

TWILIGHT.

Slowly dies the long June day,
Softly rolls the earth away,
Lovelier light at length divine,
All a dream of misty bloom.
Trembling stars and golden gleam,
Larger heavens and sweeter shine—
Which is dearer, dusk or day?

Where the glory dyed the dark,
Lost in light the ruby spark,
Violet gleam and saffron splendor,
Melt and mingle into one,
When the long June day is done,
All the depths thro' close and tender—
Is it day, or is it dark?

Lovel the long June day had life,
Silver showers and sunny strife—
Now its rosy wreath fades o'er us,
Eld's vast twilight fills our eyes,
Yet what freedom of the skies
Parts the star sown way before us—
Is it death, or is it life?

—Harriet P. Spoford in Harper's Bazar.

TALE OF CRIME.

M. Theodore, chef de surete, sat in his cabinet deeply perplexed, his two elbows on his desk, his head on his hands. He was musing.

"And was it going to last, this, which had been going on for so long awhile? And these assassins, were they going to end by beating him? Were they going to compel him by adverse public opinion to send in his resignation?"

"Parbleu! It looked so, and as if they did it on purpose, passing the word from one to another to force him to get out of their way. Eight assassinations, one after another! Crimes of the worst caliber, with startling details, which peopled alike with horrifying visions the sleep of the bureaucrat and the concierge. And not an assassin, for all their skillful work, had they been able to lay their hands upon. They had fled, every man of them. They had disappeared, vanished—puff, like a puff of air. Celerity, dispatch, their motto, and to go without leaving an address behind them! Frankly, it had begun to pass the bounds of all reason.

"And now to top off these eight other crimes there was still another, a ninth one—a murder like the others, accomplished the evening before under similar conditions.

The chef de surete pulled himself together, threw back his head like a war-horse sniffing battle, and—the door opened.

It was his secretary who presented himself, bearing a card in his fingers.

"A gentleman, monsieur, who insists upon seeing you. He declares," and the secretary smiled a little at the absurdity of the idea—"he declares himself in a position to furnish you with definite particulars regarding the crime of yesterday."

"Ah, the crime of yesterday!" The chef turned quickly. "Then bid him enter," said he, and while the secretary regained the anteroom to do his bidding M. Theodore cast his eye upon the card before him.

"Frederick Bouscal," he read in a half voice. "Bouscal, Bouscal, 'nothing.' It seems to me that I know that name—that I've heard it somewhere."

He scrawled a line upon a scrap of paper and handed it to the secretary, who returned it, at the moment ushering in the visitor who had asked to see him, dismissed him with a word and was ready for the matter in hand.

M. Theodore raised his eyes. Before him was a man simply but neatly clothed, and with a frank and honest countenance, though veiled as by a cloud with sadness.

"You have particulars to give me, have you not?" questioned the chef de surete. "Particulars of the crime of yesterday?"

"I hope so, monsieur," simply responded the visitor.

"Ah, hope so! You are not sure, then?"

"It rests with you, M. le Chef, whether I am or not. All depends, in fact, upon an operation, the means of which you alone are able to furnish me."

"Explain, if you please."

"Certainly, and at once, though doubtless you have heard it spoken of, M. le Chef—a certain scientific procedure which permits, under certain conditions better even than description can do it, a reproduction of the portrait of an assassin. Briefly, behold my meaning. You know, of course," he continued, "that in the phenomenon called vision the object which we see throws, or forms, upon a screen in the eyeball itself—in plain words, upon the retina of the eye—an image which remains there until displayed by another. It has been proved also that this image continues even after death."

The door of the cabinet opened anew, and the secretary of M. Theodore re-entered, holding in his hand a roll of papers, which he laid before his chief, then turned and was gone again as quickly as he had come. M. Theodore lifted it up and ran his eye over the contents.

"You are named Frederick Bouscal, are you not, monsieur?" he demanded presently, addressing his visitor.

"Yes, M. le Chef, Frederick Bouscal."

"Your age?"

"Fifty-eight years, M. le Chef."

"Hum-m-m!" M. Theodore rapidly twirled the sheets beside him. "Twenty-seven years," he murmured, as if thinking aloud. "So it was you then who was imprisoned two years ago and condemned for contumacy and the theft of 1,000 florins?"

A sudden flush empurpled the countenance of the visitor.

"No, monsieur," he responded, with an effort, in a dull voice. "No, it was not I—it was—my son!"

"An employee of the Credit Agricole, was he not? And—you are ignorant of what has become of him?"

"Absolutely. It is 15 months that his mother and I have been without news of him."

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the chef de surete. "I have reopened a painful wound, but I listen to you—you were saying—"

The man passed his hand across his brow and eyes to clear his vision, then resumed:

"I was saying, M. le Chef, that in the case which occupies us now the repro-

duction of the assassin's portrait should be entirely possible. It is probable, if not sure, that the eye of the corpse now lying upon the slab of the morgue contains the exact reproduction of the features of the one you seek. With your permission I will draw it from them."

"Draw it, but how?"

"By photography—it is my business, M. le Chef. And this matter, this subject I speak of, I have studied it long and almost with passion, for I hold it to be, in case of success, one of the most useful and beautiful applications of modern science. I know it can be done. I have myself experimented, and in one instance have reproduced the lineaments of the physician who had leaned above the bed of the dying."

The man spoke with animation, and while speaking his voice vibrated, his eyes burned, his whole countenance was illuminated, irradiated with the light of a legitimate pride.

"Then so be it, monsieur," agreed the chef de surete. "Take your instruments to the morgue tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. I will see that the clerk is instructed. Later on I shall myself be there. I have the honor, monsieur, to wish you good morning."

In the obscure nook at the morgue where he had inclosed himself, in accordance with the arrangements made at the office of the surete, Frederick Bouscal, his body bent, his face drawn, watched anxiously the result of his last washing. The plate was there before him in its bath of quicksilver, into which he had dropped it awhile ago with such fear and infinite precaution.

Sensitized? Vitalized? At least it should be, and if the conditions of the crime were such as he supposed them, and the victim before dying had really seen her murderer's face, the portrait of the assassin would be there under that bed of gelatin en train to melt away.

His throat closed as by a grip of iron, the opera or held himself immovable, hearing only, with painful distinctness, the gurgle of the water as it dripped upon the faces of the dead in the adjoining chamber, the plunge of his blood as it throbbed and hammered through the arteries of his heart.

And at last the moment came—the moment that was to reveal to him all or nothing. He rose—that poor, trembling photographer rose, I say, took it carefully by its dripping edges, that plate upon which his fate was hanging, half closed his eyes, held it to the single ray of light that filtered through the yellow pane, to stagger back with a groan of anguish, to let it crash into a thousand pieces. His son! Good heavens! The face of the murderer, the face of the son!

Five minutes later when Frederick Bouscal, the photographer, came from his nook, and the chef de surete, awaiting him with impatience, hurried to meet him, he saw immediately by the pallor of his face, by his somber eyes that he had nothing good to announce to him.

"Well," said he, "nothing?"

"No," responded Bouscal, "nothing."

"Allons! no matter. Try it a second time. Do it again."

"Impossible! The transparency of the cornea is destroyed. I wished to wash it, and I burned it through mistake in the vials. I salute you, M. le Chef!"

And Frederick Bouscal turned away.

The next morning the commissaire of the quarter of Ternes, forwarding to the prefecture his regular report, headed it with the following item:

"Today at 10 o'clock a summons to 109 Rue Langiere. A call from the concierge, suspicious of charcoal fumes from the room of the Bouscals, man and wife, his locataires. The door by my order was forced. Too late—they were dead, both of them, side by side upon the bed, a brazier of lighted charcoal plainly indicating the manner of their death. A double suicide—poverty the cause."—Tit-Bit Prize Story From the French.

The People Who Enjoy Fun.

People so fond of humor that the ridiculous is of more importance to them than their welfare will be highly gratified by the proposition of the railroad lines east and west to run excursions to the World's fair at one fare for the round trip. The joke is as rich in quality as it is large in quantity. Thirty hours is the length of time mentioned as making the trip from New York to Chicago. No stop over checks will be allowed. No sleeping cars will be provided, no parlor cars, no chair cars. The jolly excursionist, it is supposed, will sit bolt upright in the redolent atmosphere which hangs about the day coach as the result of a long contact with tobacco, cold lunches, decayed fruit and perspiration, and for 30 hours, with no opportunity to stop off for sickness, will watch the changing landscape with open and bloodshot eyes. When he arrives at the World's fair, he will be permitted to stay one week if he is alive.

No provision is made for extending the time to persons for whom the joys of the excursion have been too poignant and who may be required to spend two or three weeks in the hospitals recovering from the delirium of insomnia or the typhoid fever which they have picked up in the holiday coach.—Chicago Herald.

The Motion of a Swimming Fish.

One of the most recent applications of chrono-photography—by which is meant photography applied by means of a series of short and rapid exposures to the representation of moving objects in successive positions—has been devised in France for the study of the swimming motions of fish. A rayfish was chosen as the subject of investigation, and the successive photographs were taken at intervals of one-tenth of a second. They show completely the movement of the fins and present a similarity to the photographs that have been obtained of the motions of the wings of a flying bird.

The swimming action begins with a lifting of the front part of the fin. This lifting motion runs rapidly backward along the fin, the front part being in the meantime depressed once more, and just before the motion ceases at the tail the movement recommences at the front end of the fin.—Youth's Companion.

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