezy page met him, and with that sweet familiarity which is proof that he at least believes that the whole world is kin, addressed the National Democratic Committeewen in this wise: Committeeman in this wise:

"Hullo, Ben!" Mr. Cable looked at the youth for a moment, and then, removing his cigar from his mouth, placed his hand on the page's shoulder and re-

plied "Don't call me Ben; call me Ben-nie."

REASONABLE FROM HER POINT OF VIEW-"Henry," she said, thoughtfully.
"What is it?" responded the worried business man, rather shortly.
"I wish you could rearrange your
business a little bit."
"How?"

"So as to be a bear on the Stock Exchange instead of at home."

NOT CKEDIBLE.

Fenderson—The fact is, makes me stupid to drink liquor.

Bass—Oh, you do yourself discredit. Really, you cannot make me believe you are such an invetorate

HE KNEW!

guzzler. .

"Madam," said Weary Walker to Mrs. Dumsquizzle, "I'm looking for work." 'Pooh!'' replied that good woman.

"You wouldn't know work if you were to find it." "I beg your pardon, madam, for contradicting you, but let me ask how I should be able to dodge work if

I did not know it when I saw it?'

HE WAS MOVED. Missionary (out West)-Did you

ever forgive an enemy?
Bad Man—Wunst. "I am glad to hear that. What peace to strile?" soul to prefe

''I didn't have no gun.'

OUT OF FELLOWSHIP. Tired Phelan-Tve lost my love for cider. Busted.

- went and

asked that farmer for some swhile ago, and he suid it was workin'! HASN'T HAD TO THROW ANY.

Hobbs-Jugg's wife says that in ail the ten years of her married life hasn't broken a single plate, cup or saucer.
Bobbs-Either she or Juges must.

have an angelic temper

A need that Cyrus built No longer are sublime; Of Carthage crumbled long ago, of Carthage crumbled long ago, and the long longer in the hand of time; A sith her passed forever more, the doller of her rival Rome, The marble marts of Greece,

me John's and when ed it was ot himself that he last bul-or he died ous, if n

last night the meet rolly said klyn will on of the ~xecutiv

-District

fe did not had separ-been some o brothers ause of the thown. On his wife

his wife spend the ander also clock the er but for reach the yesterday. Was out, John came the room

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