

## Luck or Science, Which?

I had been in the service only a few years, but luck—or intelligent direction—had brought me success. So when the chief told me to go to Tiltonville and find the murderers of Judge Sawyer I was complimented. I reached Tiltonville about midday, and promptly made myself popular with the sportsy element of the town. Everybody talked about the shooting of Judge Sawyer, but no one could give me a hint which could be even tortured into a clue. Three days' residence at the hotel, numerous interviews with the important and unimportant townspeople, satisfied me the newspapers had told all that was to be learned from the populace of Tiltonville.

On the fourth day I went to Judge Sawyer's late residence and there met with his daughter Grace. Miss Sawyer could tell me only this: She was in Boston when her father was killed. The household consisted of the judge, the housekeeper, the cook, Joe, a mixture of butler, groom and chore boy. It was Judge Sawyer's custom to dine at one o'clock and read, rest or sleep until three. He was regular in his habits and punctual at his meals.

On the third day of July he had not varied his customs; he had dined at one, and therefore went to his study. Not appearing at three o'clock, the housekeeper rapped on the study door; receiving no response she entered the room, and was horrified to discover the judge lying on the couch, and blood on his forehead. She spoke to him, but received no response. She alarmed the household. The doctor came and pronounced him dead—shot in the head from a gun or revolver close to him, as was evidenced by the powder in the forehead. The local police, and the State's Attorney's office had investigated the affair but no clue had been found. The room was in perfect order; no papers were disturbed. A safe which could readily have been opened was untouched, and no article of any kind or description was missing. The dead man was lying in an easy position, and death had come swiftly and peacefully. Neither money nor papers was the motive for the crime. The judge had no entanglements either professional, social, or financial, and he was not known to have an enemy.

The house was a frame building set back from the road. Shade and fruit trees dotted the grounds, which were generous and ran back to the river. It was a lovely spot to live in—the summer.

I took a photograph of the study, and then discovered that the house in general, and that room in particular, was planned with the definite purpose of obtaining the sunlight. The study was in the rear corner of the house and pointed direct southeast. A window on the west side was diagonally opposite one on the east side, while between these two windows was a semi-continuous window which formed a curved corner. The couch was pushed up close in the corner, in such a way that it would catch any passing breeze. The desk was facing the couch, and rested against the wall which made the alcove. On the walls were foils, boxing gloves, a miniature boat, a broken oar with a crimson ribbon and similar articles. On the wall opposite the desk was a gun, on a rest, a powder flask, and above these a baseball bat and a catcher's mask. Of course I examined the gun and found it empty, with not even a cap on it. These were the only articles of any consequence the photograph disclosed.

The next day I was called upon by Miss Sawyer and a young lady whom she introduced as her friend, Mena Bell, of Boston, who had come to make her a long visit, and she said I must make her house my headquarters. She thought I could do better service by being constantly about the premises, and, besides, it would not be unpleasant to have a man in the house.

While I had not made any progress in solving the mystery which brought me to Tiltonville, it is not quite true that I had not progressed favorably toward a wholesome friendship with Grace Sawyer and Mena Bell, who were delightful companions. I was treated as a guest and equal.

We were a lively trio, and one day, in the midst of a gale of merriment, Miss Sawyer suddenly became serious and said:

"Perhaps Mr. Fox, you think me an odd mixture. I loved my father as devotedly as an only child could love an only parent, and my grief is strong upon me at all times. But I know papa would wish me not to shut out sunshine; and if I can get away from sadness and gloom I am best serving myself and paying the highest tribute to his memory."

I admired Grace Sawyer for that speech, but I admired more the philosophy which prompted it.

Three weeks had passed and I had made no headway in the case. We were on the river, and Miss Bell inquired in an easy, off-hand way if I had made any progress. I replied promptly and almost abruptly:

"No. I have discovered nothing."

"Is that possible?" she drawled provocingly.

"Is what possible, Miss Bell?"

"To discover nothing!"

Miss Bell's speech nettled me, not so much by the words as her manner while speaking them, and I wondered if she had seen through the veil and had discovered that I was in love with Grace Sawyer. Later on I met her alone, and I resolved to dissipate that impression, assuming my conclusion was correct. With this thought uppermost I remarked:

"You taunted me this afternoon, Miss Bell, and I want to say, in self justification, that I offered to surrender this case some time ago, but Miss Sawyer would not consent. I am free to say to you that I see no hope of solving this mystery unless luck points the way, and I—"

"Somehow I feel as if you will win out yet,"

she responded, kindly: "but I know Grace will never feel content until the mystery surrounding her father's death is cleared up. I am sure I wish you success, but Grace will never—there, she is calling me; goodbye for the present. I am dumb."

The next day Miss Sawyer came to the study for what she termed a consultation. I was lying on the couch when a rap came upon the door, and before the echo of my "Come in" had died she was in the room. She told me not to move and seated herself at the desk, and said:

"I cannot bear this doubt and uncertainty. If my father was murdered I want to know it, and I want to see the murderer. Oh, I wouldn't harm him! If he'd confess I think I could almost forgive him; if I don't know for certain I shall go mad."

She had swung about on the swivel chair with her head and body thrown forward, and was sobbing bitterly. I sprang from the couch, more crazed than ever I was before or since, and placing my hands on her shoulders cried:

"Grace, Grace, don't you know I would turn the world upside down for your sake?"

Then I became lucid and realized what I had said; the reaction was as painful as the paroxysm had been delicious. I drew back. Grace turned and faced me; as her eyes confronted mine I was startled at their brilliancy, and in making a backward movement my hand rested on the gun; the touch of that sun-heated iron formed an electric current, and in pain, fright and joy I gave a sharp cry and lost consciousness.

The doctor said the causes of my attack were the heat, too much exercise, overwork, and too good living. The last I subscribe to, but the others I reject.

I had solved the mystery. Now to prove my solution. I took the gun and carefully cleaned it. I loaded it with powder and one ball-bullet shot. I put it back on the rest. I made up a dummy and placed it on the couch. I locked and barred the study door, and then silently, but vehemently, prayed for hot weather, the hotter the better.

Ostensibly my service had ended, but I strayed on to recuperate. We passed the days and evenings much as usual, but I met neither Miss Sawyer nor Miss Bell alone. We three were sitting on the piazza, one afternoon, when Miss Sawyer, with an effort for a matter of fact tone, said:

"By the way, Mr. Fox, I have mislaid a letter. I think I left it in the study. Will you get it for me?"

"Certainly," I replied; "shall I go now?"

"Oh, no! later on will answer."

Then a heavy silence overcame us. I began to wish I had gone for that letter. I was about to put the wish into action in fact, had started for the study, when suddenly there was a report like the discharge of a gun.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Bell.

"What's that?" asked Miss Sawyer.

"Thank God! I softly murmured: but aloud I said: 'Come, and I'll show you.'"

We entered the study. My sch me and worked. The dummy was shot in the forehead. The mask was perforated with powder, but a larger hole showed where the bullet entered. The gun had been discharged through the powder igniting by the sun's rays on the barrel. The mystery of the death of Judge Sawyer was solved. He had been accidentally shot and killed by his own gun, discharged by the heat of the sun.

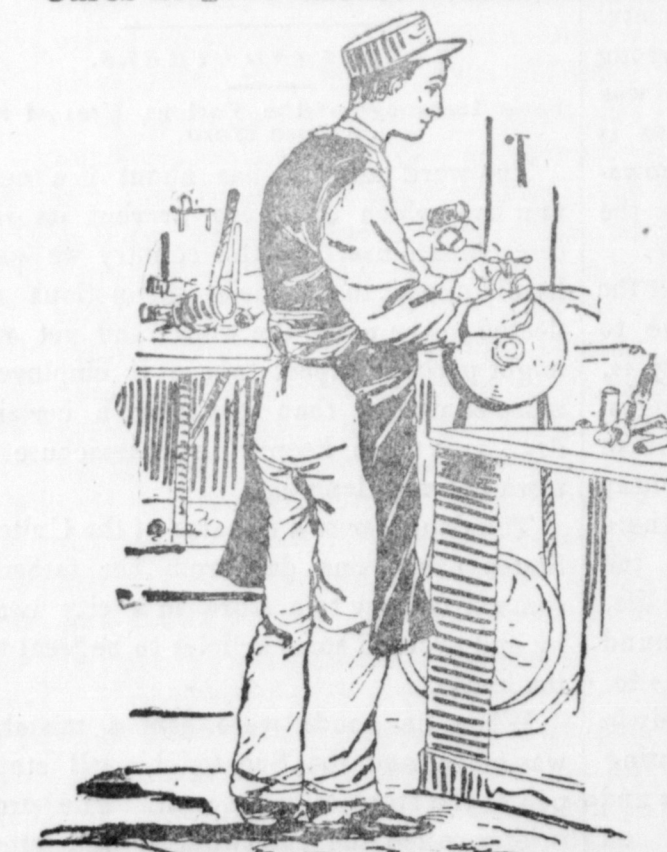
I was so engrossed in explaining my experiment that I didn't see Miss Bell leave the room. Grace and I were alone.

Several years have past since I left the detective service. My office is in Pemberton Square, my political residence is in the old thirteenth ward; but my summer residence is at Tiltonville. My wife has just come into the room, and I will let our conversation end this tale.

"Grace I have written a sketch detailing the solving of the mystery of your father's

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**Good News from the North Country.**—A young machinist in a large manufacturing concern in Northern Ontario, fell a victim to the dropsical form of kidney disease through atmospheric changes in following his daily labors—he continued his work until almost commanded to quit by the physician from whom he had been receiving treatment. He visited Toronto and consulted an eminent authority on kidney diseases. The doctor sent him home with a hopefull story of himself as he could give, but wrote privately to the young man's physician that it was only a matter of time with him until death would claim another kidney victim. When he

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death. How shall I caption it—luck or science?

"Neither."

"Neither? Why, it was one or the other."

"It was neither."

"Then what was it?"

"Love."

## Saved a Life.

### Erysipelas and Impure

### Blood Were Doing

### Their Deadly

### Work.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Mrs.

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Exposure to cold, indigestion and dyspepsia, debility, impure blood, run down system, living in badly ventilated rooms and poor surrounding hygienic conditions, are all causes of erysipelas. It will afford comfort to thousands to know that, with ordinary care and the use of Paine's Celery Compound, the many dangers of erysipelas can be entirely avoided. When any of the symptoms above are noted, promptness in the use of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly banish all dangers.

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Mrs. John Gallagher, Marleton, P. Q., one of the many saved from death by Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:

"In the winter of 1897 I had a severe attack of erysipelas. At the same time my blood was out of order, I was completely run down and so weak that I could not stand alone. I commenced at once to use your Paine's Celery Compound, and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited, and seemed to take a new lease of life. I know from experience that Paine's Celery Compound is possessed of all the merits claimed for it, and I will recommend it to all suffering from erysipelas, headache or stomach troubles. I also consider Paine's Celery Compound the greatest of all blood purifiers. I keep some of the Compound at all times in my house, and use it as a family medicine."

Appreciated it.

Editor: "I sent you a poem three weeks ago. What have you done with it?"

Editor: "I am holding on to it. Every now and then I get to thinking that we are not producing as good a paper as we ought to, and then I take that poem and see how much worse the sheet might be, and that makes me cheerful again. Now, how much'll you take for it?"

Picking it up.

She (at the football match): "I think I'm beginning to understand it."

He: "That's good."

She: "Is that the referee standing in the goal?"

"Know thyself?" muttered Mrs. Newcoin.

"Pshaw! the thing nowadays is to know somebody a little better than yourself."

## FLASHES OF FUN.

A man can do much good, if he cares not who gets the praise.—Life.

She—"It requires money to get into society nowadays." He—"Yes, and it requires brains to keep out of it."—Truth.

Visitor: "You say you like being in gaol?" Mercy! What are you in for?" No. 13: "Bigamy—two wives."

Open doors, open schoolhouses and open Bibles are some of the things this country proposes to put in its new possessions.—Baltimore American.

Friend—"The Americans say they will maintain an 'open door.' What does that mean?" Aginaldo—"Huh! May be it's a hint for me to walk out."

Willie: "Woman is a deah cweachah, but she has no sense of humor."

Billy: "Hah! You don't know what they say about you after you are gone."

Jennet: "I hope the minister didn't refer to the creditors the deceased left."

Bennet: "He merely said that his loss would be felt wherever he was known."

"Did Isabella suffer when her engagement was broken off?"

"No; she got a chance to tell the young man what she thought of him."

He: "Fanny is to marry him? Why, it is a case of May and December."

She: "Say July and December. Fanny is at least thirty."

"So you are engaged in literary pursuits, eh?"

"What is your particular line?"

"Chasing after the books my friends borrow and then lend around to everybody they know."

She (to riding-master): "Well, sir, do you think I make any progress?"

Riding-master: "Certainly; you fall much more gracefully than you used to when you first began."

Maud: "I'm a little uneasy in my mind. Ned asked me to marry him, and I told him I might some day. Now, would you call that a promise?"

Marie: "No, I should call it a threat."

Ethel—"I—er—suppose you know next week is Christmas;—don't you, Charley?" Charles—"Why, of course I do! Why do you ask?" Ethel—"Why, you look so happy I didn't know but you'd forgotten it!"—Pack.

It is said a process has been invented by which eyes may be colored to suit the taste of their owner. It differs probably from the old process of coloring eyes in direct opposition to the taste of their owner.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Moneybags (decisively): "My daughter is not the right age to get married."

Mr. Hardupp (persuasively): "I quite agree with you about that, and every year makes it worse, you know."

Fred: "Did you take the picture of the young man on the mantelpiece?"

Richard: "Yes."

Fred: "Friend of yours, I suppose?"

Richard: "Well, he was before I took the picture."

Mr. Juggins: "Look here, Mr. Photographer, how much d'yer want to take me and the missis and kids altogether?"

Photographer: "Well, I could take a carte of you for 5s."

Mr. Juggins: "Cart? Oh, no. Stick us in a waggnette!"

Long: "I am getting too stout for comfort, but am unable to find a remedy."

Short: "It is said that nothing reduces surplus flesh like worry."

"But I have nothing to worry me."

"Well, just to help you out I'm willing to let you lend me a couple of sovereigns."

The following doubtful compliment is a fragment from a love-letter:—

"How I wish, my darling Adelaide, my engagement would permit me to leave town and come to see you! It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time, and fraught with a thousand recollections."

First Merchant—"Don't you ever become despondent and feel like ending your life when you look over the unpaid bills on your books?"

Second Merchant—"No. I console myself by thinking of the number of my bills remaining unpaid on other people's books,"—Norristown Herald.

"Mike," said Plodding Pet, "did yer hear 'bout Alaska?" "Lots. Are you 'inkin' of de trip?" "I dunno, I'm told dat daylight lasts twenty-four hours at a stretch. Et I could git a job in dat locality as night watchman I dunno but I'd be willin' to work."

Millie—"Jack said he would go through fire and water for me, last summer." Mollie—"Well, don't you believe him?" "Believe him! Why, only yesterday he wrote and said he couldn't keep an engagement with me because it rained and some one had taken his umbrella."

Mistress—"When I put my foot on that knob a bell will ring in the kitchen. If once, come to the dining-room. If twice, bring bread. If three times, bring water. Now do you understand?" Biddy O'Galway—"Yis, ma'm. Sax Bells I'll bring bread an' water."—Harper's Bazar.

"Your money or your life!" cried the robber. "Ha, ha!" laughed the artist, and drew a pistol. The artist had no money, and, according to the critics not much life, but that was not why he laughed. He laughed because he belonged to the school which draws rapidly and boldly, rather than the school that draws laboriously, with great attention to detail.—Detroit Journal.



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This is his statement: "I suffered for five or six years with pains across my back, headaches, dizziness, and kindred kidney troubles. I got very bad, and when driving would often have to stop the horse, as the pains were so severe that I could not stand them. I tried a great many medicines, but they did me no good. I then got Doan's Kidney Pills at Watson's drug store, took them for one month, and am completely cured. I regard the cure as a remarkable testimony to the virtues of Doan's Pills, and am only too glad to recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble in any form."

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