

Where murmuring waters meet,
A tale you told,
And all the dusky sky
Flushed red and gold.
With tender eyes of love
You looked in mine.

Across the Grave.

Beloved, from heaven's height
Those stars still shine.
And homeward through the woods
A hand you gave;
And, lo, that hand doth reach
Across the grave.

Bristowe's Ruse.

Pah! another bungle! snapped Bristowe, that dry old stick of a detective, throwing down his newspaper. If that man had had a smattering of science at his fingers' ends he could have done the trick. Yes, you can all see it now. Ah, I ought to know. It was a bit of science that once helped me to net £500, get at the root of as queer a mystery as ever I tackled and possibly to save a gentleman's life into the bargain. Yes, I can tell you just how it happened. I wasn't on the spot till after the crime, of course, but I know exactly what took place. My word!

It was Sir Gavin Grey's case, it you remember—Grey, the great London banker. He had a fine old place down at Wimbledon on that his niece, Kate—as sweet and lovable a girl as ever walked this earth—used to keep for him. Old bachelor, you know. They say, and I believe, that that girl might have married any man she liked; but, of course, it so happened that the lucky fellow who crept into her heart was only a cashier at her uncle's bank—Leo Markhouse, by name. The old gentleman was staggered at first, but at the finish he gave way on the condition that they waited till the young fellow proved himself fit for a partnership and for such a wife, and things went smoothly enough for a time. Then came a deadly crash.

Would you believe it, this Markhouse was fool enough to and make use of a check that ought to have gone into the bank, and somehow or other it was found out before he could pay it back. In wasn't in Sir Gavin to give any man a second chance. I suppose; at any rate, he called him in, dared him to show his face there again and sent him about his business, with an alternative of prosecution. And one evening, a week later, when the old gentleman got back to his Wimbledon house the first thing he heard was that Markhouse had been there and that Miss Kate had gone off with him—gone for good. Pretty romance, eh?

Now for the mystery. It seems that for some days Sir Gavin was absolutely crushed and never left the house. He used to go up to the girl's room to make sure she was gone, and then he would go and sit in his study, for hours at a stretch, hardly moving all the time, they said. Well, there was a glass door opening on a sort of balcony, and one night, when he was sitting there so, that door opened, and a man walked in. Burslar? No; it was Markhouse, come there with his wife to ask for one chance to redeem his backsliding. He said afterward they had meant to go boldly up to the front door, because Miss Kate was sure only one contrived word was needed to go straight to the gentleman's heart; but, as luck would have it, he had seen the light in the study and chose that way.

There was a fine dramatic scene; they said the noise of it could be heard half over the house. Markham, he pleaded hard and tried to explain things, but the old gentleman was hard as granite. At the finish (I'm telling you just what I heard from Markhouse himself and from Silverley Sir Gavin's man servant, who, being privileged, was listening outside the door the whole time) he dragged open a drawer and threw a packet on the floor.

"There," he says, "you've wasted your time and eloquence. Your wife's mother left her at death £200 and some jewelry. There it is and there the way out, and I never wish to see either of you again."

Markhouse swears he never once thought of touching the packet, but simply stood still for a time, dazed by the prospect and the other man's bitterness. Then he pulled the glass door to and went down the balcony steps and along the avenue to where Kate was standing in a tremble, staring at that light from the study. It was queer should say to him:

"Leo, you never threatened him! I heard your voices, but I was too frightened to move. Leo, don't harden your heart so—wouldn't you be bitter in his place?"

"Perhaps was all he said. The air of this place suffocates me."

Well, they had got to the end of the avenue when there came after them a hoarse scream, unnerving enough in the circumstances. Just the one word—"Murder" and nothing more. But the worst of it was that the sound came from the house he had just left.

Of course, he stood staring at the girl incredulously, and the next thing he knew was that she had broken away from him and was flying back up the avenue. He followed mechanically, and instinct took him back to that study window. And, by Jove across the carpet in there, sure enough, lay a still figure; his wife hung over it with clasped hands, and the servants were buzzing and whispering behind. Murder? Well, the old gentleman had been stuck sideways, it seemed, as he sat. There was a purple mark on his right temple, and there was his heavy ebony ruler lying near by. And the man? Well, Markhouse suddenly woke up to the fact that they were pointing at him and that the buzzing had stopped.

"There he is!" says some one. "Don't let him go!"

"What?" He couldn't believe his own eyes, of course. They were all shrinking from him—even his own wife he thought. "Is everyone mad?" he asked. Kate, what does it mean?"

"Mean?" says Silverley, stepping up, "why it means murder, Mr. Markhouse, and you mustn't leave this house yet. Accuse you?—all of us. You came here for money, stealthily; I was in the hall and I

heard every word of the quarrel. When you had gone I knocked several times, but the door was locked. I called the others, and we broke in to find him lying—no Miss Kate, you can't!"

She had caught these words and grasped what they meant. Womanlike, her first thought was for her husband's safety; she got hold of Silverley's arms and held him back by main force exploring Markhouse to go, to escape, and leave the rest to Providence. Of course, he ought to have stood his ground, but the thought that she believed him guilty fairly paralyzed him, it seems. At any rate he turned and went off without another word—as bad a thing as he could have done.

For the next two days it was all chaos. People who called to sympathize found Kate wandering about like a ghost, and everyone was whispering of her as a widow already. It seemed clear enough; Markhouse had struck the blow in a temper and was missing; his best friends could only hope that he had got ahead of the hue-and-cry. Two days; then came the news that Markhouse had been arrested easily a few miles away, simply remarking that he cared not a jot whether they brought him in innocent or the reverse.

Miss Kate, she heard it about 7 o'clock that evening, and it seemed to put new life into her. She stood staring at space, they said, for about five minutes and then sent a man galloping off with a telegram. That telegram was addressed to me, and it simply said: "Come instantly, upon a matter of life and death."

I happened to be away from home that night, but I took a train for Wimbledon about 10 the next morning and found that the inquest was about. The jury had just been to view the body, and most of the servants were making ready to return with them and give evidence. In the general excitement I had plenty of time to look about, while I mournfully smoothed a crumpled handkerchief. In 15 minutes I had heard a good deal. Silverley was my best man. I managed to buttonhole him, introduced myself as the undertaker's man and asked how true it was that this Markhouse had something to gain by Sir Gavin's death.

"Don't ask me," he said, distractedly. "That's the dreadful part of it—that everyone knows his wife comes in for her uncle's money. I've to go and give evidence against him! I wish to heaven I'd never spoken!"

It was all very bazy. I thought for a bit and then sent up a card with the word "Bristowe" only upon it, and I didn't waste time. When presently she comes down, with a pitiful white face and dragging steps and looked to see why the study door was open, she gave quite a piteous cry at sight of me down on my hands and knees between the desk and window there.

"Mr. Bristowe! You—you all know all, then?"

"A good deal, madam; the newspapers and the servants, you know." I told her cheerfully. "Er—of course this room has not been disturbed in any way? H'm, I find morsels of earth and dry leaf just by the window, but none near that desk. But that's nothing, perhaps. I want you to be quite calm and tell me all you know."

She did so almost lifelessly. "Oh, you are clever, I know!" she ended, a fair study in supplication. "If you think—you'll never say so! You'll go and leave it to the police!"

"Just one thing," I said: "A full light from this jet ought to reflect on that gravel path, and Mr. Markhouse was between it and the window. You may safely tell me whether you saw the shadow of a lifted arm from where you stood—so. H'm!" She had whispered her "No—no!" with dry lips and hesitation; he had raised his arm once. "Leave it to me," I told her. "In an hour I'll come and tell you what I think."

She understood and went. Well, I puzzled and puzzled over the thing and could make nothing of it. The door had been locked, you see, and he was found dead five minutes after Markhouse had stepped out on the balcony. I had a vague idea, but the facts would not seem to fit in at all, and I suppose the hour went by, for presently I saw her standing in the doorway, her eyes wide with terror.

"You—you didn't come. You—you think—, the rest died off in her throat. If it had only been for her sake I should have tried my level best."

"I think nothing yet," I told her. "It's complicated, simple as it seems. You see, the motive was scarcely robbery, as the packet was found there afterward. I'll be plain with you: If it was not your husband, it was someone within this house, and there's no clew so far. Having nothing to go upon I'm going to concoct something. You must be patient and give me time."

She did try, and I shant forget her face when, an hour or so later, she came to tell me that her husband had been committed on the coroner's warrant. I had a plan in my head by that time, but I felt certain, if nothing came of it, there was not much chance for Leo Markhouse.

At 8 o'clock that evening the drawing room at the Wimbledon house presented rather a dramatic sight. All the household, from Silverley down to the scullery maid, had filed in there at my request and formed a gaping, excited group. When, after giving them plenty of time for whispering, I walked in, carrying a black bag, you could have heard a pin fall.

"All here?" I began impressively. "Very good." A queer pause. "Now, I wish to tell you all something. Up till two hours

ago, I confess, I could find no possible loophole in the net that at this moment surrounds Mr. Leo Markhouse. I have called you all here to tell you that now I fancy there may be one. Another breathless pause, as I fetched out a square of cardboard. "All hangs upon this," I said, a photograph of the deceased gentleman's eyes, taken after death. Two hours back I made the accidental discovery that there was in those eyes the indelible reflection of a face, a face all but recognizable at sight, and then I remembered something. By tomorrow morning, if there is any basis for the well-known scientific theory that the eyes of a person meeting death by foul play often catch and retain a likeness of the assassin's features, we may be in possession of the truth. Is this the face of Mr. Leo Markhouse? I am not at all certain of it; I am going straight away now to have this snap shot of mine enlarged ten fold and then— In the meantime, I will ask you not to let the matter go beyond the house."

A shiver and then a craning of pale faces to catch a glimpse of the photograph, but I was gone before they could fully grasp what I said. I had motioned to Kate, and she followed me to the hall door like one groping in a dream.

"Will you—will you save me?" I recollect her whispering. "You have discovered this you suspect some one, and yet you warn them all. You—it is false! Show me that photograph, or I shall scream out!"

"Sh! you're too sensible," I said. "The photograph! It is a blank card; see! Mrs. Markhouse, I've simply played a card I don't possess, that's all. Time is precious. Now, listen. They think I'm off to town; you will let me in by the drawing room window in ten minutes from now. Goodby. First train in the morning!" I added, loudly, and the big door clanged.

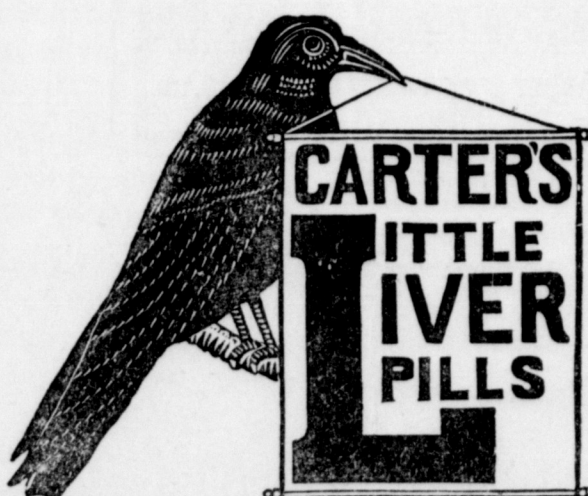
Four hours later, when everything was quiet, I heard someone creeping along the passage leading from the servants' quarters and up the stairs. I had been waiting in the drawing room; I was out in a jiffy. A man—yes, he was standing at the top of the flight, as it afraid to go on. I had him! Up I crept. He went straight along to that room and tried the handle. When it gave he jumped back and almost saw me. Another second—then in he went. I heard him striking a match. I was there. He had lit a candle and was turning this way and that a drawn, white face that bore the marks of a four hours' suspense. It was Silverley, for years the valet of the man lying behind those white hangings, and it seemed that my bit of a bluff was going to have results. Holding the candle high, he drew back the hangings and stared hard at the poor old gentleman's eyes.

They were closed, of course, and would never open again. He had waited four hours in a fever for nothing at all.

A click behind him did the rest. I was pulling the door to, and he sprang across in a fair frenzy—just too late. I managed to lock it on the outside, and his nerves weren't proof against that second shock. He gave a sort of choking scream, and then all was quiet. Down I ran and woke one of the servants. However, when we opened that door there was no need to use force or even to ask questions. He was on his knees there and gasped out the truth on the spot.

"I—I did it in self-defence! Let me out—only let me out! They'll never hang me—they couldn't! You think! It was all quiet in there. I ran through the drawing room and along the balcony, and he was sitting with his head down so, and the packet was lying there—anyone's property! I—I thought he was in a fit and found my hand on the packet before I knew it. He saw me and snatched at my throat, like this in a passion. He was mad and would have strangled me, and I—I had to do it! Then I was frightened and ran back. I never meant to let Mr. Markhouse in for it till I—I—Oh, heavens! I didn't! What have I said?" A bit more than I'd expected. Enough, at any rate, to get him penal servitude.

Oh! What did you say? That scientific theory was exploded long ago? Well, it wasn't when I went to school, and it helped me to unravel this mystery when everything else had failed.—Tit Bits.



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There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the best list in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

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1. R A I — A country of South America.
2. A I I — Name of the largest body of water.
3. M D E — A sea.
4. M — A large river.
5. T A — Well known river of Europe.
6. S A N A — A city in one of the Southern States.
7. H — A city of Canada.
8. N A A A — Noted for display of water.
9. E — One of the United States.
10. A R I — A city of Spain.
11. H V A — A city on a well known island.
12. S M E — A well known old fort of the United States.
13. G R L A — Greatest fortification in the world.
14. S A L E — A great explorer.
15. C L F — One of the United States.
16. B S M — K A noted ruler.
17. C T O I — Another noted ruler.
18. P R U A — Country of Europe.
19. A S T A I — A big island.
20. M I N E — Name of the most prominent American.
21. T A — One of the United States.
22. J F R — N Once President of the United States.
23. U N — A large lake.
24. E E S N — A noted poet.
25. C R A — A foreign country, same size as Kansas.
26. B R O — A large island.
27. W M S W R D — Popular family magazine.
28. B H I G — A sea.
29. A L N I — An ocean.
30. M D G S A — A island near Africa.

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RESOURCES OF GENIUS.

The Meaning was Obscure but the man won the Prize.

At a suburban church social not long ago each person was required to wear conspicuously upon his or her clothing some pictorial or other device that should represent in 'rebus' form the title of any well-known book, and all the others were to guess at the book intended. A prize was to be given for the most ingenious of these devices.

"Paradise Lost," represented by a card upon which five dice had been pasted, and from which two had evidently dropped or been removed, was easily guessed. "Hard Cash" was no puzzle. Neither was it hard to recognize "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Innocents Abroad," "Vanity Fair" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in spite of their pictorial disguises.

One of the guesses, however had a poser. Attached to one of the buttons of his coat was a card bearing simply the inscription:

TON.

Every one at last gave it up, and asked for the solution.

"Why, that's easy," he said. "It means 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

"Explain."

"Boston and Washington. Last syllable of both. See?"

"That's not fair," said the others. "It's the last syllable of 'Charleston,' 'Wilmington,' 'Coshocton,' 'Kingston,' and 'Yankton.' We protest!"

"Well, he said, 'I won't insist. Try this one.'"

He turned the card over. It was inscribed on the other side with these three letters:

ANS.

After a severe mental struggle, everybody gave this up, also.

"That ought not to puzzle you," he said. "It's the 'Last of the Mohicans.'"

He got the prize.

—Not by Struggling.

It was only one out of the many cases which marked the summer season, but it came home to us with especial force as we sat on the hotel piazza, and heard the young hero who had rescued two occupants of a capsized boat from drowning, give his modest version of the affair.

"It would have been easy enough to bring them ashore," he explained, "if they had only been able to keep quiet and let me do the work. But they seemed to feel that it was necessary to do a lot of struggling and hold on to me very

tight. That came near making it pretty bad for all three of us." Then he added with the air of one who knows what he is talking about, "There's no difficulty in saving anybody who trusts himself to you perfectly."

Somehow these words brought to our mind a picture quite unlike an overturned boat and a strong swimmer coming to the aid of those in danger. Instead we thought of the young Christian and the perils in which he finds himself, with uncertain waves about him and the shores of safety far in the distance. How easy it is for him to fall into the mistake of thinking that it is necessary for him to struggle! What hard work he makes of trying to rescue himself! And yet all that he needs is just to trust himself quietly to the One who is able to bring him safe to land.

"What is your idea of a strong minded woman?" "Well, she is a woman who can look at a photograph of a baby without saying 'Oh!—how cute!'"

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