

TRUCK. A Deadly... A Thousand Years from Now... The wondrous of the world... The temples great of Babylon... How insignificant is man!... What capitals will crown the plains?... Ab, will the banner of the stars... Will all the nations be at peace... Who knows? We cannot look beyond... STRIKE. City Will... District last night... A WEIRD MYSTERY... Tracing a Dark Crime... BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

"Who is she, then?" "I do not know." "Her name is Leonore?" "I do not know." "You saw her kill your father?" "No." "The man had sprung to his feet electrically." "Colonel Cain says you did." "He is mistaken. Solemnly do I swear that neither of us saw that woman kill my father." "Every accent thrilled me—there was 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 assassin none, yes—but that woman yonder she is not my wife. I positively swear that she did not kill my father—Dr. Abraham Seabury."

"I happened to stray to the Seabury house," he explained. "The old servant was at the gate and a messenger boy had just handed him a note and left. It was directed to Leonore. I convinced the man that Lewis in cahoots with Ketcham, and secured the note. Whoever wrote it, I discerned, held some mysterious relation to the case." "Why so?" "Because she did not dare to venture to the house." "That looks plausible." "And because she did not seem to know that Leonore was under arrest." "What did you do, Colonel?" "I went to the restaurant." "And found the woman?" "I saw her." "Did you speak to her?" "No." "Did you see her face?" "Colonel Cain looked serious." "And you know her?" "Who is she?" "The real murderess of Dr. Seabury!" was the astounding reply.

"The real murderess!" I gasped, agape. "Yes." "And not Leonore?" "Not Leonore." "But you identified the girl at the police station." "I was mistaken," replied Cain, gravely. "I was mystified. I was about to overwhelm 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.' 'Follow me.' 'I was in a strange quiver of excitement. 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 veiled. 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. 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. 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. 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.' 'Pshaw! a detective!' he muttered, under 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 heavy veil. 'A detective, madame.' 'How dare you intrude upon a lady?' 'Have I intruded?' 'Yes.' 'It is my duty.' 'Sir.' 'You are wanted at the police station.' 'For what?' 'Your connection with the Seabury murder case.' The woman uttered a sharp cry of alarm. She made a sudden movement. From the folds of her dress a white jeweled hand extended a glittering stiletto. I grasped it. I disarmed her. Then, seizing her veil, I tore it from her face. The mystery was revealed. This indeed was the assassin of Dr. Seabury. The very picture of beautiful Leonore. I now realized the truth—the entire truth. There were two Leonores—the innocent and the guilty—that is, two women who looked alike. And my Leonore—my heart thrilled at the thought—my Leonore was innocent. Here, undoubtedly, was the assassin for whom Leonore had been mistaken by both Theodore Seabury and Colonel Cain. 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 I?' she hissed. 'Oh, I could kill you!'

THE JOKERS' BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. In the Poetry Business--Precise-- Time is Money--Easily Satisfied-- Etc., Etc. IN THE POETRY 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?" "Great Scott!" cried the poet, "shut 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 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 Buttercups.'" "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, madam?" asked the little boy of the Boston lady. "No," she replied, severely. "You'd far better go to school and learn that it is the pavement and not the snow that is to be cleaned off." TIME IS MONEY. It was nearly five o'clock, and the man was on his way home from work when he met a wanderer who had no home. "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 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 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 replied: "Don't call me Ben; call me Bennie." 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 CREDIBLE. "Fenderson—the fact is, it always makes me stupid to drink liquor." Bass—Oh, you do yourself discredit. Really, you cannot make me believe you are such an inveterate guzzler. HE KNEW! "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 moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife?" "I didn't have no gun." OUT OF FELLOWSHIP. "Fired Phelan—I've lost my love for cider, Busted." "Busted Gales—No!" "Fired Phelan—Yes—I went and asked that farmer for some apples ago, and he said it was workin'!" HASN'T HAD TO THROW ANY. "Hobbs—Jugg's wife says that in all the ten years of her married life she hasn't broken a single plate, cup or saucer." "Bobbas—Either she or Jugg must have an angello temper."

CHAPTER XXIX. Of all the astounding developments in the extraordinary case in which I was involved, this last one was the most bewildering. It did more than startle me. It aroused my suspicions. I did not believe Leonore. In a flash I decided that in some tacit way she and her husband had agreed to deny the marriage relation for some potent secret reason. "Not your husband?" I cried finally. "He is not my husband." "But he claims that you are his wife." "He says that which is false then," answered Leonore coldly. "Doctor, I now have something to tell you: this man has purposely, utterly, I will express a suspicion I have not uttered before, because it seems monstrous; but he must have a sinister purpose in saying that I am his wife. He may be the murderer." "No, he is not," I replied quickly. "Of that part I have positive proof." "Then?" "Would you see him?" "Yes." "I was amazed at the cold, resolute expression in the girl's face. I left the room at once. Word for word, I related to Ketcham the interview. He looked puzzled. "Bring up the prisoner," he ordered. Theodore Seabury, looking anxious, guarded and suspenseful, was brought from the cells below. The detective accompanied me, as I led him to the detention room. We pushed him forward, closed the door, and watched him narrowly. "Leonore?" "The girl sprang to her feet, stared at me at the new-comer, and then said: 'I know you from your picture; you are Leonore, my wife!' " "No, are you mad?" "What is this? She, and not she! Leonore! You are not!" "With a reeling shock, Theodore Seabury staggered backward. Every vestige of color left his face. He sank to a chair, he buried his face in his hands, he seemed convulsed with some internal commotion. "I looked pained, puzzled, Ketcham was grave and perplexed. As for myself, I was completely mystified at this new aspect of the case. "What did it mean? "I could not repress my impulses of indignation and surprise. "I advanced and touched Seabury on the shoulder. He looked up with a haggard face. "Speak!" I commanded. "In yonder room your wife—"

CHAPTER XXX. My mind a blank of bewilderment, the mysterious case in which I had become involved—a worse muddle than ever, I stared helplessly at the detective. Ketcham's eye had brightened. It seemed to me as if the last words of Theodore Seabury, so mystifying to me, represented a positive enlightenment to his shrewder sense. "A tangle—a hopeless tangle!" I murmured, staring from one to the other of 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 silent." Suddenly Ketcham made me a quick motion, as quickly translated and acted upon. It said: "Leave the room." 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 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?" "Yes." "His evidence will clear her?" "It will." "Then—" Ketcham smiled—positively smiled in my face. "Don't you see?" he queried quizzically. "No." "It's clear as crystal." "To you, maybe." "You don't suspect?" "Suspect what?" "The truth." "I 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!" "Well?" "She is innocent?" "I now believe it." "But—" "Come back in an hour." I had to be content with that. Glancing about the room as Ketcham went below, apparently to see Seabury again, I noticed that Colonel Cain was nowhere in view. I went outside the station and walked around aimlessly. 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 paused 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. "Oh, Colonel!" "Hello! you Doctor?" "Yes." "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. "Come where?" "To—the vicinity of the Seabury mansion." "What's up?" "Something important." "What is it?" "Read that!" Cain handed me the piece of paper he held. I opened and perused the crumpled scrawl. It read: "Leonore—Come to me at once. I am a felon. 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. FRENCH. The writing was feminine. I was interested but not startled. "I intercepted that note," said Cain. "And what time of that?" "Come and see." The burglar's face was a study of wonder, doubt and excitement. I realized that it must be something of great importance that would thus perturb that usually imperturbable nature. He hurried down the street, and we walked rapidly as we hastened on.

CHAPTER XXXI. "The real murderess!" I gasped, agape. "Yes." "And not Leonore?" "Not Leonore." "But you identified the girl at the police station." "I was mistaken," replied Cain, gravely. "I was mystified. I was about to overwhelm 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.' 'Follow me.' 'I was in a strange quiver of excitement. 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 veiled. 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. 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. 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. 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.' 'Pshaw! a detective!' he muttered, under 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 heavy veil. 'A detective, madame.' 'How dare you intrude upon a lady?' 'Have I intruded?' 'Yes.' 'It is my duty.' 'Sir.' 'You are wanted at the police station.' 'For what?' 'Your connection with the Seabury murder case.' The woman uttered a sharp cry of alarm. She made a sudden movement. From the folds of her dress a white jeweled hand extended a glittering stiletto. I grasped it. I disarmed her. Then, seizing her veil, I tore it from her face. The mystery was revealed. This indeed was the assassin of Dr. Seabury. The very picture of beautiful Leonore. I now realized the truth—the entire truth. There were two Leonores—the innocent and the guilty—that is, two women who looked alike. And my Leonore—my heart thrilled at the thought—my Leonore was innocent. Here, undoubtedly, was the assassin for whom Leonore had been mistaken by both Theodore Seabury and Colonel Cain. 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 I?' she hissed. 'Oh, I could kill you!'

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 handkerchief?" "I did, sir." "And you left home determined to achieve success?" "Yes, sir." "You believed 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 partner goes out with the new year. I've been thinking of you." "Yes, sir." "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, be necessary to reduce all salaries. On all others I 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 earlier in the morning, and also be a little more economical with gas and fuel."—Detroit Free Press.

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