UNDER THE ROSE:

PASSAGES FROM THE CASE-BOOK OF INSPECTOR FINNEY VALENTINE, INVESTIGATOR EXTRAORDINARY

By FREDERIC REDDALE

12. The Strange Dilemma of Stephen Dawlish

(Editor's Note—Somewhat unique among crime detectors was the personality of Inspector Finney Valentine. Like many other boys, he had the youthful ambition to become a "sleuth," such as Monsieur Lecocq or Hawkshaw, reveling in the romances of Poe, Gaboriau, and Nick Carter. But, as it happened, he was graduated from a crack Eastern college, later traveling in Europe, where he picked up a working knowledge of modern languages. To master routine police methods, he joined the Metropolitan force in New York, serving through all grades from "flatfoot" to Inspector of Detectives. After 30 years' duty he retired to engage in private work. Finney Valentine was a born investigator, with an unerring scent for the crux of a mystery; he was slight in build, steel-muscled and cool blooded; a smallish, well-shaped head topped with graying wavy hair, a square fighting jaw, quiet gray eyes, smooth-shaven face; faultlessly dressed, whether in uniform, mufti, or conventional evening garb, made up a personality quite outside that of the ordinary thief-catcher. These stories, "Under the Rose," are based on his many and varied experiences.)

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ALTHOUGH it was after 8 of an evening in mid-October, and long past the usual hour for closing his office in the Flatiron building, Finney Valentine was there alone, finishing up some details demanding personal attention. Suddenly the desk 'phone at his elbow tinkled insistently. An agitated male voice at the other end of the line began to speak the instant connection was established.

"Inspector Valentine—this is Dawlish—Steve Dawlish—you remember? Say, inspector, I'm in a devil of a hole—just killed a man—said he was Miss Williston's first husband—remember that case? Well, he tried to blackmail me—our wedding comes off in three days—yes—I hit him—only once, but that was enough. Say, inspector, can't you come out here right away? Why, I'm at Locust Valley—you know my place—there's a late train at 9:20, get you here by 11—you can? That's good—I'll have a motor at the station to meet you. Don't fail me. I'm in an awful mess. Thanks—good-by."

Valentine's face was grave as he hung up the receiver and looked at his watch; there would just be time to run uptown and pack a bag before catching the 9:20 North Shore train over the Long Island Railroad. Stephen Dawlish he remembered as one of an unusually bright bunch of newspaper boys who had sometimes pestered the life out of him in that grim stone pile in Mulberry street. But for some years they had not met—partly on account of the inspector's retirement, and also because Dawlish had come into property and was now a man of leisure, spending some months of every year at his country place in Locust Valley.

And now that the broken thread of acquaintance had been reunited by this urgent call for help, Finney Valentine recalled an exceedingly tragic episode in which Stephen Dawlish had been an unwilling actor.

Half a decade earlier, dating from this October night, certain fashionable and financial circles of uptown and downtown Manhattan had been agog over the rather meteoric rise of a young Southerner, Yancey Daubeny, who in a breezy and masterful manner had stormed the city.

While more or less of a plunger on the "street," he was believed to have made considerable money. His brokers were Mortimer Williston & Co.—a very conservative and wealthy concern—and it was through the senior member of the firm that he met Grace Williston, an only daughter, heiress to her widowed father's millions.

With the same insouciant and dashing ways that had heralded his advent in Wall street, the young Southerner laid siege to the heart of Grace Williston. In person he was most attractive—emphatically a woman's man; tall, blond, white-shouldered, rather burly in voice and build, both of which traits one forgot when that one happened to be a beautiful woman whom Daubeny was anxious to please. Then his tones became caressing, and his strength somehow seemed to assume a protecting, almost chivalrous character.

Yancey Daubeny became a social favorite everywhere; he was a lavish spender, yet not a spendthrift, since he knew how to get dollar for dollar. His ancestry was supposed to be of the bluest blood south of Mason and Dixon's line—that is, by his own account—and he claimed relationship with half a dozen families of illustrious name. In short, Yancey Daubeny became a distinguished and popular member of the Southern colony in New York.

Grace Williston was admired as much for her beauty as for her sweet girlishness; that she would one day be extremely wealthy was also no drawback. Of admirers she had a score, of whom Stephen Dawlish seemed to be the most favored until the advent of Yancey Daubeny. But the Southerner soon usurped the place of first favorite; Dawlish proposed and was gently rejected; three months later the betrothal of Grace Williston and Daubeny was announced; everybody said it was a love match—in which for once everybody was right so far as the girl was concerned.

On a rare June morning they were married at Grace Church, and immediately after the wedding breakfast the couple planned to sail for Europe on a six months' bridal trip. But at the foot of the gang-plank, while Mortimer Williston was in the act of saying farewell, a brace of secret service men tapped Daubeny on the shoulder, snapped the handcuffs on his wrists and arrested him for forgery!

At the subsequent trial it transpired that "Yancey Daubeny" was none other than William or "Bill" Dabney, an old jailbird and an accomplished crook "wanted" by the police of Chicago and San Francisco. He was tried and convicted; in view of his previous record the judge imposed the full penalty, 20 years in Sing Sing.

Imagine the shock and mortification of such a revelation to a gently-bred and high-strung girl like Grace Williston! She was worse than widowed without ever having been a wife. After Dabney's trial and conviction, her father and friends urged her to take advantage of that merciful law which would almost automatically free her from such galling chains.

However, Grace was a devout churchwoman, and refused to heed these entreaties, claiming tearfully that she had married the man "for better or worse." She even wanted to attend the trial and subsequently visit the condemned criminal in jail; but here Mortimer Williston put his foot down flatly and carried her off to Los Angeles for an indefinite stay. But she wrote several letters to the man who had so grossly deceived her.

Freedom came about in an almost miraculous manner. One day the newspapers contained black-faced front-page articles telling of a successful breakaway and escape at Sing Sing. It seemed that a gang of men were working on the outer wall of the prison on the river side. The month was February; a dense fog hid the Hudson from shore to shore; the river was frozen to mid-channel!

When the whistle blew at 5 o'clock three of the convict gang made a dash for liberty—"Pete" Skent, "Skinny" Toler and "Bill" Dabney—all old-time pals and long-term men. Across the railroad tracks they ran, dashed down the low bank, and out on the ice. Rifle flashes stabbed the fog and bullets sang around the trio, but the case was hopeless under the conditions. It was learned afterward that the fugitives had made for the channel with the intention of swimming across to the ice on the Jersey shore.

That some one had been wounded was evidenced by bloodstains on the snow; next day it was learned that Skent had been picked up by a passing tugboat; he was shot through the back, and lived only long enough to declare almost with his dying breath that he had seen Toler and Dabney sucked under by the swiftly flowing tide.

"In that case," said the warden, "look for their bodies in Gravesend Bay next Spring."

So, accident or the justice of God had freed Grace Williston. Upon her return to New York, her beauty chastened and refined by the fires of suffering, Stephen Dawlish was one of the first to show his sympathy and appreciation. Their friendship began again where it had left off two years before; the instant that convention permitted, Dawlish proposed again and was accepted, the wedding being set for the ensuing Autumn; this time the ceremony was to be very quiet—a house wedding at "The Larches," the Williston place at Great Neck, some ten miles from the Dawlish estate at Locust Valley, and within easy reach by motor.

So much of the story Finney Valentine recalled during the tedious jogging of the train on his way to obey the urgent summons of Steve Dawlish. From what the ex-inspector could gather from the young man's agitated message it looked as though a tragedy threatened once more to mar the life of Grace Williston—for she had resumed her maiden name on the death of Bill Dabney.

But was he dead, after all? Dawlish had distinctly mentioned the "first husband," then "blackmail," and "just killed a man." Such piquant sentences were enough to scorch the wires. However, speculation was useless until all the facts were on tap.

Ten minutes over the hard North Shore roads brought Finney Valentine and Stephen Dawlish face to face in the snug library of "The Boulders." Steve was pale, nervous and on edge with excitement, pacing restlessly up and down the long low-ceiled room.

"Gad! I thought you'd never get here!" exclaimed Dawlish.

"Sit down, man, and get a grip on yourself," commanded Valentine. "Things may not be as bad as you imagine."

"Bad! Imagine!" almost shouted the other. "They couldn't be worse! Not that I regret putting that dirty dog out of business, but just see the hole it puts me in. I'm engaged to be married in three days from now. Suddenly that hound, her husband, remember, whom everyone supposed to be dead, turns up and threatens to stop the proceedings—as, of course, he could! So in sudden passion and disgust I kill him. Justifiable, you say. Yes, but where does that leave me? Would any woman marry the slayer of her husband, no matter how big a villain he was?"

By the end of this incoherent tirade Stephen Dawlish was on his feet once more, pacing up and down the wide rug in front of the driftwood fire.

"How did it happen?" queried Valentine. 'If I am to help you I must have the facts as they occurred, and without any hysterics, mind you."

This little bit of sarcasm calmed the speaker; he poured himself a stiff drink of Scotch and soda, and went on more connectedly:

"I was due at The Larches for dinner with quite a party, and drove over in the car by myself. At the front steps one of Williston's men took the motor round to the garage. I lit a cigarette, being early—about seven-thirty—and stood on the gravel drive admiring the night.

"There's a wide sweep of lawn and ornamental shrubbery in front of the house, and while I stood there a big sweater-clad figure, wearing a cloth cap, came lurching toward me from behind one of the tree clumps. As he crossed the drive I got a good look at him by the lights from the windows at my back. He came right close and said:

"'Guess you're the man I'm looking for—Mr. Stephen Dawlish?' There was a nasty sneer in his voice which I didn't like, but I kept my temper and said:

"'That's my name. What's yours, and what's your business with me here?'

"The fellow laughed like a fiend and almost pushed his face into mine.

"'Just two words to answer two questions,' he growled, 'Bill Dabney!'

"I was too astounded to speak for the moment, for instantly I saw all the devilish complications. As though he read my thoughts he went on.

"'Guess you catch on, all right, pard. If you don't believe me, here's some of her letters written while I was waiting trial,' and he half drew a small packet from his pocket. There they are, by the way, pointing to the library table. Then he went on: 'You come across here out of those lights and I'll talk.'

"He led the way back to the lawn and behind a clump of rhododendrons, I following. When we were out of sight and sound from the house he turned and said:

"'Thought I was dead, didn't you! Well, I wasn't, and what's more, I ain't! Now, I'm wise to what's going on, Mister Stephen Dawlish. You're welcome to my wife—I never cared a rap for her—'twas the old man's money I wanted most—but you can't have her unless I say so! See! I guess you do! That being so, here's my proposition: You hand me fifty thousand before the wedding and I'll go dead and stay dead this time! If you don't—well you know what'll happen!'

"For a moment the cool audacity of the proposal took my breath away. Then, too, it flashed across me that I could easily pay the money and no one be the wiser. But also I saw just as quickly what a hell of uncertainty and constant fear I'd be letting myself in for. Such an unprincipled devil could no more keep faith than fly. These thoughts took but a second or two of time. Then my gorge rose and I sprung at him.

"'You dirty blackmailing hound!' I shouted. My fist shot out with all my weight of body and shoulder behind it. I landed square on the point of his jaw with a squash—he was soft as putty—I heard his teeth click and his neck snap. Then he went down in a heap.

"It's an awful thing to kill a man like that, Valentine, with your bare fist, and see him lying before you all limp and lifeless. I knew I must hide the body, but before anything else I wanted those letters, so I just grabbed them out of his coat. Then I went up to the house. On the way I made a quick resolve—I'd tell Williston if I could reach him without creating a scene, and between us we might concoct some scheme for hiding the corpse. So I went round to the rear and got in by the door of the gun-room. Once inside, I sent a man for Williston. When he came I bolted the inner door and told him just what had happened and how. Of course he was dreadfully cut up to hear that Dabney hadn't been dead after all, but I really believe the old boy was glad to know that I'd done for the beggar.

"'Let's go and have a look,' he suggested.

"So we went out together, but when we got to the clump of rhododendrons there was no sign of a body! I lit some matches and by their light we could see the impression in the dew-laden grass where Dabney had fallen, but that was all. Completely mystified, he went back, Williston to join his guests and make my excuses, I to rush back here and telephone to you. Now what do you make of it?"

Before replying Valentine, who had listened impassively to the vivid narrative, carefully selected a perfecto and lit it with provoking deliberation. Then:

"You're sure you killed him?" he drawled.

"Why, of course I'm sure. Didn't I tell you I broke his neck! When I hit I hit hard."

Valentine nodded as though completely satisfied on that point. Then again:

"You knew Yancey Daubeny quite well, I suppose?"

"Never set eye on him, as it happened, for good and sufficient reasons which you can appreciate."

Valentine nodded again, still puffing serenely. Then a third question, indicating the little package on the table:

"Those letters are the real thing, I suppose?"

"Well, I haven't read them, of course, but I'd swear to the handwriting as being genuine."

Another and a final nod as Valentine rose:

"You'll put me up for the night?—thanks. Now, Steve, I'm going to bed, and you'd better do likewise. Oh, just tell your man to have the car round at 6 o'clock."

Dawlish was both amazed and disgusted and showed it.

"Not another word tonight," said Valentine. "I want to sleep on the matter. Tomorrow there may be some news for you—and for Miss Williston."

And that was all he would say. Steve knew from past experience that further protest would be useless. Finney Valentine would not and could not be hurried; he worked according to his own methods and theories or not at all. So he was shown to his room, where he slept the sleep of the just until the streaks of dawn penetrated the curtains of his room.

"'YOU HAND ME FIFTY THOUSAND BEFORE THE WEDDING'"

And although Dawlish was racked and tortured with anxiety—remorse for what he had done was non-existent—after tossing feverishly until the stable clock chimed 2—confidence in the great detective finally brought mental calm to the supposed assassin, and he slept long and late. When he awoke in response to a thunderous knocking on his door it was 9 o'clock.

On descending to the morning-room a strange tableau met the astonished gaze of Stephen Dawlish. There, with his back to the fire, his coat-tails warming, stood Mortimer Williston. By the window, facing into the room, stood Finney Valentine, a grim smile on his usually immobile lips. But, wonder of wonders, as Steve's gaze traveled from one to the other and around the room, he beheld on the further side of the room, seated uncomfortably on the edge of another chair, the bulky and burly form of the man he had supposedly killed 12 hours before, Bill Dabney!

Too dazed for utterance, young Dawlish could only cross the room and silently grasp the hands of Grace and her father. But as he looked into the girl's eyes he missed all trace of the grave concern one would naturally have looked for under the circumstances.

As a last resort he turned to Finney Valentine with a question on his lips which the detective forestalled by speaking first.

"Mr. Dawlish, let me make you further acquainted"—there was a stress on the word "further"—"let me make you further acquainted with Mr. 'Skinny' Toler, late of Sing Sing and—er—elsewhere."

"But what—" Steve was beginning, when Valentine again took up the tale:

"Miss Williston and Mr. Williston, will you kindly tell Mr. Dawlish whether our friend here bears any resemblance to a gentleman whom you once knew as Yancey Daubeny?"

"There's a slight resemblance, certainly," said Grace Williston, speaking for both, 'but we neither of us ever saw him in our lives until half an hour ago!"

"A rank impostor!" eclaimed Mr. Williston.

"Are you quite satisfied, Mr. Dawlish?" inquired Valentine suavely with a grave twinkle in his eyes.

But Steve was yet too astounded to speak. All he could do was to cross the room to Grace's side and put his arm across her shoulders.

"Then I guess that'll be about all we need of you, Toler," said Valentine, pointing to the door. "Remember what I told you—one word, one squeak, out of that rat mouth of yours, and back you go to the pen! You know me!"

The jailbird slunk to the door, pulling on his greasy cap as he went. In a few seconds his giant bulk—he had been dubbed "Skinny" by his pals in pure derision—went past the window and down the drive, to pass out of this story and out of the dilemma which he had created for Stephen Dawlish.

"But what's the explanation?" insisted Seve, almost as soon as the door had closed on Toler. "How did you work it out?"

Finney Valentine was ever loath to disclose his methods either by thought or action, so the explanation which he could not in this case defer or deny was characteristically brief and terse.

"The case was simple enough—there were two serious holes in your version of last night's happenings. First, you had no actual proof that you had killed your man—the subsequent disappearance of the body in so short a time looked fishy to me. Dead men don't get up and walk away, you know. Secondly, you had never met Yancey Daubeny, and consequently could not recognize Bill Dabney, supposing your blackmailing visitor had been he.

"I sized up that Dabney had really been drowned, or died later, in company with his pal, Toler. The latter proved to be the correct guess, and that's how 'Skinny' got the letters, and also learned that you and Dabney had never met. So, while laying low after the escape from Sing Sing, he plotted to blackmail either Miss Williston or her father by letter, or yourself in person, should a favorable opportunity arise. That chance was provided by the announcement of your marriage to the lady.

"He and two of his pals came down here several days ago to look over the ground; they'd been putting up at a cheap roadhouse on the Cold Spring road. After you hit Toler last night and left him for dead his chums crept over the grass, loaded him into a light wagon and drove away. I found their tracks this morning and traced them to Sim Teeple's place.

"I guess that when they saw me they sensed the game was up. All that was necessary was a confession and to confront Toler with Miss Williston. That's all there is to it—except, Steve, my boy, it strikes me you're not much of a success as a murderer—and I'm glad of it! What time do you usually have breakfast here? I've been running about these beautiful roads of yours since 5 o'clock, first after Toler and then to fetch Miss Williston and her father, and I'm hungry enough to tackle a whale."

THE END.

BASEBALL YARNS

Stories of Great Players and Plays of the Past and Present

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON.

AMONGST the gayest of gay lives is that of the "bush league" umpire. This is a tale of the joys of an umpire's existence, and of the ways of Southern justice.

There is a pitcher, Reagan, we'll call him, who now is in another league. He is a spitball pitcher and a little tight bundle of nerve and courage, with a temper that fits the Reagan exactly.

A season or so ago he was pitching for Mobile. A few days ago I met him, and back somewhere in the dim recesses of memory was the recollection that he had had some trouble down South.

"What was that row you had?" I asked.

"Say," he said, "wasn't that the rawest deal a fellow ever got?"

"I don't remember just what it was."

"Why, do you know, they threw me into jail down there, kept me in jail eight days, fined me $125 and were going to send me to the turpentine camps."

His voice quivered with indignation.

"What did you do."

"Me? Nothing at all. Them Southerners are down on a Northern fellow. If it hadn't been that the old Judge went away on his vacation and a young one took his place, I'd have been sent to the turpentine camp sure, to work a year."

"But what did you do?"

"Me? Nothin'. Just had a little run-in with the umpire. Then they dragged me off the field, tried to mob me, and threw me into jail."

His voice quivered again.

"But what did you do? They couldn't do that for nothing."

"Say, you don't know them Southerners. They'll do anything if they get sore on a Northerner."

"Tell me about it," I said coaxingly.

"Well, it was this way. We were playing Gulfport, and I had them beaten 4 to 3 in the ninth inning. There were two out and a man on first base and two strikes on the batter, so it looked as if the game was as good as over. That batter couldn't hit 6¾ against my spitball, and he knew it. I broke a spitball right through the center of the plate, right across his belt, the most perfect strike you ever saw, and that ham of an umpire called it a ball.

"I didn't say much to him. I just told him he was a blank blank, blinkety blank robber, and let it go at that. I'd pitched that fellow four spit balls, so I pretended I was going to pitch another, and then shot a fast one right through the middle of the plate. Say, you ought to have seen him hit. He hit it almost into the Gulf, clear over the left field fence, sent home a run ahead of him and beat us out of the game. I was sore. I turned to the umpire and said: 'That goes to show what a blink blank, blankety blink blank rotten, yellow dog of a home umpire can do.' And just for that he smashed me right in the nose. Then the crowd mobbed me and the police arrested me—and they kept me in jail, fined me, and I was lucky to escape going to the turpentine camps."

"But what did you do to him?" I persisted.

"Me—oh, nothing. Just bit his ear off."

Nagging umpires often gets to be a fine art. It requires an artist to get away with it. One of the reasons that the crowd always thinks the umpire is exceeding his authority when he chases an offending player off the field is that the player who really hurts the umpire's feeling is the nagger, who seldom does anything that amounts to much, but keeps at it. For instance, many spectators have criticised Klem for banishing Johnny Evers of the Cubs so often, many times seemingly without cause. Evers seldom even speaks to Klem, yet Klem has put him out of games oftener than all the other umpires combined. The chief reason is this: Once Klem made a bet with Evers. He bet Evers $5 that he (Evers) was afraid to call on the president of the league. Evers accepted the wager and was waiting at the office when the president arrived the next morning and spent a couple of hours with him. He claimed the wager. Klem did not pay promptly, so for weeks every time Klem looked at him, Evers held up five fingers and looked the other way. He kept this up until Klem paid. Then he carried the $5 bill in his uniform and waved it at the umpire every chance he got. Finally that wore out and Evers began to look at Tinker every time Klem came onto the field and at the same time he rubbed his throat with strong downward motions, insinuating that Klem's heart was coming into his mouth.

And yet they wonder that umpires get mad.

As the Umpire Looks to the Fan.

As the Fan Looks to the Umpire.

Patrick Henry Dougherty, of the White Sox, is such a quiet and undemonstrative ball player that most of the fans imagine he is indifferent as to the result of games. The fact is that it hurts him as much as anyone to lose. He seldom kicks, but once he made a kick at Tim Hurst—whereby hangs this tale.

Patrick Henry was at bat late in the game, when a hit meant a lot, and he was anxious to deliver the safe drive. He played the pitcher out to the limit, and with two strikes and three balls called, he sighted down the groove ready to spank the ball squarely between the seams. He saw the ball shoot five inches away from the corner of the plate, let it go and started to trot to first base. Imagine his surprise when Hurst said: "Strike three, you're out."

Dougherty was mad all the way through. He picked up his bat and remarked:

"Hurst, you're a blank blank crook and a thief."

"Do you think that of me, Patrick Henry?" asked Hurst, in his suavest tones.

"Yes, you blink blank blankety blanked robber, I do," sputtered Dougherty, wild with rage.

"If I were you, Patrick Henry," remarked Hurst, in his softest and silkiest tones. "I wouldn't associate with persons of that character. Git on off the ball field."

And Dougherty went to the clubhouse grinning.

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APHRODITE'S ALTAR FOUND

German Excavators Make Find on Island of Cyprus.

BERLIN, Dec. 31.—(Special.)—The altar of Aphrodite in Cyprus, mentioned by Homer, has been definitely located and examined by German excavators. The hero of the discovery, Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter, describes the achievement in a letter to the journal Globus, written from Kuklia, in Cyprus.

A clew was first given to the exact locality by the discovery of inscriptions in syllable characters. These inscriptions were discovered at Nantidi, five kilometers southeast of Kuklia. The decipherer, Professor Richard Meister, declared them to be very old Paphian inscriptions, telling of the worshiping of Aphrodite under different epithets, such as "The Unconquerable" and "The Goddess Who Sends the Spring," and speaking also of a very ancient altar of Aphrodite in the neighborhood.

The country around was then thoroughly examined by Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter, who located the altar on a hillock 30 meters from the Nicosia-Dimassol Paphos road. In the rock here, half under and half above ground, were discovered a number of chambers, with a great number of censers, and vessels still filled with ashes and coals. From the rock-chambers stretches a great field of ruins, with smaller ruin-fields adjoining.

TWO MEN, ONE BLIND, ONE DEAF, USE MORSE

Telegrapher, Victim of Streetcar Accident, Receives From Sightless Friend Day's News as Read by Companion.

BY J. W. HAYES.

WONDERFUL has been the usage of the Morse code and very sacred is the memory of Professor Morse to the old and young telegraph man. The incident which I am about to relate will tend to show a still newer field or scope for the use of the Morse alphabet.

Some 40 years ago a young Canadian operator named Millar arrived in Buffalo and obtained a position under Charles R. Hosmer, then manager of the Dominion Telegraph Company at that point. Like the majority of Canadian telegraphers, Millar was an expert and fully equal in ability to his United States brothers. Millar was a man of ample proportions, good education, a natural born actor and entertainer. He worked for five years, from 1870 to 1875, at New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Washington, St. Louis and other places, and at all these points was a general favorite. Everybody knew George Millar and he was considered an acquisition at every office in which he was employed.

The writer met him for the first time in St. Louis in 1876 and the friendship begun then lasted until Millar's recent death.

From St. Louis Millar went to Pioche, Nev., being sent there by Charles A. Tinker as manager for the Deseret Telegraph Company. He afterward accepted the managership of the Austin, Nev., office, where he was elected to a seat in the Nevada Legislature. Later on Millar became a commercial traveler and was a very successful "knight of the grip."

For nearly 20 years he followed this vocation, but in 1900 he suffered from a severe sunstroke, which prostrated him mentally and from which he never recovered. Still of rugged proportions, his mind wandered and he was unable to do any labor which would require mental strain. He came to Portland, where he followed the occupation of a messenger in a district telegraph office, his mental capacity being just about sufficient to perform a messenger boy's duties.

Last Spring he was accidentally run over by a streetcar and taken to the hospital, where he died a few months later.

The accident bereft Millar of speech and hearing, but his mentality seemed to have grown stronger. It was under these conditions that I visited my old friend and it was under these circumstances that the Morse code played a pathetic part. Millar still possessed the sense of seeing, of which I am deficient, but I could hear and talk well. But how was I to communicate with him?

An idea struck me, and, seizing his hand, I tapped off in Morse characters: "Do you get this, George?" Quickly the response came back, "Betcher life, tell me all the news." I ticked all the interesting items I could readily think of, when he asked for a newspaper to be read to him. Here came in an additional strange device. My escort read the paper to me and I in turn ticked it off on Millar's hand to the invalid.

"The ruling passion is strongest in death," and Millar, with grim sum :, stopped me with "Bk, bk, sting 'em, q." which meant for me to "Sling 'em in."

The doctors and attendants greatly marveled at the mode of conveying intelligence and could not believe it until they had asked, through me, from the patient some leading questions regarding himself, eliciting a satisfactory response.

Millar lingered for months, but one day I was called in a hurry to visit him. He was evidently approaching his end, and when I arrived he took me by the hand and we talked for a few minutes. A sudden spasm seized him. He paused, and then he slowly and laboriously wrote: "I'm gg home, Jeff. Remember me to all the boys. 30." His hand dropped from mine—George Edwin Millar had passed on.

BLACKS WANT TO ENLIST

French Offered 40,000 Recruits for Army in West Africa.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—(Special.)—An interesting interview is published by the Temps with Colonel Mangin, who was recently intrusted by the Governor-General of French West Africa with a mission of inquiry as to the possibility of recruiting black troops. The inquiry was intended to cover the whole of French West Africa and the members of the mission of which Colonel Mangin was the chief divided their labors. M. Le Herisse visited Upper Guinea and the Upper Ivory Coast and met Colonel Mangin in Dahomey; Captain Cornet went to Fouta Djallon and Captain Renard to Baul, the coast zone of the Ivory Coast, and Dinguiray.

Colonel Mangin himself visited Dahomey, Siguiri, Sikasso, the regions of the loops of the Niger, Massi, Bobo and Senegal. He declares that the success of this inquiry surpasses his utmot expectations. Throughout the regious traversed the blacks regard the prospect of military service with enthusiasm. The proportion of young men they offer to furnish varies according to the region, but, taking French West Africa as a whole, it may be set down as four per 1000.

"We are consequently," Colonel Mangin says, "offered 40,000 men, and we can have them tomorrow if we like." Colonel Mangin was not surprised at the eagerness of the Bobos and Mossis, for, as he says, the English have long been recruiting for their colonis of Nigeria and the Gold Coast among those warlike tribes, and even among the Penhis, whose territory is French. He is, however, astonished to find that the Senegalese, who can otherwise earn good wages, are equally eager.

The premium offered to each man enrolled will be about $50, and the natives hope that recruiting will being next year. This depends on whether the credits are voted b the end of this year. The mission held about a hundred palavers and harangued about 85,000 natives.

NEW CUNARDERS COSTLY

Liners at $10,000,000 Each to Carry Passengers by Thousands.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—(Special.)—The contracts for the new Cunarders have now been allotted to John Brown & Co., limited., who run one of the largest shipyards on the Clyde. Tenders were invited also from Vickers' Sons & Maxim of Barrow-in-Furness, and Whialam Richardson of Newcastle-on-Tyne, as these three firms were the only concerns whose equipment enabled them to undertake the construction of such monster ships in a satisfactory manner.

It is indicative that the new boats are not to be equipped with engines representing the internal combustion principle but with the well-tried Parson's turbine.

The stokeholds will carry the usual furnaces for coal, but provision also will be made for the use of liquid fuel when desired. The engines will drive four propellers, designed to send the boat along at not less than 23 knots an hour.

The new leviathans will be the largest ships in the world, for though not so long by 2½ feet as the Olympic they are 3½ feet broader in the beam and the respective displacements work out at 45,000 and 50,000 tons gross register.

The new boats will carry nearly 3800 passengers each, compared with the Olympic's 2500, and their speed will exceed the older boat by two knots an hour.

Ten million dollars is the estimated cost of each of the new vessels.