

THE SECRET OUT.



ILL be on the 7:30 mail train. Follow him to Liverpool. Will meet you there. Look sharp!

This was the word of the telegram I received one wet, only night last December. I was sitting on my bed, back of my pillow, before a blazing fire, with my feet in slippers and my face in a warm downy glow. I had a mug of hot punch and a slice of pie on the table beside me, along with an unopened and a genuine Havana, with which I intended to regale myself presently. And although I had a very strong anxiety to secure Juliette, it must be confessed that I was altogether too comfortably situated to relish going out into the cold that dimly rainy night.

This telegram was from my chief, who I might as well say, was a detective, and I had followed that line of business and practice for a great many years. I was, in fact, considered one of the successful in working up difficult cases, but I was never quite satisfied with myself. I wonder if any man ever is?

This same Juliette had given me a great deal of trouble. We had never had so keenly cunning a spirit to cope with. Her strategy was matched with strategy, diplomacy with diplomacy, and scores of times, when we were sure of him, he had slipped from under our fingers like a fish and left us wondering how he managed it.

Perhaps you would be well to explain that Juliette was a character of a different class whose blood was a price of \$25,000 by the crown. A Frenchman and nobleman by birth, a gentleman by education, he had when very young married a beautiful English girl, with whom he passed two years of unalloyed happiness. At the end of that time some fearful shadow came between them—some knowledge of that nature—and the human husband, established his wife in the heart. Her confidential maid witnessed the deed, and attempted to save the life of her mistress, but Juliette fell upon her with savage ferocity and left the two corpses lying together side by side.

There are the facts as briefly as I can place them before you. Of course there were many minor circumstances not worth recording, as they have little bearing upon the short story I am writing.

It seemed from this telegram that Juliette was to be on the 7:30 train. I wondered how my chief had got his information, but he had a way of his own, and I probably some of them had made the discovery. I had only to follow instructions.

For the hundredth time I pocketed Juliette's photograph from my pocketbook and examined the features of the murderer. It was a singular handsome face that I saw—clearly cut, with large hazel eyes shaded by long, dark lashes, a mouth delicate and sensitive as a woman's, a high, rather narrow forehead, half hidden in wavy curls of auburn hair, a nose rather straight, but well built and a hand symmetrical and rounded as a woman's.

The picture would have answered splendidly for that of a sentimental, somewhat making poet—but for a murderer it was a dead failure. Nevertheless, somewhere in the past, before crime had scarred him, Juliette had had a face that I could not readily mistake.

A COTTAGE IN THE WOODS.

She had not been much from home, and was a little timid about traveling alone. She started nervously every time she gave a lunch and I assumed my duty to put my arm around the back of the seat to calm her fears.

She had such a horror of railway accidents, she said, after her Aunt Jane had predicted, before she left home, that something dreadful was going to happen to her; and then she lifted her large, melting eyes to my face, and I drew her down from the seat and let her rest on her shoulder. Men are the natural protectors of women, you know.

"Dear me," said she, nervously, "it must be dangerous business. This Juliette, I have heard, is a desperate character. Pray, oh, pray, be careful!"

"And what do you mean by that?" I asked. "You are very kind, but I do not intend to resist tenderly pressing that white hand so near my own, and whispered, 'I am afraid, something that would look absurd on paper.'"

"That was a very delightful trip to me, and I think it must have been not altogether unpleasant to the young lady, for her cheeks were red and her eyes bright as we approached the terminus. She was going to visit her mother, who lived on the island of Longwood, so she had to leave me before my journey was ended."

"The truth only lasted for a moment, but I managed to press a warm kiss on her lips, and to let her to give me her address that I might call on her."

"I will drop you a line within a week, Mr. Dayton," she said, sweetly. "Let me see your first name is—"

"Alphonse, No. 341, T. — St. Liverpool, for the next five days. Good-by, my dear friend, and I kissed her again, and saw the door close behind her with a dull feeling of pain inside the left section of my waistcoat."

But I resolutely put my pretty unknown out of my mind, and devoted myself to looking sharp at Juliette, who had evidently fallen asleep. Talk about the easiness of a guilty conscience, indeed!

NE afternoon, many years ago, a young man, who was called Francis, was walking through a thick forest in France. He had a bundle of books under his arm, and he was looking at the ground as he walked. He was a little nervous, and he was looking at the ground as he walked.

"What is the matter with you, Francis?" said the woman, who was standing in the doorway. "You look as if you were in a hurry."

"I am in a hurry," said Francis, "but I must stop here for a moment. I have a letter to write to my mother."

"I will write for you," said the woman, "if you will give me the letter."

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A "MERE SONG."

There, now, dance a lively measure to the tune I whistle for you."

"And De Fleury blew out, with a whistle clear as the musical notes of a French horn, the ringing notes of a French horn."

"I don't think," said Arnold, "of your own to light and work make a lack-pudding of any man."

"Come now," exclaimed De Fleury, "quitting dancing a long piece from the pen and bringing it to bear upon the head of his antagonist, as a brave follows a coward you have known dust at the bidding of the pistol. Their instincts are carried upon the stock. 'Dance away, or yours shall be added to them.'"

"The chief of a pistol lock is a powerful persuader. I don't know, when the stout young Hollander was cut out of harness from his unusual exertions, the whistler stopped, saying:

"That will do for the present. I am rather disappointed in your dancing, which is anything but graceful, and by no means value for the songs you got out of me. Come now, take your mind a little, and then we shall see how you can sing your own 'mere song.'"

"The light was a very brilliant one. In less than two minutes Arnold found himself overpowered and disarmed, with a severe wound in his sword-arm. Burgeon as well as soldier, and a man of no mean ability, he was a thing in his day. De Fleury drew his sword for him, and assisting him to the boat dropped down the river with him to the landing whence they had started in the morning."

"Goody, my young sir," said De Fleury, when he had tended his passenger with care. "I shall be a priest again in half an hour, but shall always be happy to resume the cavalier to oblige you. I don't know, when the stout young Hollander was cut out of harness from his unusual exertions, the whistler stopped, saying:

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When the Dutch were masters of the now somewhat populous island of Mauritius, the French were to be seen in the woods nearly everywhere. The French were to be seen in the woods nearly everywhere. The French were to be seen in the woods nearly everywhere.

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A NOTABLE IOWA WOMAN.

Dr. Jennie McCowan, President of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

Dr. Jennie McCowan, of Des Moines, Ia., has been unanimously elected president of the academy of natural sciences in that city. Dr. McCowan has for two years previously acted as corresponding secretary for that organization, and for three years preceding that as librarian, having in charge the 16,000 volumes upon its shelves. She is one of the best known and most popular women in a state famous for its progress in the natural sciences.

Her range of her industry and accomplishments would put to the blush many an ostentatious business man. Her own profession, in which she has high rank, is not enough to satisfy her polished and indefatigable spirit. For rest and recreation she merely "changes work."

When her duties as a physician tax her strength she turns to literature, philately, or selected as an object of study. She has been a member of the Quaker on her mother's side and Presbyterian on her father's side and has been a member of both churches since she was young, and she educated herself for a teacher at a normal school in Ohio, from which she has an "A. M." title. She taught and studied, studied and taught, until she was able and old enough to become a doctor.

She has been a resident of Iowa in Iowa. She took a three years course in the medical department of the state university. Upon her graduation she was immediately offered a position on the medical staff of the state hospital for the insane at Mount Pleasant. She remained there three years, and then began private practice, with the determination of making mental diseases a specialty. Her own sex, her life history, her value in her chosen field has been generally recognized. She has been three times elected to the secretaryship of the Iowa county medical society. At the close of her last term as secretary she was elected president of the society a thing hitherto undreamed of in the history of the medical world.

She is also a member of various medical societies, among them the New York Medical-Legal Society. She was elected to this in 1894, when there were two other women members in 400 men. She has been associate editor since 1888 of the Iowa Medical Reporter, and a contributor to many medical journals, always on insanity. In 1898 she began the issue of a little paper in connection with the Working Women's Club, which club she organized and has since been its leader. It is done within the membership of the club. The motive, throughout, is philanthropic, being the improvement and equipment of working girls and women in Des Moines.

In person Dr. McCowan is said to resemble Frances Willard, but the resemblance is only in the type. Her hair has a tinge of auburn, her eyes are blue, her teeth even and white, her laugh hearty and contagious, her disposition sunny and insight keen and her will strong. —Chicago Tribune.

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