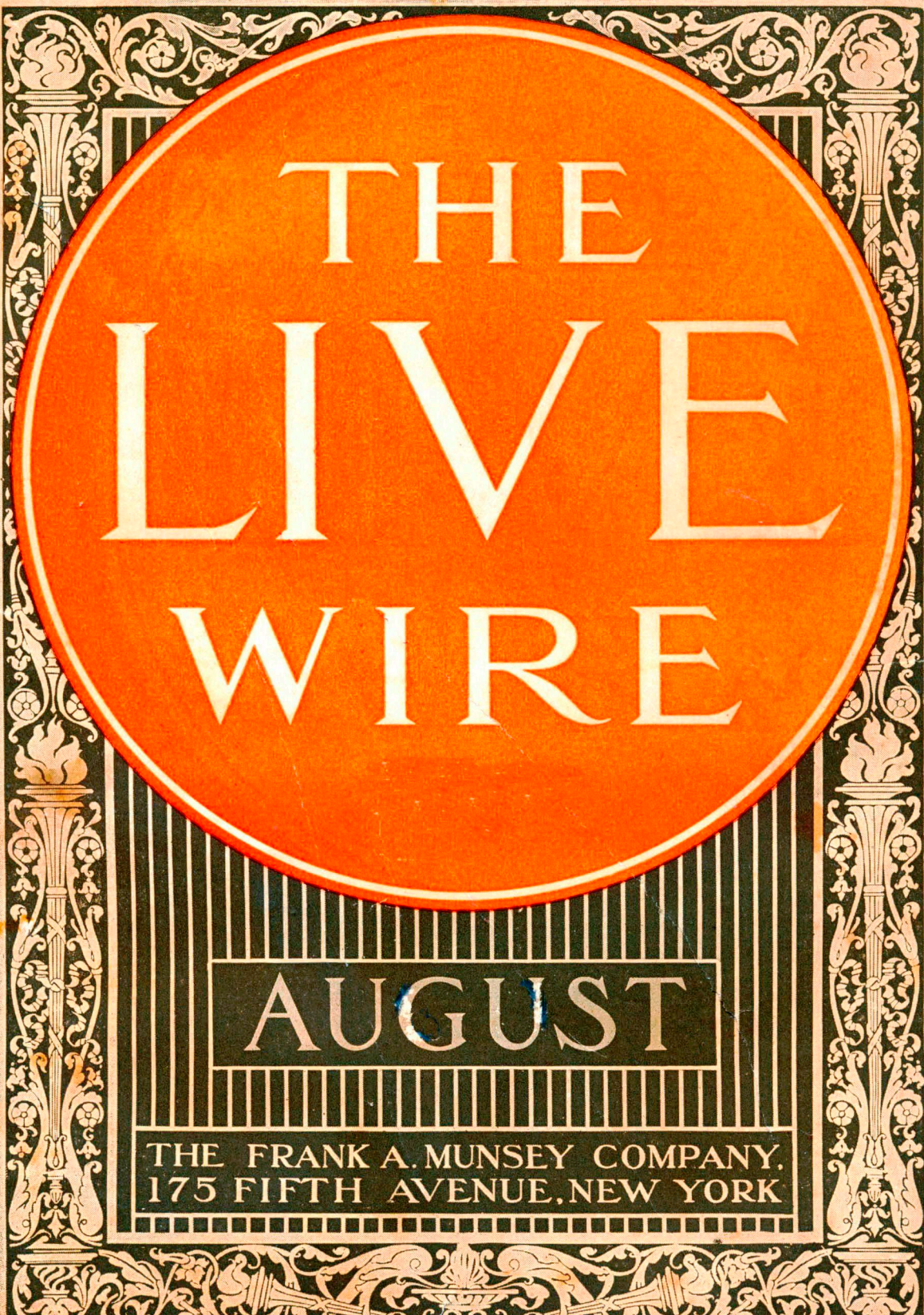


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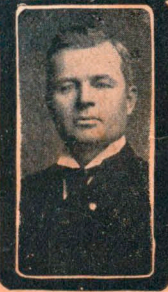
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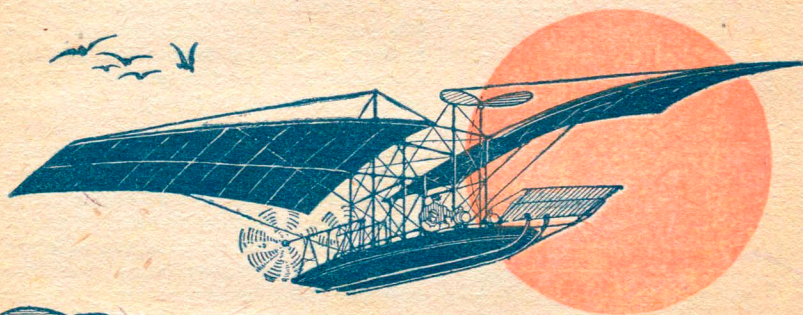
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175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The LIVE WIRE

Vol.
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AUGUST, 1908.

No.
1.



The FLYING MACHINE GIVES THE SIGN OF IT'S BIRTH THAT ALL GREAT INVENTIONS GIVE

BY EDWIN MORRIS.

THE year was 1713. A boy, whose name is recorded in history as Humphrey Potter, stood beside a steam-engine. His task was to open and shut a valve, letting steam into one end of the cylinder and, after it had done its work, letting it out again.

This English lad had that rare attribute of mind that is known as imagination. The more he thought about it, the more it seemed to him as if there must be an easier way to let steam in and out of a cylinder. So he fastened a cord to the walking-beam to which the piston was attached, and the cord did the work that he had been doing.

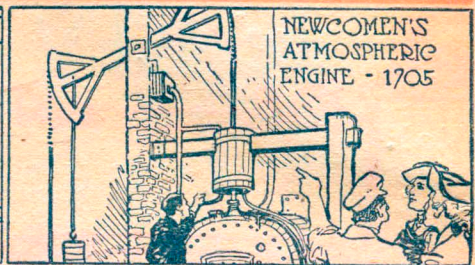
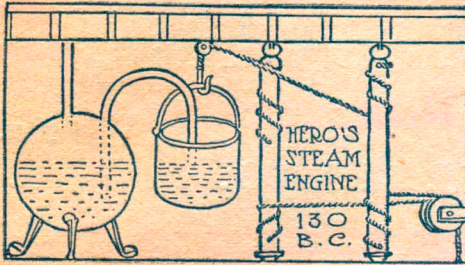
Men had been working on steam-engines since one hundred and thirty years before Christ, but this lad's simple device brought the invention a long step nearer perfection than it had ever been before. Yet the steam-engine, old as it then was in idea, was still

of practically no commercial value. It had evidently occurred to no one to use it to turn a wheel. Steam was admitted into only one end of the cylinder and the engine served no other purpose than to pump water in ponderous, cumbersome fashion.

In 1763, James Watt, an instrument-maker of Glasgow, put a fly-wheel on one end of a shaft, a crank on the other, let steam into both ends of the cylinder instead of only one end, and the steam-engine leaped into being at a bound.

After all the weary centuries of waiting, Watt had discovered the fundamental principles that underlie the translation of pent-up steam into controlled, commercially valuable mechanical action.

That is the way with all inventions that amount to anything—they develop slowly up to the point where the correct principles that underlie them are discovered, then they go



forward with a rush. Never has there been an exception.

The telegraph cobwebbed the world in a few years after Morse struck the right combination.

The locomotive, the telephone, the electric-light and the automobile came the same way.

And that is the way the flying-machine is coming.

More than that, the sign is present that the flying-machine has passed through what might be called the floundering-in-the-dark period and now stands where the steam-engine stood when Watt put a crank and a fly-wheel on it.

If so, the flying-machine may be expected to develop in the next ten years as rapidly as the automobile has in the last decade—and even school children can almost remember the time when “horseless carriages” were made out of buggy-boxes, wire-spoked wheels, solid rubber tires, and one-cylinder engines.

That would be coming pretty fast, of course. But look over the record of the three centuries during which man has been trying to fly and see if the flying-machine idea has not reached the fast-moving stage. Here is the record:

Seventeenth century—An Italian alchemist under the patronage of King James IV made a pair of wings and tried to fly from Scotland to France. Thigh broken in four places and collar-bone fractured.

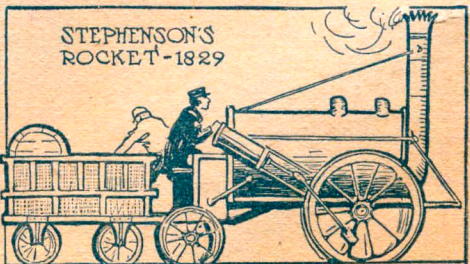
Eighteenth century—The Montgolfier brothers, of France, invented the balloon. Inflated first with hot air and smoke. Gas finally used. Many ascensions made in Europe and America.

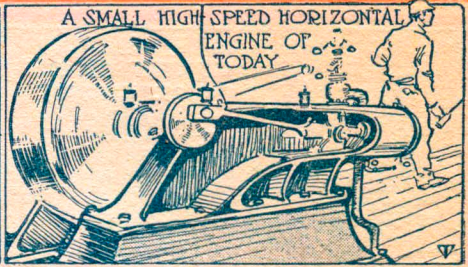
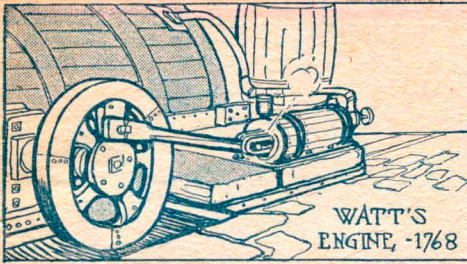
Nineteenth century—No progress during the first decades. The hundred-year-old balloon still the only means of navigating the air. Various devices for steering gas-bags through the air tried and abandoned. Another inventor tried a big screw propeller driven by man-power. No good.

THEN:

Dr. Samuel P. Langley, American scientist, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in the last hours of the nineteenth century came forward with a new idea. He said that all the work of the last three hundred years had been wrong; that a flying-machine to be successful must not be lighter than air, but heavier; that it must consist of broad, inclined surfaces, driven against the air at great speed.

Like many another new idea, Langley's suggestion was pooh-poohed. The old dirigible-balloon scientists were sorry that he had made so great a mistake. The newspapers ridiculed his theory. And, unfortunately for the peace of Langley's last years, his air-ship plunged into the Potomac River on what





was to have been its triumphant flight. This mishap scared off financial backers. Langley sickened and died.

It will be recalled that Columbus also died without knowing that he had discovered a new world. And Langley, in his grave, his air-ship a wreck at the bottom of the Potomac, had nevertheless given the world an idea that was becoming more alive every minute. Inventors everywhere suddenly saw the basic truth of his thought. A bird is heavier than air. So is a kite. These are the only two things that man knows that fly. So why shouldn't a flying-machine be heavier than air?

The aeronautical part of the scientific world gradually began to turn toward Langley's idea. And the startling fact is that from that moment men began to fly. In America, in France, in England, in Italy, in Germany—wherever Langley's idea of the aeroplane was tried—remarkable results were obtained. Almost every flight established a new record. That which was regarded as impossible one year was done with ease the next. And the upshot of it all is that the Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, are under contract to turn over to the United States government the last of this month a flying-machine that will remain in the air at least an hour, carry two persons whose combined weight shall be three hundred and fifty pounds, and also have enough fuel aboard to make a flight of one hundred and twenty-five miles.

Yet, startling as are these conditions, the

Wright brothers declare they have a machine that can more than fulfil them. They say they have already traveled thirty-two miles in forty minutes, and could have gone farther if it had seemed desirable, all things considered, to do so.

While the Wright brothers were giving such remarkable exhibitions at Kill Devil, North Carolina, last May, Henry Farman, of England, was making almost as wonderful flights in Belgium, and Leon Delagrangé, a French aeroplanist, was flying long distances over Rome. Farman won a wager made a few months before that within a year he would build an aeroplane that would fly four thousand and thirty-three feet with two men aboard. Delagrangé made fifteen flights over Rome in one day. On the last trip he traveled six miles.

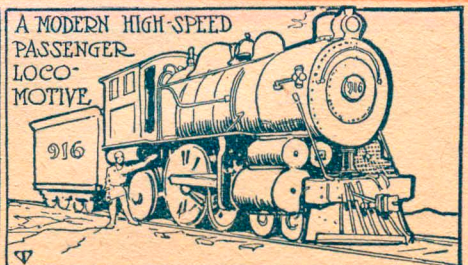
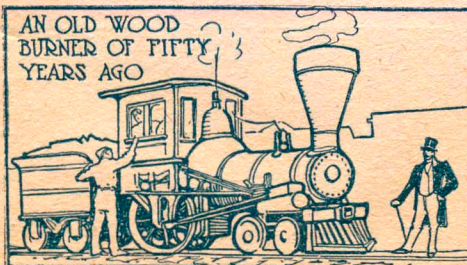
And all this in the face of the fact that fifteen years ago they were still flying the balloons that were invented in the eighteenth century!

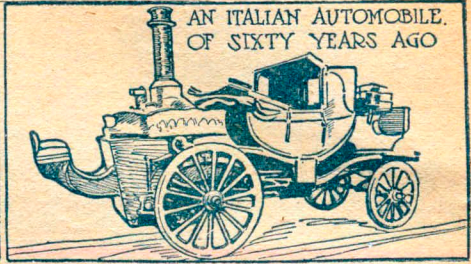
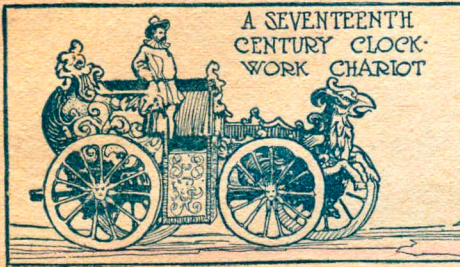
Do not such results seem to justify the conclusion that the basic principles of aerial flight have been discovered?

And what are those principles? Perhaps this is a simple way of explaining them:

Take a kite, tie a string to it, and fling it into the wind. The kite flies. Why? The string holds the face of the kite at an angle against the moving air. The kite, prevented by the string from moving in the same direction as the wind, moves in the direction of the least resistance—upward.

Reverse most of these conditions and you





have a flying-machine. Here you have the machine moving against the wind instead of the wind moving against the kite. You have the engines of the machine jamming it against the air, instead of the kite's string holding it against the wind. And whereas the kite stands still, so far as moving with the wind is concerned, the flying-machine moves while the air stands still.

Putting it in still another way, the air blows against a kite, and a flying-machine is blown against the air. Air that is moving rapidly enough assumes something of the nature of a solid—that's what lifts the kite. Hit the air hard enough and it assumes something of the nature of a solid—that's what makes the aeroplane fly.

The wings of an aeroplane in flight tend to compress the air between the wings and the earth. Compressed air will support weight. Thus, an aeroplane is a machine for compressing the air under it and floating on its surface.

That's what a hawk does when it flaps its wings. And when the hawk "floats" with extended, motionless wings, it is because its weight compresses the air as it blows against the bird's slanting wings. In flying, the air-compression is only momentary, and must be renewed with uninterrupted wing-flapping. In floating there need be no wing-flapping, but the wind must keep blowing—wedging itself, as it were, between the earth and the bird's slanting wings.

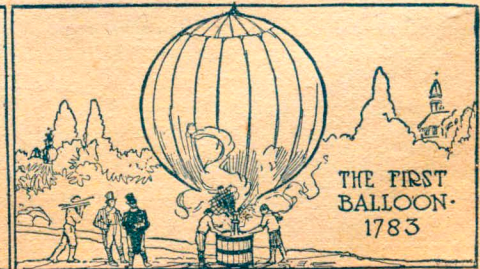
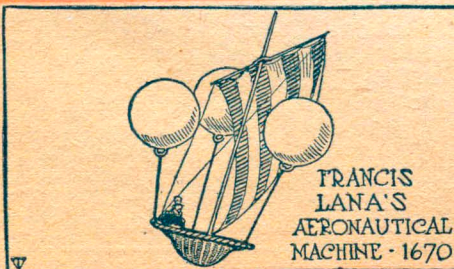
Thus it will be seen that the Italian alchemist who strapped wings to his shoulders,

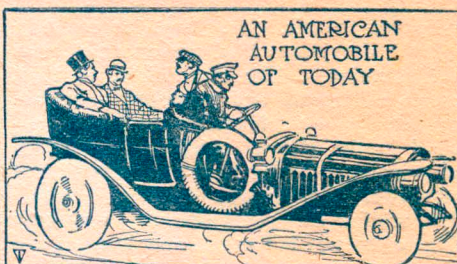
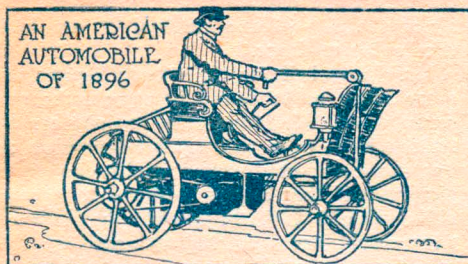
and tried to fly from Scotland to France, was really on the right track—he had a heavier-than-air machine. His difficulty lay in the fact that his wings were not large enough to compress sufficient air to support his weight, while if they had been he would have lacked power to operate them. The modern aeroplane, with its huge inclined surfaces and gasoline engines, remedies these two defects.

When the idea was first conceived of using mechanical power to accomplish aerial flight, the success of the undertaking was all but despaired of because of the great weight of the engines. But with the perfection of the gasoline engine this difficulty has been removed. Requiring neither boiler nor much fuel, the gasoline motors now used in flying-machines weigh only two and three-tenths pounds to each horse-power. The Wright brothers, in their latest machine, use an engine that develops thirty horse-power and weighs sixty-six pounds.

With the question of power out of the way, only two problems remain to puzzle the average flying-machine man—how to balance the machine in varying air-currents and how to keep the engine cool. The Wright brothers appear to have solved even these perplexities more or less satisfactorily, though no one except themselves yet definitely knows by what means they have done so.

Gasoline engines, with their rapid explosions of gas in the cylinders, quickly become heated unless means are taken to keep them cool. Many a flight has been stopped in five





minutes because the temperature of the cylinder had been raised to such a point that further operation was impossible. With automobiles the engines are kept cool by the circulation of cold water through coils of pipes. But this requires a considerable weight of water—weight that the average flying-machine has not, up to this time, been able to carry.

The difficulty of balancing is a greater problem, however, than that of cooling the engines. Both the direction and the intensity with which the air blows are constantly changing. Furthermore, aeronauts have learned from experience that at any moment they are likely to run into what they call "holes" in the atmosphere. Columns of air seem to be rushing downward with a whirling motion, just as water in a washbowl eddies and curls when the plug is pulled out of the bottom of the basin. Balloons, on such occasions, fall rapidly, even though all the ballast be thrown overboard.

When a flying-machine runs into such a "hole" the first thing the operator must do, of course, is to drive his machine through it and get into the settled air. This is not difficult, but the trouble arises in causing the machine to regain its balance after passing over the rough place.

Until the Wrights devised their later machines, it was the custom of operators, both here and abroad, to accomplish the balancing feat by shifting the weight of their own bodies from side to side, much as a bicyclist maintains the equilibrium of his wheel. But

the Wright brothers are now said to have invented a contrivance that automatically adjusts their machine to the varying conditions of the air.

Probably the mechanism, whatever it may be, changes the slant at which some of the planes stand to the wind, much as a hawk adjusts its wings to the breeze when it is balancing in the air.

Summed up in a nutshell then, the flying-machine situation is this:

Power-driven machines that are heavier than air can fly.

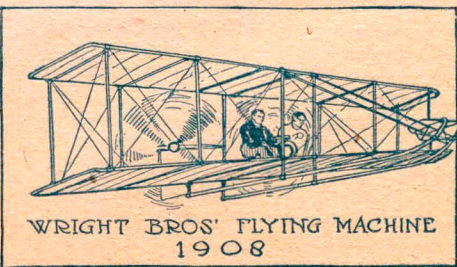
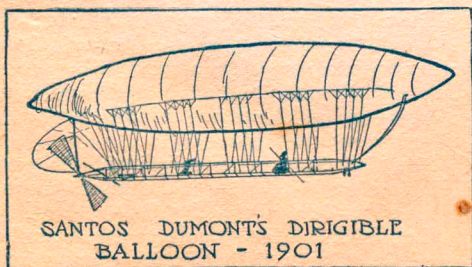
The Wright brothers have a machine in which they have flown thirty-two miles in forty minutes.

Then these questions arise:

If it is already possible by means of mechanical power to raise an airship from the earth, keep it in the air forty minutes during which time it travels thirty-two miles, is it not reasonable to assume that at last the correct principles that underlie aerial flight have been discovered?

And is it not within the bounds of probability that the flying-machine will be developed and improved as rapidly as were the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone, and the automobile?

The last question was asked of E. L. Jones, editor of *Aeronautics*, a New York



magazine that is devoted to the science of navigating the air. Mr. Jones, in replying, used the development of the automobile as an illustration. The automobile, in 1895, was, to all intents and purposes, unknown. Occasionally a "horseless-carriage" appeared in the streets, coughing, sputtering, and stopping. Owing to the development of high-power light-weight engines, automobiles within six years became not only things of beauty, but as common in cities and villages as trucks.

Mr. Jones said that present indications point to the conclusion that within ten years flying-machines will be sufficiently numerous to attract no more attention than does a steam yacht on the Hudson. In his opinion, the flying-machine for some time to come will be the rich man's toy, carrying him to and from his office perhaps, or to such places of pleasure as he may choose.

What the flying-machine may eventually come to be no one of course now knows, but Mr. Jones sees no present prospect that it will ever compete with trains and ocean liners. This is because the doubling of the weight of a flying-machine necessitates the increasing of the power something like eight times. Bigger engines mean more fuel.

Therefore, unless future invention shall surmount these barriers, flying-machines will confine their operations to carrying probably not more than eight or ten persons. The flights may reach a thousand miles—or perhaps the continent may be crossed by stopping every few hundred miles for fuel—but it does not seem likely that there will be any "air-ship expresses" consisting of huge cars, each carrying a train-load of human beings.

Mr. Jones is also of the opinion that the public has an exaggerated idea of what the flying-machine may accomplish in the line of speed. The popular idea is that aerial travel-

ers may some day go whizzing through the air at the rate of one hundred or two hundred miles an hour.

Mr. Jones believes the correct figures are more likely to be found between forty and seventy-five. He is not sure—no one can be. At the birth of a really great invention no one has ever yet dreamed wildly enough to picture half that it was destined to accomplish. Daniel Webster thought that locomotives would never amount to anything. He said that once under way, they could not be stopped—that they would run off the track at the end of the line, wreck the station, and kill everybody aboard. Morse never suspected that telegrams would be sent from mid-ocean without the aid of wires. Edison, himself, could hardly have realized, when he invented the electric-light, all that it was to become.

It may be so with the flying-machine—the new, strange thing that, hatched in the brain of Langley, has been developed and at last cast into the winds by the Wrights. Perhaps it will yet fly one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles an hour as Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, last summer said it would. Maybe it will carry a hundred passengers instead of ten. Possibly it will cross oceans and continents in single flights. These things can be determined only by the future.

But this we now know:

After three hundred years of futile effort, man can fly!

"Fly"—that's the word. The day of floating on gas bags is past. Man goes aloft and afar as a bird goes—under power that he himself controls, in the direction that pleases him best, and, within wide limits, at such velocity as he wills.

Surely the air is joining the land and the water in coming under the dominion of human beings.

IF WE SHOULD MEET ANOTHER WORLD.

WE are spinning through space at the rate of more than a thousand miles a minute. What would happen were we to meet another world moving at the same speed?

In the first place, the heat generated by the shock would be so great that both worlds would be transformed into gigantic balls of vapor many times the size of the earth today. This, however, might not happen if the inside of the earth is composed of solid and colder matter than scientists believe it to be.

Although there is small chance of any such aerial collision taking place, scientists have

already calculated the probable results fairly accurately. One has expressed the amount of heat that would be generated in this way. It would be sufficient, he says, to melt, boil, and completely vaporize a mass of ice seven hundred times the bulk of both the colliding worlds—an ice planet one hundred and fifty thousand miles in diameter.

Scientists have often considered the possibility that the end of the earth would come about in this way.

Certain it is that planets as great as the earth have been destroyed by coming into collision with other huge bodies.



The SPY

by
*Hamilton
Marston*

IN the principal room of a rude cottage on the outskirts of the city of Moscow, seven men sat around a table. Though the one wretched candle flickered and flared, there was, nevertheless, sufficient light to reveal their faces.

For the most part, they were wretchedly dressed in the ordinary garb of Russian peasants, and their hair and beards were long and unkempt. There was nothing about them to indicate to the casual observer the possession of any unusual amount of intelligence, and yet the doings of that little band held an entire government in terror.

Safe behind his palace gates, the mighty Czar of All the Russias turned pale at the mention of their names, and trembled at the very thought of them. These men were the head of the Terrorist Revolutionary Party of Russia.

For a long time they had sat in silence about the table, steadily staring at the candle in the center. No one, indeed, seemed aware of another's presence, and it was not until their leader spoke that any of them made the least movement.

He was a slight, boyish little man, this leader, with a face fair as a girl's and a voice as gentle as a woman. It seemed impossible to believe that it was this boy who had inspired a hundred assassinations and who had spread throughout official Russia a terror such as was never known before.

"We might as well face the truth," he remarked in his gentle voice. "Somewhere

there is a spy among us. Somewhere there is a traitor who knows our secrets and betrays them to the government.

"That is why we have persistently failed. That is why our efforts are always forestalled. Had it not been for this one man, long ago the Russian Republic would have been a fact. Some day I hope to learn his name."

He did not raise his voice. It was as gentle as ever, yet at the final statement every person at the table shuddered. It was strange to see the burly, stalwart men tremble before this slender boy with the tender voice and melancholy eye.

"We are now," he continued, "in the last ditch. To-morrow we must play our last card. The Czar arrives from St. Petersburg at noon, and on his way to the palace from the railroad station he must die.

"Beaten though we have been, we shall be beaten no longer. To-morrow sees the dawn of hope for Russia."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when the one door of the room was thrown violently open and a white-faced man leaped in among them.

"The police!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "They are upon us."

Not a soul spoke. A tense silence greeted the man's announcement, though every one in the room leaped to their feet and stood staring at their comrades with wide eyes and faces white with fear. All knew that escape was impossible. They were caught like rats in a trap.

Only the leader retained his composure. With the utmost calmness he rolled and lighted a cigarette, and then stood waiting.

It was not for long. Almost upon the heels of the man who brought the evil tidings, there came from outside the tramp of feet and the rattle of swords. Then the door was once more thrown open and there appeared a man dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of police.

"You are under arrest," he announced crisply, "in the name of the Czar."

The room seemed fairly filled with his men. There were at least twenty of them, many armed with rifles. In silence that was deadly, they took the prisoners with the calm precision of a well-ordered plan and lined them against the mud wall of the bare room. Then the lieutenant turned to the men with the rifles.

"Get ready," he ordered.

Without a word, his subordinates took up their position on the other side of the room. Then for the first time since the arrival of the police, the leader of the prisoners spoke:

"Is it permitted to ask," he inquired gently, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary procedure?"

The officer in charge of the men turned on him roughly.

"It means that I'm going to have you all shot, here and now."

To this the leader made no reply. Shrugging his shoulders, he went on smoking his cigarette placidly.

The officer turned to his men.

"Prepare to shoot," he ordered. Aim!"

Slowly the policemen raised their rifles until each covered the heart of one of the helpless men facing them. Then followed a terrible pause. How long it was, no man who lived through it could ever say, but not one of those in the room that night ever thought of it again without a shudder.

"Fi—" the fatal word was about to drop from the lieutenant's lips, when a cry, shrill and terrible, rang through the room. It came from the mouth of one of the conspirators against the wall, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a heavily-bearded face.

"Wait!" he cried. "Wait!"

As he uttered the words, he sprang forward and caught the lieutenant by the arm.

"You must not let them shoot me!" he screamed, falling on his knees. "You must not! I am Zubeloff of the third section. It is I who have kept you informed of these men's movements. It is I who gave information of their attempt upon the Czar's life to-morrow and advised arresting them to-night. For Heaven's sake, don't shoot me!"

"At last!"

It was the leader of the Terrorists who spoke, and though the words were uttered scarcely above a whisper, they rang through

the room more clearly than the other's scream of terror.

"At last," he purred, "we have found out who the spy is."

Before the astonished spy could speak or move, he found himself set upon by the men he had believed his allies, bound and gagged. He had been caught at last by a trick so simple that it would scarcely have deceived a child.

Even in his blind terror, as he watched the pseudo-police following the directions of the leader of the Terrorists, he realized this, and his heart grew hot with hate. Securely bound, he was thrown at last in a corner. Then the leader came and stood over him.

"As you have informed us," he murmured, "that the police are soon to pay us a visit, we cannot remain to keep you company, but in order that you may not feel lonely, we are going to leave something to amuse you."

As he spoke he produced a bomb, attached to which was a fuse. This he placed on the floor directly in front of the helpless man's eye and, taking from the table the candle, touched it to the fuse.

"It will burn for ten minutes," he explained gently. "If your friends come within that time, you are saved. If not, well, you will be an example for the rest of the police of the advantages of obeying orders promptly."

Without another word he turned and motioned his men from the room. In silence they went out, the leader following.

For a time the sheer terror of his position overwhelmed the unfortunate man. He could neither think nor realize his peril. Blind with fright, he lay waiting with closed eyes and clenched hands, the perspiration rolling from his body.

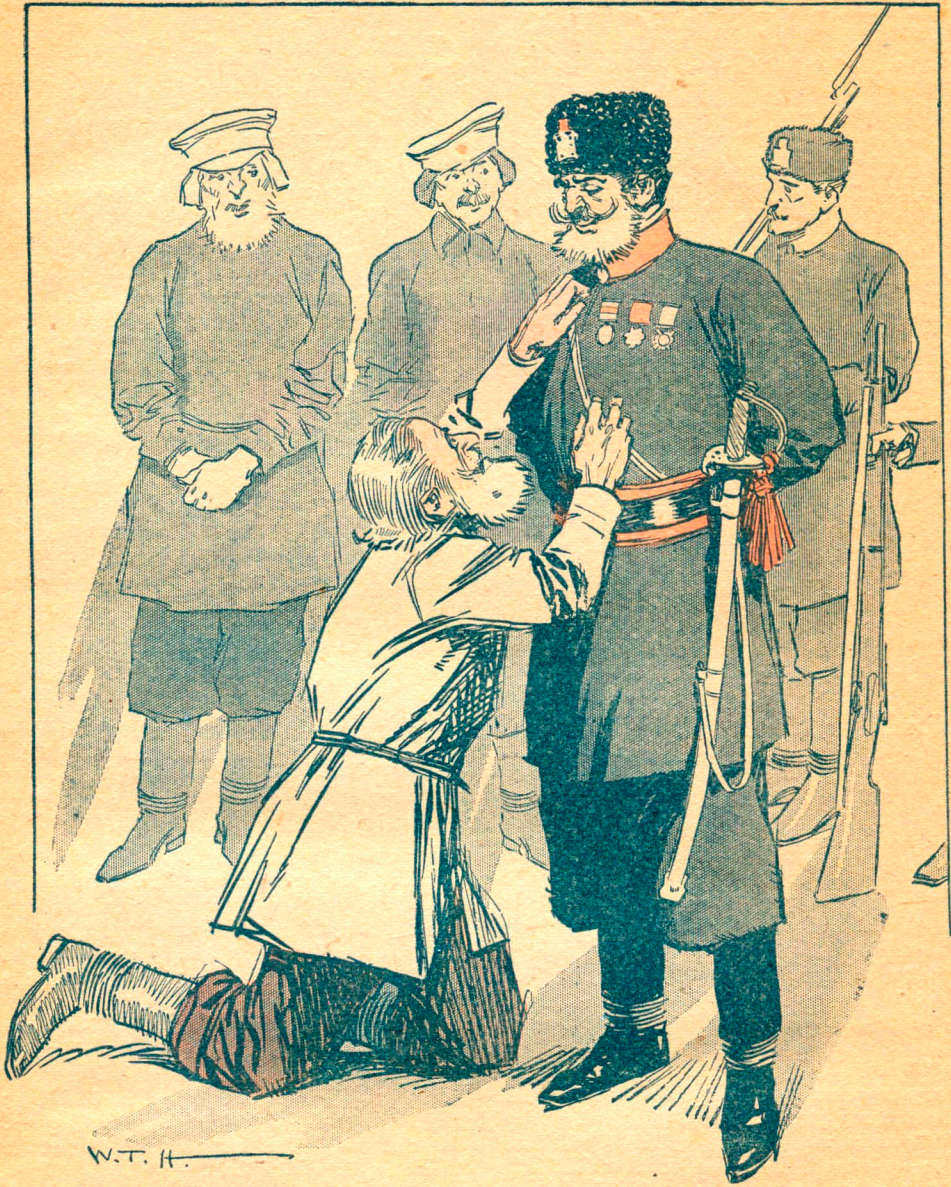
Suddenly he nerved himself and opened his eyes. The room was absolutely dark except for one tiny spark that crept nearer and nearer and nearer the deadly bomb. He saw that the fuse was half burned and that he had but five minutes to live.

Less than five minutes. Four minutes. Less than that. Would they come? Oh, Heaven! would help come in time?

The seconds were flying by with astonishing speed. There were less than three minutes of the fuse left now, less than three minutes of life.

He watched the spark, his face green with terror, his eyes starting from his head. The fuse had almost gone. There was scarcely a minute and a half more of it to burn, and then death.

With an effort that was almost superhuman, he closed his eyes. Like a flash, an



"YOU MUST NOT LET THEM SHOOT ME," HE SCREAMED, FALLING ON HIS KNEES. "YOU MUST NOT!"

incredible number of memories swept over him. The picture of his home far away upon the Volga suddenly rose before his mind in its minutest detail.

His father was sitting in the door, smoking after his day's work. Another picture crowded it away. It was that of a dancing-girl in a theater in Odessa. He had seen her but once, he had not thought of her for years.

He thought of his boyhood, of his mother. His youthful ambitions long ago cast aside

and forgotten, and then he opened his eyes once more. The minute and a half had passed. It was but ten seconds more before the fuse would reach the bomb.

Fifteen minutes later the police arrived. They found a dead man whose face was so distorted that it was impossible to recognize him, lying beside an empty bomb, to which was attached a burnt-out fuse. The police surgeon bent over him.

"Dead," he said. "Dead from fear."

ROMANCES of *the* LOST and FOUND



BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

More Than Half a Million Dollars Worth of Diamonds, False Teeth, Wooden Legs, and Other Articles Go Astray on New York Trains and Ships Every Year.

PA and Ma Knickerbocker are awfully absent-minded people. As they ramble back and forth on their little island, and trot over ferries, and out of town by train or steamer, they lose about six hundred thousand dollars worth of articles every year.

"Five hundred a day," said one traction official, spreading out a book where you could find anything from a ten-thousand-dollar pearl necklace to a crate of live chickens, all carefully tabulated and described. "And that's only on street-cars and elevated trains. We don't touch the out-of-town traffic. Did you see that young lady who just went out?"

We had seen her. She was a very charming young lady, all in spotless wash-silk, with an outing hat pinned jauntily on her curls. Real curls, too, they were.

"She's from some Jersey resort. Lost a gold locket on the Subway coming up from South Ferry. It was turned in all right last night. Did you see her face when she described it?" he smiled slightly. "It was engraved 'Heart Throbs,' she said, and was absolutely of no value except to owner. Oh, yes, she owned the locket and got it."

More than two thousand cars roll over the rails in Manhattan in one day. About two million people ride back and forth on them. Their little absent-minded ways give employment to hundreds of persons who do nothing for a living except keep tab on the "Lost and Founds."

At the ferries, steamship lines, and railroad stations the hurrying travelers leave behind them thousands of dollars worth of property and valuables. Yet it is estimated that over two-thirds finds its way back to the owners, either through advertising, or applying at the "Lost Articles" window.

"The women lose just three times as much as the men," said a man who had gathered some special "points" on the romances and adventures of things that go astray. Here is his list for last year:

915 watches.	324 lockets.
186 earrings.	485 bracelets.
376 brooches.	312 diamond rings.
710 diamond pins.	175 diamond studs.
485 chains and fobs.	873 pocketbooks.
64 necklaces.	821 handbags.

"And those, mind, only represent jewelry and portable cash in pocketbooks," he added,

turning to another list. "Besides that we have a wagon-load of umbrellas, two bushels of eye-glasses, over a bushel of keys, thirty thousand gloves, one thousand one hundred men's overcoats, and one thousand eight hundred women's garments.

"Those are ordinary, losable things, one might say, but can you tell me why on earth people travel around and lose rat-traps, electric signs, blackjacks, bust-forms, false teeth, and glass eyes, also wooden legs and babies? Also dogs, cats, snakes, canaries, pet mice, parrots, rabbits, and guinea-pigs?

"One woman came in here and asked if we had found a framed picture of Lincoln and a clothes-wringer on an Annex ferry-boat. We had. She claimed them. A man journeyed all the way in from Ocean Grove after a lost bathing-suit and a box of complexion wafers.

"There's a crate of live chickens that haven't been claimed yet, and they live comfortably down in the main office, and lay eggs in as placid and homelike a way as in their own Jersey barnyard."

Up at the Grand Central Station they tell a story of a pretty girl passenger who, one Saturday afternoon recently, had to wait for her train. The station was crowded with the usual week-end throng, and she found a

seat facing the big clock, and read her magazine, waiting for the man with the megaphone to call the train for White Plains.

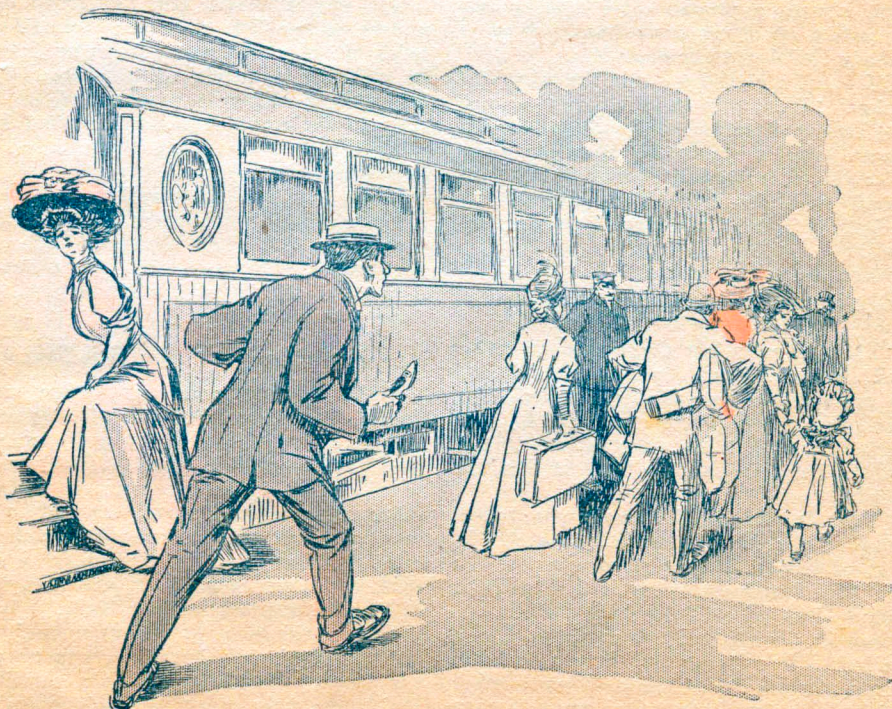
Next to her sat a young man, rather listless and bored. Suddenly the White Plains train was called. The pretty girl in red jumped up hurriedly and ran toward the concourse.

Then did the listless stranger wake up, for there, right under his very eyes, Cinderella had dropped her slipper. It was a small, tan slipper, with a natty leather bow twisted under a steel buckle.

Without an instant's thought he grabbed it up and ran after the girl in red. She had vanished in the crowd. He made for the White Plains local gateway. Yes, there was a flying glimpse of red in the distance.

"All aboard!" yelled the man with the megaphone. The last one through the gate was a young man racing for the train, and in his hand was the tan slipper. He had barely time to swing up on the last platform. Then came the worst ordeal he had been through for many a day. All through the length of that crowded train he paraded, hunting for a lost Cinderella all in red. And when at last he found her—

That's all. The official records go no further. The lost goods were returned, and no



IT WAS A SMALL, TAN SLIPPER, WITH A NATTY LEATHER BOW TWISTED UNDER A STEEL BUCKLE. WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S THOUGHT HE GRABBED IT UP AND RAN AFTER THE GIRL IN RED.

questions asked. Possibly there was a reward, but it is not on the records.

"Here is a funny one," said the keeper of the records, pointing to a four-line item in his big book. "Last September a middle-aged lady from Larchmont got off a New Haven local here, walked out of the station, and as soon as she had crossed Forty-Second Street she missed a box she had carried. Next morning this ad. came out in the papers, and had everybody hustling:

LOST—Small, black tin box, on New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad train at 10 A.M., Sept. 16. \$10,000 reward for its return with contents. No questions. B. F. N. 806, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn.

"There was three hundred thousand dollars in money, jewelry, securities, and papers in that small tin box, yet it has never turned up, and the lady never gave any reason as to why she was carrying around a box containing a fortune under her arm.

A Fortune in a Cigar-Box.

"It seems as if people think the worst kind of receptacle they hide away valuables in, the less likely they are to lose them. One of our trainmen found an ordinary cigar-box lying on the platform at Port Chester. He took it in the baggage-room, tossed it under the counter, and forgot all about it until a woman came rushing into the station about an hour later, asking if anybody had found her cigar-box.

"I found a cigar-box," said the man, Will Fenlon. "What was in it?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," gasped the woman. Fenlon took the box out from under the counter and opened it. It was packed with hundred-dollar yellow-backs. He handed it over, and got five dollars reward.

"Here's another one:

GOLD CROSS, set with diamonds, was lost either in station or on train going to Fort Worth, Tex.

"The girl who lost that made an awful fuss. She was bound for Forth Worth, and the cross was very valuable, besides being a keepsake. Well, it was a rainy day, but that didn't fit into the story till later. She missed the cross as she was buying her sleeper.

"Next to her stood a man who helped her hunt for it. He carried an umbrella. That afternoon we got a wire saying the man had found the cross in his umbrella when he had got off the train at Buffalo, and opened it. It was sent on to the girl, and the last I heard was that it was the sole ornament worn by the bride. I guess when a thing like that happens, if anybody's got a bit of superstition in their make-up, they'll follow the lead."

Besides advertising all lost articles found

on the traction lines, a careful watch is kept of the lost column for possible owners. One day a valuable purse, made of the skin of a Gila monster mounted in gold, was handed in by a conductor. It was advertised the next day.

LOST—Gilt lady's bag full of tender association. Contents of value only to owner. Liberal reward.

"We knew this one was the 'gilt lady's' bag all right," said one of the clerks. "There wasn't anything in it but love-letters, so when we saw the tender-association ad. we thought sure it was a case of breach of promise. But when she came down and asked for it, there wasn't a laugh in the place. She was in mourning, and the letters were the last ones he had written to her. Women are queer. You ought to have seen her grab that bag.

"Rewards? Oh, they don't amount to much. One conductor came in here with a Tiffany pearl necklace valued at \$2,500. He got two dollars reward. A few days later, another conductor on the same line picked up a wad of two thousand in bills, and the man who lost it peeled off an outside hundred-dollar strip, and handed it over with thanks. Men will pay a bigger reward than a woman any day, yet the women make the greatest noise when they lose anything."

One day a whole line of Jersey commuters on the Erie road were treated to a quick bit of excitement. A porter hurried by carrying a couple of suit-cases. They belonged to different people, and he had scarcely delivered them, and started back along the platform, when a man called out of a window to him:

"This isn't my suit-case."

There were four minutes to spare. The porter hustled after the lady who had accepted the other suit-case. She tranquilly announced that it was her suit-case, and there was no mistake.

Right Lady; Wrong Suit-Case.

While the porter and the other owner danced helplessly, the conductor appeared and requested the lady to open her suit-case for inspection. She indignantly refused. Thereupon the man opened the other suit-case gladly, and exposed to the interested gaze of a crowd a bright cherry-colored kimono, a powder-box, a jar of cold cream, two new novels, various articles of lingerie, and a hot-water bottle.

"These things don't belong to me," said the man positively, but there was no need for further argument. With a smothered shriek, the lady caught her belongings and shut them from the view of the curious. And the man took his lost bag, tipped the porter, and the train moved on.

Late one Sunday afternoon recently a policeman in Central Park picked up a startlingly natural switch of rich Titian red locks, with a three-tier row of puffs attached. He handed it in at the station, and had his own little set of troubles to overcome that night when his wife found a stray auburn hair on his coat of cadet blue. But that's not the story. Early the next morning a messenger-boy arrived at the station with a daintily scented note request-

of the lovely eyes he adored, have it miraculously restored to brilliancy in some wierd Oriental style, and wear it on his heart.

Yet the ad. appeared here in prosaic New York. It needed a complementary one:

LOST—A lady with only one blue eye. Finder will please return to owner of missing blue eye, and receive reward.

When the finder appeared at the "Lost and Found" window of the newspaper in



FENLON TOOK THE BOX OUT FROM UNDER THE COUNTER AND OPENED IT. IT WAS PACKED WITH HUNDRED-DOLLAR YELLOW-BACKS.

ing the return of the locks. He was asked to give the owner's name.

"Aw, what do youse take me for?" he demanded. "No loidy wants her name mixed up in a deal like dis. Gimme de burning bush an' lemme go."

So, gallantly and discreetly, as they do these things in the Park, the police returned the sunset-tinted switch to its unknown owner, *via* the mum A. D. T.

Plenty of glass eyes are lost and found, especially on steamboats; but one advertisement that called for the return of a "lady's blue eye set in diamonds" smacked of the barbarous. So might an Eastern Sultan honor a dead favorite—take one

which the ad. appeared, he produced the eye. And it was an eye, too, a beautifully hand-painted, languorous blue eye set in diamonds for a cuff-button.

The man who claimed it showed its mate, but when he was asked for his reason for wearing them he merely smiled. As if such things needed a reason, or could be reduced to a reasonable basis. Surely, the world grows old in romance when it fails to scent the trail of adventure and love about such happenings.

A private detective told of one case in which he was personally engaged in New York City. A man about thirty-five came to his office one day and told a strange story

of coincidence. He had been abroad for several years, after the breaking of his engagement by the girl he was to marry. On board the liner he happened to run across a home paper, and, casually glancing it over, came upon this advertisement in the "Lost and Found" column:

LOST—Diamond solitaire ring. Engraved M. W. to S. K. O., Dec. 15—'05. Valued as keepsake. Liberal reward. No questions asked.

"That is the identical ring that I gave the young woman I was to have married," he told me, giving me the full names, which I cannot repeat. "I want to find the ring and return it to her."

A Loss That Reunited Old Lovers.

"It took me nearly a week to get a line on that ring," said the detective musingly. "It was a valuable one and, being marked, was hard to dispose of, but finally I found it in a pawn-shop way up in the Bronx. You ought to have seen the fellow's face when I turned it over to him. He paid me handsomely, and jumped into a cab to hustle off up-town and claim the liberal reward. I guess that girl got a surprise. They were married within a month."

Early one Sunday morning a waiter, standing out in front of Engel's restaurant on Thirty-Fifth Street, saw a man lying on his stomach over an iron grating near the Garrick Theater. He had a couple of sticks about five feet long, and soap was pasted on the ends of them.

"What is it?" asked the waiter.

The man raised his head and beckoned.

"Help me get it out, and I'll divvy with you," he said.

It sounded fair enough. The waiter helped fish about in the dark space beneath the grating, and they finally pulled up something. It was a lady's brooch, three large stones set in the form of a three-leaf clover.

"Diamonds, ain't they?" asked the hungry-looking man who had found them first.

"Nix. Paste. Diamonds is white. These is yellow. Give you a quarter for them."

But the man hesitated. He was not a tramp. He was out of work and had tramped up from his lodgings on the Bowery to look for a job. The quarter would buy him a breakfast.

Then his eyes noticed the sign above the theater-entrance: "You Never Can Tell."

It was a pregnant message of hope. He refused the quarter and started back downtown with his find in his pocket. The next day he found an ad. in the papers:

\$1,000 REWARD for the return of three-stone diamond brooch. Diamonds were twentieth century cut, set in form of clover-leaf. Lost March 11, probably between Garrick Theater and Rector's restaurant. Wm. A. Clevenger, 16 Maiden Lane.

So Patrick J. Quigley, free-lance of fortune, went down to Maiden Lane and traded the yellow diamonds he had picked up for one thousand dollars. You certainly never can tell when fate and fortune lurk in the words of a four-line ad. in the "Lost and Found" of the great metropolitan newspapers.

And it isn't safe to trust to first appearances. Coming in on a Coney Island ferry-boat one Saturday night, a straw hat blew off the head of a happy-looking, middle-aged New Yorker. Instantly he became a maniac. Rollickingly, the wayward head-piece danced ahead of him the full length of the deck, while its owner rushed madly after it.

"Five dollars to anybody who stops it!" he yelled. "Ten dollars! Twenty dollars!"

It was an ordinary looking two-dollar straw hat, yet everybody within hearing distance got busy. Just as a fitful gust of wind lifted it toward the railing a woman caught it deftly on the end of her parasol and saved it from a dip into Gravesend Bay.

"Madam, I thank you with all my heart," gasped the owner gratefully, and, carefully drawing down the leather hat-band, he removed a lot of folded bills. "That hat was worth about four hundred dollars to me that minute," he added, and without any hesitation peeled off the twenty dollars reward.

Money Is Surely Hard to Keep.

"Whew!" he added later to a man beside him, when he sank into a seat. "I've spent every dollar for six Saturdays running before I got home. Tucked the bunch in that hat-band to be sure I'd forget I hid it there, and get home all right this time. It doesn't pay to take chances, does it?" This little incident shows it.

And that's the kind of a tussle that New York has to find things it loses. Considering that there are more than four millions of people in the town, most of whom are intent upon getting hold of anything that looks good, it may seem strange that anything that is lost is ever recovered by its owner. Many persons who believe they are strictly honest will insist upon the payment of a reward before they will give up something of value that they have picked up in the street. To such persons it never seems to occur that there is something inconsistent in an honest man or woman demanding pay for doing a thing that the law would put them in jail for not doing. Maybe they don't see it that way, but that's the way it is, whether they see it or not.

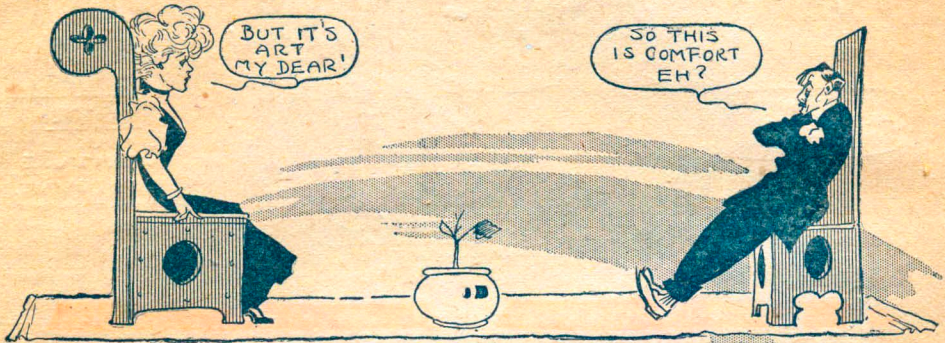
AN ART-FULL LAY

by
Edith Livingston Smith



UNTIL we grew so up to date
The furniture within our flat
Was made upholstered—this or that—
Built for your comfort "while you wait";
But now our parlor has gone daft,
My wife says that 'tis "Arts and Craft."





The mantel was a useful place
Whereon a clock would chime the hour,
A vase would hold the latest flower,
And frames stood round each pictured face.
Now one dim candle sheds its light—
(Illumine my artistic sight!)

My spouse sits on a settle straight
And I gaze at her from a chair
Called Greek? or Dutch? (that's here nor there)
'Tis never moved except as freight—
Our cozy corner's gone as well
For Arts and Craft don't deem them swell.

CLOSED
BY
ARTS
AND
CRAFT

One lacquered jar upon the floor
Holds a weird plant no Nature grew;
It's stunted by a "craft" or two
Like all within our real-art door.
High latticed windows tell of day,
We can't see out—it's not "au fait"!



Thus crafty Art lays our home bare,
And artful Craft has had its fling,
A lantern on a chain's "the thing"
So gas-light jets no longer flare:
A musty odor makes me fret
As incense mocks my cigarette.



ARE YOU
SMILING
OR
CRYING
DEAR?



But my brave wife is martyred, too,
For her piano is no more—
A harp stands where it was before,
She cannot play, but faith is true,
Full many suns rose since we laughed
Save with a "stencilled smile" of craft!

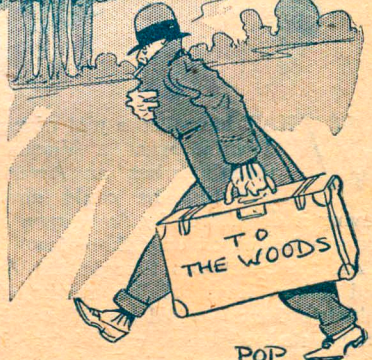


IT
HURTS!



NO MORE
ARTS AN' CRAFT
FOR ME!!

I wish that I might turn to stone
Like Victory or fair Hermes,
My wife might then turn Japanese,
Effective to her very bone.
I cannot live my natural part
In rooms depressed by Crafts and Art.



TRY THIS, IF YOU THINK IT'S EASY.



WHAT harm can a pint of water do? That is what a Vienna athlete thought when an American bet him that he could not endure having it drop, drop by drop, upon his hand from a height of only three feet.

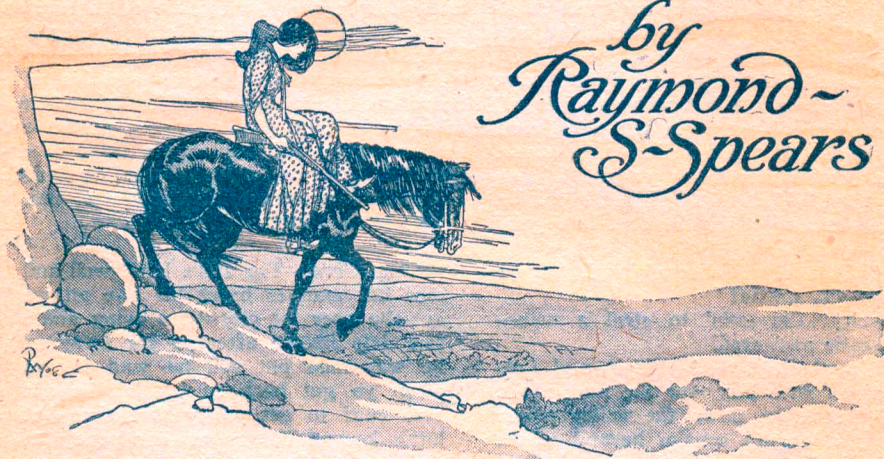
All the spectators thought the American had taken leave of his senses, for the athlete's hand looked as if nothing less than a sledge-hammer could injure it in the slightest. They soon learned their mistake.

When three hundred drops had fallen upon the man's hand, it was noticed that

his face was very red and that he was obviously suffering great pain. At the four hundred and twentieth drop he quit. The palm of his hand was swollen and inflamed, in one spot the skin had been broken, and the pain was so great that the athlete declared he could endure it no longer.

On the LONG ROAD

by
*Raymond-
S-Spears*



IT was pretty weather in northern Alabama. The Tennessee River was in tide, owing to long rains in central Tennessee, and the water was pouring over the banks into the swamps along the south side. But the sun was warm, the ducks were shooting northward, and coons and possums were basking on the tops of hollow sycamore-limbs.

Coming down the river were people "going West." Some were in shanty-boats, some in skiffs, and a few were on log rafts on which had been built little lean-to camps. They were farmers out of Clinch, French Broad, Little Tennessee, Hiwassee, and other streams, bound for Texas by way of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Atchafalaya.

They had heard from friends who went before that down in Texas one could get two-bale cotton land for the price of hog-wallows on the flanks of the Cumberlands. So they had sold out their holdings, built little craft of some sort, and were most of them destined to become happy shanty-boat-ers on the lower Mississippi.

Among the rest were Gene Dundon and his wife. This was their honeymoon as well as their home-seeking. They had slipped away from Tazewell County after a secret marriage before a kindly old parson, Hathaway Blake. Old Hathaway loved the young people. He liked to see the stalwart young mountaineer "steal his girl," in spite of opposition, and "run her" to some new home.

He knew Gene Dundon and Hattie Brown. Why shouldn't he? Hattie was a pretty girl who sang at revivals, and Gene could shoot the head off a squirrel at sixty yards.

What Hathaway did not know was the existence of Lottie Kemple, up Neuman's Ridge way, where Dundon had been a frequent visitor.

She had sent word down to Dundon that he must come to see her, and the next night but one Dundon "started West" with Hattie Brown. Dundon did not quite understand Lottie. He thought she would forget. Even if she did not, she would not know what had become of him until he was well on his way to Texas.

It was a week after he had started when Lottie Kemple rode down to Clinch and heard the truth from the parson's own lips. She wept for an hour, while the white-haired old man patted her head, tried to comfort her, and assured her that he would be her best friend. She dried her eyes at last, smiled faintly, and, after a bite to eat, asked the parson's wife for a "snack" to last her on her way. Finally she rode away on her pony into the coming night.

"I shore must be goin'!" she cried. "I shore must. Hit's a long road, an' time's sho't—yassuh!"

She galloped up the trail till she was out of sight of the parson's house. Then she reined her pony into the woods, up the ridge back to the hill-path. Turning her face southward, she started down the river.

All night she rode, but not at a gallop, because it was a long race, and she must save her horse. She knew the way—she had read the stars many a night by Dundon's side, from some point of rock above the valleys. She laughed mirthlessly as she rode. She had been happy once.

It was a wild country, and the bridle-path lay through a mountain forest. She could look down nearly a thousand feet upon narrow, level bottoms, where she detected an occasional reddish glow, the reflection of fire or smoke above a stick-and-mud chimney. Once, stopping to rest her horse, she heard a rabbit running away in the brush.

Dawn found her with tired eyes staring at the path ahead. A few miles farther on, and she turned down from the ridge road and arrived at Campbell's store-house. Campbell's wife was a first cousin.

"I'm travelin'," Lottie laughed gleefully. "I'm on the long road. Sho. I be'n goin' all night—yassuh!"

"Sho!" Mrs. Campbell exclaimed. "Some man stole yo', Lottie?"

"Nossuh! I'm goin' to steal a man—hue!" Lottie answered.

Mrs. Campbell laughed at that, and Lottie remained with her over the next night. Then she rode on down the valley where there was a second cousin, beyond whose home she had neither friends nor relatives.

Three days later she rode through Knoxville at noon, sunbonneted, rosy-cheeked, with her rifle across her lap. She had heard of Dundon on the riverside just above the Holston-French Broad fork. He had gone by the week before in a little red shanty-boat, and the girl with him had been all smiles. Dundon was good to her.

Lottie was in a strange country now, and the people she met along the road stared at her. She did not smile now; her Kemple lips were set and a little drooping.

When night came she stopped at some riverside farmhouse. She was going, she told the people, to see relatives, to visit her brother, to find her sister—any excuse served her. Her only concern was to remember in the morning the story she had told the night before.

Once she let slip the truth. It was at the Stone Shoals. She had forded them, and on the far side she found a white man mending hoop-nets. He was talkative, and when she asked if shanty-boaters went down the river, he answered:

"Right smart, yassuh. Ho law! They was a mountain man drapped down three days ago. Hit war right windy, and that man got blowed out the channel—hit's on'y two foot deep, anyhow. An' hisn's bo't got stuck onto the Buffalo bar, right yonder, yassuh. An' say, he was jes' the tomfool-igest man! He an' his woman was all scairt up."

"A little red shanty-boat—a woman with black hair?"

"Yassuh! He had a scar onto his cheek."

"On'y three days!" Lottie cried. "I'll get that man! Yassuh!"

"Sho!" the fisherman exclaimed. "You goin' to kill that man?"

But Lottie leaped into the saddle again and galloped away, while the old fisherman rose stiffly to his feet and stared after her, his net-needle in his hand.

At Loudon, Gene Dundon and his wife heard bad news. Gene had left his address with his brother, Jim, and now, at the end of two weeks, Jim had sent a letter in order that Gene might know whether Hattie Brown's folks were following him or not.

The letter read:

DEAR GENE—The folks is all well and paw kill anuther hawg las nite an we got the uper lot plowd las eving and i saw delp Brown after yo got away an he was mad but sad he wud kil yo when yo got back so i think he ant mad enuf to get yo by that time but lottie kempel is gon an her poney an she past Grate ford two das later an has her skurel gun an nobuddy nos is she alive or ded or war she is wel i reckin thar ain much to tel for it is lat candel lite an we air goin to plow the corn tomeror an maw plant the garding good by jim.

When Gene read that Lottie had left home, he remembered many things about Lottie Kemple which he had forgotten under the spell of Hattie Brown's pretty eyes and gentle voice. Lottie had said once that the man who tried to "get shet" of her would surely "dread it," and now he had done that. He wondered what he had to dread? After the letter's arrival, he began to hurry down the river. He started early in the morning, and floated till almost dark, but as he floated it seemed as though he was the chosen companion of misfortune. He had lost hours of good floating by going aground on Stone Shoals. Day after day he had been held back by dry gales out of the south. Storms held him, and when the drift was running his wife tormented his heart with the fear that some of the flotsam would crush the thin sides of his shanty-boat.

While Dundon lost time, Lottie gained. She sold her pony at Walnut and bought a canoe—a long, light plank canoe—and she drove it down stream, hugging the banks when the winds blew and seeking the swiftest current when the day was calm. Her journeys down the Holston on rafts and in small boats, visiting her relatives, had prepared her for the long race.

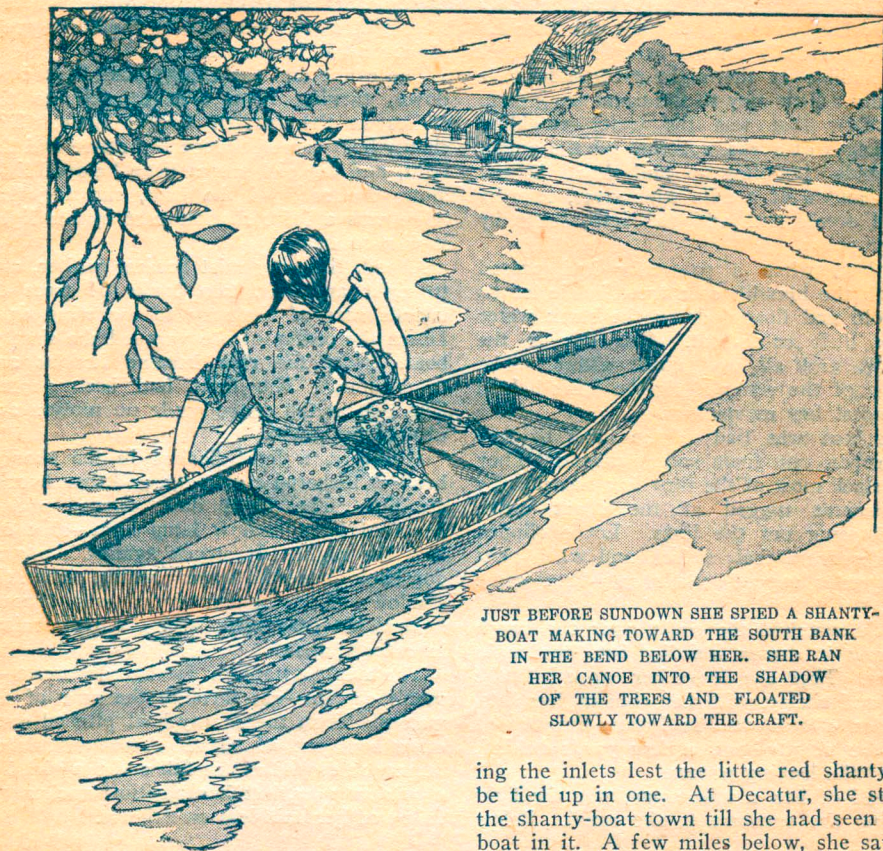
She stopped on shanty-boats, and at Vul-

ture Island she heard that she was only a day behind the little red shanty-boat. But now she had a chance to travel with an old farmer's family. It was threatening weather—the spring crop rains seemed to be at hand—and for a week she floated no more than a few miles a day, hoping for clear weather.

The next time she heard of the little red

It was a glorious spring day. Birds sang, the scent of countless blossoms filled the air, the pale green of new-born leaves colored the landscape, and the river itself was the color of liquid gold. In her heart the girl felt that the chase was nearing an end. She was weary and sad, and the thought pleased her.

She scanned the shores carefully, watch-



JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN SHE SPIED A SHANTY-BOAT MAKING TOWARD THE SOUTH BANK IN THE BEND BELOW HER. SHE RAN HER CANOE INTO THE SHADOW OF THE TREES AND FLOATED SLOWLY TOWARD THE CRAFT.

shanty-boat it was three days ahead. Then, one murky morning, she abandoned her friends, took to her canoe again, and started on. As she paddled, the clouds broke away, the sun came out, and the girl knew that she had done well to follow in the canoe.

The river was full to the bank. Orioles were singing in the elms, and bluejays were screaming in flocks. At night the mocking-birds were dreaming in the willows.

Lottie paddled all day long, and when night came she did not go ashore. The river, she knew, was safe for the hundred miles to Mussel Shoals. Tired out at last, the vengeance-seeker curled down on the straw in the bottom of the canoe and went to sleep. The sun awakened her.

ing the inlets lest the little red shanty-boat be tied up in one. At Decatur, she studied the shanty-boat town till she had seen every boat in it. A few miles below, she saw the big floating sawmill, and one of the deck hands warned her that the shoals were not far below.

Just before sundown, she spied a shanty-boat making toward the south bank in the bend below her. She ran her canoe into the shadow of the trees and floated slowly toward the craft. The man at the sweeps was Gene Dundon, and the woman by his side was the one who had been Hattie Brown. Catching a branch, Lottie Kemple waited for the night to fall. She dropped down to within a hundred yards of the boat, and then tied fast.

She could hear the sound of voices; she heard Hattie begin to sing. The sound cut the deserted girl to the heart. The shadow on the window-curtain was that of Gene;

she saw that he was at the table, about to eat supper. After a time, Hattie came and sat down at the same side of the table with him. The sight of the silhouette wounded the other woman cruelly, but she held her breath.

The minutes dragged along. After a time the light was blown out and Lottie watched the stars to make sure that she did not think an age had passed when only minutes had gone by. Slowly, the roar of the great Muscle Shoals became more and more audible as the night grew older. It was only a little way to the canal wing dam, and below that was the water—tumbling over ledges of rocks, splitting on the points of islands, jumping up and down in the wild abandon of a mile wide river, torn by jagged stone and whipped into foam by sawyer snags.

At last, when a pale star had passed through the breadth of a tree, Lottie let go her hold and floated down the slack water to the little cabin-boat. She was in the shadow, and all was quiet within. The sucking of the water along the bank helped to conceal her movements.

The boat was tied to the bank by two long ropes, one from each gunwale. They hung slack most of the time, but occasionally the current tugged at the silent craft, straightening out the lines. Lottie slipped the lines from their stakes, and when next the current tugged, the shanty-boat came away.

Lottie watched the craft clear the brush and saw it drawn steadily into the main current. Then she drove her canoe into the wake and sitting, with her chin on her fists, and her elbows on her knees, she floated with the shanty-boat, a few yards behind, toward the leaping waters.

Ahead of her, a mile away, was the light marking the entrance to the canal. Below

that, a gray haze hung above the gloomy river, and out of the haze came the roar, heaving and rolling as the water pounded upon the rocks.

The boat floated along steadily and quietly. There were no waves on the water, no wind in the air. The huge, dark masses of the bank seemed to be marching past the stars above the tree-tops. On the water, a few gleams of light flickered and darted. The light at the entrance to the canal grew plainer as it became nearer.

The canoe and the shanty-boat floated on down, turning from side to side as the eddies in the current caught them. The shanty-boat came between the canoe and the light, and the girl saw a little halo of light along the roof of the boat, showing that there was a faint shadow cast by the light, it was so near.

Ahead, the gray mist became whiter, and to right and left, two banks of trees on islands marked the way to the wing dam. Down the center of the way led the shanty-boat. Now the roar became furious and tumultuous. The light had been passed. The girl in the canoe made no motion and uttered no sound.

Suddenly, a light flashed in the shanty-boat—it flickered a moment, and then burned steadily. The front door opened and a beam of light—yellow lamp light—shot out into the night. It struck against the gray fog-bank above the leaping water. Then the shadow of a human form was thrown against the gray mist, with the arms raised in astonishment.

The next instant, a far-heard scream—a man's scream—cut through the roar of the waters. Then the shanty-boat pitched over, down and out of sight. A moment later, the canoe dipped at the fall and the girl, her eyes shut now, but her position unchanged, followed her faithless sweetheart.

A LAND WITHOUT ORPHANS.

THERE are no orphans in Australia.

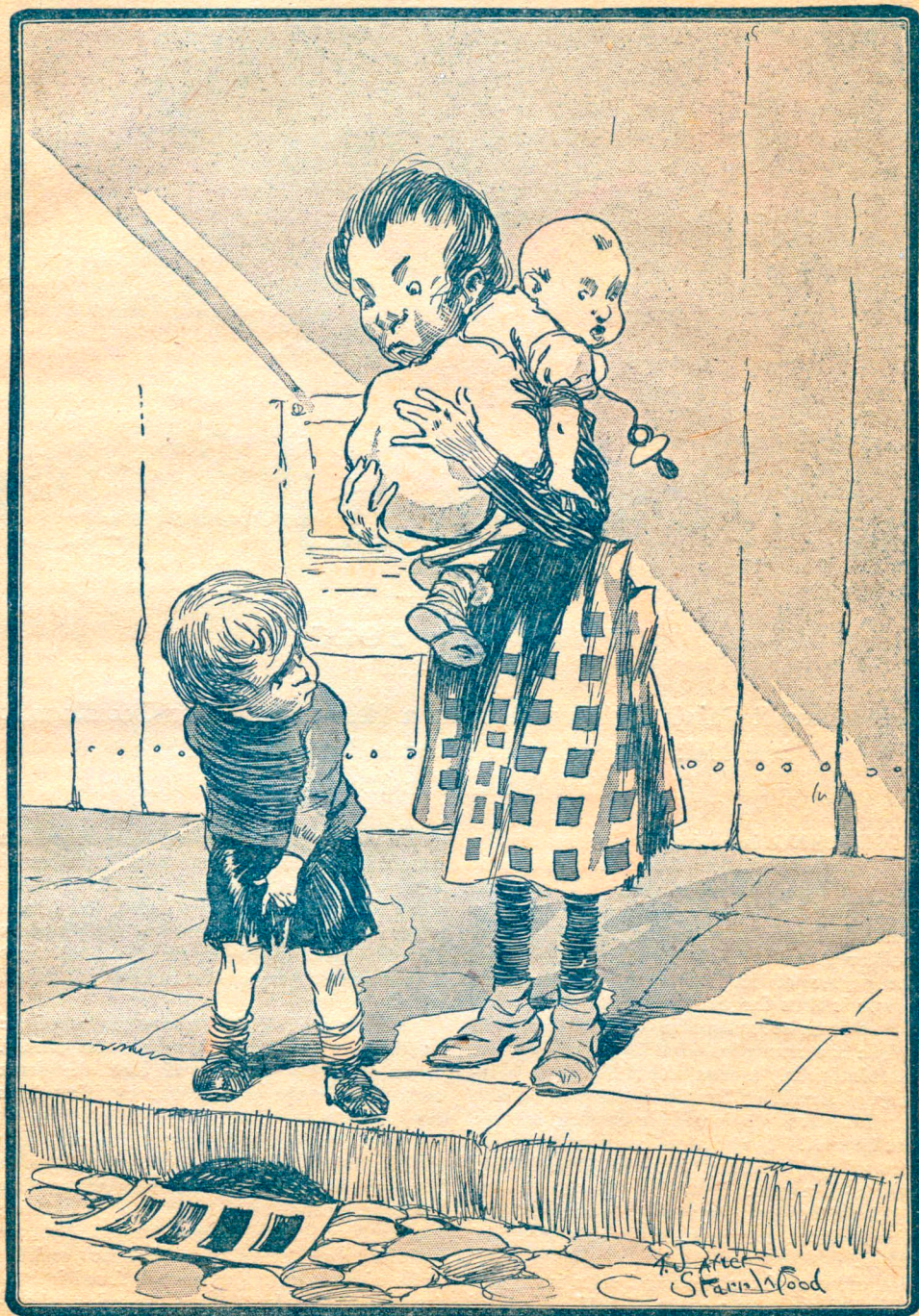
That is not because parents never die there but because, when they do, the state at once steps in to the rescue of their little ones. Children who have been robbed by death of their natural protectors are practically adopted by the government.

Unless some near relative manifests a desire to assume the responsibility and can demonstrate his ability to do so, the child is committed to the Children's Council, which selects some home among the farmers of the country. These foster-homes are examined closely, and often two or three

are tried before one is found in which the child finds congenial surroundings.

After thirteen, the state feels that its ward should earn more than board and lodging. At that age, therefore, he is hired out, usually, however, to the foster-parents who have been previously taking care of him. Three-fourths of his wages are deposited in savings banks; the remainder is his. When he becomes of age, or if he wishes money in order to learn a trade or to attend a more advanced school—or in the case of a girl, when she wishes to marry—the savings are turned over to the ward.

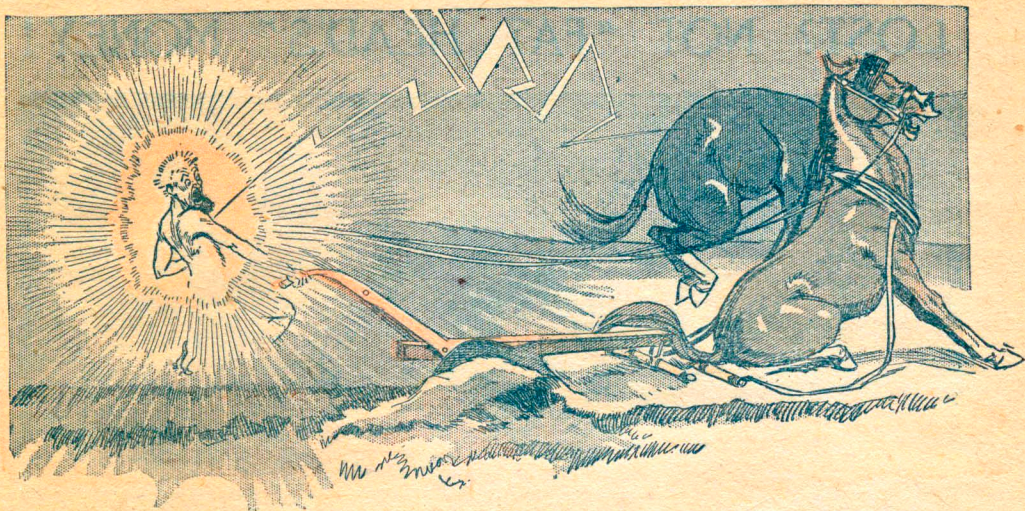
LOST? NOT "FAT HEAD'S" MONEY!



SAIREY ANN: "NOW YOU'VE BIN AN' LORST YER PENNY, FAT 'EAD."

JOHN JAMES: "NO, I AIN'T LOST IT, SILLY, 'COS I KNOWS WHERE IT IS."

—London Sketch.



The Pranks of Lightning

BY HAROLD BOLCE.

Sometimes It Paints Pictures on Human Flesh; On Other Occasions It
Will Melt Watch-Chains Without Burning the Cloth
That the Chains Touch.

LIGHTNING is whimsical both when its flashing means death and when it comes with elfin grace to perform wonderful and fascinating pranks. Men of science, investigating the strange and sinister phenomena of lightning, confess that the secret of its wayward and fantastic power is thus far undivined. In the United States from seven hundred to eight hundred people are annually killed by lightning. In addition nearly a thousand suffer serious injury. Increasing hundreds are singled out for this element's incredible caprice, but are not harmed. The total value of property destroyed by lightning exceeds three million dollars in a year.

Altogether, in every twelve months, lightning strikes America more than six thousand times!

A current of ten thousand volts is capable of jumping across a space of half an inch of common air. A lightning-flash extending from the clouds to the earth has an electromotive power of many millions of volts.

If hovering along the cloud-line above the American continent, there lurked an aerial army we could not see, and could locate only when its fearful artillery flashed, and if this unseen and formidable enemy hurled shells of vast explosive power six thousand times a year at our people, fear and horror would stir the nation.

And it would challenge the genius of the republic to destroy or conquer the enemy, especially when we found that the force ambushed in the clouds was utilizing laws unknown to us.

There are in this fulgurant fire and fury undreamed of possibilities. A young man in Europe was recently killed by lightning while returning home from work. His clothing was neither deranged nor burned, but the nails were all drawn from his shoes, and the links of a silver chain he wore fused into an ingot, as if they had passed through a laboratory fire. An assayer to accomplish what the lightning did in a flash would have been compelled to develop a heat of nearly a thou-

sand degrees. And the marvel grows as we dwell upon the miracle that the garments of the victim were not singed.

It frequently happens that lightning burns the body without setting fire to the clothing worn or even scorching it. Thomas Neale reports a case where the hands were burned to the bone, while leaving intact the gloves the victim wore. On June 10, 1895, a woman was killed under a tree at Bellenghise, in Europe. Her body was burned to a crisp, but her clothing was not injured by the mysterious fire.

On the other hand, lightning often destroys the clothing, and even leaves the victim nude but free of any injury. Sometimes the lightning takes one or several garments and leaves the rest.

Near Columbus, Georgia, last year, lightning leaped from a tree to a house, shattered the weather-boards and ceiling, ripped off one side of an iron bed, and then glanced to Miss Hilda Clark, seated in the room. It tore off one of her garters, burned her stocking and unlaced a shoe, removing it. The young woman was terribly frightened, but not hurt.

It seems to be a favorite feat of lightning to undress its victims.

A farmer named Fromentin was plowing a field in France, in 1903. Of his two horses, lightning killed one, spared the other, burned the farmer's hat, and stripped him entirely of his clothing, but did not injure him. There are thousands of such instances. Sometimes the people struck are killed, but just as frequently suffer no inconvenience, further than great fright and the loss of the clothing they wear.

The ancients believed that lightning was vengeful. The seeming anarchy of its pranks led the people of old to believe that lightning had a mind, and acted sportively or with sinister intent. The scientists now know little more than the ancients did regarding lightning, but they realize that its amazing power and handiwork indicate unknown laws of energy.

In spite of its tremendous power, lightning frequently snatches implements out of people's hands without inflicting injury. Sometimes in the twinkle of an eye, it transports victims fifty yards or more and sets them down unharmed. In a flash, with incredible dexterity, it has shaved men. Upon the skin of others it imprints strange photographs.

At least on one occasion lightning extracted silver from the coin in one compartment of a purse and spread a delicate tracery of this metal on the gold in another.

As a matter of fact, scientists' compilations of lightning pranks read like the records of goblin deeds. It is, perhaps, the world's

most fascinating chapter in nature's mysteries, and, as stated, it suggests the possibility of achievements eclipsing even the total marvels thus far wrought by men in electrical advance.

At present science simply stands amazed at the multiplying instances of lightning's fantasy. Explanations are not even offered.

The fate that strikes down one inmate of a room and spares the other, or, of two men in a field, destroys one and leaves the other, is one of the con-

stantly recurring mysteries of lightning. On June 15, of last year, word came that Miss Grace Syres, of Rawley, Iowa, was killed by lightning while she was in her home, and that the stroke that had crashed through the roof darted, after claiming one victim, between two infant twins, cutting the mattress completely in two, but leaving the babes unharmed.

Last year Lige Huffman, a farmer, living in the neighborhood of Shelbyville, Kentucky, was walking home with an ax on his shoulder. Lightning struck him, and he was found walking about, dazed, in a circle, the crown of his hat gone, and its rim around his neck. Blood was issuing from his mouth and nose. A physician was summoned and, upon reaching the farmer, found that the man was not seriously injured, but that all



ON FRANK'S BREAST WAS FOUND A PERFECT LIKENESS OF A TREE.

the hair on his head and face had been removed as if he had been shaved.

In another instance lightning struck a farmer carrying a pitchfork on his shoulder. Force from the clouds seized the implement, carried it fifty yards away and twisted its prongs into corkscrews. The farmer was unhurt.

At Delphi, Ohio, on June 8, 1907, while nine persons were in the kitchen in the home of Louis Crawford, lightning struck a neighboring maple-tree and, traveling on a clothes-line, plowed a great hole in the house,

phone wire. The mysterious visitor pulled up all the tacks in the carpet, and burned out all the lights. Terror-stricken, the members of the family cowered in the dark until morning, when it was found that no damage of any importance had been done.

Near Macon, Georgia, on December 23, 1907, while twenty neighbors were enjoying a festal evening at the Bryan home, at Reid's Station, lightning descended and killed Fedora Bryan, a little child, who was sitting in the lap of Mrs. Donaldson, her aunt.

The lightning-bolt stripped the clothing from the child, but examination of the little corpse revealed no evidence of injury save a small burn on the left ankle. Fifteen other persons in the company were injured, but Mrs. Donaldson, who held the child, escaped unharmed.

It has been thought, even by scientific men, that some mathematical law may be discovered that will explain a part of the fantastic operations of lightning.

Mme. la Comtesse Mycielska, of the Duchy of Posen, reported to French scientists, who investigated the case, that lightning, in the summer of 1901, entered her stable, where there were twenty cows, and killed the first nearest the door, spared the second, killed the third, and so on throughout the stalls, striking down all the uneven numbers, and not scorching a hair of the rest. A further curious fact in regard to this event was that although the building was stored with straw, nothing was set afire.

Many of the cases reported in America have similarly shown the lightning's systematic selection

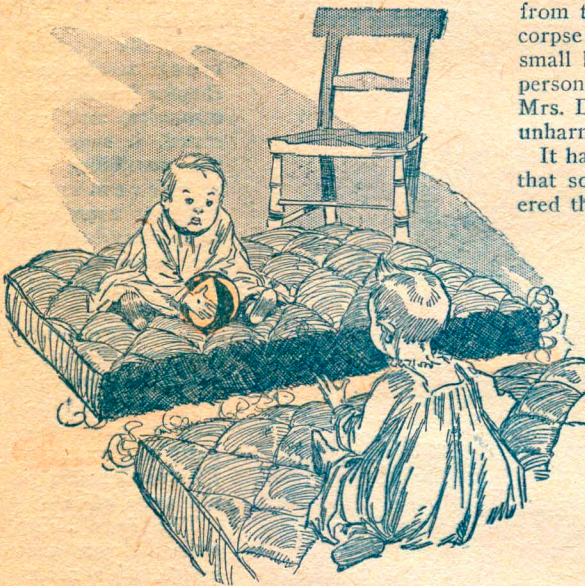
of victims by number, and also its strange actions in toying with powder and other things inflammable, without setting them afire.

Lightning is clearly a law unto itself.

Lightning struck the Maromme Powder Magazine, near Rouen, split the roof, and scattered two barrels of powder in the midst of eight hundred others, and no explosion took place.

Nevertheless, a powder magazine is not a safe place during a lightning-storm. At various times thousands of people have been killed in the neighborhood of powder works destroyed by lightning flashes.

The fact, however, that lightning has toyed with powder without exploding it, is an expression of the rare delicacy of touch which characterizes this quick and flashing visitant.



THE STROKE CRASHED BETWEEN TWO INFANT TWINS, CUTTING THE MATTRESS COMPLETELY IN TWO, BUT LEAVING THE BABES UNHARMED.

picked up a shotgun hanging on the wall, snapped the weapon in two, dropped it harmlessly at the feet of the terrified spectators, and hurled the barrel across the room above their heads, burying it deep in the opposite wall. No one was injured.

Last year reports came from Nashville, Illinois, that the people of that town were miraculously saved by lightning from an impending cyclone. A funnel-shaped cyclone cloud was approaching the community, when out of the heavens the lightning flashed and split the dangerous spiral. It separated in halves, encircled the town, and passed on, the divided sections reuniting just beyond the suburbs.

Early in the morning of June 7, 1907, the family of A. J. Jones, of Clayton, Missouri, were awakened by blinding strokes of lightning. The flash entered the house on a tele-



A FLASH ENVELOPED HIM FOR A MOMENT, AND WHEN IT HAD PASSED HE FOUND THAT THE LIGHTNING HAD LIT THE WICK.

In 1881 a botanist discovered that during a thunder-storm lightning had extracted the pollen from a clump of lilies and scattered it on surrounding flowers.

A chain worn around the neck of a young lady at a boarding-school at Bordeaux was cut into five pieces by a lightning-flash, and some of the fragments were fused and carried away. But the young woman was not hurt.

In 1899 a farmer held in his hand a candle which he had just put out. A flash enveloped him for a moment, and when it had passed he found that the lightning had lit the wick. He was not physically injured, but was so startled by the occurrence that his reason fled.

The ability of lightning to kindle a flame at the tip of a candle is a strange contrast with the sometimes safe incursion of this fiery element into a powder-magazine. And the fact that the man that held the candle was not struck reveals again the narrow trail lightning may follow through the air.

Mention has been made of the curious lightning pranks in pulling tacks from the carpet in a home at Clayton, Missouri. At Marseilles the lightning drew all the nails from a couch covered with satin, and these were found two years afterward under a tile. Nails, which ordinarily cannot be drawn from cabinets without injuring the wood, are often extracted by lightning, with mysterious skill.

The ability of lightning to display handi-

work incredibly deft is not a new discovery. Seneca reports a case in which lightning melted a sword, and left the scabbard whole!

In July, 1896, lightning entered a cottage, struck the key from the lock and threw it in a shoe under a chest of drawers. A couple of canes, resting beside the fireplace, were lifted and laid on the mantel. And that was the only evidence that lightning had struck the house. In August, 1866, lightning struck a cupboard, breaking all the china dishes and sparing the earthenware.

Lightning is the one element whose expressions are bewildering and contradictory. Sometimes the bodies of victims killed become rigid, and turn almost to rock. Others are so burned that they crumble at the touch. Others, again, are totally consumed. This frequently happens in the case of animals.

On August 31, 1895, lightning descended upon a field in which there was a man and a flock of sheep. Twenty-five of the animals were killed, and lay on the ground. The man was not injured, but the dog at his side was not only struck but annihilated. Not the slightest vestige of the animal remained. The sheep-herder, at the time, was holding a knife in his hand. This, too, was spirited away in the most mysterious manner.



LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM, AND HE WAS FOUND WALKING ABOUT, DAZED, IN A CIRCLE, THE CROWN OF HIS HAT GONE, AND ITS RIM AROUND HIS NECK.

It is clear that men intent on crime could make effective and terrible use of the lightning's force if science knew how to use it. And it may be providential that Nature is withholding the secrets of the lightning's power.

The lightning's strength and skill in transporting people and objects struck give evidence of another mystery. It is not difficult to understand the scattering of objects by an explosion or the hurling force of thunderbolts, but, in case of lightning, people are frequently carried fifty yards or more and set down without injury.

In April, 1866, lightning struck a house, and from an upper story carried three children and put them on the ground, outside of the house, without injuring them. Yet the bed on which they slept was demolished. The mother, in another room with a child at her breast, rose in alarm. The lightning lifted the infant across the room, but did not hurt the child. The mother, in her terror, struck a match and was about to light a candle, when the lightning-flash struck her dead. All this in a few seconds.

Lightning is not usually so merciful in its treatment of little ones. A summer thunder-storm broke over a field in which a farmer and his family were haying. One of the children dropped on her knees and raised her hands in prayer. The up-pointed fingers attracted the lightning and she was killed. The rest of the members in the group were spared.

A great many churches in all lands have been struck and sometimes destroyed by lightning, and at times assembled worshippers and priests at the altar have been singled out for death.

On the other hand, the celestial fire has seemed to be just in its wrath. On July 20, 1872, a negro named Norris, who had killed a mulatto in Kentucky, was about to be

hanged. He had been escorted to the scaffold, the noose placed about his neck, the black cap adjusted, and the sheriff had raised his hand to give the signal to spring the trap. Instantly there was a lightning-flash, and the murderer fell dead. No one else was injured, but the sheriff was so affected by the tragic event that he determined never again to officiate at a hanging, and so resigned his office.

No one has fathomed the lightning's just or wanton anarchy. There are various theories regarding means of securing immunity from lightning, but these conceptions are proved to be as fantastic as the lightning is itself.

In America more persons are killed in the open by lightning than in houses. And yet of nine hundred and seventy-three persons injured but not destroyed by lightning, three hundred and twenty-seven were struck while in houses and fifty-seven in barns.

Cities are generally regarded as safer than the open country. The city is roofed with much metal, and there is a vast mass of steel in its frame; and tele-

graph, telephone, and electric-light wires help to convey lightning harmlessly to earth.

But the Federal scientists, after a long study of the comparative safety of places, conclude that if a cloud with a great store of energy should approach quickly "all of the wires in ten cities would not prevent it from discharging right and left." It is held that the main difference in the statistics of destruction by lightning between the city and country is that the area beyond municipal confines is so much vaster than that covered by the cities themselves.

During many ages the bay-tree was supposed to offer safe asylum from lightning-strokes. That is why the emperors crowned themselves with laurel-leaves. It marked the head that Jupiter should spare. But history has shown that every variety of tree



FORCE FROM THE CLOUDS SEIZED THE IMPLEMENT, CARRIED IT FIFTY YARDS AWAY AND TWISTED ITS PRONGS INTO CORKSCREWS.

is subject to lightning-strokes. There is no place on the planet that is absolutely safe.

Even fish in lakes are sometimes killed in great quantities by lightning. And in some places farmers, after a thunder-storm, have scooped up wagon-loads of fish that had the appearance of being boiled.

A strange freak of the lightning's power was displayed in 1888, in a field in Europe where potatoes were growing. The vines were burned, and all the potatoes in the hills were baked as if in an oven.

How the Ancients Dodged Bolts.

At times electricity has shocked men deep in the lower levels of mines. Doubtless, however, caverns underground are the safest place during a thunder-storm. That is why Tiberius and Caligula, believing that lightning was an expression of revengeful gods, had subterranean passages built as places of refuge during lightning storms.

History records but one notable building that was never struck by lightning. This passed through a thousand years of electrical disturbances unscathed. It was Solomon's Temple, and was completely overlaid with gold.

Yet, if every farmer and every city man could build his home of gold, there is no guarantee that that precious metal would safeguard his abode against the wrath of fire from the upper air. Lightning in various places has shown a delight in robbing buildings of their gold. It snatched that metal from a great clock-steeple in Bohemia, and with the yellow grains gilded a window in the chapel. This delicate tracery was accomplished in a second's flash. From the cornice of an altar-pillar in a church in Vienna, lightning took the gold and put it on a silver vase.

There has been much controversy among scientists in regard to lightning's fantastic habit, at times, of imprinting curious photographs upon victims. It is claimed by some of the investigators that the wonderful designs traced upon stricken people and animals are the result of violent action upon the tissues, and are not actual photographs. The more progressive scientists accept the photographic idea, believing that the lightning contains power not even included in Röntgen and cathodic rays and radiography.

Frank and Charles Demmerle, brothers, of 372 East Sixteenth Street, Flatbush, were struck by lightning while bathing at Parkway Baths. On Frank's breast was found a perfect likeness of a tree. Mme. Morosa, of Lugano, was struck by lightning but not injured. Between her chair and the window a flower had stood in a vase. The lightning photographed this flower on her leg.

In September, 1857, a peasant woman at Seine-et-Marne was struck by lightning while minding a cow. The animal was killed, and the woman struck to the ground, but she soon revived and afterward suffered no further injury from her mishap. On her breast the lightning had drawn a picture of the cow.

The record of devastation caused by lightning is great and increasing. Every summer adds larger lists of victims killed or strangely affected by this fire from heaven. There have been, however, a number of authenticated cases of strange cures effected by lightning.

For twenty years a paralytic had been vainly taking the waters of Tunbridge Wells. Lightning struck him and he was cured.

In the summer of 1807 lightning struck a man whose side had been paralyzed from infancy. The stroke restored to him the use of his limbs. One of his eyes had been weak. After the lightning-stroke he could read and write without spectacles. But, strange to say, the lightning had made him deaf.

Many reports have come in of people cured of rheumatism by lightning-strokes. And lightning has caused the dumb to speak.

The effect of lightning upon trees is sometimes marvelous. Some of the effects may be explained by explosions caused by the sudden expansion of sap, but there are many fantastic incidents before which science is dumb.

A great oak, struck in the forest of Vibraye, had its mighty trunk reduced to powder by lightning and distributed as sawdust over a circuit of fifty meters. But the top of the tree, with all its branches intact, was planted by the lightning-stroke where the trunk had stood.

Wonderful Tree-Surgery.

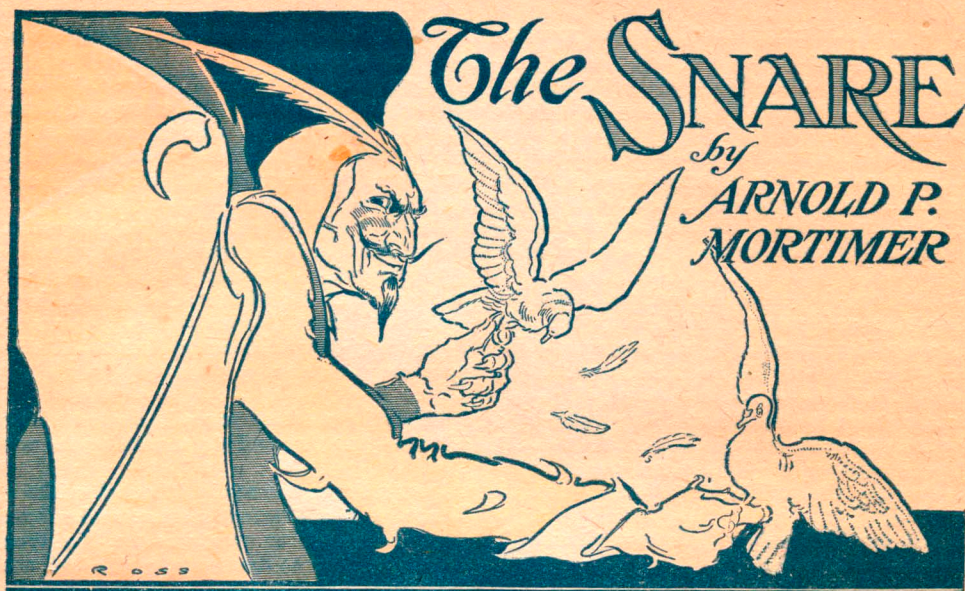
In 1868, in the forest of Pont de Bus-sière, occurred perhaps the most beautiful, as well as the most mysterious, phenomena in all the pranks of lightning recorded by man. An English oak and a pine, growing ten yards apart, were struck at the same moment by a lightning-flash. When it had passed, it was found that the leaves of the oak had been transferred to the pine, and the needles of the latter tree were grafted on the oak.

This miracle attracted thousands of inhabitants; and scientists who investigated the case found that the trees thus transformed by lightning bore their unaccustomed foliage until the time for the leaves to fall in the autumn.

WILLIAM TELL? WHO SAID HE WAS SO MUCH?



THE NEW MOVABLE TEE, DESIGNED TO ADD TO THE EXCITEMENT OF GOLF IN THE HITAWAK ISLANDS.—*London Sketch.*



CHAPTER I.

The Hand of Fate.

HOW could I dream that that piece of crumpled paper, fluttering to the floor of the bank, was to be the terrible turning-point in my career—that it was to be the first strand in the rope of circumstance that was to bind me?

It was about half past two in the afternoon and the bank was almost empty of customers. From the seat I occupied I had a good view of persons coming in and passing out. My work was well in hand, and I could afford a moment now and then to look around me—to enjoy a quick glimpse of the folk who came with their pockets bulging with notes to pay into the bank—to watch those who presented checks, receiving for them the glittering gold shoveled out to them by the cashiers.

One hundred and twenty pounds a year! That was my salary. Two pounds ten shillings a week—minus certain shillings and pence deducted with scrupulous accuracy.

But I was happy. I was not such a fool as to allow myself to be made miserable by the better fortune of others. Some day I might be rich myself! I was young—only twenty-one—healthy and strong, and I had no expensive tastes.

"You are a very unlucky fellow, Fawley, of course," remarked one of the chief cashiers to me one day. "You are greatly handicapped in life. I am glad to notice that you don't let your worry make you miserable and discontented. There are some trials that

bring a fellow luck. There are sacrifices that are good investments."

He was speaking of the expense entailed upon me by the ill-health of my mother, who lived with me in the lodging of three rooms that I rented in a cheap suburb in the south of London.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Fawley, that there is practically no hope of your mother ever being well or strong. She will need careful nursing, and should have the best of food, and whatever delicacies you may be able to afford her.

"I—ahem! You are not rich, Mr. Fawley? Well, don't hesitate to call upon me for any medical help I can give you. My account can stand over till you find it convenient. You see I attend a good many rich people, and one must take the lean with the fat."

Such were the doctor's words. No, she would never be better. But there was not much sacrifice in all that I could do for her.

"God bless you, my boy! So you have got to run for your train, have you? Oh, those long days in the city! But you will be back as soon as your work is over. I shall count the hours till I look upon your face once more—if I am to see it again."

That was her great fear—that she might fall a victim to the malady that afflicted her, that it might have a sudden termination while I was absent.

If only some of those golden sovereigns that that young fellow picked up off the counter as if he did not know how they came there, had been mine, how much happiness

they might have purchased for that poverty-shadowed home of mine!

The great door of the bank swung open once more, and there entered the Man of Fate.

He was tall, dressed in clothes that marked him at once as the patron of a high-class tailor. One learns in a bank quickly to reckon up the signs of affluence or the reverse. This man bore all the outward evidences of prosperity.

He glanced around him with swift, searching eyes, and advanced to the counter. He was smiling and chatting to the cashier while he produced a pocketbook, and searched in it for the check he had to present.

A most agreeable fellow, he was something over forty years of age, his dark brown hair tinged with gray. While the cashier was seeing to the check, the stranger looked around.

His eyes fell on me. He started, smiled, nodded to me, and then, gathering up the gold and notes, he turned away to the door, while I wondered who he might be.

It was then the paper fluttered from his hand and fell to the floor. It was one of the notes, and he had not observed it. I sprang from my seat to call his attention to it, but I was too late. The stranger had vanished through the doors.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Fawley, you might run after him with it," remarked the cashier, to whom I showed the note. "The gentleman is Mr. Resgrove. He is going on to Shlensons, the jeweler's, he told me, to buy some friend of his a wedding present. You will find him only a few yards up the street."

I did. Mr. Resgrove turned to me in amazement when I touched him on the arm, and he found a hatless, panting man beside him.

"By Jove! How careless of me!" he exclaimed, as he took the note. "I cannot afford to go throwing ten-pound notes about. And I have put you to some trouble. I cannot say how much I am indebted to you."

He bowed to me and started in surprise.

"By the way," he said, "you are the young fellow I saw in the bank at the desk, are you not? I was struck by your face. If you are not a son of old Hugh Fawley, of Manchester, it is one of the most remarkable likenesses I ever met with."

"Hugh Fawley was my father," I replied. "I'm afraid I don't remember you, Mr. Resgrove."

He laughed pleasantly.

"It would be strange if you did," he said. "I knew your father well, though. I am all the more pleased to find that it is his son to whom I am indebted for a kindness."

He took out a little morocco-bound pocket-book and opened it.

"Give me your address," he said. "No, I am not going to insult you by sending you a reward, but I may be able to do you some good some day. One never knows. You will never be the worse off for having one more friend."

I gave it to him, and he walked away with a cordial shake of the hand.

"Resgrove! Resgrove!" exclaimed my mother, when I told her of what had happened. "I remember no one of that name. But your father had many friends till disaster overtook him."

"Promise me that you will do something for me—that you will do something for my sake."

I was never more surprised than when Emily Resgrove, Mr. Resgrove's niece, spoke those words to me. That night was the third time of our meeting at his house, and I had not been favorably impressed by Miss Resgrove.

She was young—only about twenty-five or so—and many would have said she was decidedly handsome. But Miss Resgrove's eyes, large as they were, had an expression which filled me with uneasiness. They were restless eyes—eyes that seemed to be too quick, too searching. While she chatted to you carelessly, those eyes seemed to be full of unrest and watchfulness.

Resgrove's eyes would meet yours frankly, steadily, twinkling with fun and laughter. They placed you at your ease. There was no mistrusting them. I felt sorry for him in his niece. She could, I feared, be cruel—deceptive.

"Promise me that you will do something for me—that you will do something for my sake."

Mr. Resgrove had made much of that little obligation I had conferred upon him. No doubt, I imagined, his memory of my father led him to exaggerate the incident.

Moreover, he had taken a fancy to me. He had a friend, he informed me, who had a growing business in South America, in which he hoped to be able to secure me a post at a salary which I should have to wait long, dreary years of drudgery in the bank to secure. He hoped it would prove worth three hundred and fifty, or four hundred a year, "with opportunities."

Mr. Resgrove was distinctly worth cultivating. When I received that invitation to dine at his house that night "to meet a few friends," I even thought it worth while to take a few shillings from our little saved-up store to get my dress-suit out of pawn, where it had rested for a long time.

I shall not forget that dinner, or the con-

versation in the dining-room after the ladies had left us. It turned on racing—a matter of which I was entirely ignorant.

"Warden is going to run to-morrow," declared one of the guests, a young man with a small, sharp-featured face. "Warden will romp home at nine to one against. I give you the information, Resgrove. If there is any one else here who wishes to make one pound into ten he can do so."

Mr. Resgrove paid no heed to him, however, and we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, where later on there was a dance. Miss Emily Resgrove had been my partner in the last waltz, and now we had left the room and were standing in the conservatory in the dim light, under the nodding palms and with the scent of the flowers around us.

"My uncle is occupied at the card-table," she had whispered. "Come with me. I have something I want to say to you."

Then I looked at her in amazement as she spoke those words:

"Promise you will do something for me—that you will do something for my sake."

"I will certainly do anything I can, Miss Resgrove," I replied. "Unfortunately, I am not a person who can generally prove very useful to others."

"It is something that you can do—something that it is for your good you should do," she whispered eagerly. "Don't ask me for reasons, but do what I tell you. Never set foot within these doors again. Avoid all you have ever met in this house or that are connected with it. There! Don't ask me."

She turned swiftly aside, bending her eyes to one corner of the conservatory. In the darkness of that spot my eyes, following hers, rested on a face—a white, disk-like thing in which there seemed to glisten two eyes like little fires.

With a short, harsh laugh, Mr. Resgrove came forward.

"Sorry to interrupt your little *tête-à-tête*," he said. "So it was to enjoy a quiet talk with Mr. Fawley, was it, that you stole away, my pretty niece, and left the guests wondering at your absence? Well, now be off to them again. Be off, I say!"

He had walked to her. His voice was pleasant and playful, but as he came to her he laid his hands upon her shoulder. Be-

neath that playful manner was it rage that made him shake her so that his hand, getting entangled in the beautiful necklace she wore, broke it from her neck?

I picked it up from the ground and gave it to her. Without a word, she slipped away, while Resgrove took my arm and led me away to the drawing-room.

"A queer little girl," he said. "What was it she was saying to you?"

"Only speaking to me about the house and your friends," I answered evasively.

"Ah!"

He said no more, and we entered the brilliantly lighted room. But Miss Emily was not there! Resgrove, going to seek her, returned with the news that she was indisposed with a headache.

I left Mr. Resgrove's house that

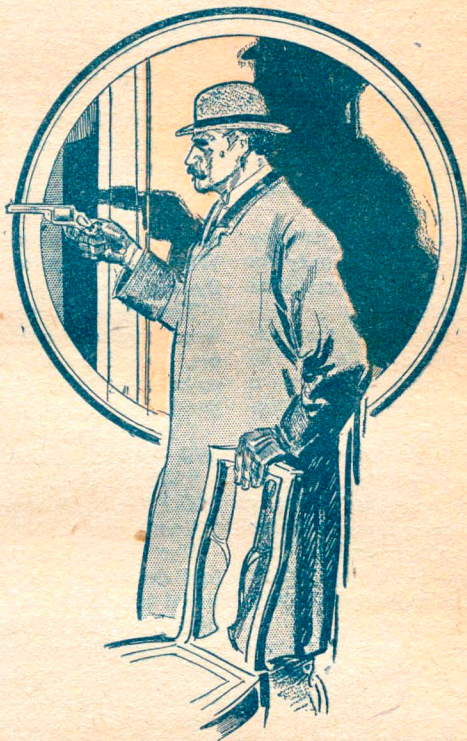
night with two commissions entrusted to me to execute.

Mr. Resgrove had handed to me ten pounds to put on Warden in the race the next day.

"If the horse goes down," he laughed, "it won't do me any damage. If it wins, you get half."

It was not a commission I liked. I had never laid a penny on a horse in my life, but I knew a man who was the agent of a book-maker.

The second commission was a stranger one. As I was passing through the hall a door was softly opened, and a hand was held out to me, with a little packet in it.



THE HAND HE HAD KEPT IN HIS OVERCOAT POCKET
FLASHED FORTH WITH SOMETHING IN IT THAT
GLISTENED IN THE GAS-LIGHT. HE HAD
A REVOLVER POINTED AT MY FACE.

"Don't speak. Take it," said a voice that I recognized as that of Miss Resgrove.

The packet held the broken necklet.

"Will you please take this to a jeweler whom you can trust?" ran the note that was with it. "Take it to-morrow morning and ask him what he thinks of it, and what it will cost to mend."

I came to the conclusion that Miss Resgrove must be a little mad.

CHAPTER II.

I Win a Bet.

I LOOKED at the jeweler in amazement when he laid down the necklet and informed me that the stones in it were false. It seemed ridiculous to me that a person in the position of Mr. Resgrove's niece should wear false jewels.

And why, if the stones were false, had she handed the thing to me? Ladies surely do not afford acquaintances such opportunities of discovering their deceptions.

"You need have no doubt about the matter," said the jeweler with a smile. "The things would, no doubt, look very well on a person, but they won't stand any expert examination."

I stuffed the necklet in my pocket and walked out of the shop. What was the meaning of it? Was the thing actually handed to me by Miss Resgrove in order that I might learn the truth about it? That it might be a warning—something which might speak to me more eloquently than any words she might have written?

I remembered her strange request to me never to come to the house again. Was I to discover in that necklet a reason that she dared not put in words:

"All here is false—all deception!"

The discovery filled me with unwillingness to do what Mr. Resgrove had wished me to with regard to the betting on the horse-race. But if I did not carry out my part of the bargain would he not suspect, if the horse won, that I had really put the money on, and that I had pocketed the winnings?

The book-maker's agent was in his accustomed haunt in the little court, the entrances to which were watched by keen-eyed spies, to guard him from surprise by the police. He took the ten-pound note, and made an entry in his book.

"Race at two-thirty. Warden. Um! That's a long-shot. No one been on the beggar yet. If he wins you'll be in luck, young gentleman. He'll start, I should say, at a long price."

Pondering the affair of the necklet, and wondering what the fate of Warden would be, I did my work in the bank that day.

Warden had won! I could hardly believe my eyes as I read the fact in the evening newspaper. Warden had won, and the price against him had been eleven to one! The book-maker would have one hundred and twenty pounds in his hands for me!

The bank work was over. The great books were closed for the day. I took my hat and stick, and emerged into the street. As I walked along, a hansom cab came driving slowly by me.

As it passed, a piece of paper thrown from the person in the cab fell on the pavement before me. It was a piece of notepaper folded together. I took it up and, untwisting it, found written there these words:

"If you have gambled on a horse to-day and won, don't call for any winnings."

I crumpled the paper together, thrust it into my pocket, and walked on the quicker. It was a trick, I suspected, of the book-maker to avoid payment of what he owed me. What would Resgrove think if I did not get the money?

The book-maker received me with no outward sign of perturbation. He nodded to me, looked in his book, and proceeded to make up a little roll of bank-notes, which he handed to me.

"You'll find that all right, I think," he said, and that was all.

"What is the matter with you to-night, Dick?" asked my mother that evening. "Aren't you well? Working too hard?"

Her watchful eyes, make keen with love, had detected that I was ill at ease, but I dared tell neither of the necklet incident nor of the bet, and I made some excuse. A short time later she kissed me good night, and passed through the door to the little adjoining room that served as her chamber.

I felt relieved that those examining eyes were gone. I could think over things now. To-morrow I would send that money to Mr. Resgrove, and return the necklet to his niece. There was danger—danger in that house to which I had looked as the place from which such good fortune was to come to me.

There were steps in the little corridor, and a knock at the door. The door was opened, and a strange man appeared. He was tall, thin, with little gray eyes that glittered quickly around. His clothes were well-made, but showed signs of wear.

"You are Mr. Richard Fawley," he said, closing the door behind him, and returning my glance of astonishment with a steady stare of the little gray eyes. "I believe in coming to business straight, Mr. Fawley. You have been betting to-day? You backed a horse?"

I heard a slight noise behind me, and turn-

ing I saw that the door of my mother's room was slightly opened. She had heard the stranger's voice, and had opened it to learn who was there.

"Silence!" I gasped. "Silence!" My voice dropped to a whisper as I seized his

and turned upon the man who had followed me.

"She is dead!" I shouted; "and you have killed her! You have killed her!"

I stood before him, my whole body trembling with rage and my hands clenched. In



SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF IN THE HANDS OF THOSE TWO MEN, MY ARMS FIRMLY GRASPED, WHILE RESGROVE THRUST THE HANDKERCHIEF TO MY FACE.

arm. "My mother is there," I whispered. "She will hear what you say. Be silent, I tell you."

"So your mother is in there, is she?" he answered, withdrawing his arm from my hand and speaking none the lower. "And she will hear all I have to say? Well, all the better. In case you are not reasonable she may help to make you so. I say that you were betting to-day, and that that has only to be brought to the notice of the bank for you to be—"

He stopped. From that little room, from behind the opened door, there came a sudden cry, followed by a noise as of some one falling. I turned and rushed into the room.

She lay there on the floor. A great terror seized me as I bent over her. Then I rose,

that moment I felt that I had but one wish in the world—to spring upon him and tear him limb from limb.

The hand he had kept in his overcoat-pocket flashed forth with something in it that glittered in the gaslight. He had a revolver pointed at my face. His hand did not tremble.

"Steady! Steady!" he said, in cold, calm tones. "I could not guess, could I, that what I said would kill her? I reckon I would rather have had her live. Before you have done with me, Mr. Fawley, you'll probably find I have enough little faults to answer for, without saddling me with any more than necessary."

I turned from him. My rage was swallowed up in my sorrow. And, bending over

that lifeless figure, I burst into tears, weeping for a life that was past.

Had I known, I might have wept at the same time for a life that was to be lived.

CHAPTER III.

Blackmail.

"AND now, what do you want?"

That stranger who had descended so unexpectedly upon me—that man who had entered our little sitting-room, bringing, as it were, the very dart of death with him—had remained there while I had laid that stricken form upon the bed, while the hastily summoned doctor had examined her, and turned to me with a grave face to tell me what I knew so well already, but what I had striven madly to reject as impossible.

I left that chamber, leaving there her whose sorrows now were all over, and stumbled rather than walked into the little sitting-room. For some moments I was unconscious of the man seated there. When at last my eyes fell on him my blood boiled in my veins, and my hands clenched as I thought of how she had died.

It was he who had killed her! It was those brutal words of his which, falling on her ears, had dealt the fatal stroke to that feeble life! And she had died, believing me false, untrue, unworthy of her as a son!

I turned to him, and the expression of some of that rage I felt must have shown itself in my face, for he leaped from the chair in which he had been ensconced.

Drawing himself to his greatest height, he thrust forward his ugly face, with his little, glittering eyes gleaming into mine, with no shade of pity or remorse in them.

"What do you want?" I demanded. "Tell me, and go quickly."

"I shall go as quickly as I want to," he replied. "Come, what is the good of being huffy with me? How did I know that my words would upset the old lady so?"

"I am in no mood to listen to you now," I replied, walking to the door and opening it. "You must come some other time."

"I've had a pretty big experience of the world, Mr. Richard Fawley," he sneered, not stirring from the spot where he stood, "and I've learned that, in a good many things, there is no time like the present. No, no. Calling again won't do. You don't—"

"You miserable scoundrel!" I shouted. "Will you go, or shall I throw you out? No!" I drew myself together, remembering her who lay in the next room, and how unseemly it would be to have a struggle there. "I will summon a policeman, and have you turned out!"

The man laughed.

"That's good," he sneered. "Do you know what summoning a policeman means? It means ruin and disgrace—disgrace to her name!" He waved his hand to the door leading into the little inner chamber.

Disgrace to her name! The words brought me to a sudden check.

"Tell me what you mean," I said; "and in as few words as possible."

"Certainly," he replied. "That's business. What I mean is this, Mr. Fawley. To-day you had a bet on a horse. Ah, you didn't think that anybody else would make it their concern to learn that, did you? Well, you were mistaken.

"And you won, too. You did well. Eleven to one against Warden, and you laid a ten-pound note. You've a hundred and twenty pounds in your pocket as you stand there."

"If you think to rob me of it," I exclaimed hotly, "you are mistaken. For all that revolver in your pocket, you are not going to handle one of those notes."

"We will see about that," he retorted. "If you are sensible, I shall handle the whole of them—the whole of them, Mr. Fawley—or else the bank knows to-morrow morning that their highly esteemed and steady young clerk, in whom they place such implicit reliance, backs horses, and knows how to find a winner, too."

The fearful truth flashed across me then. The man was a blackmailer. I felt that there was a struggle before me, and nerved myself as well as I could to meet this man. I laughed at him defiantly.

"You mean," I said, "that unless I hand you a sum of money, you will inform the manager of my bank that I have been betting?"

He nodded.

"You have realized the position exactly," he replied. "Unless you hand me the money, I shall consider it my duty to tell them all about it. You know the rules—immediate discharge, and without a character, too."

He chuckled. Some of the consternation that his words caused me must have shown itself in my face, hard as I endeavored to control it. Fool that I had been! I knew the rule. What madness had made me forget it when I undertook Mr. Resgrove's commission?

"Ah!" he chuckled; "I see you know all about it. Well, unless you make it worth my while—I'm not so hard-hearted nor such a fool as not to be able to blink at a bit of a spree on the part of a young chap—I inform your manager to-morrow morning. And the price of my silence is one hundred and ten pounds.

"I'll not be hard. I'll leave you the ten-

pound note you laid on. There are a good many fellows in my position who wouldn't do that."

I walked to the door, and threw it open.

"I am not such a weak fool as to agree to such terms," I replied. "There is the door. Go! Go, or I shall throw you out!"

He paused for a moment, and then strode forward.

"I'll go," he said; "but don't forget yourself, Mr. Richard Fawley. I will give you a night to think it over. My name is Thomas Smaile. As the doors of the bank open at ten to-morrow, you will see me there to tell the manager. If you are sharp, you may stop me. If you have the notes ready, you can pass them to me, and Thomas Smaile disappears out of your path forever. Don't forget yourself, Mr. Fawley, and good-by till then."

As I took my place at my desk in the bank the next morning, one question was beating at my brain. Should I see the hateful figure of that man entering the bank when the great doors were flung open as the clock struck ten?

"You are not looking well, Fawley. What's up?"

It was one of the cashiers who spoke to me.

"Great heavens, man! What are you doing here?" he exclaimed as I told him of my mother's death. "The manager would never have expected you. I'll tell him, and he'll send you home."

He was moving away, when I laid my hand upon his arm.

"No, no," I gasped. "I'd sooner work. It will help me to forget."

I opened the big account books that lay on my desk, with fingers that shook so that they could hardly grasp the covers. My eyes could not turn themselves from the door, save to watch the finger of the clock slowly dragging itself on to the fatal hour.

May those who say I was a coward never learn by bitter experience what torture as I endured means. But I flattered myself, as I sat there, waiting with the roll of notes ready in my breast pocket, that I might be bold enough when I saw him come to defy him and let him do his worst.

The hour sounded. I heard the great bars that guarded the bank doors clang aside. The doors were thrown open. There was a moment's pause, and I gave a gasp of relief. Then my heart gave a great bound, and my blood ran cold in my veins.

The man had entered, and was advancing toward the cashier. A smile curled his thin lips as he looked toward me and nodded. I jumped from my stool and walked swiftly forward to meet him.

"Ah, Mr. Fawley," he said, holding out a

hand and nodding to the cashier, who regarded him with eyes alight with quick suspicion. "I am a friend of Mr. Fawley's, sir, just come to do him a little service in the sad circumstances in which he is placed."

He was robbing me while he spoke with that evil smile on his face, as surely as if he had taken that money from me at the muzzle of the revolver I knew he carried in his pocket. A moment later he disappeared through the great doors with steps that seemed to swagger with triumphant villainy.

"Humph! Don't think much of your friend, Fawley!" exclaimed the cashier as I returned to my desk.

His eyes were on my face while he spoke. He did not think any the better of me, it was clear, for having a man like Smaile claiming my acquaintance.

CHAPTER IV.

The House of Darkness.

I GOT through the day somehow. That night I should have to see Mr. Resgrove and explain to him what had become of the money. The loss of the half-share in those winnings did not trouble me. I had always hated betting. Money gained in that way would, I felt sure, do me no good.

Mr. Resgrove would surely not only forgive me, but be sorry that he had been the means of leading me into such a terrible position. If he showed signs of anger, I would, I resolved, pay him the money by instalments. Scraping it together would be a big job, but I would manage it in time. Resgrove was wealthy, and could wait.

As I turned in at the gate that admitted one to the gravel path under the old, smoke-blackened trees that shadowed it, the path seemed strangely dark under those trees.

Darkness!

The house stood before me dark—black against the night. I stared at it in wonder—that house I had seen so brilliantly lighted the night before, the house in which there had been gathered that merry company, in which there had been that music and dancing.

The unexpected sight filled me with a feeling of disaster. I was about to turn back, when I caught sight of dim rays of light struggling out through the chinks of the closed shutters of a room at the side.

There was some one there. I resolved to ring the bell and make inquiry.

"You want Mr. Resgrove, do you? Come inside."

The man who opened the door to me had lighted one of the gas-lights in the hall. Now he closed the door behind me.

"Mr. Resgrove and his folk have had to

go into the country," he said in a harsh voice. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Before I tell you," I answered, "I should like to know who you are. I have not seen you here before, as far as I can remember."

"No," he answered; "you have certainly not seen me here before. I know a good deal of Mr. Resgrove's business, though, and in his absence am managing his affairs."

"My business is private," I said. "It concerns Mr. Resgrove himself, and can be told to no one else."

A look of annoyance crossed his face.

"So it's private business, is it?" he remarked. "Well, you will find it to your advantage to make a clean breast of it, young man. I'm Detective Bladon. Resgrove, as you call him, and his folk were— But never mind that."

"I'm here in charge, and it's part of my duty to question callers. If you are an innocent, it will be your best plan to tell me all you know. If you are one of the gang, you will doubtless keep your mouth shut, and I shall have to find out for myself."

I reeled back, and a cry of despair broke from my lips, echoing through the hall. In that moment there flashed before me the meaning of all that had happened. The events of the past few days had all been parts of a trap!

The fallen bank-note, the invitations to Resgrove's house, the backing of the horse, the visit of Smaile, the blackmailing—they were all parts of a trap to place me in the power of a man who would hold me in his grasp, helpless as a child, and make me his tool by the threat of shameful exposure and ruin, unless I helped him in some scheme of villainy against the bank in which I was employed.

Would they believe me if I told all now? I must risk it. I moistened my lips with my tongue to speak. The keen-eyed man before me nodded his head to spur me on.

Then he suddenly bent forward, his head down, his nostrils quivering. He looked at me like a great hound whose ears had caught some sound of danger or who had snuffed the scent of it in the air. Then he darted past me to the back of the house with swift, noiseless feet, and vanished, leaving me motionless with wonder.

From the part of the house into which he had disappeared there came a sudden cry—the cry of a man calling for assistance in hands that nearly choked him, and the noise of scuffling feet. I darted after him.

The room from which the noise had come was in pitch darkness as I entered it, but some hand touched the electric switch, and the place was flooded with light.

Before me on the floor lay the man I had seen in the hall. While two men grasped his arms, another held a handkerchief to his face. The smell of chloroform filled the place with a sickly odor. The man with the handkerchief spoke to one of his companions.

"The chap is pretty helpless now," he said. "You hold the thing to his nose till he is fairly off."

He rose from his knees and faced me. It was Resgrove himself.

"Good evening, Mr. Fawley," he said, with his usual smile, but with an expression in those eyes of his I had never before seen there—an expression of fierce excitement and grim determination. "That fellow lying there has let you into something of the explanation of all this. Yes; he and his chaps nearly had us. We only escaped by the skin of our teeth—so hurriedly, that I have had to come back to clear off some possessions too valuable to be left behind."

"Your arrival was most opportune. It diverted that fellow's attention. By Jove, you could not have done better if you had come on purpose. I dare say that when that chap comes round he'll be prepared to say that you did come on purpose."

One of the men bending over the senseless detective raised himself and addressed Resgrove with an oath.

"The things, you fool!" he cried. "Will you stay here jawing when we may be pounced on any moment? The things!"

Resgrove darted a contemptuous glance at him.

"There is no hurry," he replied. "This is the very last place in the world in which the police would expect us to be. However, I will set to work. You will see to this gentleman. Let him sit in that chair." He waved his hand to one, and his voice suddenly assumed a tone of terrible threat. "You will sit there, Mr. Fawley, and make yourself as comfortable as you can."

He turned to one of the men.

"You will not harm Mr. Fawley," he remarked as I seated myself, "while he sits quietly. If you attempt to escape or make yourself a nuisance," he nodded to me, "you will only have yourself to thank, Mr. Fawley, for being a dead man."

Stupefied and crushed by what I had seen and heard, I sat there, how long I do not know. At last Resgrove appeared in the doorway, and beckoned one of his companions to him. Then, suddenly, I found myself in the hands of those two men, my arms fully grasped, while Resgrove thrust the handkerchief to my face.

When I regained my sense and looked around me, the detective and some policemen were beside me.

"Of course, what you say may be true," he remarked, as I told him my story; "but it looks precious like a plant. You'll have an opportunity of explaining to a magistrate, anyway."

For three weeks I lay in prison, and each week I appeared in the police-court dock.

"Your story," said the magistrate at last, "is a remarkable one. In its most important points it is uncorroborated. The book-maker, for instance, swears that he never made any such bet as you speak of. On the other hand, a bank-note which has been traced to Resgrove has been found in your possession." It was the ten-pound note he had handed to me.

"There is evidence that you have been in his company, that you visited at his house, and that he was all that time bent on designs in which the cooperation of an accomplice in the bank might have aided him. All these things are gravely suspicious; at the same time, they hardly justify me in sending the case to a jury. You are discharged."

Free! Free once more!

No, not free. In the bondage of suspicion and shame! The eyes of all men seemed to glance at me askance. I hid myself till dusk had gathered before I made my way to that cemetery where my mother had been buried while I had been in prison. The attendant showed me her grave and left me.

He must have forgotten me. Unconscious of time, I remained there while the darkness of night fell around me.

Suddenly I leaped to my feet. A hand had been laid on my shoulder.

Facing me in the night gloom was the figure of a woman!

I was so amazed that I could not easily find words, and the woman broke the silence first.

"I expected you would come here, Richard Fawley," she said. "While you were in prison I had no means of communicating with you. There were those clever enough to have intercepted any letter which I might have sent you. I had to deceive the eyes of those who are watching you."

"Of those who are watching me?" I cried. "Who are they?"

"I am not here to reply to questions," she answered. "I shall answer none if you ask them. Yet I think you might accept my presence as an assurance that I am a friend of yours. I came here at risk to myself. Even they"—I could see, even through the darkness, that she shuddered as she spoke—"will hardly suspect me of being here, nor will they lightly intrude in such a place as this."

"Who are they?" I asked again.

"I have told you that I am not here to

answer questions," she said. "I am only here to warn you."

"Get away from London—from England, if you can. Disgraced as you are—marked down by a brand that will sever you from the companionship of honest men—seek some new place, some place where you are not known. Beware of the toils that, if you remain here, will drag you down to become what even now you are suspected to be."

They say that those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first drive mad. As she spoke those words, I seemed to see all the purpose of her being there.

"You are exceedingly kind," I answered bitterly. "You come here—you counsel me to fly. Shall I tell you why?"

The figure nodded its head.

"You want me to fly," I said, "because Resgrove and his gang know that, when they are caught, I shall be the chief witness against them. When I bear that witness and gain them the punishment they deserve, my innocence will be made so clear that no one will doubt it. How much did Resgrove pay you to come here and try to frighten me?"

"How much! How much!" She gasped the words as though they choked her. "How much did Resgrove pay me? You look on me then as your enemy?"

"I look upon you as you are," I cried angrily. "I have been tricked so far, but I will be tricked no longer."

A deep sigh escaped her.

"Yes, you have failed," I went on. "Go back to Resgrove and his people, and tell them that you have failed. I refuse to fly. I defy them, and they shall find what it is to try and wreck an innocent life!"

She turned and the darkness quickly swallowed her up. As she disappeared the very gloom which had enshrouded my heart seemed to lift itself. I would be rid of the suspicion and disgrace which had attached itself to me, even as I was rid of that black figure.

I presented myself before the surprised caretaker of the cemetery, and explained to him how I had been inadvertently locked in. Then I emerged from that gloomy place into the lighted roadway.

I seemed relieved of a great burden. I would yet prove myself worthy of her who slept there so peacefully, and the world should do justice to Richard Fawley.

CHAPTER V.

Monsieur Lamonde.

"SEEM down on your luck, old boy. What's the matter?"

It was between midnight and one o'clock

when that friendly voice fell upon my ears, as I was stumbling along a London street in the West End. I had parted with the last of my possessions in a bitter struggle to obtain employment.

Week after week had gone by, and each day had brought its blasted hopes that I should obtain a situation of some kind which would at least provide me with a means of living. Those terrible words of the magistrate, "although there be grave suspicion," had beaten me back from every door to which I had applied.

"Where were you last employed? What is your character? Richard Fawley? Why, bless my soul, aren't you the man there was such a fuss about a few weeks ago?"

Such were the questions asked me wherever I went. It was as if I had presented myself with some deadly plague upon me. The very offices to which other people resorted in order to obtain employment were shut to me.

"Richard Fawley. H'm, the fellow who was mixed up in Resgrove's affair. Sorry we haven't got any place that will suit you. Not a single situation on our books we could recommend you to apply for."

That was what I heard at office after office.

"Look here, Fawley," said one who was more friendly than the rest, as he banged his book to when I gave him my name, "don't you think it's a bit thick coming to me, and asking me to recommend you to a client? He might take you, you know, not knowing who you are—and mind you, I don't say you're not as innocent as a daisy—but if he cut up rough, what could I say? He'd say a nice agency that, and all that kind of thing!"

His words sounded the more terrible to me in the state of weakness to which I had come through want of food. I staggered back from the table at which I had been standing and sank into a chair.

"Then what is to become of me?" I cried.

He sprang to my side and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Look here," he said, "don't go fainting, or anything of that kind. I have only put a thing to you which ought to be as plain to you as the nose upon your face. What you're to do, I don't know. It needs all a fellow's wits to get along himself without tackling the problems of other people. You must think it out for yourself, and here's a bit that may serve to keep you going while you do it."

He pressed a half-crown into my hand as he spoke.

Now, this night when the stranger accosted

me in the West-End street, I was homeless, hopeless, and again penniless.

"Seem down on your luck, old boy. What's the matter?"

I mumbled some words in reply, I hardly knew what, and shuffled on. We were passing under a gas-light, when he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and brought me to a sudden halt, placing himself before me and looking at me with a keen eye.

"Your face is like a book to me," he said. "You're some fellow that the world is treating roughly. I should say you hadn't had a good square meal for three days."

He was a man of about forty-five, tall, and well made, with a handsome face. His overcoat, thrown back, revealed that he was in evening dress.

"I can read you like a book," he said again with a little laugh. "No, you haven't had a square meal for three days. I can see that in your eyes, and what's more, you don't think you're going to get one. Not got many friends, eh? Why, you look upon me as if I wanted to rob you."

He broke into a laugh at the idea.

"Well, I'm not. I'm one who can help a lame dog over a stile. Perhaps I've been a lame dog myself once. Look here, here's my card. Call upon me to-morrow, and I'll see what I can do for you; and as I don't want to be worried by a gentleman who looks like a ghost that has lost its grave and couldn't find its way back, take that for a bed, and good dreams!"

He strode away with a laugh, leaving me there transfixed with astonishment, clutching that card and the coin he had thrust with it into my hand. It was gold—a sovereign!

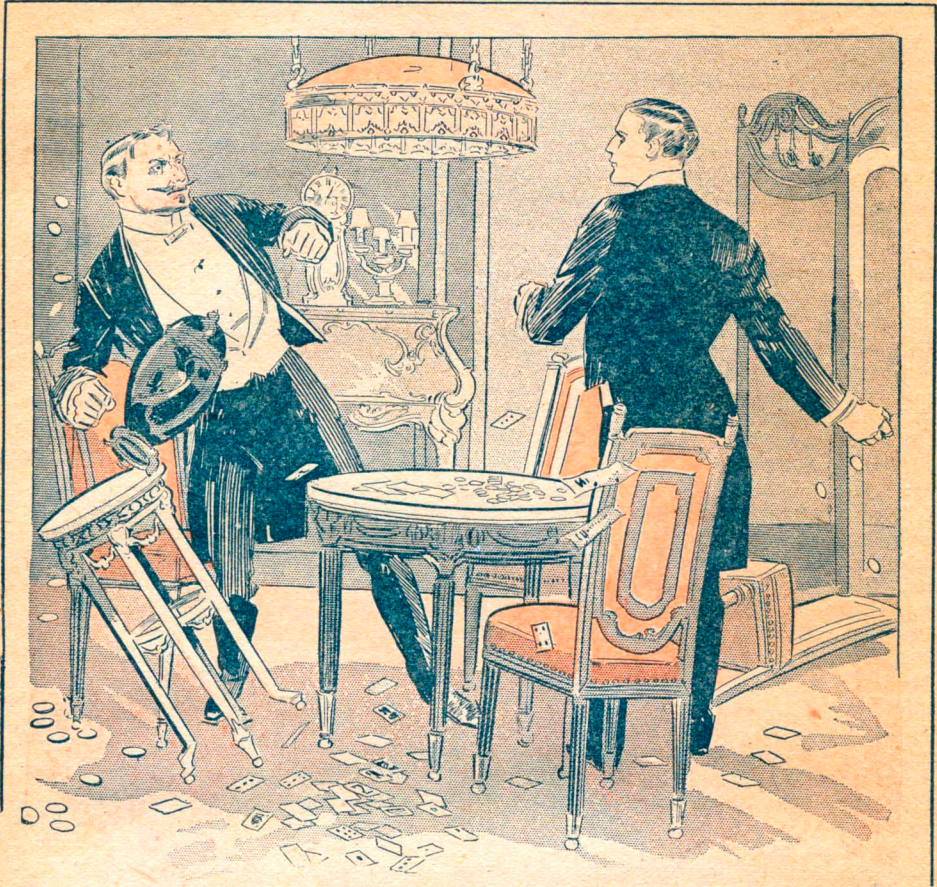
It gleamed there in the palm of my hand, speaking of food, shelter, rest. More than all that, it spoke a message of hope to me—of the confidence and the sympathy of its giver. What a fool I should be, in my hopeless state, if I did not make the best of both.

It was through the man that I met so strangely that night that I became manservant to M. Lamonde.

"It's horribly awkward history, Fawley," said my new-found friend, when I told him my story. "I will see what I can do. You will only get a situation with some people who are a little above the ordinary narrow-minded views of the world."

Monsieur and his wife, Mme. Lamonde, were certainly not people of the ordinary world. Their flat in the West End was superbly furnished. Lamonde professed to belong to an ancient family in France with large estates.

I very quickly came to the conclusion that his chief income was obtained by means of dinners he gave to rich young fools—dinners



M. LAMONDE WENT CRASHING BACK AMONG THE GILDED DRAWING-ROOM CHAIRS AND LITTLE TABLES, AS I DASHED IN THE SCOUNDREL'S FACE THE HANDFULS OF GOLDEN COIN.

at which the champagne passed round quickly and over which Mme. Lamonde presided, sparkling in sham diamonds. Cards followed in that little quiet room in which, as I came in sometimes to bring refreshments to the players, my eyes rested on heaps of gold and bank-notes lying on the table.

Monsieur and his wife were swindlers—card-sharpers—cheats. I hated myself for ever assisting in their designs as I helped those fools who played with them to the liquor which made them play more and more incautiously.

But *monsieur* and *madame* were exceedingly kind to me. I could hardly understand how it was they were so ready to excuse the blunders I made. How was I, fresh from a bank desk, to know of the duties of a waiter?

"You are a bit of what they call the blockhead, Fawley," remarked the gentleman one day when I had made some unusually stupid mistake. "But, my child, we live and learn—we live and learn. We must have pa-

tience—patience. There is much of virtue in patience, my son."

It was impossible to help liking a man who treated one like that, and *madame* was his equal.

But one night there ceased to be virtue in patience. Even now my blood tingles in my veins at the remembrance of the affair that happened.

Young Lord Vallenge was, Mme. Lamonde had told me, to be one of the dinner-party. He was a young fellow with light yellow hair, and a face full of the insolence of wealth. He was enormously rich, and his manner was that of one who despised all who were not as lucky as he was himself.

The dinner was in full progress when some action of mine seemed to catch his lordship's eye. He fixed his single gold-rimmed eyeglass in his eye and stared at me.

"I say, Lamonde," he exclaimed, "your cooking is splendid, your wine is of the best. I flatter myself that I know such

things. What then is the blot on the whole affair?"

"The blot? Ha, ha! Your lordship was always fond of the little joke," exclaimed M. Lamonde. "But no"—as he caught sight of Lord Vallenge's face—"it is not a joke? Then I am the most miserable of men."

"It's not your fault, Lamonde, I guess," snapped his lordship. "You're a smart fellow, but one never knows when one may be being victimized. Come here, fellow!"

These last words were addressed to me.

"What do you call this chap?" he asked Lamonde.

"Smith," replied Lamonde, with a quick glance at me.

Vallenge laughed derisively.

"Smith! That's the name he passes under, is it?" he exclaimed. "M. Lamonde and ladies and gentlemen, let me tell you that you have had the honor of having your glasses filled by a fellow who ought to be doing time in one of her majesty's prisons."

He took up his glass of wine and, rising from his chair, advanced to me, while I stood astounded and gasping with the shame of that denunciation. I heard a little scream break from the lips of the ladies at the table.

"You are mistaken — surely mistaken, Lord Vallenge," cried M. Lamonde. "The young fellow is as the day honest. It is a hideous mistake."

Lord Vallenge drew nearer and nearer to me.

"It was an accident that took me to the court when I saw that nice young chap in the dock," he cried. "Look here, fellow," he sneered to me, "you are Fawley, the banker's clerk—the chap who escaped by the skin of his teeth from the penal servitude that you deserved. And you have the impudence to wait on ladies and gentlemen. Take that!"

Before I could guess his intention he had dashed the contents of his wine-glass in my face. I darted out my clenched fist at the sneering face that was thrust forward to me, and would have leaped upon him, but some of the men had jumped from their seats at the table and threw their arms round me, and hustled me from the room.

"You are a liar and a scoundrel!" I cried as I was thrust out of the door. From that room there came the hoarse laugh of Lord Vallenge rejoicing in my shame.

My shame! Can any one who has not passed through such an experience imagine what it was? But for a trick of fate I might have been among those persons who sat at that table! I was a mere waiter on those who might, had fate been kind to me, have waited on me.

And that glass of wine in my face—that cruel outrage on my self-respect—made my pulses beat with the desire for revenge.

My opportunity came a week later. Lord Vallenge had, I had reason to believe, been often to that house, but Lamonde and *madame* had kept me out of his sight.

Mme. Lamonde was in tears. She was pretty, and she had been kind to me. I would do much for *madame*.

"Fawley," she said to me, her face white, her hands clasping at the necklet that encircled her throat, "we have been kind to you, have we not?"

"You have," I said. "How kind, I can never forget."

"Never forget!" she cried. "Never forget!"

"When I was starving, when no one else would help me," I replied, "you took me and gave me bread and shelter."

"You remember that," she said. "If you remember that you will help us."

"If I can help you, you may count on me," I answered.

She looked at me as if even then in doubt, but nerving herself to speak.

"And you remember Lord Vallenge?" she asked.

My face gave her my reply. Lord Vallenge, she told me, was to come there that night. He would play cards with her husband. He would bring his own cards. He suspected M. Lamonde.

"If my husband wins a thousand pounds from Lord Vallenge—Lord Vallenge to whom a thousand is nothing—we are saved," she said.

"I most heartily hope he will," I said.

"But my husband will not win if you do not help us," she answered.

How shall I describe that night when, hidden in the room, I signaled to M. Lamonde the cards that the man who sat opposite to him held in his hand? I could not see Lord Vallenge's face. I did not hear his voice. But from my hiding-place I could see the cards he held, and I signaled each one to the calm-faced man who played with him.

It was my revenge for the affront Lord Vallenge had passed upon me. Each moment that they played I remembered the glass of wine Lord Vallenge had thrown in my face. And now each moment he was paying for it with his gold!

The game was over at last. I crept from my hiding-place, and waited in a corner of the hall to watch Lord Vallenge's face as he left the house—the house where he was leaving so much of those riches that made him hard and cruel to others who were poor.

I staggered back as I caught sight of his face, as I heard his voice.

"So you have got the better of me by five thousand pounds, Lamonde," he said carelessly. "What a fool I am! That money might have gone to some good purpose, I suppose. And here I am—rooked out of it." He shrugged his shoulders.

I caught a good sight of him as he lighted his cigar, and went away humming a tune.

The next minute I was in the deserted drawing-room with M. and Mme. Lamonde. The electric lights threw their gleams over *monsieur*, with his face aglow with triumph—over *madame*, with her glittering sham diamonds and her pale haggard face.

"You don't knock at the door, Fawley," said M. Lamonde, with a little laugh. "When will you learn the manners of a man who has to wait on a gentleman?"

"When I have a gentleman to wait on, perhaps," I answered. "Not a swindler."

Madame turned pale. *Monsieur* laughed, and puffed at the cigarette he was smoking.

He nodded to me.

"To-night," I said, "I have acted the part of an accomplice in a piece of swindling. You know how I came to do so, how I hated Lord Vallenge and, in my hatred, would have him suffer."

Lamonde nodded to me.

"Quite natural," he said. "After the manner in which Lord Vallenge behaved to you, I don't wonder at it. Well, you have had your revenge. Lord Vallenge has paid for it to the tune of five thousand pounds."

His hands went to his pocket, and he drew out and laid before me heaps of glittering coins on the table.

"And there is your reward," he said.

"But the man who lost that money to you,"

(To be continued.)

I said, "is not the man on whom I would have had my revenge?"

M. Lamonde looked at me for a moment, and then he laughed.

"Ah! You have found that out," he exclaimed. "Look at that golden heap, Fawley, and listen to me. Fix your eyes on the golden heap while I speak to you. I will be candid. Every word shall be true.

"We wanted a man who would help us to-night, when the real Lord Vallenge should come here, and we could find none but you. We played a false Lord Vallenge on you some days ago, so that we might use you—reckon on your feeling of revenge to help us in our little trick against the real man. You did your work beautifully."

He paused, with a little laugh, eying me the while.

"I am perfectly straight with you now, Fawley," he said. "You would never have helped us if you had not got your little imaginary grievance against Lord Vallenge. Well, we managed that, and here we are. There are one hundred sovereigns there, and you are welcome to them"—he paused for an instant—"as our accomplice."

Fool that I had been! That affront passed on me at the dinner—that hateful false Lord Vallenge that *monsieur* had imposed upon me—all was a falsehood! I had helped him to rob an innocent man—a man who had never done me wrong.

M. Lamonde went crashing back among the gilded drawing-room chairs and the little tables, at which he vainly clutched to prevent his fall, as I dashed in the scoundrel's face the handfuls of golden coin that he had placed on the table.

THE SOFT ANSWER WINS.

IT happened on an ocean liner, the captain of which is as excellent a diplomat as he is a sailor. On this occasion the wife of one of the most influential directors of the line was having her first experience with the Atlantic.

She was an imperious woman, accustomed for many years to her own way. When the ship began to roll and the motion became disagreeable, she promptly sent for the captain. An attempt to substitute a steward was dismissed with scorn, and the presence of the master of the vessel demanded without delay.

The second command produced the purser, but he, too, was sent unceremoniously about his business. Then the third and the first officer successively tried to

sacrifice themselves for the peace of mind of their chief. It was all useless, and at last the captain reluctantly appeared.

"I wish you to stop this rolling at once," said the great lady in her coldest tones. "It is very disagreeable, and it has gone on quite long enough."

"Madam," replied the tactful seaman, "a ship, as you know, is feminine, and if she wants to roll I fear I can no more stop her than I could help coming here when you wished to see me."

A wan smile passed over the unhappy woman's features, now assuming a greenish hue, and she closed her eyes.

"Very well, sir," she murmured, "let her roll."

The captain obeyed.

WHAT DID THE EDITOR SAY?

He Threw
a Bottle of
Ink When
Asked to
Decide
a Bet.

And the
Blot On
the Wall
Tells
What
He Said.

BY SAM LOYD.

MORRHILL GODDARD, the well-known New York editor, was finishing up a hard day's work the other day when the office-boy reported that a delegation from the engine-house would like to interview the "Query Editor." "Bring them in," said Goddard, "I guess I can fill the Query Editor's place."

"The question, sir," said the chairman of the delegation, "is an important one and more difficult to answer than you might suppose. We have wagered a matter of three cigars on it, which adds to the interest."

"Fire away," replied Goddard, "Tempus is fugiting."

"Well, you see it is this way," explained the spokesman: "over in our district there were two men named John Jinks, and they were father and son. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly. Proceed."

"Well, last night they were both burned to death, and in making up a list of those who lost their lives the boys insist on putting down John Jinks, senior, and John Jinks, junior."

"Quite right," asserted Goddard.

"That's what we came to ask about. Of course, it would be clear who was meant, but technically—"

"Technically, it is perfectly right," interrupted Goddard.

"Sure?"

"Sure! Of course I'm sure. How else could you put it?"

"Oh, if you are so dead sure, we won't dispute it, but the technicalities should be taken into consideration. That's the way it seems to me."

"What in thunder have technicalities to do with the case?" thundered Goddard.

"Well," said the spokesman with much deliberation. "I figure it out somewhat differently. You see, the old man lived down-stairs, and the boy on the top floor. Consequently, it stands to reason that the old man burned first."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Goddard.

"Why, when the old man died the young man ceased to be junior, consequently, there was no John Jinks, Jr., to die. That's the way I figure it out, but, of course, a Query Editor knows best, and if you say—"

The chairman of the delegation dodged a bottle of red ink which barely grazed his head, and precipitately withdrew, but as I chanced to be present and heard the editor's ejaculation as the bottle was thrown, I wish to say, perhaps because I am a puzzlist, or a natural born palmist, or it may be sheer imagination—but when I see that smudge I can read the exclamation of the editor just as if it were printed in poster type, so I wish to know if it is as clear to others as it is to me. Can you tell what the editor said from the ink-daub reproduced at the top of this page?

WHAT GOOD DOES EDUCATION DO?



THE EXPERIENCED CADDIE (MORE IN SORROW THAN IN ANGER): "AIN'T THERE *NO* WORD FOR IT, SIR?"—*London Sketch*.

Why "THE" ALLEN was "The WICKEDEST MAN in New York"



BY RANDOLPH C. LEWIS.

"THE" ALLEN, so Theodore Roosevelt said when he was police commissioner, was "the wickedest man in New York."

Yet Henry Ward Beecher once saved his life.

Allen put out a barkeeper's eye with the lighted-end of a cigar.

Yet he gave fifty thousand dollars to Lincoln's second campaign fund.

An indictment for murder stood against Allen twenty-two years.

Yet he adopted three waifs merely because he liked children.

Allen's gambling-house was raided one hundred and twelve times, and he was arrested so often that he could never remember the dates.

Yet in time of war he risked his own life to serve with the Federal armies, and while acting as a spy was sentenced to death. Mr. Beecher discovered his plight just in time to save his life by despatching a hasty telegram to Secretary Stanton, who instantly ordered his release.

This strange man died the other day at the age of seventy-five, after having spent three hundred thousand dollars to keep out of jail. He was the son of a Methodist preacher, and passed his early years around the lower end of Manhattan Island, where he was born. He was employed by a Maiden Lane tailor on the particular day which marked the determining of his career. He had been despatched to the Astor House with a new uniform for General Winfield Scott. Before he reached the hotel, he became involved in a fight with another small

boy. Next to young Allen's opponent, the new uniform suffered the most damage, and "The" wisely decided to hunt for another job.

"Billy" Dancer, rated then as New York's leading gambler, and whose house, at No. 8 Barclay Street, was the scene of many "big plays," witnessed the boyish battle, and was so impressed by the gameness and skill of Allen that he paid for the ruined uniform and put the lad to work around the gambling-house. There he rapidly acquired the rudiments of the profession, and there also was shaped the character that later furnished the toughest problem for the New York courts and the police. The ambitious boy took deep into his heart Dancer's rules of conduct of a "gentleman sporting man":

Never play against another man's game.

Never take a long chance.

Never take a partner in any sporting enterprise.

Never violate a confidence, whatsoever the provocation.

Never discuss or make public the play of your patron.

Never tell a lie unless to shield some one who can't face the music, whether it be yourself or some other man.

Never be backward in paying your debts. Prompt pay, right away.

Never surrender what you consider your rights. Fight for them with all your might.

Though it is charged that "The" Allen and his brother "Wes" waxed wealthy by their shady connection with war bounties, the fact remains that he enlisted and served throughout the Civil War as a lieutenant in

the Twenty-Fifth New York Infantry. He also contributed fifty thousand dollars to Lincoln's second campaign. While serving in the war he had what he himself considered the narrowest escape from death of his whole checkered career. Here is how he told it:

"I went into the first battle of the war and remained in the service until the last one was fought. Six months after enlisting I was assigned to the secret service. I assumed the rôle of a fugitive from the Southern States and went to Montreal, had a reward of fifty thousand dollars placed on my head, and, to get information for my government, joined the raiders in their attacks on St. Albans, Vermont. I was captured there by the United States forces and

sentenced to be executed bright and early the next morning.

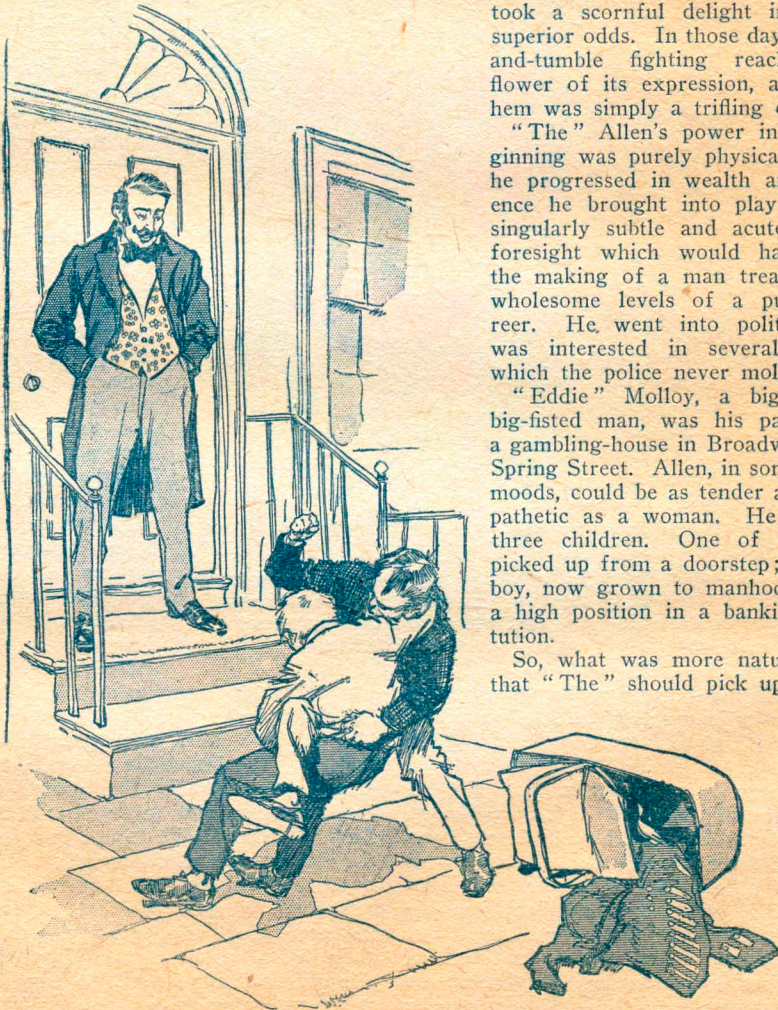
"It was Henry Ward Beecher who saved my life by very prompt action. He was billed to speak in St. Albans on the day of my arrest, and, learning who I was, he at once laid the facts before Secretary Stanton in a long telegram. The message from Washington to General Schofield, in command at St. Albans, which gave me my liberty and life, came just in the nick of time."

Returning from the war, "The" Allen became one of the conspicuous figures in the under-life of the great city, always remembering with jealous tenacity his old preceptor's advice about fighting for one's rights. He then weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds, was sinewy, as quick as a cat, and possessed the courage that took a scornful delight in facing superior odds. In those days rough-and-tumble fighting reached the flower of its expression, and mayhem was simply a trifling detail.

"The" Allen's power in the beginning was purely physical, but as he progressed in wealth and influence he brought into play a mind singularly subtle and acute, and a foresight which would have been the making of a man treading the wholesome levels of a public career. He went into politics, and was interested in several resorts which the police never molested.

"Eddie" Molloy, a big-hearted, big-fisted man, was his partner in a gambling-house in Broadway, near Spring Street. Allen, in some of his moods, could be as tender and sympathetic as a woman. He adopted three children. One of them he picked up from a doorstep; and the boy, now grown to manhood, holds a high position in a banking institution.

So, what was more natural than that "The" should pick up a half-



"THE" ALLEN IN THE BOYISH MIX-UP THAT ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF A GAMBLER AND THEREBY DETERMINED THE NATURE OF HIS OWN CAREER.

starved cat on his way to Molloy's place one night? He was feeding it with milk when Molloy came in and took a hand in the kind ministrations. This is the story Allen told. And no one could say him either yea or nay, for he and Molloy were alone in the house at the time; but when Allen departed, a short time afterward, the other man was dead, with a bullet-wound in his side. Allen's explanation was that his gun had fallen from his pocket to the floor and exploded.

He was indicted for murder, and the charge stood against him for twenty-two years, but was dismissed by the present District Attorney of New York, William Travers Jerome.

After his arrest for Molloy's murder, Allen never "packed a gun," though he had always done so up to that time.

But it was not the fact that Allen was once charged with murder, or the other fact that for a year he conducted a dive, that gave him his reputation for extreme wickedness. His notoriety rested almost solely upon his determination to run pool-rooms in defiance of the law. He believed that if it was wrong to bet on races outside of race-track enclosures, it was equally wrong to lay wagers upon the performances of horses at the ringside. And since the law permitted gambling at the tracks, Allen determined that he had an equal right to gamble away from the tracks.

The fight between Allen and the police on this point was long and bitter. Scores upon scores of times the officers broke down his front doors, only to find two or three hundred white men and negroes jumping through windows or rushing pell-mell from room to room. Allen was never found on the premises, even on occasions when it was known that he was in the building when the raid began. He had a trap-door into the cellar by means of which escape was easy,

since a tunnel led from the cellar to the street.

Nor did the police, on such occasions, ever find any evidences of gambling. Not a pool-ticket, a list of horses, or anything suggesting gambling on race-track performances was lying about. But, in the old-fashioned fireplaces with which the building was furnished, it was at length observed that there

were always bright fires. And these fires, let it be explained, were not to keep the gamblers from getting cold feet. They were kept blazing to destroy, on short notice, evidence that the police might otherwise get in the event of a sudden raid.

Thanks to such acts of thoughtfulness, Allen was always acquitted. Though everybody knew that the places raided were pool-rooms, and that Allen owned them, no one could prove it. All the police could tell the judge and the jury was that at a certain place, at a certain time, they found a number of men who had unquestionably been playing the races. But the gamblers themselves could not tell with whom they had been betting. The wagers were always placed through a curtained window to a man secreted in a closed cage. Neither

party to the transaction ever saw the other.

Allen and the police kept up this game of hide-and-seek until two years ago, when, broken by the infirmities of age, the veteran gambler retired. He had always said that he would not quit under fire, but he did. And he carried with him a grudge against the rich owners of race-tracks that nothing could soothe. He said they would soon be compelled to cease gambling at the tracks, and made a pretty good guess as to the time their finish would come. Two years ago this very summer he said he wanted to live two years more, as he then would have survived the era of the bookmaker. He was right. The bill prohibiting book-making at



"THE" ALLEN, GAMBLER, WHO GAVE \$50,000
TO HELP ELECT LINCOLN AND WHOSE
LIFE WAS ONCE SAVED BY HENRY
WARD BEECHER.



BREAKING IN THE HEAVY IRON DOORS OF ALLEN'S POOL-ROOM, WHICH WAS RAIDED MORE THAN A HUNDRED TIMES, THOUGH THE POLICE WERE NEVER ABLE TO CONVICT THE PROPRIETOR.

New York race-tracks became a law in June. Allen died in May, and thus missed the satisfaction of seeing the final rout of his old foes.

Allen always said that he could have avoided much of his trouble with the police if he had consented to be blackmailed by them. This, he said, he would never do.

Asked, at one of his trials, if he knew a certain officer who had testified against him the day before, Allen replied:

"Why, that fellow met me one night at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Clinton Place. He told me that he wanted to get out of town, that he only had fifteen cents, and if I would give him fifty dollars he would leave. I refused to give him a cent.

Policemen Bob Up Everywhere.

"Just then I turned around, and there, flat on his stomach at my feet, lay a big policeman. The head of another one was sticking out of a coal-hole. More policemen were watching me in the doorways, and some were peering through the fences around the corner."

Allen, however, was never at his best except when he was in a fight. There he shone. Extravagant friends have said that he could lick his weight in wildcats. This is doubtful. But he could lick twice or three times his weight in human flesh. One day he boarded a Broadway car near Columbus Circle. The car was crowded. Among the many standing was an old German washerwoman, who was having great difficulty in keeping her feet while trying to retain her hold on a basket of laundry.

"The" sized up the situation, and reached the conclusion that a man who was comfortably seated in front of the German woman should give her his seat. This conclusion he mentioned to the man. The man couldn't see it that way. "The" couldn't see it any other way. Allen grabbed him by the collar. Out shot the man's good right. "The" came back like a bursting fly-wheel. A bystander, who regarded Allen as in the wrong, joined the attack. "The" took care of him, too. By the time the car had gone three blocks, Allen had whipped both men, and kicked up such a fuss that the German washerwoman, who was the innocent cause of it all, had the whole car to herself.

And he never lost his nerve until he died. Stricken with locomotor ataxia, that dread disease that all but paralyzes the legs while leaving the rest of the body unharmed, he heard the doctor's sentence of slow death. He disputed his physician. He said his grit would bring him through. He offered twenty thousand dollars to any one who would cure him. Offers of "cures" came aplenty. Men and women whom he had never seen wrote to him. Each one knew how to fix locomotor ataxia. Just do this, or do that, and he would be all right.

But he wasn't. The disease kept creeping. Week after week, and month after month the stillness that spells death settled deeply and more deeply over his muscles. What he did yesterday he couldn't do to-day, and what he could do to-day he was morally certain he could not do to-morrow.

Some of his friends began to say their last farewells. Allen told them to do their weeping elsewhere. One young gambler offered to bet "The" a thousand dollars that he would not live six months. Allen snapped up the wager as a dog snaps up a pestiferous fly.

Allen's Last Phone Call.

And when midnight of the last day specified in the wager came around it was Allen himself who answered the telephone and replied that he was alive. He had to be carried from his bed; his face was like a gray cloud; the hand that held the receiver was like the hand that holds Death's scythe; but his weak voice still carried its old note of defiance. He had won the thousand dollars, he was still above ground, and he would stay atop of the sod until success should crown the efforts of Governor Hughes to outlaw race-track gambling in New York.

He didn't quite do it. But the first spears of grass had barely pricked through the roof of his grave before a greenish carpet began to spring up in the betting-rings.

DOLLAR BILLS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

"DOLLAR bills are worth almost their weight in gold," a bank president said the other day to a depositor.

"Yes, I suppose they come in handy for change and are easy to carry," the depositor replied absently.

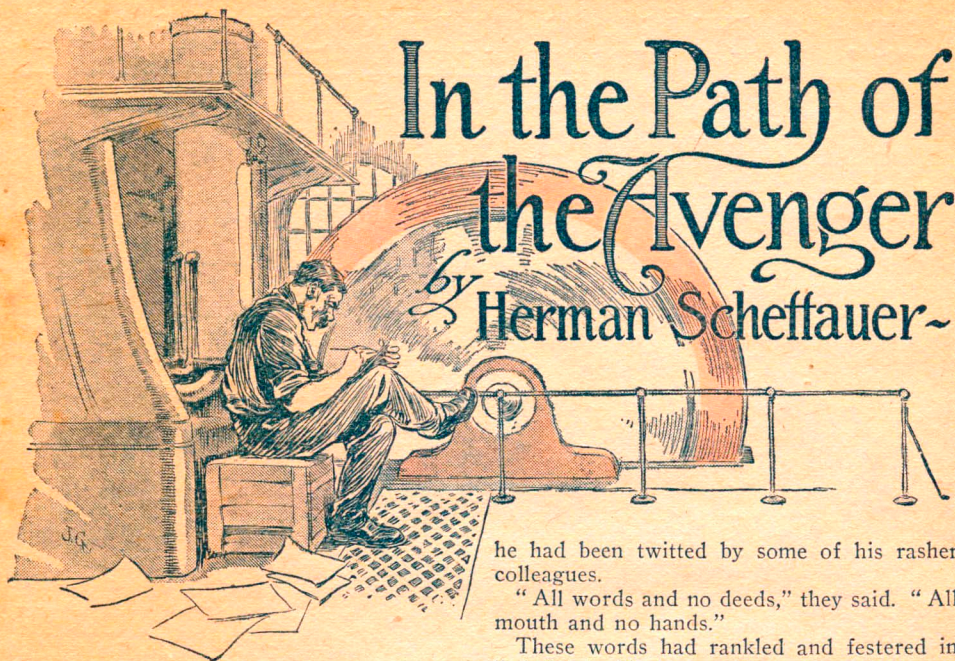
"No, I was speaking literally," the bank president said. "We got into an argument in the bank here the other day as to how much a dollar bill weighed. A twenty-dol-

lar gold piece weighs five hundred and forty grains. We found that twenty-seven crisp, new one-dollar bills weigh the same as a twenty-dollar gold piece. We tested some bills that had been in use and found that it took but twenty-six of them to balance the gold piece. I suppose that twenty-six used bills gather an accumulation of dirt in passing from hand to hand that weighs about what one new bill does."

YES, DINNER'S ALMOST READY.



FIRST COLORED GENTLEMAN: "WHAT A RACE! WONDER IF YOU COULD SPOT THE WINNER, JIM?"
JIM: "THE WINNER IS SPOTTED ALREADY."—*London Sketch.*



DMITRI KORINSKI, the new assistant engineer, gazed out through the windows of the engine-room into the spacious yard of the Cyclops Steel Works. Before him, like a tapering tower, rose the huge brick smoke-stack, thrusting its gray, rolling billows into the clouds. The chimney stood free in the center of the court, and communicated by an underground duct with the furnace-room.

Its shadows fell directly toward Korinski across the sunny ground, and darkened the window at which he stood. Masons were at work repairing or altering the broad base. Part of this had been cut away, and jackscrews temporarily supported the immense weight.

Dmitri Korinski was sunk in desperate thought. In his hand he held a torn envelope. Though few suspected it, he was an anarchist, from Novgorod, one whose work in the brotherhood consisted more of thought than action. His violent words burned like fire in many a publication devoted to the cause.

Some fatal warp or kink in his destiny had turned awry the currents of his human sympathies and caused him to embrace the red creed of chaos. He had become a volcano of eloquence; his writings were winged with lightnings and seared like molten lava.

He deemed it ignoble to accept pay for them, so he supported himself through his knowledge of mechanics. Yet, although he was so potent a spring of action in others,

he had been twitted by some of his rasher colleagues.

"All words and no deeds," they said. "All mouth and no hands."

These words had rankled and festered in little Korinski's heart. He resolved that some day he would show them that the man of thought was greater than the man of deeds; that he could act as well as think and write.

Five years ago persecution had driven him to the United States, where he had obtained work as assistant engineer. He had been faithful and industrious in the service of the Cyclops Works, yet for all that he had been discharged. The directors wished to reduce expenses and he had been given a week's notice. Mallon, his chief, had been very friendly with him.

"I'll see what I can do to keep you on," he had said.

Yet here lay the final discharge in his hand—cold, brief, pitiless. Korinski's heart was like a flaming coal within him; his blood tore like lava through his veins. It was the old story—the rich against the poor, capital against labor, the powerful against the helpless.

Against the helpless! Was he so very helpless, then? No! His time for action had come. He would vindicate—nay, glorify himself in the eyes of his colleagues. They would see!

At the thought his small black eyes glittered like agates, his swarthy cheeks flushed with fire, and his coal-black hair seemed to bristle. In his undersized, illshapen body he now felt the strength of many men.

But the means! the means! He scorned the common methods of the fraternity—the brutal, erratic bomb; the cowardly dagger; the uncertain revolver, strange to his hand.

His plans, once perfected, must display some originality, some stroke of his master-genius.

A party of some seven men crossed the yard without. They wore frock coats and silk hats.

"The directors!" muttered Korinski.

They passed between him and the great brick chimney. As they traversed its shadow, a hideous thought leaped into the Russian's mind. If only the chimney might fall and crush them! If only by pulling upon a lever, or pressing upon a button, he might cause that lofty pillar of brick to topple over on these enemies of mankind!

They were going to the company's offices, these elegant men of wealth, these gentlemen who had discharged him. Gentlemen! Unto whom were they gentle? Unto themselves? To their women-folk? Surely not to him. They laughed and jested. Their well-fed bodies, contented faces, and fine clothes were the very opposite of all that fell to him.

In a few days he would again be a weary, homeless wanderer in search of work. These men were to blame for that. They were going to the monthly meeting in the small building to the right of the engine-house. The eyes of the Russian followed them with a baleful malignancy and he clenched his hands.

"They fear nothing but force," he muttered to himself. "They are armored with gold against the law, but force they fear."

At noon Korinski wandered aimlessly about the sunny yard. Then passed by the foot of the tall chimney. About half of the base was cut away, but the enormous weight of the overhang was sustained by powerful steel jack-screws set some distance apart. The chimney stood like some tree into which the ax had cut half-way.

Steel cables lay along the ground, half-buried beneath broken brick, earth, and mortar. They had been used for bracing the chimney before the screws were put in place.

All this Korinski observed mechanically. His mind was brooding darkly upon his wrongs and his revenge.

Passing by the rear of the building where the directors were assembled, he glanced up at the windows of the committee-room. High above the roof he saw the mighty shaft of the chimney soaring into the air. Its shadow had moved far since that morning and now fell across the low building before him. The stack, the offices, and the engine-room formed the points of an equilateral triangle.

Korinski seemed seized with a sudden inspiration. A satanic smile spread over his dark visage, an evil joy shone in his eyes. He strode back into the yard, and with deliberate steps he measured off the distance

between the offices and the base of the chimney.

"One hundred and ninety-seven feet," he said in a whisper. "How high is the stack?" he inquired casually of a mason, eating his lunch in the shade.

"She was two hundred and thirty feet when we built her five years ago," answered the man, "and I'm not thinking she's shrunk any since. She's the highest in the whole State. We that built her call her Big Moll."

"I call it Moloch—a monster!" burst forth the Russian passionately. "You—we are the slaves they fling and feed to it. We are the fuel—fools that—"

The man stared. Korinski checked himself and resumed in a milder tone:

"Two hundred and thirty feet. It's a very high stack. The tallest I ever saw before was at Odessa. That was only sixty meters. Those screws look rather light—for all that weight," he added, pointing to the two jacks. "What if they should give way?"

"Oh, they're chilled steel," replied the mason, "and they'll carry a thousand ton to the square inch."

"But if they should give way?" asked Korinski.

"Well, if this one, to the right here, broke, over Big Moll would go right onto that little building yonder. If that one to the left broke the engine-house would be smashed flatter'n sheet iron."

The man spoke the truth, as Korinski knew, when he had studied every detail of the construction and the method of support. That night he was to be on duty alone in the engine-room. That night, likewise, an extra meeting was to be held by the directors—no doubt to discharge other employees or to cut down, in their remorseless way, the wretched wages they were paying the men.

But now he held them in his hands. Their lives and their destinies were subject unto him. A sense of majestic power possessed him. His little frame seemed to expand with the thought of his victory, his vindication, and his revenge.

That afternoon Korinski was off duty. He climbed a neighboring hill from which he could see the various buildings of the steel works spread out below him. Only the shaft of the great stack rose higher than the hill, pouring forth its dense volumes of smoke. They rolled away across the blue heavens and wove long drifting shadows over the landscape.

"It's a cloud of smoke by day," murmured the anarchist, "a pillar of fire by night to lead me on! It is the monument of my revenge. Who of all the brotherhood will ever have

struck a blow like this? The dolts must learn that brains and not bombs and bludgeons count in our noble work!"

He shook his fist toward the pretty little building where the directors met. He saw the roof of his own comfortable engine-room, and recalled that in a few days it would shelter him no more. Well, much might happen in a week, in a day, in an hour!

That evening at six he must be at his post again. Mallon, the chief engineer, had his night off.

All the afternoon he sat on the grass-covered hill, his legs doubled under his chin, his eyes fixed upon the buildings below. There he crouched like some deformed gargoyle or like an eagle watching his prey from some mountain scarp.

Evening came, and then the early autumn night. He saw the doors of the monster furnaces open and shut while sudden bursts of ruddy splendor were flung across the open spaces. The windows of the buildings glowed at times like crimson coals, then sank into instant night, leaving vague blots floating before his eyes. The steam from the exhaust-pipes ascended in beautiful snowy forms like huge white flowers blooming in the night.

He saw the workers—contented slaves—come and go—dark shapes flitting hither and thither. Stalwart men they were, yet to him with his knowledge, but feeble babes. The great steel works with their muffled hum and roar and clangor, lifted up a stirring hymn of incessant toil to the brooding heavens. To what end was all that toil? Here, as elsewhere, cannons were being cast and armor forged for battle-ships, machines of murder to wreak havoc among innocent men at the behest of their rulers.

He raised his eyes. The tapering mass of the chimney stood out, a softened shadow, against the nightly blue. A large star glittered like a gem directly above it.

"It is a good omen," said Korinski.

The smoke, as it poured rapidly away into the farther darkness toward the hills, now and again blotted out the star, but always it emerged again, pure and brilliant. It returned to Korinski's eyes like the symbol of a resolve that must not flag.

Now a burst of flame issued from a steel flue over the buildings that contained the blast furnaces. Grandly it flickered upward like some enormous torch until the red brick of the smoke-stack glowed in the bath of crimson light, like a shaft of red-hot iron soaring into the startled night. The smoke from its wide throat took on a tinge of crimson-orange in exquisite contrast to the deep-blue firmament.

The soul of the Slav was not insensible to the grandeur of the scene. For a time he seemed plunged in dreams, perhaps in doubt, then—

"That is my pillar of fire by night," he murmured.

A church-bell from the adjacent village struck. It was a quarter before six.

Korinski slowly descended the hill. Once more he passed by the base of the stupendous stack. The masons had left it some time before; the yard was deserted.

He walked quickly to the opening in the base. The two steel jack-screws stood plainly forth. Seizing the heavy hook that was fixed to the end of one of the steel cables, he placed it about the neck of the screw to the right. It hung there loosely and insecurely, and Korinski propped a loop of the cable between two bricks, in order to support the hook. The cable extended to within thirty feet of the engine-room, and its end terminated in another hook.

The misshapen figure disappeared into the brightly lighted engine-room. A few minutes later a tall man came forth. It was Mallon, the chief engineer, bound for home.

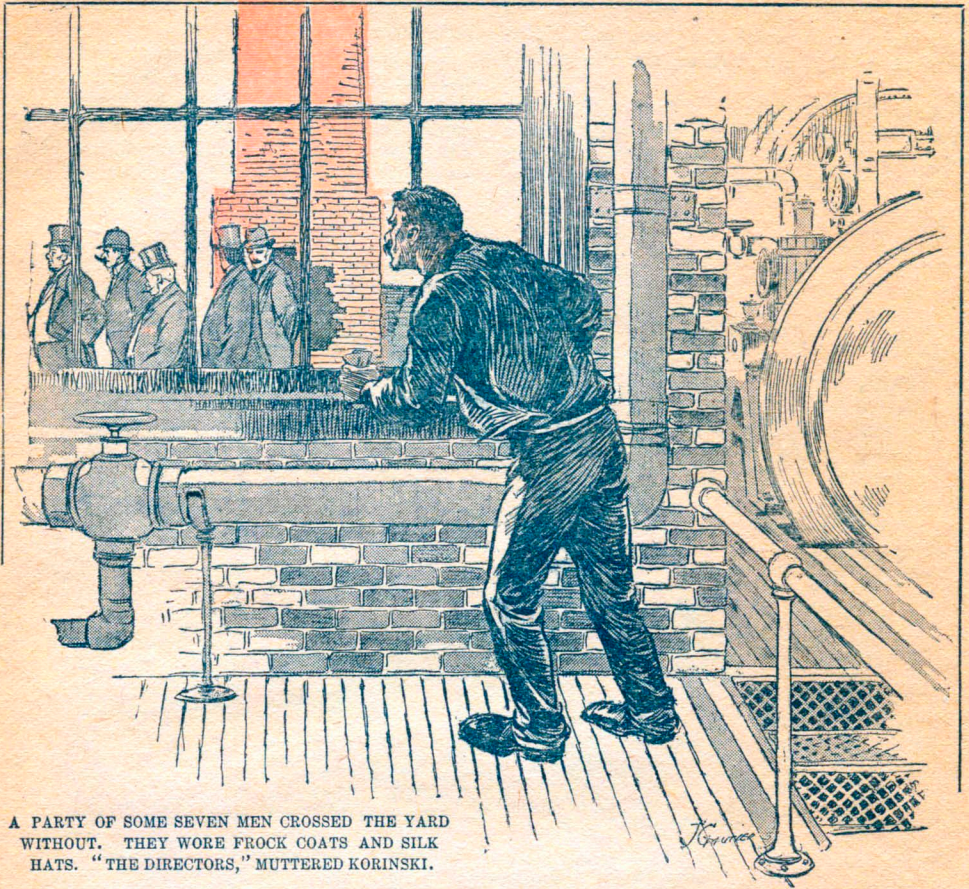
Korinski sat in his chair beneath an electric lamp, his eyes upon the gleaming machinery, silent and resistless in its working. The ponderous fly-wheels whirled in their circles; the great piston and connecting-rods reached out like mighty arms, and then drew back along their noiseless guides. Close by the door stood an auxiliary engine, used for dragging heavy castings or machinery about the yard or for hoisting purposes. A coil of steel rope was wound around a drum connected with it.

It was now half past six. At seven little Fanny Hillers, the nine-year-old daughter of his landlady, would bring Korinski his supper. All the affection that unrequited love, suffering, persecution, and ingratitude had not driven out of the heart of the ill-favored Russian refugee had gone forth in a fatherly tenderness to little Fanny.

Such a child, he often thought, might once have been his—if only Natalia—but no, his love had now been consecrated to the great cause, the cause that was mother, wife, and daughter to him. But his comrades were his brothers, and they were right. Deeds, deeds, deeds must be their children. To-night his brain should bring a child into the world, a child whose birth-cry should make all mankind thrill—some with terror and some with joy.

The hands of the clock crept slowly on toward seven. Almost on the stroke of the hour little Fanny Hillers appeared with her basket.

"Here is your supper, Korrie," she said.



A PARTY OF SOME SEVEN MEN CROSSED THE YARD WITHOUT. THEY WORE FROCK COATS AND SILK HATS. "THE DIRECTORS," MUTTERED KORINSKI.

"I told mama you liked those apple-tarts so much. See, I brought you—one—two—three of them, and they are nice and warm, Korrie."

Korrie was her childish version of Korinski. When it fell from her lips the name seemed full of an infinite sweetness to him.

"You're a dear little girl, Fanny," he said with a smile. "You're a darling."

He placed his hand on her head, stroking the curls that welled forth from beneath her bonnet. Even so, he mused, Natalia's child must be—Natalia, the playmate of his infancy, she who was married in distant Loginova long ago. Perhaps she was dead now; perhaps she had forgotten him, but he—he had not forgotten!

The girl had set his supper on a wooden bench, and stood ready to depart with her basket.

"Good night, Korrie. You mustn't come home so late to-night." Her foot was on the stone step that led to the yard.

"Fanny," called Korinski; "Fanny, come here."

The girl turned and approached him. He placed his arm about her, and lowered his swarthy features toward the pure, rose-leaf face of the little maid. His eyes looked into her own with a profound, compelling pathos. His voice shook.

"Will Fanny give Korrie a kiss?"

"Course I will," said Fanny, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Thank you, Fanny," said the anarchist. "Good night." His eyes, dimmed with a mist, saw her bright face vanish through the door.

Fanny ran lightly across the yard, passing by the base of the big chimney, as she had done when she came. Something caught her foot; she tripped and fell, with a clatter and a ringing of metal about her. She scrambled to her feet and looked about her. She had fallen over a loop of cable that lay in her path.

The child realized that by her fall she had disturbed some arrangement of this steel rope. The hook now lying at her feet had been attached to one of the screws. With

her tiny hands she lifted the massive ring and placed it in position. Then, half frightened at what she had done, she ran swiftly home.

At half-past eight, by the engine-room clock, Korinski sat still and silent as a sphinx. The night meeting of the directors was now taking place. What evil were these

"At nine," he whispered to himself; "a little after nine!"

The hands of the clock crept inexorably on. At ten minutes past the hour Korinski leaped to his feet, rushed to the lever of the engine and pulled it deliberately toward him. The snake-like loops straightened and stiffened and wound themselves about the iron



ALL THE AFTERNOON HE SAT ON THE GRASS-
COVERED HILL, HIS LEGS DOUBLED UNDER
HIS CHIN, HIS EYES FIXED UPON
THE BUILDINGS BELOW.

lords of gold and greed plotting and planning against the slaves who, like him, toiled and sweated for them? These tireless monsters of steel and steam toiled for them too.

Korinski rose. Slowly he started the auxiliary engine, and the cable began to unwind from the drum. Taking the end in his hands, the anarchist passed through the door into the yard. Almost instantly he returned and stopped the engine. From without he heard the voices of the directors on their way to the meeting.

The seal of a deep purpose was stamped upon his face; excitement and exultation sparkled in his eyes. Panting from his exertions, he sat down and wiped his brow.

reel until the slack was all drawn in. Then the powerful cable stretched, quivered, and strained.

A weary workman in the foundry, snatching a brief rest, was gazing through the windows of the casting-room at the great smoke-stack and the star-studded sky beyond. Suddenly it seemed to him as if the sky began to rock and tremble. Some of the stars vanished behind the shadowy bulk of

the chimney; others emerged, and again disappeared.

Then, in a flash, the illusion passed away. The chimney, and not the sky, was moving. Its outlines, as it swayed to right and left, hid or disclosed the stars. He saw it reel and dance like a drunken thing. Then the lofty, shadowy column plunged forward and rushed downward into the night.

The simple workman could not believe his senses; he thought he had gone mad. He gave a loud yell, and rushed from the window.

"Gentlemen," said Henry Latrobe, the chairman of the meeting in the offices of the Cyclops Steel Works, "among a few minor details that require our attention is the dismissal of one Dmitri Korinski, assistant to Engineer Mallon. Mallon says he needs the man, and has asked us to retain him."

"I move that we agree to Mallon's request," said one of the directors.

"It is moved—"

There was a deafening crash, a stunning and appalling uproar, like thunder ten times multiplied. A violent shock as of an earthquake made the building creak and tremble. The men leaped to their feet, their faces full of wild alarm and fear. Only Henry Latrobe remained calm, self-possessed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there has been an explosion. We had better investigate."

The stupendous chimney, like a vanquished giant, lay prostrate on the ground. It was broken into many sections that rested intact amid the gloomy wreck. From the flue-opening in the ragged base clouds of black smoke poured out over the ruins.

The engine-house was a mass of wreckage, shattered walls and shivered machinery. The hissing of steam was heard, and its white clouds rolled slowly upward like the breath of some expiring animal. The body of the chimney had crushed through the building as if it had been of pasteboard. Scores of men, like active ants, swarmed over the wreck.

"Who was in the engine-house?" asked Latrobe of a mechanic.

"Only that Russian assistant of Mallon's, sir," replied the man.

The troubled look that had settled upon the features of Latrobe passed away.

"Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "a human life has been lost. In comparison with that our own loss is as nothing."

Then, glancing at the papers he still carried in his hand, he said in a low tone, as if to himself:

"Dmitri Korinski has his final discharge."

WHY NOT TRY A GIFT CIGAR?



"WHIT WAY HAE YE G'EN O'WER SMOKIN', DONAL'?"

"WEEL, IT'S NO SICH A PLEASURE AFTER A', FOR YE KEN A BUDDY'S AIN TEBACCY COSTS OWER MUCKLE; AND IF YE'RE SMOKIN' ANITHER BUDDY'S, YE HAE TO RAM YER PIPE SAE TIGHT IT 'LL NO DRAW."—*London Sketch.*

SURE! TAKE IT EASY. THIS CAN'T LAST.

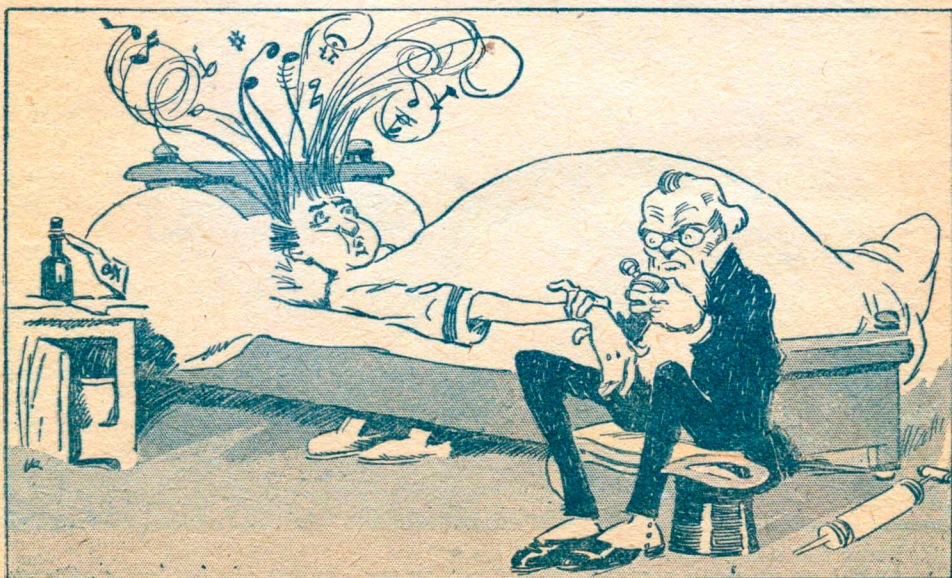


"EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN WHO WAS TO WAIT HERE FOR MISS EULALIE MULLER?"

"YES, I AM THE ONE."

"WELL, PLEASE BE PATIENT A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. AS SOON AS IT STOPS RAINING, THE YOUNG LADY WILL BE HERE."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

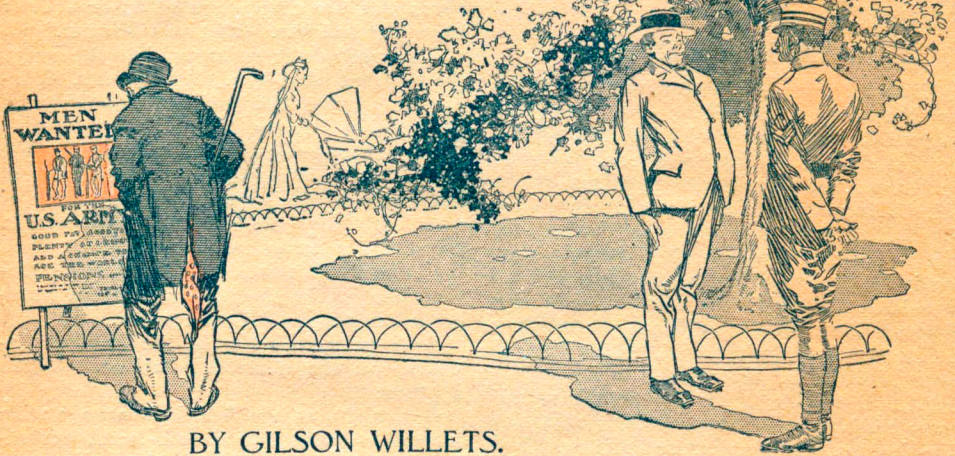
CERTAINLY NOT. THE LADY'S MISTAKEN.



"IT IS AWFUL, DOCTOR, THE WAY MY HEAD BUZZES."

"HM—HM—BUT I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING."—*Lustige Blatter*.

The Comédie Humaine OF THE RECRUITING STATION



BY GILSON WILLETS.

THEY were at the principal army recruiting-station in New York, at the head of the Bowery. Specifically,

they were at No. 25 Third Avenue, opposite Astor Place. At the moment the major in charge with an enlistment paper in his hand was "swearing in" a recruit. The recruit stood by the old-fashioned fireplace in the major's private office, with his right hand held high in the air in true "I swear" fashion.

"Do you swear—" began the major. But he went no further with the administration of the oath. Instead, "Look here!" he exclaimed. "This enlistment paper says you have a long scar on the calf of your left leg, as if some one

had tried to mow you down with a scythe. You may drop your hand. I'll postpone your enlistment. Go where you please

meantime. Come back in three days."

At this the recruit looked not so much surprised as crest-fallen and worried. Saying nothing, however, he left the recruiting-station.

What had caused the major to interrupt that man's oath? First, he believed he had read or heard of a soldier having that kind of a scar on his leg. That soldier, the major dimly remembered, was wanted as a deserter. Second, the recruit, as he stood forth and held up his hand to swear in, had that in his erect bearing which caused the major to think "old soldier." Third, a peculiar



"MEANTIME, YOUR MOTHER'S HEART WILL KNOW NO HAPPINESS, HER HEARTH NO PEACE. ARE YOU PREPARED FOR ALL THIS, AND MORE?"

fact it is that more deserters are caught in recruiting-offices than anywhere else—caught trying to reenlist under assumed names.

The recruit now under consideration went away, as said, without a word, giving no thought, as was afterward learned, to the matter of the scar. How was he to know that charts were kept in the War Department at Washington of all the body-marks found on each enlisted man?

A Search for a Deserter.

That very day the major wrote a letter to Washington describing the scar that seemed to be the result of a cut by a scythe.

That same night half a dozen squads of armed soldiers in uniform—members of the Eighth Infantry stationed at Governor's Island, New York Harbor—created attention, not to say excitement, in the Bowery. They made the rounds of the resorts in search of a soldier named Oliver Farmer, who had escaped from Castle Williams, the military prison at Governor's Island, where he had been confined for desertion.

At the very moment the armed squads were combing the Bowery in their quest for the deserter, the man whose enlistment had that day been checked while taking the oath entered the recruiting-station at the head of the Bowery.

"The major said I could go where I chose," said the would-be recruit to the sergeant, who sat by the stove reading. "Well, I chose to come in here for the evening. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," replied the polite sergeant. "Hear the boys from Governor's are down street hunting for that escaped prisoner and deserter, Farmer."

"Yes, oh, yes," said the visitor. "Say, by the way, would they ever think of looking for a deserter in a recruiting-station?"

But before the sergeant could answer, the door opened and in came a man wearing the uniform of the Salvation Army.

"I'm on the Farmer case," said the newcomer. "Got to make a quick change to a Chinatown guide," he added, "and—" But just there he quit talking and scrutinized closely the face of the applicant for enlistment. Then he disappeared into an adjoining room.

"What's a Salvationist after a soldier for?" asked the near-recruit.

"That ain't no Salvationer—that's a detective," replied the sergeant. "His specialty is nabbing deserters and getting the regulation ten dollars' reward in each case. There's men like him all over the country known to soldiers as 'hounds'—with deserters for hares."

"Well, say," upspoke the applicant, moving quickly toward the door, "I guess I'll be going down street to help those soldiers catch Farmer."

No sooner had the applicant disappeared than the detective, still dressed as a member of the Salvation Army, reappeared.

"You let that man get away?" he cried in dismay. "I only stepped into the next room to hunt for handcuffs. That friend of yours was the chap we're after, or I don't know my business. That was Farmer."

He rushed down-stairs and into the street, the sergeant after him. But Farmer, if, indeed, it was he, had vanished into the great maw of the Bowery.

Next day, surely enough, came a telegram to the major from the War Department at Washington, reading: "Identification of man with scar on left leg unmistakable. Wanted for desertion. Arrest him."

But it was too late. Not even the detective who sought the ten-dollar reward succeeded in finding Oliver Farmer.

Such is one chapter in the *comédie humaine* of the recruiting-stations. Here's another:

One night at the Third Avenue station loomed up a young, smooth-faced, exceedingly good-looking person in the uniform of a United States jackie.

"I must get out of this rig and back into that of a messenger-boy," said the "person" to a sergeant and a corporal who were playing checkers. "I've got that deserter, Frank Burns, bottled up in a flat on Thirty-Seventh Street, and it looks like a killing to-night sure."

So saying, the person dressed as a blue-jacket hastened to another part of the building.

Lured to Jail by a Pretty Face.

"She's a honey-cooler, ain't she?" remarked the corporal, relighting the pipe which he had ceased smoking when the "sailor" entered.

"A lu-lu," agreed the sergeant. "They say she's the crackest detective of the whole War Department—leastwise, crackest where deserters are concerned. They say it is by disguising herself as a sailor or a messenger-boy or such-like that she gets safely in and out of places where petticoats would attract attention."

The woman detective referred to was Miss Edith King, who for several years following the Spanish-American War was employed by a New York detective agency to run down deserters—the only woman in the country doing that kind of work. In seven years she captured a number of deserters sufficient to recruit three entire regiments.

Some time after her appearance at the recruiting-station dressed as a sailor, Miss King reappeared—on the lookout for deserters among the applicants for enlistment—dressed this time stunningly in gay frock and fluffy millinery, the pretty things that

was sure he held the best hand, and asked me please to let him play the hand out. My boss acquiesced.

"The hand was played out, Burns won ten dollars and, with that money in his clothes, went smilingly with us to the navy-



MISS EDITH KING IN SEVEN YEARS CAPTURED ENOUGH DESERTERS TO RECRUIT THREE ENTIRE REGIMENTS.

soldiers and sailors "dote on." Thus attired, she could get recruits to talk and even induce old soldiers to give information about deserters.

"Got Frank Burns in the flat while he was playing poker with some pretty tough cronies," she said. "My boss entered the room, and in Wild West style ordered, 'Hands up!'"

"Up went seven pairs of hands, each holding five cards. Burns beckoned me to come close, and in a low voice told me he

yard prison, where he knew he would have to remain many a month.

Thus ends the second chapter. Now for further chapters, each telling of a separate episode in the *comédie humaine* of the places where placards outside announce: "Recruits wanted for the United States army and navy—interesting service in the Philippines, trip around the world," etc.

The scene this time is the army recruiting-station at Milk Street, Boston. Outside, on a billboard, is a gorgeous lithograph show-



"WHAT'S THIS MEAN?" INQUIRED THE CAPTAIN. EVEN AS HE ASKED THE QUESTION THE CAPTAIN NOTICED THIS PHENOMENON—THAT THE FACES OF ALL THOSE MEN SHOWED TRACES OF WEeping.

ing pictures of soldiers in fashion-plate uniforms. To the old soldiers on duty at the station that lithograph is to laugh.

One day at that Boston station a young man, little more than a boy, who gave the name of Dunham, applied for enlistment. He passed the physical and mental examination—good eyesight, excellent hearing, sound teeth, and all—and finally was ushered into the presence of Captain Miller to take the oath.

Captain Miller looked the youngster up and down, then walked around him, surveying him much as a competent buyer would inspect a thoroughbred before closing a horse-deal.

"Dunham, let's feel your hands," snapped the captain. "Soft, eh! Never done manual labor. Whites of eyes very clear, too. Don't drink. Got any money in your pocket?"

"No, sir. Broke."

"Thought so. That's the reason you are enlisting. You think to get a bed, food, shelter, and an ease-off on the worry. That's what brings many here—dead-broke-ness and the chance to get in out of a cold world. Mother living, Dunham?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"No 'buts,' Dunham. I know the old

story. You're a prodigal. You ran away from home. Your sort has been here before. There's a fatted calf awaiting you somewhere. Now, I'm going to give you a last chance to go back home. Do you understand what'll happen to you the moment I swear you in?"

"Yes, sir. Thirteen dollars a month and found for three years."

"Exactly, but not all. You'll get forty-three cents a day, three dollars a week—for a seven-day week. That's less than a street-cleaner earns, less than is paid a common laborer. Your hours will be from five-thirty in the morning to nine-thirty at night, including Sunday. You'll be at some one's beck and call day and night. You will follow an officer around like a footman. You'll be the man behind the pick and shovel, and you'll dig water-drains. You'll be shut off from the society of women. You'll know no more the refinements to which I believe you have been accustomed. Meantime, your mother's heart will know no happiness, her hearth no peace. Are you prepared for all this, and more?"

Tears dimmed the youngster's eyes. He turned and walked to the door—while the captain slowly tore the enlistment document of one Dunham into long, narrow strips.

The captain dropped the long, narrow strips into his waste-basket; then he crossed the room and held out his hand to the "prodigal." Grasping the outstretched hand, the boy, from his tear-dimmed eyes, telegraphed these words which he could not utter otherwise: "Thank you, captain. I owe you much."

Tears were once shed at a recruiting-station for reasons the reverse of those that occasioned the Boston youth to weep. This happened at the station at Plattsburg, New York, in April, 1898, at the beginning of the Spanish War.

That day forty applicants for enlistment came to the station. Thirty-one were rejected—"defective vision," or "not enough teeth," or "only nine toes," and so on.

The rejected ones hung around the station for a while, then drifted away one by one till only half a dozen were left.

The six, representing the remnant of the disappointed thirty-one, lined up in front of the station, and when Captain Powell, the recruiting-officer, came out, they put their hands to their derbies and fedoras, imitating the military salute.

"What's this mean?" inquired the captain. Even as he asked the question the captain noticed this phenomenon—that the faces of all those men showed traces of weeping. He understood, he appreciated this sign of bitter disappointment in men who believed themselves to be patriots; yet he turned to walk away. What else could he do?

The six men wouldn't let him walk away, however—not till they had gathered round him, some of them with tears coursing down their faces as one said:

"Captain, if you can't take us down to Cuba as soldiers, won't you please take us

along just to tend stock and shoot Spaniards?"

Now, as the captain extricated himself from these patriots and fled down street, the six men noted that the officer brushed a little something from his own eye. Maybe it was street-dust; maybe it wasn't. I don't know.

Continuing and concluding these episodes in the *comédie humaine* of the recruiting-places—all ye who in the love of the flag are indignant when a soldier is turned away from a theater because of his uniform, read this:

One day to an army recruiting-station in Chicago came an applicant of about thirty winters. "I'm no recruit," he said to the officer in charge. "I come to reenlist."

"That's refreshing," replied the recruiting-officer. "We're more accustomed to hear of deserters rather than of reenlistments."

"Oh, I'm not going back because I prefer army life."

"Then why on earth don't you stay out? We don't want to enlist men who are dissatisfied even before they get the uniform."

"Can't stay out. Thought I could do better in civil life. But I can't."

"Guess you have not tried very hard, if you can't do better than thirteen dollars a month."

"But I have tried—asked for employment at no end of shops, offices, mills, and stores right here in Chicago. But everywhere I got cold-shouldered. When employers asked about my last job and I said 'army,' they would invariably reply:

"'Old soldier, hey! Well, we've got no use for ex-soldiers. You couldn't have been good for anything, else you'd never have gone into the United States army.'"

GATES LOSES MONEY; BELL-BOYS GET IT.

JOHN W. GATES has sworn off tipping hotel employees. He has been in the habit of giving twenty-five cents for each letter or telegram when delivered to his room or in any part of the hotel by a bell-boy. So the boys have been delivering the missives one, at a time and collecting a quarter for each, even if half a dozen came to the hotel at once.

The other day Mr. Gates had an unusual number of telegrams. It so happened that one arriving at five minutes to twelve o'clock did not reach him until five minutes after one. It was dated at noon.

Mr. Gates was just a bit provoked and started an investigation. Then he discov-

ered that his letters and telegrams always arrived one at a time.

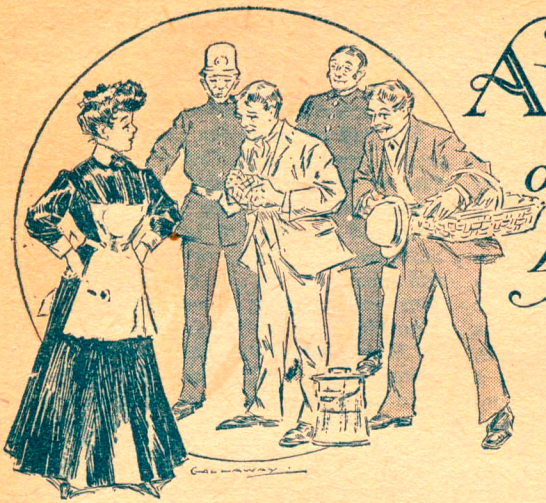
"Guess that is going some," said Mr. Gates—"going fast enough, anyway, to keep me from giving any more tips in a hotel. I am on record now."

"Chee!" said a "bell-hop" when he heard that the great iron and steel magnate had taken offense. If dis ain't de limit, den I don't know what is. How's a man goin' to support his fambly if all dis honest graft is cut off? Take it from me, cull, dat de tip is here to stay. Anybody who tries to cut it off will wake up some morning wid a hole cut in his best satchel. Dat's a certain sure thing."

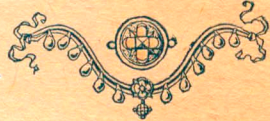
PA'S GOT A SURE-ENOUGH BITE.



KENNETH THE YOUTHFUL (MUCH INTERESTED IN PAPA'S UNEXPECTED CATCH): "EASY, PA. DON'T WAGGLE YOUR LEG ABOUT SO MUCH, OR YOU'LL LOSE HIM."—*London Sketch.*



AN HEIRESS of the AREA by T.W. Hanshew



"AND to my devoted servant, Eliza Maud Higgins, who for nine years has served me faithfully and well and been as close as a daughter to me, I will and bequeath the sum of two hundred pounds sterling, together with my blue silk dress and muskrat muff, to be hers and her heirs forever."

So ran the all-important clause in Mrs. Scadpump's will—and that was how the trouble began.

Up to that period Eliza had been noted as the neatest, prettiest, best-mannered young woman in domestic service in the whole of Little Niggleby Square. As all four sides of Little Niggleby Square were lined with furnished apartment-houses, with a slight sprinkling of domiciles devoted to providing board as well as lodging for American visitors in London, the neighborhood's supply of "young women in service" was by no means niggardly.

Eliza's popularity was not entirely born of her legacy—though, of course, it went up by leaps and bounds after that event—for there was a fascinating gentleman in scarlet (coming close to the expiration of his time in the army and known to be thinking of "settling down") who was immensely taken with her. Then there was young Williams, the policeman; and Grigsby, the postman; and good-looking, good-tempered, enterprising Charlie Harris, the grocer's gent, who, perhaps, enjoyed more favor than any of them, if Eliza had analyzed her feelings.

But when Mrs. Scadpump gave up letting apartments in Little Niggleby Square and departed, leaving behind her the all-important will, came porters and milkmen, market gardeners and butchers, waiters and news-venders, to lay their hearts and their prospects at Eliza's feet, with the result

that, before she could pack up her belongings and get away from the neighborhood, her two hundred pounds had been proposed to exactly eight times, and there were several ardent annexationists still to be heard from.

"Get along with you, do!" was Eliza's invariable reply. "I ain't no intention of marrying—at least, not yet awhile. I've worked hard ever since I was big enough to scrub a door-step, and now I'm going to see a bit of life before I takes it on again, I can tell you."

"There's nobody could show you more life than I could, 'Liza," said the gentleman in scarlet, as he squared his shoulders and smoothed the pointed ends of his carefully waxed mustache. "I've seen a tidy bit of it in my time, I have."

"You know what advantages us army gents has in a social way. Look at my colonel. A duke's son, he is. You can't get much more in the way of high life than that, can you now? And there's my captain—going to marry an earl's daughter next Wednesday fortnight. Come, now, wot's wrong with our hitching, eh?"

"I don't know," said Eliza. "Only you ain't none of you a going to hitch to me. I've got trouble enough to hold my own horses without having any more tied to me, I can tell you that. Good afternoon, Mr. Gubby. I ain't got no more time to waste."

"But I have, 'Liza!" replied Mr. Gubby soulfully. "And I'll go on a wasting of it till I wins you round. Persistent assault has took many a fortress that seemed hopeless at first, and I'm a persister of the most persistin' kind."

And so, indeed, he proved to be, for he paid such assiduous court to Eliza, dogged her footsteps so constantly, brought her so

many penny bunches of violets, and bottles of scent, and paper bags of sweets, and was altogether so devoted in his attentions that Charlie Harris, who knew the powerful attraction of a red coat, began to fear that Eliza might, in time, be won over.

Harris had been in love with Eliza for years—disinterestedly in love—so that the matter of her inheritance didn't count for much, only that it would come in handy in the matter of setting up for himself in a small way. He had long been saving up with the idea of taking a certain little place he knew of, where the good-will and fixtures could be had for a matter of ninety pounds, and where a popular young grocer with a thrifty wife would be pretty sure of getting on well and being able to lay aside a pound or two for a rainy day.

Eliza knew of the place, too. Indeed, she had once gone round there with him, and had expressed her approval of it and her admiration of him when he informed her that he already had half the purchase-money saved.

It takes a bit of saving, however, to lay by ninety pounds out of a salary of eighteen shillings and sixpence a week; so the little place wasn't secured at the date of Mrs. Scadpump's decease. Charlie, who had not actually proposed to Eliza before she became an heiress, felt a little bit reluctant—as became a decent-minded young fellow—to do so immediately afterward.

"It would sort of look as though it was the money that fetched me to time," was the way he reasoned. "So I'll wait a bit and let her see as it ain't. She knows I'm going to ask her, anyway."

So he went on putting it off and off, day after day, until, all of a sudden, away went Eliza, and Little Niggleby Square knew her no more.

"The army's ketched her," said Williams, the policeman, coming upon Charlie clinging to the rails and staring forlornly down the areaway of the empty house which had once been the abode of the late Mrs. Scadpump and the vanished Eliza. "Them red coats had ought to be forbid by law. Government don't play fair in the matter of uniforms. Them spurs and that coat and hat done the trick, I'll lay my life."

"Anyhow, Eliza she went away in a cab the day before yesterday, and that Gubby ain't showed hide nor hair in these quarters since. I says it again, government don't play fair in the matter of uniforms."

But if he said any more, Charlie didn't wait to hear it. If Eliza had gone in a cab, that was clue enough.

A hurried race to the cab-stand from which Little Niggleby Square drew its sup-

ply of vehicles brought to light the identical cab in which Eliza had journeyed—alone, as Charlie heard to his great relief—also the address to which it had carried her. Within the hour the lost sheep was found.

She had not gone far, only to some apartments kept by Mr. Gubby's aunt, about a quarter of a mile distant. There Charlie found her, occupying the drawing-room suite and arrayed in the blue silk of Mrs. Scadpump's bequest, with a dish of almonds and raisins on one side of her, a box of bonbons on the other, flowers everywhere, and a novelette in her hand.

"Eliza, wot made you go away?" he said reproachfully. "Of course I knowed you'd have to, sooner or later, on account of the house being gave up, but what made you go without sending some word to me?"

"I didn't think as it made any difference," said Eliza. "I didn't think as you cared one way or t'other."

"Cared? 'Liza, you'd ought to know that I've always cared."

"Law, Mr. Harris!"

"Mr. Harris! You ain't went and married that Gubby fellow, have you? I know these here apartments is kept by his aunt, but—oh, Eliza, you ain't never went and chucked yourself away on a red coat and a pair of brass spurs, have you?"

"No," said Eliza, "I ain't chucked myself away on nobody, and, wot's more, I ain't a going to. But if ever I married—which is doubtful for some time to come—it will only be after I have gave the matter due consideration."

"You talk like a book, Eliza."

"I have been reading some," she replied, waving her hand toward a pile of novelettes stacked upon a table. "I never had time to do it before, but I have now, and they have gave me some idea of what life really is. Mr. Gubby fetched them to me, and I have found them particular entertaining."

Charlie stepped to the table and turned over a few of the novelettes. As he did so, a sudden light dawned upon him. He saw Mr. Gubby's little game.

"A Lover in Scarlet," "The Gentleman Ranker," "The Pride of the Regiment," "From Ensign to Earl," he read as he glanced over the titles. A hasty survey of the pages showed him a succession of pictures in which everything in the way of beauty in distress, from a milkmaid to a marchioness, was being succored by a soldier.

"I suppose they all married dukes, and the most of the Tommies turned out to be lost heirs to noble houses or something of that sort, didn't they?" he said, looking round at Eliza.

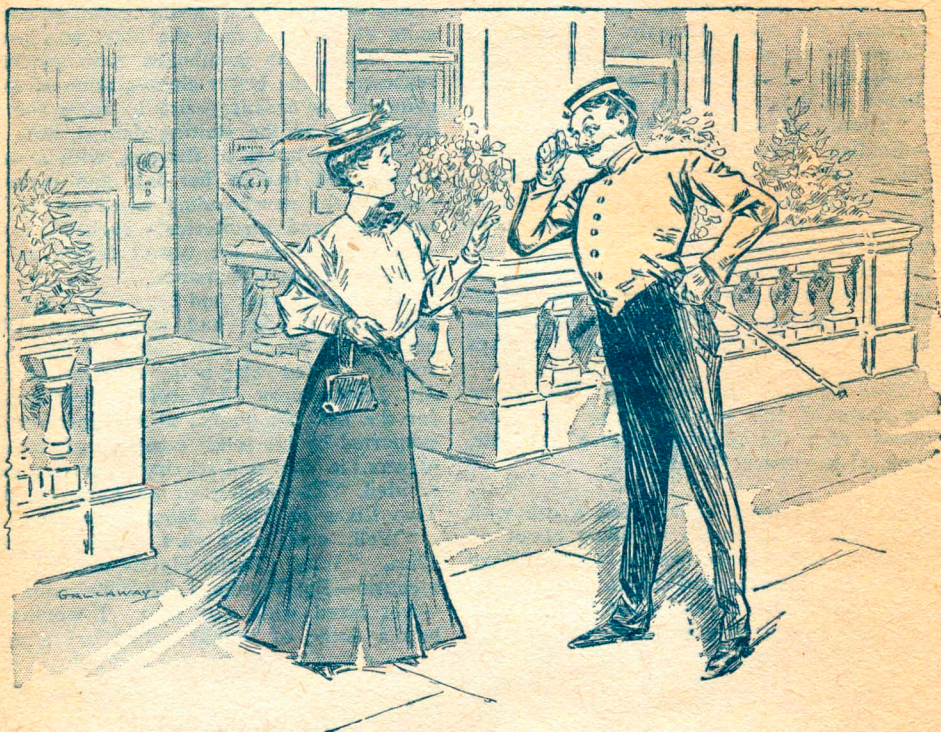
"A goodish many of 'em," she admitted. "You'd ought to read some of 'em, Charlie; they're beautiful!"

"I expect they are," said Charlie in reply. "I dare say, Eliza, you wouldn't much fancy getting behind a counter or selling parsley and such like, nowadays, would you?"

"No, Charlie, not till I've saw something more of life. There's a girl in one of them there books ('Carried by Storm,' it is, and a

have showed you that the men wot loves best goes and sacrifices of theirselves for the good of the young wimmen they adores.

"Well, I'm going to be like that, Eliza, and I'm going to tell you, plain and straight-forward, that I ain't worthy of you, that there ain't no man I knows of wot is; and that, with your beauty and all that money Mrs. Scadpump left you, it 'ud be nothing short of crime for you to chuck yourself



"THERE'S NOBODY COULD SHOW YOU MORE LIFE THAN I COULD, 'LIZA," SAID THE GENTLEMAN IN SCARLET. "I'VE SEEN A TIDY BIT OF IT IN MY TIME, I HAVE."

beautiful story, too) wot never was nothing more than a parlor maid, and yet she captured the colonel of a regiment, and a earl he was, too. It's wonderful."

"Tain't so wonderful as you think, when you come down to it," replied artful Charlie, determined to beat Mr. Gubby at his own game. "She was where she could meet gents of that kind, not in London lodgings. They never comes to places like that, not they! If they did— But there! What's the use of mentioning it? A girl of your appearance, Eliza, and being an heiress into the bargain, she'd land a swell in less than no time.

"Look here! I'm uncommon fond of you, Eliza—I just loves you, if you wants it plain—but I dare say that them there stories

away on parties like me or that fellow, Gubby."

"Oh, Charlie, he *have* saw life! Since I've read them beautiful stories, I know that he have."

"So do I," admitted Charlie. "But, Eliza, it ain't no such life as you can see if you've a mind to, now that you've got money. Don't breathe a word of it to nobody, but to-morrow morning you settle your bill here, then go to the bank and draw out every farthing of your money—so's there won't be no fear of that Gubby a tracing of you, you know, and spoiling of your chances by turning up sudden just when you don't want him—and then you slip down to Margate as fast as the train can take you, and put up at one of the big hotels."

"My word! Wot for?"

"'Cos it's what might be called your golden opportunity, Eliza. Swells of every sort comes there—French counts and German barons and Eyetalian princes and things like that. If you show your money freely and get where you can meet them, there ain't no telling what'll come out of it, Eliza."

Eliza was not as enthusiastic as Harris could have wished.

"I ain't none too partial to them foreign parties," she said dubiously. "We had a German gent a lodging with us at Mrs. Scadpump's once, and things he *eat*—well, there! you'd never believe it!"

"There's all sorts goes to Margate, Eliza—English, Scotch, Welsh, Yankees, Roo-shins; every kind," pursued Charlie eagerly. "So you'll have plenty to pick from, no fear. And as for the army—if that's your partickler fancy—why, there's captains and colonels and majors and wot not, so you needn't go a wasting of yourself on a common Tommy like Gubby. Strike high, Eliza, strike high. Don't chuck away your chances foolish."

Eliza listened and was lost. The eager pleadings of this self-sacrificing lover, together with the glowing picture he drew, were all too much for her.

Four and twenty hours later, a cab with three brand-new trunks wobbling about on top of it drew up before the Ocean Wave Hotel at Margate, and Eliza, brave in a purple plush costume and a hat full of roses and humming-birds, got out of it and made her way to the office, clutching with her fawn-kid gloved hands a small, brass-bound strong box fitted with a padlock and hasp.

"If all your lets ain't took, I'd like a first-class bed-sitting-room on the drawing-room floor and board for one lady," she said.

"How much will it be?"

"Two guineas a day and extras. When will the lady arrive?"

"She has arrove. I'm her," said Eliza serenely.

"Oh! Ah! Hum! Yes, but—"

"I'll take the room, since you say you've got one," struck in Eliza, fishing out a key and fitting it to the padlock of the strong box. "I don't mind telling you that it's a stiffish price, but if a body wants a good thing they has to pay for it, I reckon. Name's Higgins—Miss Higgins—from London. And, as I don't know how long I'm like to stay, I reckon I'd better pay you each day in advance. There you are, for the first one."

"Hadn't you better let me put that in the safe for you?" gasped the clerk, his eyes

fastened on the strong box, full to the very brim with sovereigns.

"Not me!" responded Eliza, as she clamped down the hasp and turned the key in the padlock. "It don't go out of my hands for one minute, night or day, I promise you. Now have me showed to my room, please, and have my boxes sent up immejit, along of a pot of tea and two currant scones."

And in this manner began Eliza's brief but fateful sojourn at Margate.

She did not find it wildly exciting; for in spite of the fact that the hotel was pretty well filled with gentlemen who evidently represented the better classes, none of these evinced any ardent desire to form the acquaintance of the waiting damsel, who sat about at all hours of the day, with a small brass-bound box in her lap, and patiently watched the never-ending parade along the sea-front, and meditatively sucked peppermint-drops when she wasn't buried in the pages of a penny romance.

The second week had begun, and the August bank holiday had come, when Eliza noticed bill-boards that fairly glowed with freshly posted play-bills, announcing that Mr. Montgomery de Varville would appear for the next six nights at the opera-house, supported by his select company of London players, in the soul-stirring dramatic gem, entitled, "The Honor of an Earl; or, The Two Lives of Philip Montessoro."

"Well, now, ain't that funny?" mused Eliza. "Why, Charlie Harris used to have a cousin—Jim Waters, I think his name was—wot acted with that gent. I wonder if he's a doing of it still? I've 'arf a mind to go round to the theater and ask. I ain't never seen him, but he's Charlie's cousin, and I just would like to meet somebody that knows somebody wot I knows, 'specially Charlie. I am so lonesome and sort o' down in the mouth!"

At that particular moment came whizzing along, close to the curb behind her, a resplendent red motor. "Toot!" went the horn with such startling abruptness that Eliza jumped. At the same time the near wheels of the motor splashed down into a puddle, and up went a spurt of muddy water over Eliza's purple plush.

She whirled round, intending to give the chauffeur "a piece of her mind" for his carelessness, when lo! the motor came to an abrupt stop, and out of it jumped a gentleman in a shiny top hat, pearl-colored spats, a brocaded silk waistcoat, and quite the most fetching thing in the way of a snuff-colored suit Eliza had ever seen.

A full-blown La France rose ornamented his buttonhole, many jewels flashed on the left side of his waistcoat as the act of

alighting exposed it to view, and, in lieu of the ordinary necktie, he wore a narrow band of red ribbon, from which depended a medallion in the shape of a Maltese cross.

"*Signorina*, figure to yourself the embarrassment, the distress!" exclaimed this resplendent gentleman in tones of deep contrition, as he came hurrying toward Eliza. "I would not have this happen for the world! It is the carelessness—the stupidity. You shall permit me, *signorina*—si—?"

And then to Eliza's fluttering delight and embarrassment, he whisked from his pocket a handkerchief that filled all the air with the odor of patchouli, and, sinking on one knee on the unclean pavement, proceeded to wipe the stains from her skirt.

"Law! You needn't—I mean, it don't matter. I've got more clothes, so there ain't no call for you to go spoiling of your nice clean pocket-handkerchief in that way," stammered Eliza, blushing to the very roots of her hair. "Please get up, do. It's for all the world like Sir Walter What's-His-Name and Queen Thingamy, and you're a muddying of them beautiful trousers something cruel."

"What shall it matter? What shall anything matter so that I preserve the honor of my race?" responded the gentleman with a flourish of the soiled handkerchief, which he immediately threw away. Producing a second, he resumed his task.

"Shall it be said that Prince di Venturoli failed to do his duty by loneliness in distress? Ah, never! *Signorina*, all Rome would ring with my shame if I did."

"Oh, dear! Are you an Eyetalian gent—prince, I mean?" bleated the awed Eliza.

"A prince of the blood, *signorina*," he replied, rising and bowing before her.

"Law!" said Eliza, shaking all over with repressed excitement, as she looked into his fresh-colored, smoothly shaven face. "I'd never have thought it—never. That is—I mean to say— Well, I always thought as Eyetalian gentlemen was dark-complected and wore goatees and things like that. Oh, dear! don't bother about it no more." He had discovered a spot on her sleeve and fell at once to wiping it away. "It don't matter."

"Ah, but it shall matter—it must always matter," he replied gallantly. "It shall be like you grand *Inglese* ladies to make light of the mishap, but I— Ah, wretched one am I that shall so long hope and pray to meet you and then haf to introduce myself by the accident like this."

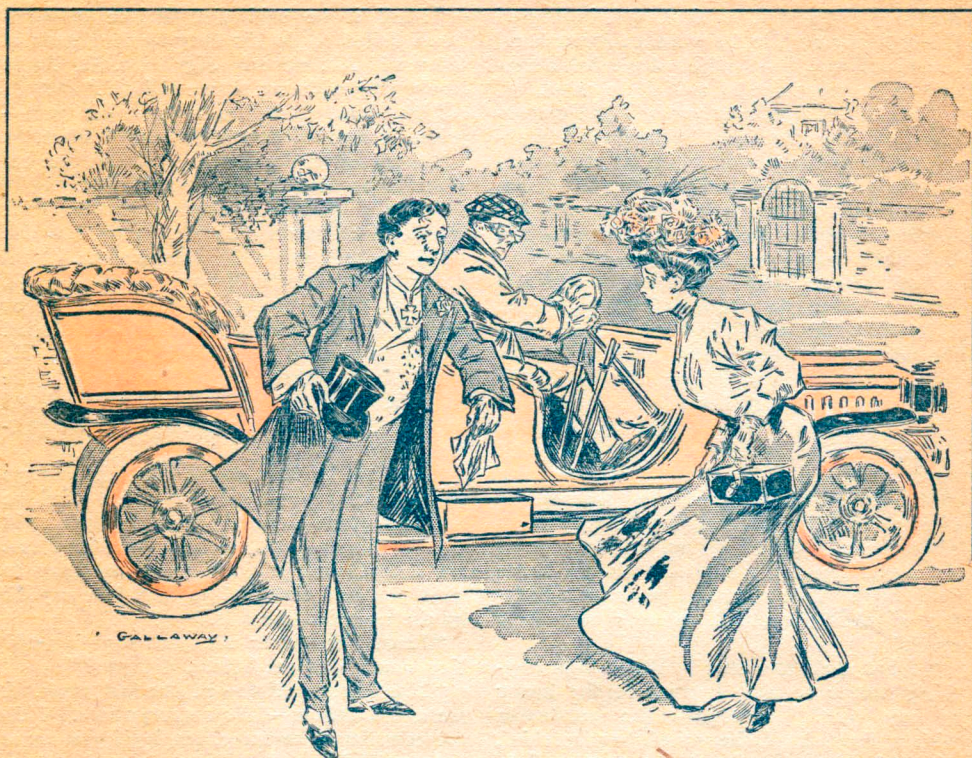
"Law! Whatever are you a saying of? You never seen me before, did you?"

"The hundred time—all the las' week. I see and I follow—follow everywhere. I do not even know ze name, but I gif you name for myself."

"Well, I never," said Eliza. "To think



"I SUPPOSE THEY ALL MARRIED DUKES," HE SAID, LOOKING ROUND AT ELIZA.



"SIGNORINA, FIGURE TO YOURSELF THE EMBARRASSMENT, THE DISTRESS!" EXCLAIMED THIS RESPLENDENT GENTLEMAN.

of your r'yal 'ighness a taking notice of a body like that!"

Before his royal highness could reply the voice of the chauffeur sounded.

"Excuse me, *mung prince*," he broke in, "but if you have forgot it, your r'yal 'ighness have an appointment with the Duke of Westminster and the chancellor of the exchequer at one o'clock, and time's a flyin'. Hadn't you and the lady better 'op in and let me take her back to her hotel?"

"Ah, cruel fate!" exclaimed his royal highness, striking his breast. "To meet and then to be torn asunder by duty. But they must wait, they must wait, those grand lords. It shall not be to her hotel you shall pilot the *signorina* and myself, Pietro. To the arcade, my faithful one, where I may purchase a jewel for the *signorina* as a souvenir of our happy meeting. *Signorina*," turning to Eliza, "let me escort you to the vehicle; and, if I may call at your hotel when these affairs of state have been attended to, give me the answer by permitting me to purchase the jewel—a small souvenir, a mere trinket of diamond and pearl. It is 'Yes,' is it not, *signorina*?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so, if you want to. It's awful kind of you, I'm sure," stammered and blushed Eliza. Then, in a transport of delight, she laid her hand in the one he held out to her and suffered him to help her into the motor.

"Law, it fair takes a body's breath away, your r'yal 'ighness," she said as the car swung out into the roadway and chug-chugged away in the direction of the arcade. "I used to wonder how people could abide 'em, but now—oh, it's beautiful!"

"Pietro," suddenly exclaimed the prince, "I have remembered me of something. As this shall be bank holiday, it will be impossible for me to deposit to my account to-day, and I have fifty thousand pounds upon my person. I like not to be carrying so much money. Return with it to my hotel the instant you have left us at the arcade, and see that the clerk deposit it in the safe."

"Wee, wee, *mung prince*," replied Pietro, as he took the large, fat wallet his royal highness handed over to him. A minute later the motor halted before the entrance to the arcade.

"*Signorina*, you shall not burden yourself

wis that stupid thing," said the prince, as he took the box from Eliza's hand and assisted her to alight. "It shall be unseemly that I shall walk free-handed and you shall not. Pietro, await me at the hotel."

The holiday crowd filled the Arcade from end to end, pushing, jostling, laughing, trying penny-in-the-slot machines and shooting-galleries, and what not. Eliza and the prince forced their way into the place, going from stall to stall in quest of jewelry.

Just how it happened, Eliza never could remember. She had stopped for a moment to look at some flowers, to which his royal highness called particular attention. She spoke to the prince, and, receiving no reply, turned round and found no trace of him.

Her first thought was that he must have passed on to the next stall without noticing that she wasn't following him; so she elbowed her way through the crowd in that direction. He wasn't there. He wasn't at the next stall, either, or the next, or the next, or the next again.

A sudden despair, a sudden chill, smote her. She gave a loud, excited cry and forced her way back to the entrance.

"Gent carrying a box, mùm?" replied the guard there, in response to her eager inquiry. "Gent as come in with you a few minutes ago, was it? Yes, he went out a moment or so ago. The motor come back and he drove off Ramsgate way."

Eliza gave one deep cry of despair, and, turning, raced down the hill.

She saw no sign of the red motor, no sign of his royal highness. Both had gone, and with them every penny she had in the world.

A sudden thought—a fresh hope—came to her. Perhaps the man at the Arcade had made a mistake in the direction. Perhaps the prince had lost her in the crowd. Perhaps Pietro had come back for him with important news from the distinguished guests he was to entertain that day, and, knowing that she would be sure to go there, he had carried the box to her hotel.

Inspired by that thought, she went thither as fast as she could cover the ground.

No, said the clerk, in answer to her eager inquiry, nothing had been left there for her, nothing whatsoever. But there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who had been waiting for some little time.

She ran to the drawing-room as fast as her feet would carry her. There, in a deep, soft chair beside one of the windows, dressed in his Sunday best and wearing a rose in his buttonhole, sat, not the Prince di Venturoli, but Charlie Harris.

"Hullo, Eliza. I am glad to see you, my dear," he said, getting up and coming toward her with a big, happy smile. "Come

down with the bank holiday crowd and thought I'd look you up. But what's the matter, Eliza? You look fair licked."

"I am, Charlie, I am!" bleated Eliza, with a burst of despairing tears. "But I never was so glad to see nobody in my life as I am to see you. I've been robbed, Charlie!"

Then she threw herself upon his shoulder and wept out the whole story.

"Ain't you got nothing left, Eliza? Nothing at all?"

"No, not a farthing. I ain't got money enough even to pay my way back to town and go to work again. They took it all."

"Did they, Eliza? Then, now you ain't got nothing, I reckon I can speak," said Charlie. "I've had a windfall. Party as I'm related to went and left me a tidy little bit of money, and I'm going to take that shop and start up on my own. Do you think you could make me happy by marrying of me, Eliza? 'Cos I loves you heaps; and if you could bring yourself down to serving customers after all the hopes you've had—"

"Hopes!" interrupted Eliza, with a fresh burst of tears. "I don't think I never had no hopes, outside of you and that little shop, Charlie. It used to seem 'eaven to me once, but it seems two 'eavens now."

"Wot ho!" said Charlie, as he took her in his arms. "You know I always said it would be 'Wot ho!' when the shop and the home was ready, Eliza."

"And now, listen here, my dear. Me and you's going back to London by the evening train, and just as soon as to-morrow comes I'm going to make over all the money that's been left me to you, Eliza. Now, then, you go and pack your boxes and I'll run over to the station and see about the tickets."

He went, but not to see about the tickets. Instead, he jumped into a cab, drove round to the opera-house, and sent in word that he wanted to see Mr. Jim Waters.

"Thanky, Jim; you done the trick noble," he said as that worthy appeared. "Here's the five pound I promised you and your friend between you, and here's another pound to pay for the hire of the motor. Now, where's the box?"

"Here it is, all done up so's she won't know what it is," returned Jim, handing him over a parcel wrapped in brown paper. "You'll have to force the lock, I'm a thinking, Charlie, 'cos she's got the key herself. And I say, for goodness' sake, old chap, get her away from Margate as soon as possible. I don't want to have to keep hidden any longer than I have to, you know."

"She's going to-night, Jim. I ain't told her yet, but I've had the banns published a week already."



HYPNOTISM HAS CHANGED SINCE TRILBY'S TIME.

HYPNOTISM is not hypnotism any more, according to a new school of thinkers. Nor is woman's intuition at all related to her mental processes. Hypnotism and intuition are both declared to be distinctively spiritual acts. Love at first sight—and instantaneous dislike, too, for that matter—are placed in the same class. They figure it out this way:

Man's spiritual nature in all respects corresponds to his physical, in the fact of the possession of a spiritual attribute for each physical quality. So, for instance, as each individual has a physical odor which is inhaled from his material body by which his dog is enabled to distinguish him from all other persons and to track his footsteps in the midst of a multitude, so also does there emanate from the spirit of each individual an aura, a spiritual odor which is peculiar, personal and characteristic to each.

This scriptural aura or emanation was denominated by the ancient philosophers the "astral" or stellar light, because it was supposed to be luminous and visible to the spiritual sight in a corresponding relation with the sight of the heavenly bodies which is visible to the physical sight.

Thus, it appears, that there is to each individual a material body, which is visible and tangible to the physical senses, and at the same time every individual possesses a spiritual body, which is discoverable by the spiritual perceptions.

By these means it is taught that persons may know each other spiritually. When an individual emits a spiritual odor or aura this may make an agreeable impression on the spiritual perceptions of another, or the effect may be, on the other hand, displeasing and repulsive.



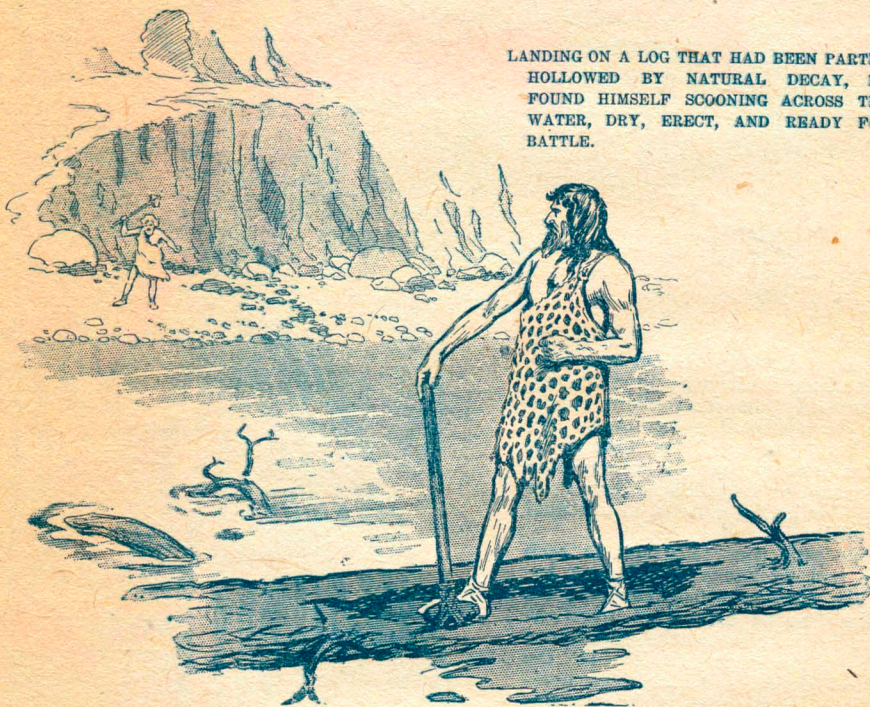
People with no actual knowledge of each other may be inspired with love or hate at the very first meeting because of the impressions made upon the spiritual perceptions. We call this "intuition," or jumping at conclusions without the intervention of reason or knowledge; but it is really the logical results of spiritual recognition.

Souls may thus telegraph to each other and exchange intelligence before the physical senses can perform the function of perceptive investigation and the reason take cognizance of any facts presented. If the spiritual faculties be able to communicate intelligence without material contact of persons, they have power to transmit information to the greatest distances and without regard to distance.

How often, without suggestion or apparent reason, people far distant appear suddenly in our mental presence. The image may be of one who commands love and sympathy, or of one who only excites loathing and hate. The strongest will and the most intense spirituality will always impress weaker and inferior natures. Whether this power is exerted for good or evil makes no difference; the power exists.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BATTLE-SHIP—FROM THE HOLLOW LOG TO THE DREADNOUGHT.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.



LANDING ON A LOG THAT HAD BEEN PARTLY HOLLOWED BY NATURAL DECAY, HE FOUND HIMSELF SCOONING ACROSS THE WATER, DRY, ERECT, AND READY FOR BATTLE.

A PREDATORY chief of the cave-dwelling days, while wandering along a swelling stream, not far from his abode, chanced to see a rival chief on the farther shore. To swim across for a fight, with any chance of success, was out of the question because the enemy would kill him while he was yet in the water; but he could, and he would, yell and dance and wave his big stone ax in defiance.

Finally, in bravado, the chief leaped out on a mass of driftwood, in order to get somewhat nearer the enemy, and, landing on a log that had been partly hollowed by natural decay, he found himself scooning across the water, dry, erect, and ready for battle.

That was a memorable, if unrecorded, day in the annals of the cave-dwellers, for on it navigation of the seas was begun. It is easy to imagine how the dugout canoe was developed from the partly rotten log, but it is important to note that navigation was first practised for the sake of battle. There was no commerce requiring water transportation in the days of the cave-dweller.

When the savage went afloat in his newly made dugout canoe in search of his enemy he loaded it down to the water's edge, and so found the waves lapping over the rude brim. Then he raised matting around the brim. The mat served to keep out the water until heavier waves broke it in, when the savage stiffened it with sticks placed vertically, fore and aft, and thus invented

the vertical frames in use to the present day.

To place planks where the mats had been was the next step, when the savage had learned to split the semblance of planks from the solid log, and thus framed ships were developed.

The First Naval Battle.

With framed ships the savage was able to go far out to sea and brave the winds that had swamped the ruder dugout, and then came a species of warfare that in modern days is called piracy. The clan chief not only hunted his known enemies, but, spurred on by what we call enterprise and animated by what we call the praiseworthy desire to increase wealth, he sailed forth to take what he could grasp and hold. The chief of a clan that had built a framed ship drove the dugout men out of the trade and worked his monopoly for all the traffic would bear. Meantime, of course, he admitted some of the ablest of his competitors into his crew.

Among the plunder thus secured, slaves formed an important part, and with their labor the shipbuilding chiefs of clans increased in power and became kings. They added framed boat to framed boat, and so created fleets.

Where the predatory chiefs had gathered plunder with a single ship, the predatory king used fleets to compel other nations to pay them tribute. So fleet met fleet upon the common highway of the sea, and the first naval battle of which we have record was fought.

It is a curious, less than half told, story that we have of that first action. A clan of Celts—Irishmen—while cruising along the west coast of Europe, during the fifteenth century B.C., entered the Mediterranean in search of what the gods might have in store for them.

Unhappily, they laid their course along the south shore, and, reaching the land of Egypt, found the people there not only navigators of framed ships, but first-class fighting men as well. Moreover, the Egyptian fleet outnumbered the Irish. Nothing daunted, the Celts closed in and strove to carry the Egyptian ships with sword and ax in hand. But the brave dash was in vain; they gained only the right to be remembered.

Having found the invaders such valiant fighters, the Egyptian monarch thought it worth while to let posterity know what a great victory he had won. The story of it he told in a picture which, with a few words of description, he placed on a monument, which remains to this day.

It is to be noted that when the Irish invaded Egyptian waters, the ships used in both fleets were large rowboats, and that the only use—or, at any rate, the chief purpose—of these boats was to carry fighting men. Voyages of great length were made in these boats. It is known that cattle were sometimes carried for food, and that on an occasion when the grain failed the crew landed, planted, raised and harvested a crop, and then sailed on. Jack was sailor and farmer, too.

A sail was spread when the wind was fair, but the ship itself was neither armed nor armored. Moreover, the sailors had no weapon which they used exclusively on board ship. They shot arrows, hurled spears with throwing-sticks, or by hand, and finally boarded and plied the sword.

But because the sailor never had to carry his arms on his back, he naturally increased the length and weight of his spear until he poised a huge beam on the rail of the ship, with the butt against a timberhead, and so drove the point through the light upper planking of the enemy's ship and spitted a whole bank of oarsmen. On seeing the advantage thus gained, the seaman of superior ability designed a ram that was permanently affixed to the ship's bow.

A Greek pirate of the seventh century B.C. invented the ram-bow, as ancient Greek pictures show, but that was not the only improvement pirates made in war-ships. Indeed, it was to individual sea-robbers that the splendid model of the earlier vessels was due.

Before the ram was invented the kings of the sea had used their ingenuity, very naturally, in increasing the capacity of their ships; for, since the offensive power of their ships consisted only in the number of fighting men that could be carried, it was obvious that the ship of the largest capacity was the most powerful.

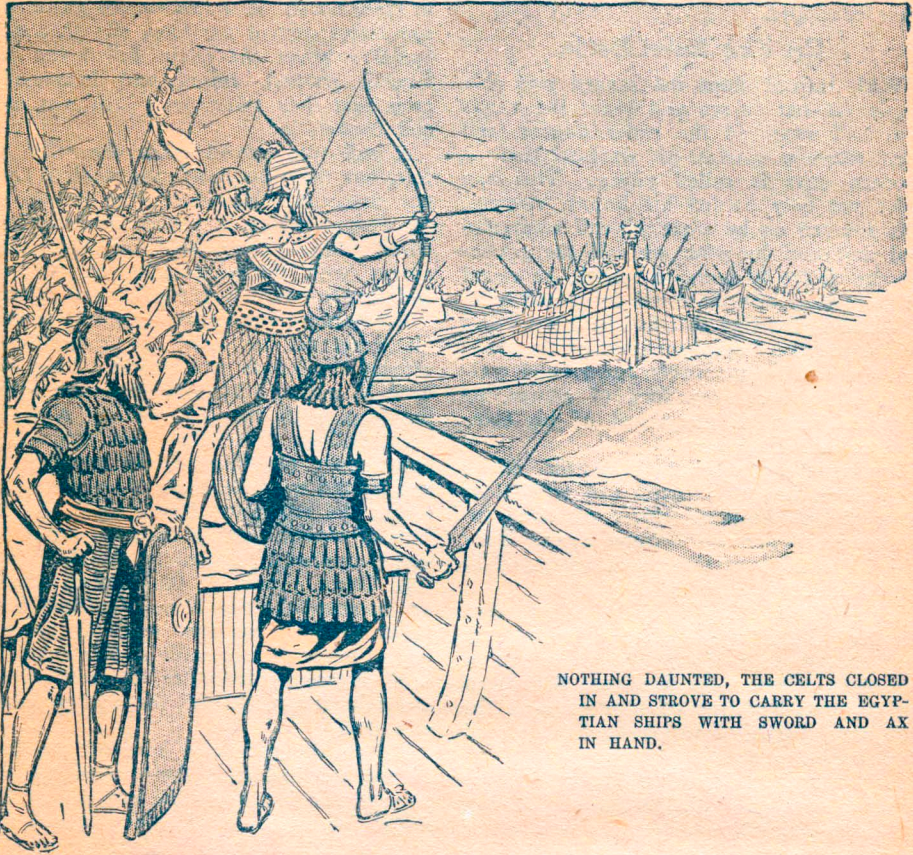
How the "Fad For Speed" Began.

But the ram added a new element of power to the ship that at once called for a modification of the model. The swifter the ram-armed ship, the more effective the blow she could strike. What some naval officers call "a fad for speed" had an immediate vogue. The pirates who adopted rams also lengthened their hulls, because it was found that the increase of power thus obtained was applied more effectively than when ships were built higher out of water to accommodate more tiers of oars. Indeed, so effective was the war-ship thus developed by the Greek pirate that it was not wholly superseded until the battle of Lepanto, A.D. 1571.

But while the ramming-galley thus held its place for at least two thousand two hundred years, there were other developments in war-ships that are most interesting. Consider, for instance, the story of the

showed a metal ram, modeled in the shape of some wild beast, often painted so that its jaws seemed to be dripping blood.

On the towering timber castles, built at bow and stern, were catapults—huge bows



NOTHING DAUNTED, THE CELTS CLOSED IN AND STROVE TO CARRY THE EGYPTIAN SHIPS WITH SWORD AND AX IN HAND.

battle of Salamis in the year 480 B.C., between the fleets of the Persian Xerxes and his allies on one side, and the Greeks on the other.

Xerxes brought to the Hellespont a fleet of one thousand two hundred ships manned by two hundred and forty thousand men. A storm destroyed four hundred ships, but the Persian king still had a force that in numbers and size of ships was vastly superior to that of the Greeks. Moreover, the able Phœnicians were on his side.

The day of the battle was beautiful; and as the two fleets, stretched out in line, approached each other, the officers and men had ample opportunity to see and consider what manner of force they had to meet. In the eyes of the Greeks, the Persians might have well seemed a formidable host. Their battle-line towered above the long, lean ships of the Greeks, and every Persian ship

that were bent by winches and, when released by triggers, hurled heavy javelins and spears for hundreds of yards. With the catapults were great *ballistæ*—machines for throwing heavy stones. At the ends of the yards that were crossed on some of the masts were suspended jagged rocks weighing hundreds of pounds, with men clinging there in readiness to cut loose each rock and drop it crashing through the hull of any Greek ship that might come beneath it.

Moreover, some of the Persian ships were provided with long spars rigged as derricks, each of which carried at the upper end a kettle filled with oil-soaked combustibles. By these spars stood men ready to fire the combustibles and pour the flaming masses down on any ship and crew that might come within reach.

Finally, every Persian ship carried plenty

of grapnels on each rail, with planks near by, so that the Greek ships might be gripped alongside, where the Persian soldiers could throw out the planks and then cross over, sword in hand.

But no Greek quailed at the spectacle. A scout-ship had been sent out early in the day; and as the Persians came into view, this scout was seen hastening back, hotly pursued by some of the swifter Persian galleys. It was a stirring race—so stirring that a Greek captain named Ameinas, a brother of the poet Æschylus, dashed forth to the rescue without waiting for orders.

And at that a brazen shield, polished until it flamed in the sun, was hoisted above the Greek flag-ship, the signal for battle. The blare of a thousand trumpets answered the call of the admiral, and the Greek oarsmen "bent the supple ash" to drive their ships into the Persian line.

The Persians were advancing at a stately stroke. The Greeks swept down upon them in a mad dash that proved irresistible. In vain was the shower of javelins and stones from the catapults and *ballistæ*, for most of these projectiles flew wild of their targets. The Persians on the ends of yard-arms were shot from their perches, and the jagged rocks were left hanging.

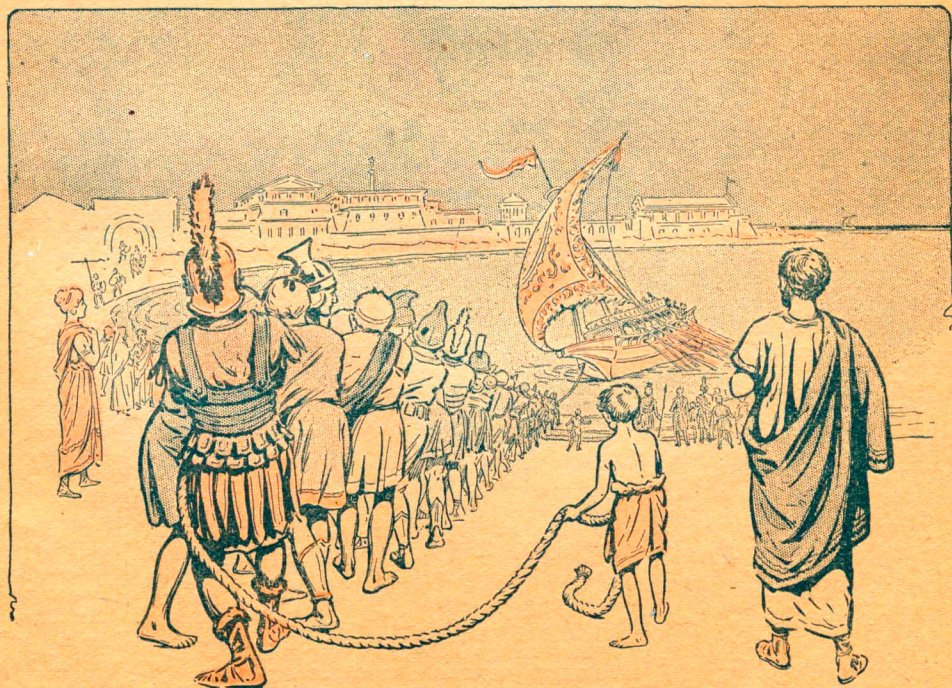
The flaming kettles were lowered, but it

often happened that when a Persian captain was striving to pour the blazing mass upon a Greek crew a smart Greek galley rammed him at bow or stern, slewed his hulk until the fire fell into the sea, and at the same time crushed in through his planks and frames and sent the ship to the bottom, leaving only a cloud of steam to tell where a Persian ship had been.

At the first onslaught the Greeks cut clear through the Persian line. Turning then, with the starboard oars pulled hard and those to port backed with equal power, the Greeks attacked the Persians in flank and rear, fully animated with the feeling of the greatest of British admirals when he said that no captain could do wrong if he laid his ship alongside one of the enemy.

Astonished, but not yet beaten, the Persians now flung out their grappling-hooks and laid their plank gangways across to the Greek rails. But when the Persian soldiers would have passed over these planks, they were met above their own rails by the Greeks, who, with sword and pike, demonstrated anew that well-trained celerity and might were better than numbers in a fight at sea as well as on land—demonstrated it so well that Xerxes rent his garments and burst into tears.

After the battle of Salamis there was no



ONE CARTHAGINIAN CAPTAIN, IN HIS CONTEMPT FOR THE ENEMY, VENTURED SO CLOSE INSHORE THAT WIND AND CURRENT THREW HIM ON THE SANDS. AT THAT A LEGION OF ROMANS CAME DOWN AND HAULED THE SHIP ABOVE HIGH WATER.

naval warfare of importance to the development of fighting-ships until the people of Rome spread along the shores of the Mediterranean and came in contact with the Carthaginians. It is a curious fact that the Romans never loved the sea. Even after they were forced afloat by war, they returned ashore as soon as possible; and when at last Rome gained the command of the world, the Roman dislike for the sea brought all improvements in ships, or at least in war-ships, to an end.

A large number of buccaneers had found congenial ports in the island of Sicily, and from these ports they issued forth to prey on Roman commerce. When Rome would have driven them from the island, the Carthaginians interfered as a matter of business; for Carthaginian merchants had a lucrative trade with the pirates. Thereupon Rome declared war.

To the Carthaginians this seemed to be a stroke of good fortune. Carthaginian ships went hunting Roman commerce wherever it was to be found, and they ravaged the shores of Italy, too, while Rome lay for the time impotent.

But finally one Carthaginian captain, in his contempt for the enemy, ventured so close inshore that wind and current threw him on the sands. At that a legion of Romans came down and hauled the ship above high water. Using the prize as a model, they began to build a navy.

Consider, for a moment, the dimensions of what were the ablest of their vessels—swift ships fit to take a place in the battle-line, or to hunt an enemy in the uttermost limits of the known world. They called these ships *triremes*, because they were driven by three banks or tiers of oars. Usually they were

one hundred and five feet long by eleven feet broad. A *quadreme* (four banks of oars) was one hundred and twenty-five feet by thirteen feet, and its depth did not exceed seven feet. These were the ships that won battles, *triremes* being usually the more efficient. Some ships, of course, were very much larger.

At the time when the Romans began to build a navy, the Greek ram was not a mere beam with a metal head. The bow was prolonged and sharpened out above the water in a form almost precisely like the overhangs found on the bows of all yachts built since the *Gloriana*, designed by Captain Herreshoff, swept the race-courses of the Atlantic.

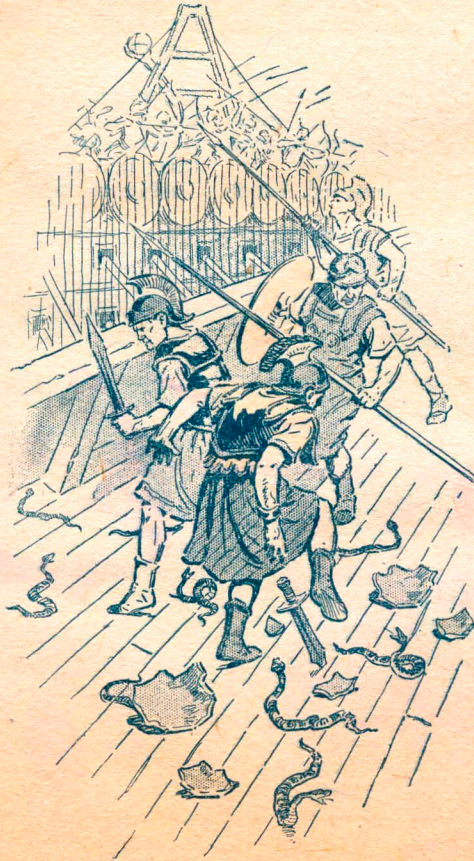
While the ram was made, first of all, for aggression in battle, the pirates found that the overhang resulted in an increase of speed. It is a matter of record that the galleys of the Greeks could cover as much

as one hundred and twelve miles in a day, and for short spurts they could make as much as seven and eight knots an hour.

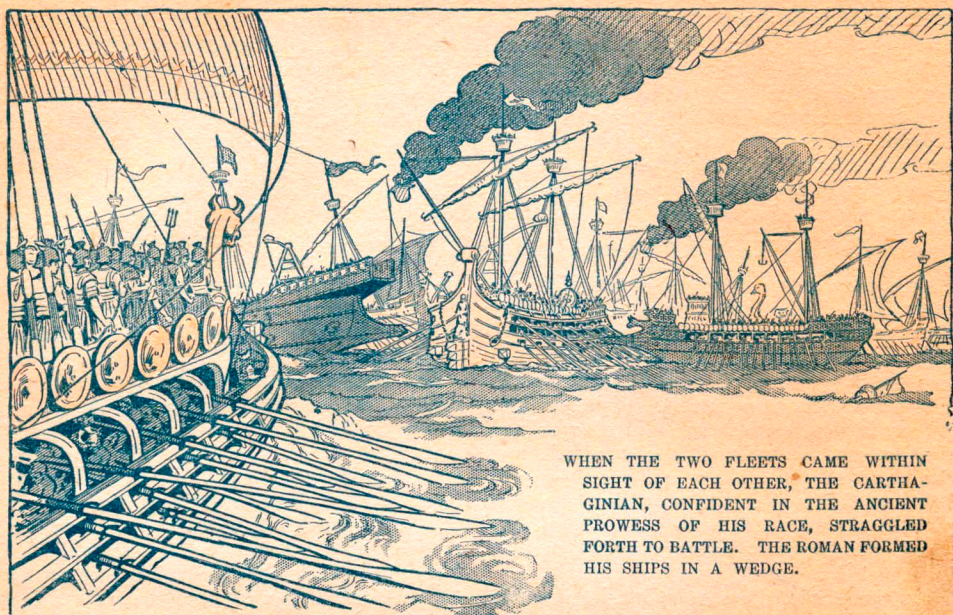
The Romans, when they came to build a navy, considered with unbiased minds all the advantages of the various shapes and sizes and models of ships then extant. Although at first they followed the Carthaginian model closely, eventually they cut the length of the *trireme* from one hundred and five feet to ninety feet.

The full-length ship could not be turned in a complete circle in less than fifteen minutes. It was swifter in a straight-away race, but it was not so handy for the tactics of battle.

This improvement shows the bent of the Roman mind. They wanted to get at the enemy as quickly as possible under all circum-



THE CARTHAGINIANS MADE EARTHEN BOMBS WHICH THEY FILLED WITH LIVE, VENOMOUS SERPENTS, AND THE POTS WERE DROPPED AND BROKEN ON THE DECKS OF THE ENEMY.



WHEN THE TWO FLEETS CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF EACH OTHER, THE CARTHAGINIAN, CONFIDENT IN THE ANCIENT PROWESS OF HIS RACE, STRAGGLED FORTH TO BATTLE. THE ROMAN FORMED HIS SHIPS IN A WEDGE.

stances. A study of a nation's navy affords a perfect insight into the character of the people.

The improvements in the weapons of naval warfare came also with laggard steps in those days, but in this matter the Roman love of battle was also seen. At the battle of Salamis there were two notable weapons. One was the *ballista*, that threw heavy stones to a great distance; the other was the crane, or derrick, that held aloft a metal kettle full of fire ready to be dumped upon the enemy.

The Romans combined the two; they made a machine that threw earthen pots full of flaming combustibles into the ships of the enemy. The modern shell that first pierces and then rends the ship of the enemy is merely a development of the old Roman bomb.

In the meantime, Archimedes had invented the *corvus*, a huge derrick placed on the wall of a fort, which guarded the entrance to the harbor of Syracuse. When an enemy came under the wall of the fort, Archimedes dropped an enormous *corvus*—a cone-shaped grapnel—from the derrick, clutched bow or stern or waist of the venturesome ship, and, hoisting away, lifted the end or ripped out the side of the warship, utterly destroying it. On occasion he lifted some of the smaller ships of the enemy wholly out of water and dashed them to pieces on the rocks at the foot of the wall.

The Romans adapted this remarkable machine to use on shipboard. A derrick

suspended aloft a heavy cone of iron, which was sometimes dropped clear through the smaller ships of the enemy. When larger vessels were attacked, the cone dropped through no more than the upper deck. At such times, however, the Romans hauled in on the derrick-tackle, and barbs that were affixed to the cone gripped the timbers around it. Then the ship was either rolled over or dragged alongside the Roman vessel.

From the earliest days ships had carried planks used to make bridges for the boarders. The Romans improved on this by building a bridge much longer than any combination of men could throw out bare-handed. It was wide enough for men to cross two abreast, and it was manipulated by means of a derrick.

Finally, the Romans devised tubes through which the flaming combustibles of the earthen-pot bombs could be poured upon the enemy. After that certain liquids were discovered which, when kept asunder, were harmless, but when mingled burst into most destructive fires. These liquids were kept separate by partitions until the bomb was broken on the deck of an enemy.

Of all the weapons of naval war used in the ancient times, however, there was one which proved deadly, and yet was restricted in its use to the nation developing it. The Carthaginians made earthen bombs which they filled with live, venomous serpents, and the pots were dropped and broken on the decks of the enemy.

With a little imagination, one can yet see

the sea-fights between the Romans and the Carthaginians. When the two fleets came within sight of each other, the Carthaginian, confident in the ancient prowess of his race, straggled forth to battle. The Roman formed his ships in a wedge—a most significant formation, especially when it is remembered that the ram was the most powerful weapon of offense.

Rome's Great Sea-Victory.

One may pause here to recall that the spectacle of the opposing fleets, as they drew together, was the most gorgeous ever seen on the face of the sea. Every hull was heavily decorated with polished metal. Flags and streamers were displayed in lavish profusion from every point of spar and rigging, and the sails were colored to show the rank of the officers on board—purple being used for the admiral. Even the rigging of the flag-ship was made of brilliant yarns, and bands of musicians filled the air with melody.

As the fleets drew together, the music was lost in the trumpet-call and the shout of defiance. Huge arrows and machine-flung bombs were sent hurtling and whirling from ship to ship, and then the Roman wedge was driven crashing through the Carthaginian line.

The long iron tubes poured forth their flames. Fire-ships blazed up. Grapplings and bridges were lowered away. Ships that failed to make a stroke at the first dash were turned by cursing crews to try again. The smoke of flaming pitch and sulfur filled the air. Oars were broken.

The sides of ships were crushed in. Broken hulls heeled to the inrush of the sea and, rocking slowly to and fro, sank until the waves lapped the feet of men who reached up to strike even as the sea engulfed them. Nor did the drowning strike in vain; for, while the destruction wrought by other means was great, the issue rested at last on the brute muscle and ferocity of the men. It was the day of the man with the sword.

So Rome, having been forced to fight afloat, gained command of the sea and exterminated the Carthaginian nation.

The last Carthaginian war ended one hundred and forty-six years before the Christian era. For a thousand years no better ships were made than those that were used in the latest battle between the Roman and the Carthaginian, and but one new weapon for use on ship was developed—Greek fire—which was only a fiercer combination of flaming chemicals than the Romans had used.

But in the thirteenth century, one Ber-

thold Schwartz, of Freyburg, told the world that a certain combination of saltpeter, sulfur, and charcoal would prove more efficient in throwing projectiles than the old *ballista*; and at the battle of Lepanto, but not before, all the world was convinced that the German was right.

Meanwhile, the sail was slowly superseding the oar. The far-seeing Romans were at one time impressed with this possibility, and they equipped one fleet with sails and another with oars, maneuvering the two against each other. The sails and tackles, however—especially the tackles—were then so rude that the oars won easily.

But because rowing killed off the slaves rapidly, while sailing preserved these necessary members of the crew, sails gained slowly in favor. In the early days sails were auxiliary to oars. When Columbus went hunting the continent on the far side of the Unknown Sea, oars were auxiliary to sails at all times save in actual battle. Yet when Turk and Christian met at Lepanto, every ship went into the fight driven by oars alone.

But in the matter of arms the progress had been great. The first cannon was an open-topped keg made of thick staves hooped with iron. A bag of powder was dropped into the bottom of the keg, a wad of hay was rammed in on top, and a rounded stone was placed on the hay. When the powder was touched off, the stone was sure to fly away in the general direction of the enemy—provided, always, that the hoops didn't give way. It was about as accurate as a *ballista*.

Within a hundred years cast-iron mortars displaced the wooden kegs; and in 1453 the Turks, who were then the leading fighters of the world, had cast-iron cannon, with a bore twenty-seven inches in diameter. Stones were still used for projectiles, and one writer says that these guns were "somewhat unhandy!" They could be fired but four times in a day.

Great Guns Come Into Use.

Among the earliest cannon, properly so called, were those cast by Louis XI, in 1478. These were tubes of sufficient size and strength to throw a cast-iron ball weighing forty-five pounds. They were also mounted on carriages. When this point had been reached in the art of gun-making, the era of ships armed with guns began. The day of the frigate and the three-decker dawned, though its sun was by no means above the horizon.

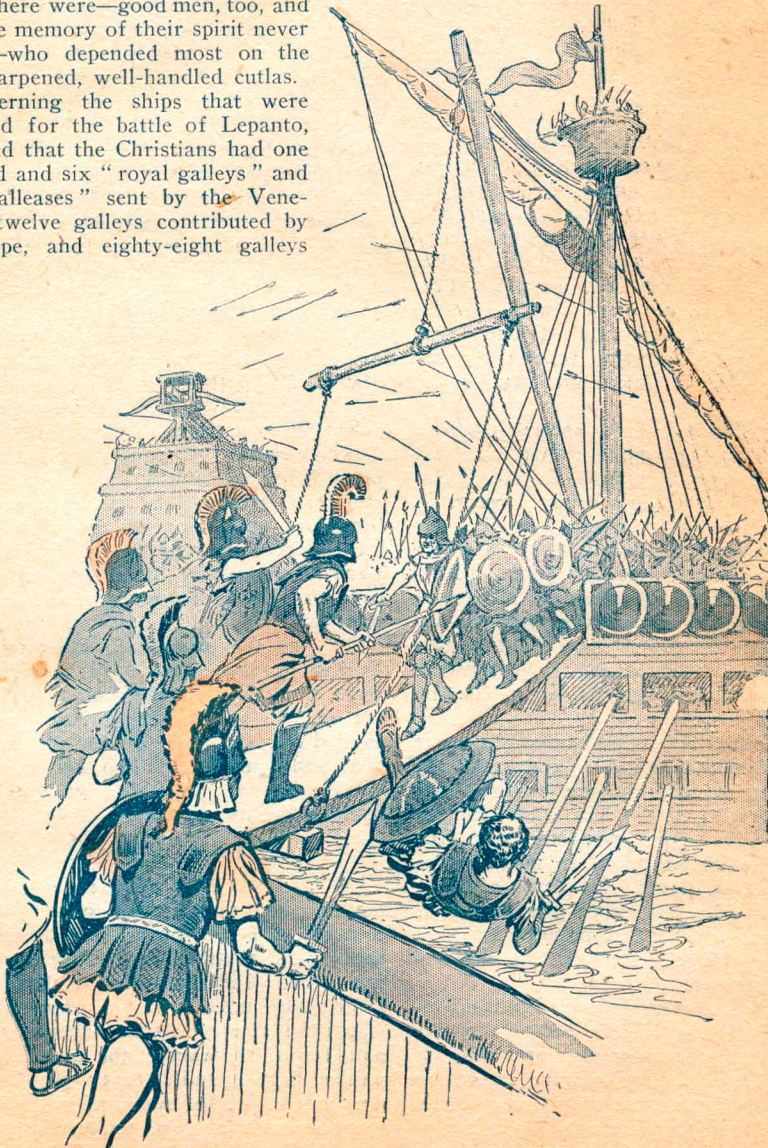
Ships were built to carry guns, and one old-time picture shows such a ship with an excellent turret on the forecastle. Guns

that could be fired from the shoulder were also made; but nearly one hundred years after the day of Columbus, a very large proportion of the naval seamen of the world preferred good, solid beaks to cannon, and the longbow to the firelock. Some there were—good men, too, and may the memory of their spirit never perish—who depended most on the well-sharpened, well-handled cutlas.

Concerning the ships that were gathered for the battle of Lepanto, it is said that the Christians had one hundred and six "royal galleys" and six "galleasses" sent by the Venetians; twelve galleys contributed by the Pope, and eighty-eight galleys

leys used by Greek pirates three hundred years before the Christian era.

Each galley, however, carried at least one cannon mounted on its forecastle, in place of the old-time catapult and *ballista*; while



THE PERSIANS NOW FLUNG OUT THEIR GRAPPLING-HOOKS AND LAID THEIR PLANK GANGWAYS ACROSS TO THE GREEK RAILS.

and a number of brigantines from the Spanish navy. It was a fleet composed of more than two hundred of the best fighting-ships in the world, but they were all rowboats. In size and shape of hull and form of beak they were no improvement upon the gal-

men armed with firelock muskets stood shoulder to shoulder with the bowmen, and each deck was protected by a stout bulwark that arose breast high along each rail.

The galleasses were galleys having two long decks besides a poop and forecastle

deck, though no deck in the fleet covered the hull entirely. All the ships depended on oarsmen—slaves chained in their places—for motive power in action, and slaves could not work under hatches. On the lower decks of the galleases the guns were placed between banks of oarsmen, and other guns were mounted on poop and forecastle, so that these big ships each carried from forty to fifty cannon each.

Eighty Thousand Men in One Fleet.

The brigantines, though smaller than galleys or galleases, were further developed as ships than either, because they depended more on the use of sails. All the vessels in the fleet carried lower sails, but the brigantines had topsails also. In short, here was a real transition fleet, an aggregation of ships that had the chief features of the vessels of other days and of fleets that were to come. The total number of men present on the Christian side was eighty thousand.

The flag-ship is worth special mention, for she was a royal galley; that is, a galley of the largest size, and she was "Barcelona-built," Barcelona being famous in those days for swift models. As first designed, she had carried a beak like the others; but the admiral, Don John of Austria, was a man so far ahead of his age in his confidence in gunpowder that he cut off the ram. Moreover Don John carried three hundred men armed with firelocks to one hundred bowmen, and no other ship had such a proportion.

On the other side, the Turks had more than two hundred and fifty galleys of the largest size, manned by one hundred and twenty thousand men. The beak and the bow were the chief weapons with the Turks. The oarsmen, it is noted, were chiefly Christian slaves. That was a period when a Turkish commander was known to have ordered a Christian prisoner of high rank to be skinned alive in the marketplace of his town.

The day of the battle was Sunday, October 7, 1571. Two hours before day the Christian fleet got under way and went in search of the Turks, who were at anchor at Lepanto. For a time they drove along, silent and dogged, against a head wind.

When the sun arose the great flags showing the Lion of St. Mark, the crossed keys and triple miter of the Pope, and the blood-

and-gold of old Spain, were flung to the breeze, while the bands of the fleet awoke the echoes until even the slaves at the oars answered with shout and song.

And then, just as the Turks were seen to be under way, the wind, "through the mercy of God," shifted into the teeth of the hated Mohammedans.

The Turks were formed in a line of the long-approved crescent shape. To meet this, Don John towed his galleases ahead to form an advance line. Behind these he stretched all of his ships in a straight line save thirty-five held in reserve.

This done, the whole fleet moved quietly forward until the Turks were almost upon them. Then, suddenly, the three lines paused, every voice was hushed, every fighting man fell upon his knees before the cross, while the priests solemnly gave absolution. As the men arose from their knees, the fleet was driven into the hollow of the Turkish line.

The broadsides of the huge Venetian ships hurled a storm of shot that threw the Turkish center into confusion; but the veteran Moslems quickly recovered, dashed past the galleases in spite of a second broadside, and met the second Christian line. Not a few of the Christian galleys were overwhelmed by the shock. Moreover, the Turks far outnumbered the Christian host.

But, in the meantime, here and there Turkish galleys were seen to be settling, from the effect of the Christian fire, and the clouds of Turkish arrows were answered by the hail of bullets from the Christian's muskets. The armor, or bulwarks on the Christian galleys stopped many a deadly projectile.

Dawn of a New Era.

Of the Turkish fleet, more than two hundred and fifty strong, only forty ships escaped. Of the others, one hundred and thirty were captured and eighty sank, fighting. The Christians lost eight thousand killed; the Turks, twenty-five thousand.

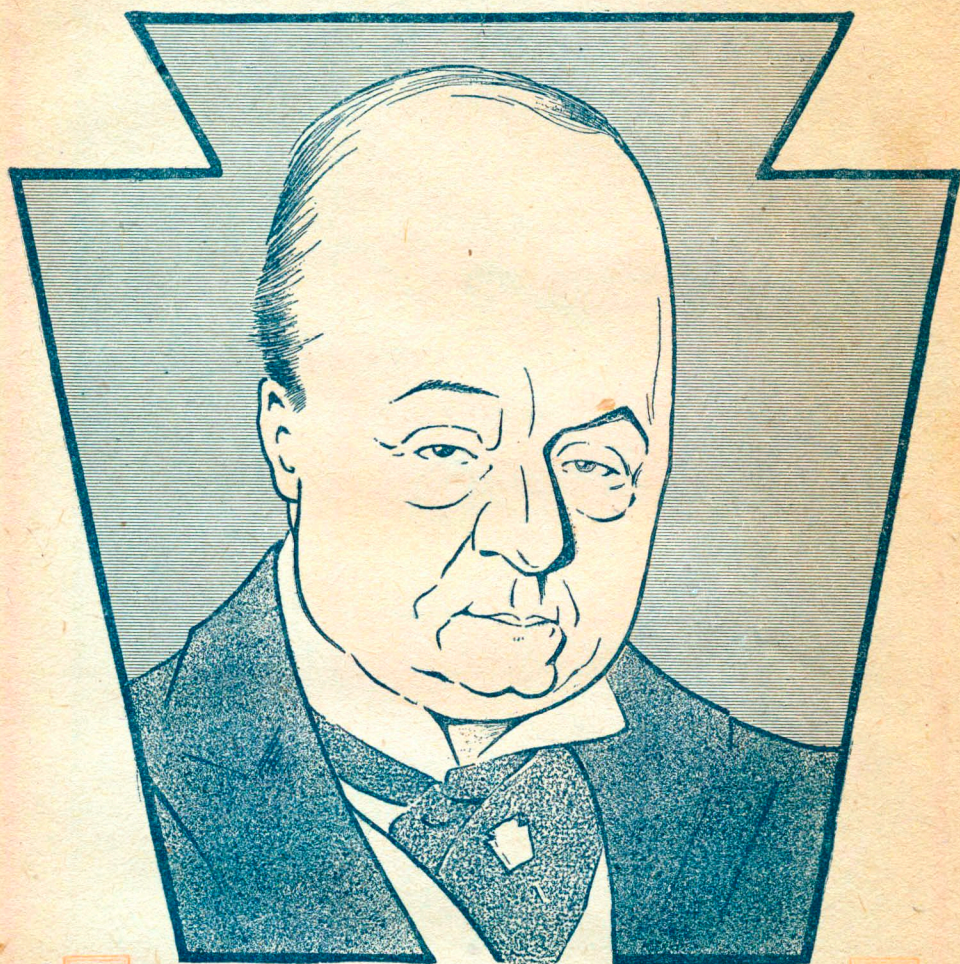
In spite of a very great superiority in the numbers of the enemy, the cannon and the musket had prevailed over the beak and the arrow. The superiority of modern weapons was at last proven beyond dispute.

The day of the man behind the gun had come.

It took the world two thousand years to make any radical improvements in its fighting-ships; within the last three hundred and fifty years the entire system of naval warfare has undergone a complete revolution.

In a second article, to be published in the next issue of the LIVE WIRE, John R. Spears will describe the transformation of the victorious galley of Lepanto into the modern leviathan of steel which we call a battle-ship.

GOOD - NATURED CARICATURES OF
WELL - KNOWN PEOPLE.



Philander C. Knox



Thomas C. Platt



Chauncey M. Depew





LEOPOLD REX



VOICES of the NIGHT

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE

THE Teuton was a monster building, up and down, I mean. Forty-five stories there were, mostly in the big square tower. Seventeen floors were on the flat and twenty-eight built on top, the tower extension being all steel. Up the middle of the tower ran an iron stack which poked itself up over the top like the black grandfather of all flagstuffs.

That was the Teuton. From her unfinished top you could pretty nearly spot the new fashions in Piccadilly across the Atlantic. Of course the big steel shack was full of potentialities, as the boss ironworker called them. Redding, his name was, a canny Scot.

"Mariners 'll make port by her when they get the electrics in place," Redding said. He fetched a long breath, half muzzled by the weight of the wind, up where we were. "Thorny, lad, never was such a job! Barrin' the fey that's interfering—will he leave us finish it?" And Red's face went black, as it well might.

We were sitting in the crow's-nest. It was just a sheet-iron gallery, built round the big smoke-stack that thrust up out of the skeleton steel-work of the tower-top.

Thirty feet beneath us twenty ironworkers drilled and pounded and clanked and played pitch and toss with red-hot rivets. Hooked to the rim of the smoke-stack, another dozen feet up, was the bosun's-chair that we hauled ourselves to the crow's-nest with, the ropes trailing over the edge of the sheet-iron nest. The whole thing was temporary, of course, fixed so as to be out of the way of the gang working below.

But you'll never know what I was doing up there—the highest man of my trade in the wide world! The crow's-nest was a close fit, even for two men. For two-thirds of the way round the gallery was filled with varnished boxes, three by four feet, with side-handles, hooked together with twisty green cords.

Going up from where I sat in front of

one of the end-boxes was a flagstaff, clamped to the stack and poking way over it, with a spritsail-yard near the top and flag-halyards hanging from that—only they were wires.

Wireless telegraph it was; a high-up experimental plant, battery boxes and all, and I was wireless operator.

"Cl-lick—cl-lick, click—cl-lick, click—click—cl-lick!"

That was the Scotia calling, the big liner, Heaven knows how far out at sea, for our plant was tuned for long-distance only.

"Cl-lickity-click, cl-lick." That was Browhead, the London and Liverpool relay station, the whole width of the Atlantic Ocean between us!

All day I picked them up, those air-talkers, and sometimes far into the night, for then the racket of the riveting was over below, and there was nothing but the blue, hissing flashes from the crow's-nest, when I tried a thousand-and-thousand-mile talk. It was mighty fascinating, and Redding used to quit manhandling his men, just to come up and look and listen, with his mouth open.

Only just now, Red's jaw was clamped like a wolf-trap. He had something of his own on his mind, and he eased it off on me. Mighty serious, too, it was.

"This morning's the second time," Red growled. "There's some rotten work going on, Thorny, and I can't spot it. Every iron-Jack of the twenty down there's sore, an's got his harpoon out for the next man. I'm fair fozzled, that's what."

"What was it this morning?" he said, answering me. "More deviltry, and worse. I found a whole row of king-pin rivet-heads sheared off clean as cheese, that's what. Just missed dropping a five-ton beam on New York. Cut off the under side of the beam, they were, and the job must ha' been done right under my nose. 'Twas an expert did it."

"That's the second time, isn't it?" I said. I felt a little nervous on my own account.

Suppose one of those loosened steel beams should slew round in a gale and let go the whole tower-top?

And Lord, how it did blow up there, four hundred feet above Manhattan Island! Like a ship's mast that steel tower rocked sometimes. More than once the bosun's-chair had blown out with me almost at right angles with the smoke-stack. And bitter cold, with three suits of flannels on.

"Curious you can't spot the sneaking devil that's doing it," I said. "Getting to be more than a joke, this tampering with the steel work."

"When I do, he won't go down the ladders," Red said, gritting his teeth. "There's two spotters on, besides the men themselves, and I might as well hire cigar-store Indians. I fancy it's up to you to watch down some, Thornburgh," he says, rather grim.

With that, Red climbed out of the crow's-nest and lowered himself in the bosun's-chair, leaving me with a "balloony" feeling that was mighty unpleasant. All the afternoon, while I wasn't sneaking wireless calls from the ocean and Browhead on the British coast, I kept sizing up the men working below.

I couldn't see a wrong move, though, and toward night, when the tower hands quit, I knocked off, too. I had to come back after supper and work till eleven or twelve, testing the night "wires," and I wanted to stow away three or four pounds of beefsteak, to keep off the bitter cold. It was blowing up mighty keen then, and I could see the storm-signals hoisted. So I pulled up the bosun's-chair and let myself down, hand under hand, thirty feet to the tower-top.

There was a mighty nerry thing done, by the way, when that bosun's-chair was first put up. A rigger by the name of Parker—Jim Parker, it was—had the job, one of the regular hands on the Teuton work at the time.

Parker painted the big smoke-stack and fixed up the crow's-nest for the wireless. He was riveting the rim of the stack one day, sitting in the bosun's-chair that he had pulled himself up by—just a short plank, it was, with a triangle of rope reeved through the ends.

Well, Parker happened to stand up on the chair with his hands on the top rim of the stack, when, zip! A blast of wind whipped the plank from under him, whirling it 'way round to the far side of the stack, and there was Parker hanging by his hands from the rim!

I guess there wasn't any of the gang below doing any breathing right then as soon as they saw Parker's fix. But Jim was on to his job, all right. He just gave a kick

of one leg, as much as to say, "Watch me, now!" and began working his way, hand after hand, round to the chair. Then he tucked himself in and went on with his work, cool and comfortable. Jim surely had nerve.

We were all mighty sorry, three or four days after that, when he cracked his head in a fall, having tangled himself in the steel-work, and had to go in hospital.

It must have feezed Jim, that tumble. When he got about again, in a few days, he hired a shark lawyer to sue the Teuton contractors. Somehow the building people forced the case to trial quick, and Parker lost on account of "contributory negligence." They said he went clean daffy then, but we didn't see any more of him, naturally.

I was thinking of Jimmy Parker when I went to supper, and somehow I kept thinking of him when I came back, and had the night watchman hoist me up in the elevator. Then I pulled myself up to the crow's-nest in the bosun's-chair and stowed myself away there all by my lonesome in the dark and storm, with New York's whole Japanese-lantern display down in the black pit.

But I had my finger on the world, the whole wide world of space!

Before Barry, the night-watch, left me, he handed over something of mine that I'd clean forgotten.

"Wan o' the b'ys found it where you left it, in yer pigeon-coop," he said.

It was a revolver, a mighty wicked gun for fly-by-night footpads. I poked it in the pocket of my ulster, and happened to mention what Foreman Redding had said about the crooked work among the iron-workers and the steel girders being tampered with.

"I have me thoughts 'tis not human," old Barry said. "'Tis said Jim Parker's dead. Mayhap his haunt's playin' th' deuce wid us." He was going to say something else, but started down, instead, in a hurry.

It was the roughest night I'd put in on the job. There was a mackerel sky overhead, and the gale blowing up from the harbor ripped off the edges of the sheep's-backs, lashing the wet clouds across your face like icicles in sheets.

"About 10 p.m. will be my figure, this turn," I concluded, as I switched on the little incandescent bulb that lighted my record-pad and turned on the switch-key of the wireless relay instrument. I think I mentioned before that the plant was only tuned-up for catching long-distance ether talk. My business was to jot down anything that the relay gathered in.

There was an ear-trumpet attachment—like the telephone ladies use, you know,

snapped over the head and covering both ears. That shut out everything but the howling of the storm and the little click-click voices coming, sometimes very faint, from the blackness of the universe.

Curious feelings you get on a job like that. If you don't believe it, just try it once—especially under circumstances like mine, four hundred feet from anything solid, or anybody, plastered against the big, grim black smoke-funnel of the Teuton.

And it was getting colder every minute, up there on top of that awful big building, swaying in the gale and moaning in all its steel joints and limbs, like a tortured giant.

"N. Yd. N. Yd. Chi. 13!"

Somewhere off in the black void the cruiser Chicago was calling the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There was some trouble with the yard's connections; I couldn't get the rights of it, but pretty soon the cruiser switched to the Western Union call. She was off Charleston and asked to be reported. A louder, clearer current broke in. The clicks hummed like harp-strings. That was long-distance, and my plant took it in like milk.

"Fr. 6—Bro."

Browhead, England, started to chin with Fire Island plant—three thousand miles over the ocean, right through the black heart of the Atlantic gale—and I was stealing the message a few miles farther on.

"Ay, ay—Ay, ay. Premier—Bannerman—dead—Asquith—ministry—succeed—King—prorogues—Parliament—"

It was a press message. The cruiser broke into it, and I had to listen mighty close. Browhead had lots to say, too, just like the British bunch, playing with a new toy. Before I had it all down, including Fire Island's "O. K.," my key-hand was like a chunk of ice. Crouching down behind the sheet-iron sheathing, I looked at my watch, open on the battery box. It was 9.15.

"The first g-n I hear I'll 'good night' myself," I murmured. "Thirty feet in a bosun's-chair, with frozen hands, down to a skeleton tower-top, in the dark and a forty-mile gale—that's good enough excuse for Operator Thornburgh."

"Click—click—click. Click—click—click."

That sound didn't come through the ear-pieces. That wasn't wireless. It sounded like some one chipping at the big smoke-stack, down below.

"Click—click—click—seep!"

I slipped off the head-gear, fumbling it with numbed fingers, and poked my head over the edge of the crow's-nest. The first thing I saw gave me a start, I can tell you.

It was black on the tower-top, but that wasn't what troubled me. All at once it oc-

curred to me that the rope that held the bosun's-chair—my only way to get up or down—was not flapping against the stack, where it was hooked overhead to the rim of the big funnel.

But I saw it all right! The bosun's-chair was gone from under the crow's-nest, and the double line of rope was pulled out taut, ten feet away from the edge of the nest.

Some one below had disconnected the sheeve-block that held the thing in place, and made the ropes fast again, a good long distance out of my reach. That was plain as day, for the ropes were pulled out against the gale and slanted up and down, rigid as iron rods.

Curiously enough, the whole beauty of the situation didn't strike in, first off. I just glanced at the ropes and then tried to see what was going on below to make that clicking noise which wasn't the wireless. I forgot about being frozen to death, and just gawked over the rail like a lost gander till I thought of something and grinned, mighty relieved.

"Barry, you darned old fool, a joke's a joke!" I shouted. "Swing in that bosun's-chair. I'm half froze."

"Click—click—click."

A giggling sort of laugh came up from the dark below, and that mysterious tinkering went right on, regular as clock-work. Then I saw him—or it—whatever it was.

It wasn't Barry, the big, fat night-watch. It was a small pale blot—you couldn't call the shapeless thing anything else—squirming along the steel girders, and click—click—clicking as it moved about.

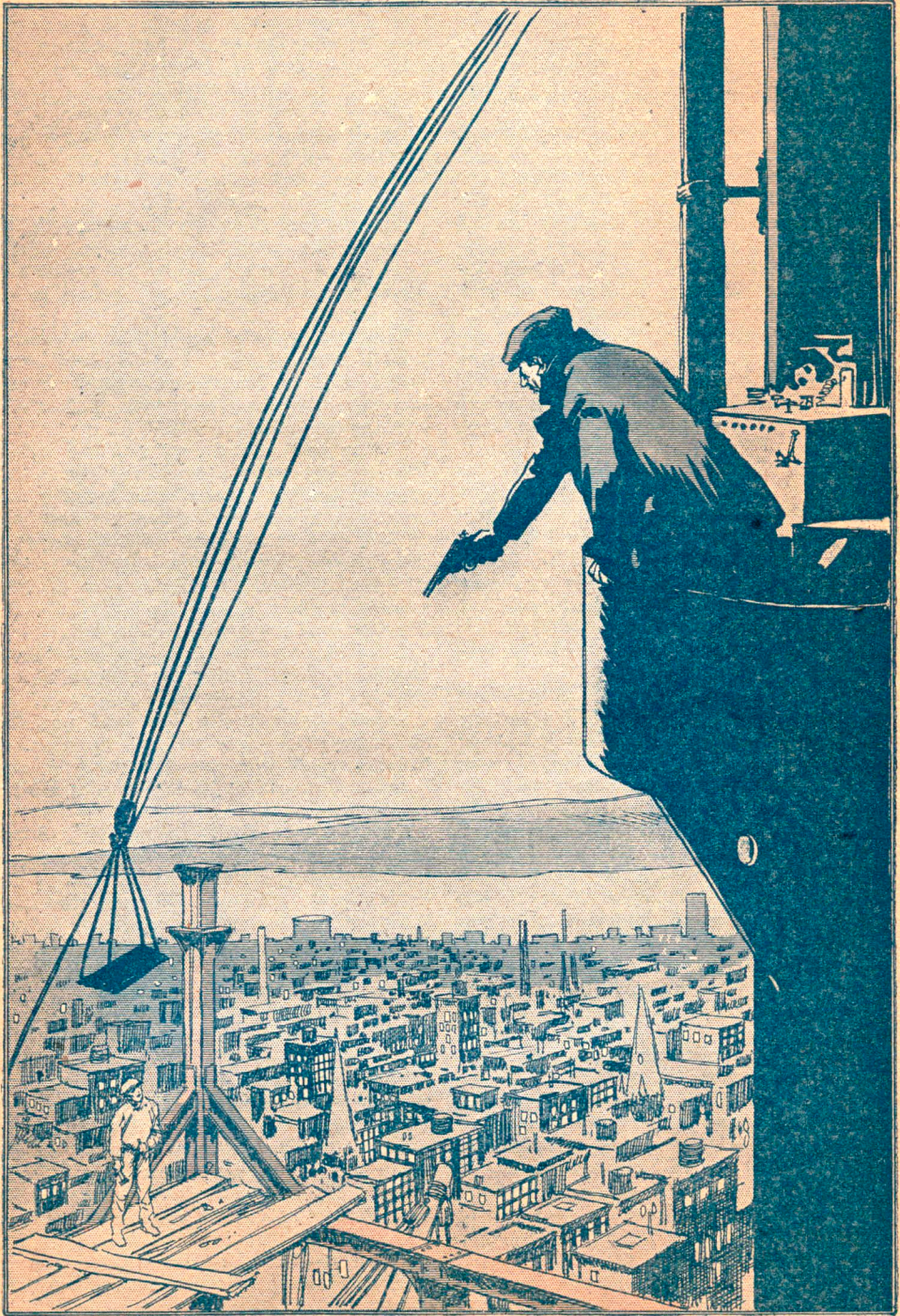
Just for a second my hair pulled—I haven't got much to pull, at that, but what there was was mighty unanimous. Then I got a feeling somewhere in my front that was a lot colder than the cold of the icy night wind.

I'm not any more superstitious than a wireless operator gets to be, but you'll guess something of how I felt if you'll just take a few quiet thinks of the awful mystery of the whole wireless thing; and then remember how I was fixed, alone in the black sky, half frozen, and that awful, knowing, planning, white Thing crawling round below, making a noise like bare bones clicking on the steel girders.

I crawled some more when I remembered what Redding and old man Barry had said.

"Barry said it's Jimmy Parker's haunt, and Red said a fey was working. By the Lord Harry, Parker! It is Parker—or Parker's ghost!" I just yelled that.

I saw the thin, white, grinning face of the dead rigger turned up at me. A mad swoop of the gale ripped a section of clouds apart



I COULD HARDLY GRIP THE PISTOL IN MY FROZEN HAND AT THAT, BUT I TRAINED IT ON HIM. I
COULD SEE HIM GRIN IN THE STARLIGHT, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE
A PLASTER-FACED MUMMY-CORPSE.

like a torn ceiling-cloth, and let the scared stars look down between. I couldn't make out the shape of the white thing, but it squirmed on the girders, and that crawly click—click—click accompanied every movement.

My head came back to my shoulders. I knew the spook's little game now, as well as if I'd been down there beside him.

"He's shearing off the rivet-heads on the under side of the girders, knocking 'em off with a spook cold-chisel and spook hand-sledge, that's what Mr. Spook Parker's doing; and he's got me treed up here in a private ice-box, admiring his spook stunts—"

My hand happened to bump into the revolver in the pocket of my ulster, and I gave a yelp of joy. The spook stopped clicking to look up again. I could see him pretty plain now, my eyes getting used to the darkness.

"Parker," I said, "maybe you're alive or maybe you're dead, but it's a safe gamble there won't be any doubt about it, unless you swing that bosun's-chair in here, and do it quick!"

I could hardly grip the pistol on my frozen hand at that, but I trained it on him.

I could see him grin in the starlight, for all the world like a plaster-faced mummy-corpse.

"I'm dead a'ready, Thorny," he said, in a squeaky, hard kind of voice. "I'll not swing the bosun's-chair (d'ye mind how it tried to swing me once, when I was living?), and, furthermore, I've took the precaution to slug Tommy Barry, down below. Ye'll freeze stiff where you are before morning."

He went right on, all tied up with his rivet-shearing, as though I didn't exist. That made me hot in spite of the biting cold, but it feezed me how the little imp could see the devil's work he was doing without miss or slip in that blackness, where even Redding wouldn't go.

"Two seconds I'll give you!" I shouted, mad as a hatter. "Then I'll fill you fuller of holes than a girder without bolts. I'll stop your little game!"

"It'll do you no good, Thorny," he yelled over the gale, but cool as ice. "I swore before I died to blow the top o' this here tower off. Last night I tackled the wrong girder, but I have the king stringer in hand now. I'll learn Reddy an' the bosses to crack my head an' fire me an' leave me to perish in poverty."

"Shoot away, Thorny, if it will amuse ye an' pass the time. If you don't presently go sailing over New York in this fine breeze, you'll freeze stiff, anyhow!"

The man was not so crazy but what he was unlocking steel-work that would wreck

the tower-top and surely do me to death. I had learned enough of construction work from Redding for that. The watchman disabled—how cunning crazy folks are (the bosun's-chair job showed that); I had my choice of freezing to death (as I surely would before morning) or of going to destruction with the loosened steel-work. The tower, locked and safe now, snapped like a whip-lash in the wind.

But was I to shoot the poor crazy devil? It smelt like murder—and useless murder, too. I was all numb below the waist, and my arms were going fast. I had no hands any more.

The bosun's-chair wouldn't do me much good if I had it now. I could never lower myself without breaking my neck. I was trapped every way you looked. Talk about crazy people being cunning!

"Curse you! I'll do you yet!" I jerked back my pistol-arm and cracked my funny-bone against the battery box. Just for two seconds I cursed and swore, numbed and tingling in torture, never minding the gun, that dropped over the side, clattering on the steel-work below. The relay was clicking away, too, like a sounder in a telegraph-office where all's warm and comfortable.

I looked and listened a moment. 'Twas Browhead again, calling the Canada station this time, five hundred miles away east.

Frozen, chilled to the bone as I was, the clicking wireless gave me an inspiration. I had the whole wide world in my grip, and I suffered myself to be sent to death by a lunatic ironworker.

I leaped onto the instrument like a cat onto a mouse. I threw on the whole power of the sender, not only the current of the battery in the crow's-nest but the subsidiary battery, four hundred feet below, in the cellars of the Teuton, where the big subsidiary sending-cable led. The green, hissing flashes caught Parker's attention.

"That's right, Thorny," he shouted; "have some fun with yourself while you got time."

I threw on the battery current, hooked up with the cable-wire, used only in emergency. Then with an inside prayer, I pounded out the call to Browhead with the flat of my fist. My fingers were gone long ago. I caught the Britisher's "Ay—ay" just in time to fetch my heart back from what used to be my feet.

"Bro—Bro. N. Y. I'm wireless top of Teuton Building. Crazy man's got me treed in crow's-nest. Wire Brooklyn Navy Yard quick, or cable help."

There was silence for a second, then the idiot at Browhead started in like this:

"Ay—ay. Havin' larks with us, old pal?

Piffle. Whose Teuton? Go 'way back, Dutch. You been stealing our juice. Yah!"

"It's no joke!" My answer went up in a flaring green scream. "It's life or death. I'm Thornburgh, Marconigram wireless, N. Y. For Heaven's sake cable here for help. I can't get them. I'm tuned to long-distance only."

Again Browhead came back. If it takes my last cent, I'll hunt down that pin-headed cockney some day and manhandle him till his own mother won't know him.

"Boo, Yank! I'll report you, right and plenty, fuddling my press-work. In the morning by the bright light, g. n."

Good night! That settled Browhead—and Operator Thornburgh. I fumbled at my head-gear, trying to get it off, both hands gone—and quit, right there, dead already.

"Cl-lick, click—click—click-click, click-click." T—h—o! Some one calling me, Thornburgh. "I got you, Thorny!" Like a rope to a drowning man, flung up the ragged, storm-swept Atlantic coast, it came. "I'm Chicago cruiser, Charleston Harbor. Watson, opr. I heard Johnny Bull-head. You're on the new Teuton, ain't you?"

"Yes!"

I just managed to punch out the answer with my wrist on the key. My head was feeling pretty funny, heavy, and sleepy.

"O. K. Switch off interference. I'll get the yard or Western Union. Officer deck's shot a boat to shore; land wire. Buck up, boy!"

Dead, black silence, then. I couldn't hear the wind, even, that plastered me against the smoke-stack, nor move anything but my eyes. I must have dropped into a kind of doze. Something roused me. My eyes fell on my open watch—half-past ten. No wonder I was a stone.

Parker was banging iron bolts against the crow's-nest and shouting over the swaying and groaning of the steel-work.

"I'm going, I tell you! Going down below and watch you come sailing! There'll be a rouser along soon. Getting black as ink down harbor. So long, Thorny!"

I lunged forward and, as it happened, my elbow pushed back the switch-key of the relay.

"Ain't croaked, are you?" The wireless clicked like mad. "It's all right—o! I got 'em both, yard and W. U." It was good old Billy Watson, on the blessed cruiser. "Told 'em hustle like the dickens. O. K. me, can't you?"

I couldn't, and I didn't have to. Thank Heaven for that. I fumbled at the sending-key, shooting up meaningless streaks of green fire; and then a whole lot more flashes came up from below.

I heard a voice like Jimmy Parker's let out a snarl, and my revolver rattled (I knew her sound) like an old burglar-alarm. Some one else let out a wad of lurid language, and that was capped by a sound that nothing can make but a policeman's night-stick connecting with somebody's head, hastily and enthusiastically.

"Now, will you be good?" the copper yelled.

On top of that old Barry, the watchman, sang out:

"Tis Jimmy's ha'nt! I knowed it w'en he strook me! F'r Lard's sake, git Thorny down! Man, man, look, th' ghost's locked loose the girders. Rope 'em, lads, 'fore we all go down together!"

A platoon of Mulberry Street bluecoats laid the haunt, good and hard. I found that out when I perked up and began to take notice, down below in the Teuton office.

A chipper young ambulance surgeon in white tied up Jimmy Parker's head, where he sprawled on the floor. Seems Jimmy had levanted from the surgeon's own hospital the night before.

"Nurse thought he'd croaked; he got away between the lights," the young doctor told me. "He had this tower-wrecking job on his mind. Made tracks over here. Sneaked past the watchman once and slugged him next time. Figured out his wrongs in that cracked head of his that brought him back to us, I suppose. Keen as knives, those brain-fever cases. You can't tell what they'll do."

There was something puzzling me yet.

"Say, doc," I said, "Jimmy's an expert iron-man, o' course, but how in the name of names could he see to do that clever, clean rivet shearing up there in the dark? Never making a slip, too."

The doctor laughed. "You wouldn't understand," he said. "Brain fever's funny. Know what a nyctalops is? Chap that can see in the dark, like a blooming owl. Maybe it was that, and then, again, maybe that fall he got affected the optic nerve. Does that sometimes. But talk about doing stunts in the dark, you sure did it."

He stood up, looking at me with his hands in his pockets, like I was a kind of twenty-one century wonder myself.

"Think of wiring six thousand miles, without any wires, for a bunch of cops that wasn't three blocks away! And getting 'em by way of the United States navy, down south. Holy smoke! No wonder Roosevelt wants battle-ships!"

The doctor went off, shaking his head, to help load the haunt of the Teuton into his cart. I went home, thinking pretty hard myself.

NO DAMAGES ALLOWED.



THE EMPLOYEE: "PLEASE, SIR, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' GOT MARRIED, AND I'D LIKE YOU TO RAISE MY WAGES, SIR."

THE EMPLOYER: "VERY SORRY FOR YOU, SMITH, I'M SURE, BUT I CAN'T DO THAT. I'M ONLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPEN IN THE WORKS, YOU KNOW."—*London Sketch.*

ODD THINGS THAT THE CHINAMAN'S LAWS MAKE HIM DO.

BY DR. W. H. CURTISS.



THAT STOPPED THE FIGHT INSTANTLY, THE
QUEUELESS COOLIE MAKING STRAIGHT
FOR THE PROPER PLACE TO REPORT
THE LOSS OF HIS QUEUE.

PROBABLY no other government on earth has such a hold upon its people as has China. It is rare indeed for a Chinaman to get lost. Each official is responsible for his subordinates: they for those under them, on down to the elders of each village, however small, and he for the heads of families.

There is not the scattering of families that prevails in the West. There is no sentiment of "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," to allure the young men away from home. The sons, when they marry, instead of setting up homes for themselves, take the bride to the father's to live. The bride becomes a servant, waiting upon her husband's parents in life and burning incense to their spirits after death. In this way prolific families, in time, become numerous enough to form a village among themselves.

Filial piety, that trait for which the Chi-

nese are noted, has its reverse side, and not only is the child to respect, obey, and venerate his parents while alive and worship them when dead, but the father has the supreme right of life and death over the child, and may punish him to death without being amenable to law. Such a case came under my personal observation.

While I conducted a free dispensary for the Methodist Church in Peking, China, I had as a patient an elderly man who, before well enough to be discharged, received word that a son had been caught red-handed with others in a robbery where murder had been done. It was sad enough and hard enough to learn of the son's degeneracy, but it was made still harder by the knowledge that he himself would soon be traced and compelled to go to prison, and in all probability be the victim of capital punishment for the misdeeds of the son.

The paternal government reasons that had the father brought up the son in the way he should go, he would not have fallen into evil company and into crime.

For this failure to train the son always to travel in the paths of right and virtue, he, poor old man, must expiate his failure and

the son's crime with his life. The law goes even further, compelling witnesses, in certain cases, also to be incarcerated.

A good many people do not know that the queue as worn by Chinese men and the shaving of the rest of the head are badges of subjection to the present Tatar or Manchu dynasty. To do otherwise is a sign of rebellion, except in the case of priests, or as a sign of mourning. In the former there is no hair, and in the latter there is no shaving at all. Every other man without a queue is registered.

"Iron-Armed An," the "Flying Tiger."

One summer we were having some building done, and I had often noticed an elderly coolie who had a diminutive queue fastened to his head by so few hairs they could have been easily counted. One day he and another coolie got into a fight, each making a grab for the other's queue. The one belonging to my ancient friend came off in the hands of his antagonist. That stopped the fight instant, the queueless coolie making straight for the proper place to report the loss of his queue.

The autumn before the outbreak of the Boxer War I had been unable, one day, to attend the dispensary myself, and had sent my student-assistant in my stead. Young Mr. Wang was a very intelligent, shrewd, and unusually nifty Chinese, who, the following year became a martyr to his faith, suffering a cruel death at the hands of the Boxers.

While conducting the dispensary that day, a soldier passed along the great street. Seeing the sign above the door of the street chapel which was in front of the dispensary, he called out to the passers-by: "Ah, here is a foreign devil's place; let's go in and clean him out. The Empress Dowager wants us to kill them all, anyway."

The mob made an attack upon the street chapel, but were vigorously met by Mr. Wang and my man of all work, Mr. An, who was also a sort of constable. An was a powerful man, tall and muscular, like so many of the northern Chinese, and before his acceptance of Christianity had been one of the most notorious all-round toughs in the vicinity, having earned the sobriquet "flying tiger, iron-armed An." These two, by their energetic action, dispersed the crowd and arrested the soldier, taking him to the yamen of the district magistrate. This same magistrate had long ignored our rights, and I felt the time had come to teach him a lesson.

Deciding upon a visit to his yamen, I said to Mr. An: "Now, when I get there, how must I act?"

"You want to be 'lee-high,'" was his

reply, which meant, to use a slang expression, that I must "tear things wide open." So I prepared to "tear."

Calling a cart, Mr. An and I started on our punitive expedition. Preceding my "man Friday," I passed into the first court, and, seeing no one, I called out for the gatekeeper. Two underlings, one from either side, rushed out upon me and attempted to eject the intruding foreign devil, but he resisted. A vigorous shove with both arms freed me from the ejectors, and before they could recover themselves I was well into the inner court.

My "hello" brought a repetition of the scene of the outer court. In addition, however, there stepped out a tall, elderly gentleman with long, flowing white beard who, with the courteous suavity of a Chinese gentleman, respectfully inquired my business. He was informed that I wished to see the magistrate. He regretted it exceedingly, but he was pained to have to humbly inform my most honorable self that his chief was not in, but being next in command, would the honorable foreign gentleman accept his poor and unworthy services and hospitality? All is not gold that glitters, and I very well knew diplomacy and nothing else was behind this humble form of speech. Inside, he was no doubt mentally reviling me and all my ancestors back to Adam and Eve.

Accepting his invitation, we entered a small room, and over the indispensable cup of tea, I gave vent to my long pent-up irritation. Relating the occurrences of the previous day, I said:

Three Days in the Pillory.

"This is not the only act of discourtesy and insult at the hands of your chief, for his attitude ever since he has been in office has been to slight us and disobey the mandates of his superiors. He is the only officer in their great city who has failed to post the proclamation of the governor of the city calling upon the people to pay no attention to the rumors regarding the foreigners, and to treat them with courtesy and respect. By his action of yesterday in allowing that soldier to go free and unpunished, he has put a premium upon such conduct which may lead to more serious results than this incident fortunately did.

"Now, I do not want to take this matter to the American minister, for that would mean the loss of your chief's official head. I believe we can settle this matter ourselves. But there are two things I demand:

"First, the recapture of that offending soldier, and that he be chained to the front of our premises for three days, from morning till evening, with a placard above his head



SEEING THE SIGN ABOVE THE DOOR OF THE STREET CHAPEL WHICH WAS IN FRONT OF THE DISPENSARY, HE CALLED OUT TO THE PASSERS-BY: "AH, HERE IS A FOREIGN DEVIL'S PLACE; LET'S GO IN AND CLEAN HIM OUT."

stating his offense and warning the people to conduct themselves with propriety.

"Second, that the proclamation referred to must be posted at our gates as ordered; all of which must be fulfilled by high noon on the morrow."

There was considerable protest at the demands, but knowing that in all probability

party of us started from our summer homes to a famous old temple for a picnic. It was some six or seven miles west, our donkey-trail skirting along the mountainside two hundred feet above the great Peking plain.

The party consisted mostly of women and children. Being the only one on horseback, I took the lead on returning. In some way



HE WAS CHAINED TO THE FRONT OF OUR PREMISES FOR THREE DAYS, FROM MORNING TILL EVENING, WITH A PLACARD ABOVE HIS HEAD STATING HIS OFFENSE AND WARNING THE PEOPLE TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES WITH PROPRIETY.

they had made provision for some such occurrence, I knew I was not asking an impossibility. These demands were all met, and with a very salutary effect upon the inhabitants of that quarter of the city.

Another incident brought me in contact with a native official which showed a little different aspect of paternalism, in which those in authority made themselves personally responsible for the good behavior of those under their jurisdiction.

One Saturday during the hot summer months, when it becomes necessary to take the ladies and children out of the vile-smelling, disease-laden atmosphere of the city, a

I took the wrong path, and came squarely out on the parade-ground of a garrison, where a fair had attracted many villagers.

This particular place had an unsavory reputation, and only a short time before an American gentleman connected with the legation had been forced to show the butt of his revolver to command respect and to pass unmolested. I recalled that just beyond the outer edge of the parade-ground was the dry bed of what in the rainy season was a mountain torrent, affording too many conveniently sized rocks for a crowd upon mischief bent. Handing my baby daughter to a gentleman of our party, I urged him to

get the ladies and children past the place while I held the increasing crowd back.

I realized that we would be very fortunate if we got across that spot without some one getting hurt. I kept my horse headed toward the crowd to cut off any should they attempt to get around me, and as soon as I knew my party were safely across this torrent's bed, turned and spurred after them. A large rock at once came hurtling through my sun-umbrella, striking me a blow upon the shoulder-blade that nearly unhorsed me. I soon dispersed the crowd, and was again with my friends. A few belated boulders were thrown at us, but no one was hurt.

Our party being on donkeys, we had given our picnic paraphernalia, cameras, rugs, and so forth to the donkey-boys who followed leisurely a mile or so behind us. When they reached the barracks they were very promptly waylaid and relieved of all our possessions.

The following Monday, in company with a colleague, I waited upon the magistrate of that district, who met us in a very lofty and disdainful manner, as if he were sorely defiled by having to come in contact with white men. We soon brought him to earth, however, and delivered our ultimatum. This was to the effect that in three days he must accomplish the arrest of the offenders, recover our stolen property, and post proclamations along the highway calling upon the

people to conduct themselves toward us in a proper manner. We assured him that this was the only course to prevent the matter being referred to the Foreign Office through our national representative.

Three days passed and nothing was done. My card was sent to him with the positive assurance that twenty-four hours was the limit of grace. The next day several cards were brought to me by the gatekeeper stating that a number of Chinese gentlemen were waiting to see me. The callers proved to be the officer in command of the garrison, two or three officers of lesser rank, and elders from several of the villages adjacent to the garrison. They declared it would be impossible to detect the real culprits as the crowd was such a mixed one of both soldiers and villagers, but said they would make themselves personally responsible for the good conduct of both soldiers and villagers in that neighborhood.

The wonder was that they did not pick up a few poor friendless unfortunates, dress some of them as soldiers, and make scapegoats of them. They recovered the property of which our donkey-boys had been relieved, and the magistrate posted the proclamation as demanded.

From that time until the disturbances of 1900, even a foreign woman could pass that way without any unpleasant demonstrations.

A CLERK WHO IS PAID NOT TO WORK.

AN obscure French clerk has leaped into fame as the discoverer of the easiest way of obtaining an income yet devised. Some years ago, says a Paris newspaper, this clerk inherited four thousand dollars which he turned into twenty bank-notes of two hundred dollars each. These he deliberately made as dirty and dilapidated as he could. When he had reduced them to a thoroughly disreputable condition, so bad that they would not be accepted by the general public, he took them to the Bank of France.

Under the French law, the Bank of France, which issues these bank-notes, is compelled to exchange old ones for new whenever damaged notes are presented. In this case the bank authorities made no objection and the clerk went off with twenty new bills. He reappeared the next day with twenty very dilapidated ones and again insisted on his right to new ones.

For three weeks the process was repeated every day. Then the governor of the bank awoke to the fact that the clerk was a nuis-

ance which must be suppressed. He sent for him and asked him what he meant by his extraordinary behavior.

"That is my business," replied the clerk. "I have a right to new bills and you must give them to me at any time that I demand them."

"But don't you know," retorted the official, "that every bank-note we give you costs us more than sixteen cents? You are costing the bank three dollars and thirty-three cents a day with your nonsense."

"Precisely," replied the clerk. "Therefore, I have a business proposition to make to you. I will agree to stop selling notes if you will pay me three dollars a day. That is a clear profit of thirty-three cents for you, and it will save me quite a little trouble. Should you decline to accept my proposition, I shall come to the bank every day and insist upon your changing my notes."

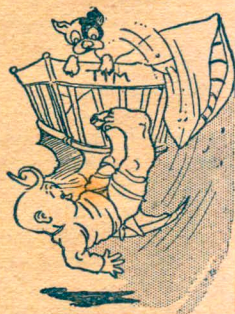
There was no way out and the bank agreed to the proposition. Since then the man has been living contentedly on his three dollars a day. He never was very fond of work.

Tim Tumbler



by CLARK HINNAN

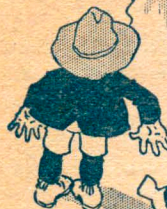
WEE!



LOOK
FELLERS!



GEE! HOW
DOES HE
DO IT?



SEARCH
ME!!

AW! IT'S A
CINCH TO
TUMBLE!!



GOOD people, listen to my tale,
Although its theme be humble,
And as 'tis of a tumbling man
Do not refuse to tumble.

Tim Tumbler when a child, 'tis said,
Ere he had worn a bib,
Amused himself right bumpily
By tumbling from his crib.

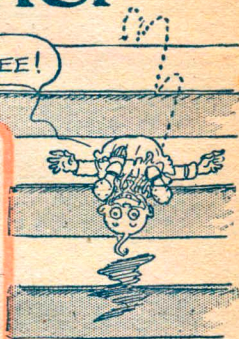
And when in course of time he rose
To loftier affairs,
He lowered himself speedily
By tumbling down the stairs.

From childish bumps to youthful
thumps

He tumbled on his way
'Till he became an acrobat,
And twisted on for pay.

His accidents were grave enough,
But never worry gave,
Though gravitation constantly
Did pull him toward the grave.

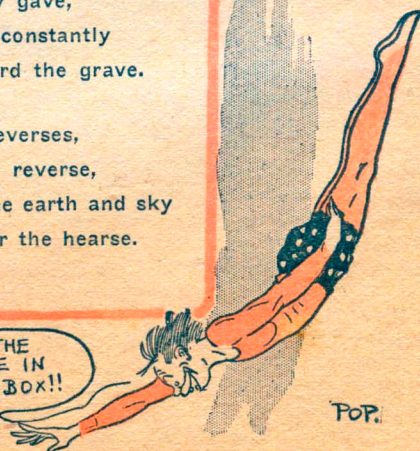
So though he had reverses,
Yet still would he reverse,
And always 'twixt the earth and sky
Seemed looking for the hearse.



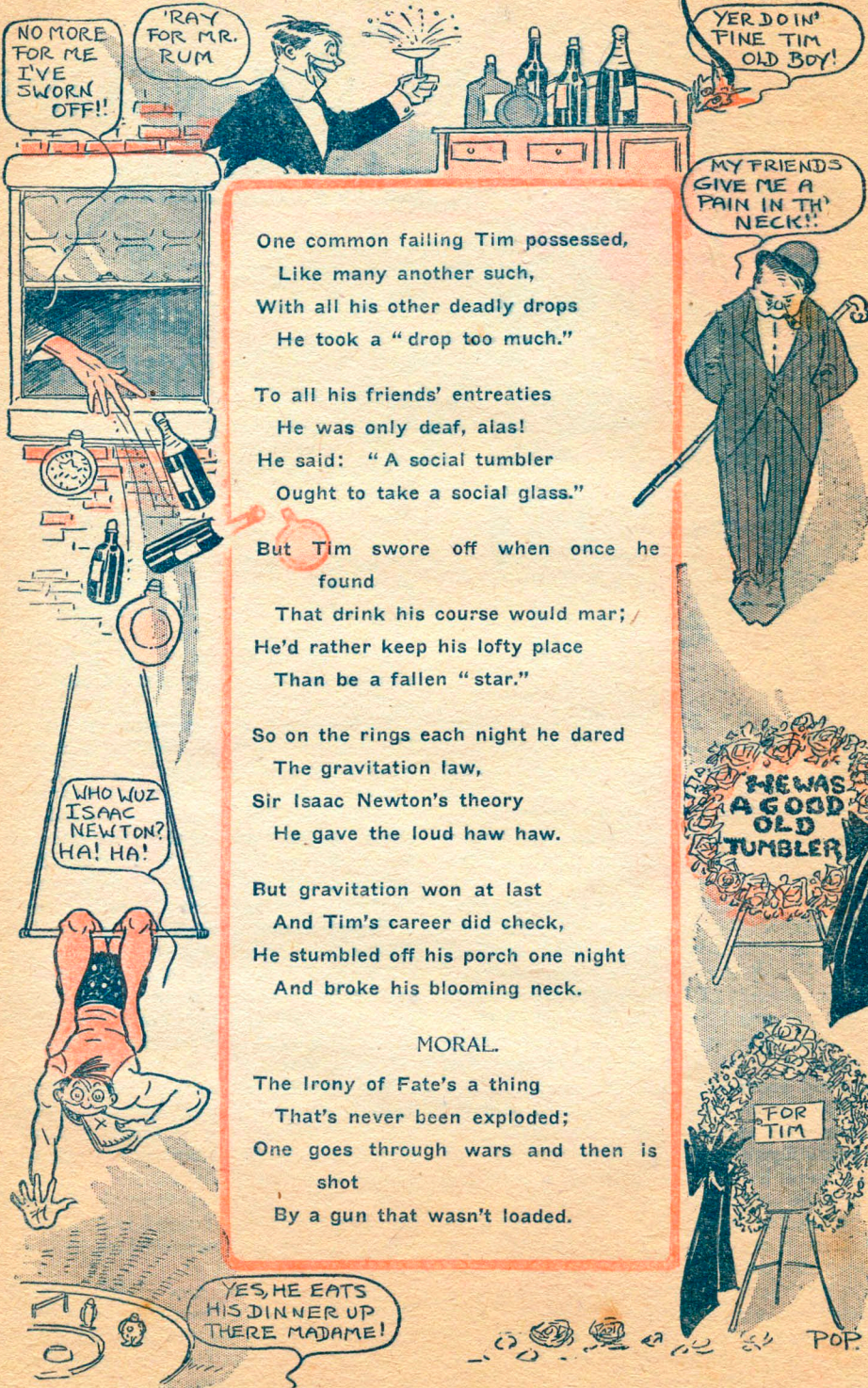
GEE! THAT
WOULD BE
A PEACH OF
A TUMBLE!!



OO! SEE THE
PEACHERINE IN
THE FOURTH BOX!!



POP.



One common failing Tim possessed,
Like many another such,
With all his other deadly drops
He took a "drop too much."

To all his friends' entreaties
He was only deaf, alas!
He said: "A social tumbler
Ought to take a social glass."

But Tim swore off when once he found
That drink his course would mar;
He'd rather keep his lofty place
Than be a fallen "star."

So on the rings each night he dared
The gravitation law,
Sir Isaac Newton's theory
He gave the loud haw haw.

But gravitation won at last
And Tim's career did check,
He stumbled off his porch one night
And broke his blooming neck.

MORAL.

The Irony of Fate's a thing
That's never been exploded;
One goes through wars and then is
shot
By a gun that wasn't loaded.

"ROCKS" SHANGLISS, GAMBLER

by
Ralph P.
Mulvane



"ROCKS" SHANGLISS rested one foot on a pile of tailings and cast a sardonic grin at the scene about him. The North Pole claim was being jumped by a crew of forty men, led by James Creel and Martin Gibson, well-known mining men of Nome, and of shadowy reputations.

Having failed to secure the claim by peaceable methods, on the ground of prior location, they had brought over their hirelings from No. 8 Anvil Creek. At the particular moment of Rocks's grin the jumpers were dragging Odeberg's, the owner's, shack and mine office away from its foundation by means of a long chain, which they had fastened about the small structure.

With the men who now swarmed over the sluice-boxes and diggings of the North Pole, Rocks's figure made a striking contrast. In one hand he held the stub of a cigarette, which he occasionally put to his lips.

Dressed in black trousers, clean but frazzled at the bottoms, a red flannel shirt, about the collar of which was suspended a neat black string tie, ornamented by a nugget stick-pin, wearing around his waist a cowboy's belt, with two holsters containing enormous guns, his head topped by a wide sombrero—everything of strange neatness and elegance for the roughness of the country—he seemed to be a misfit.

The jumpers had come well armed, but their taking possession of the claim was a quiet affair. Not a shot was fired. Jafet Odeberg was in town at the time, and his miners decided that it would be useless to attempt to stand their ground against far superior numbers.

Rocks found his own situation amusing. He had been one of Odeberg's men, but when he saw the invaders approach, he had retired in good order to watch their operations without having to take a hand in the affair. It was immaterial to him who owned the claim, so long as he received his ten dollars a day and grub. Also, he despised Odeberg as an ignorant, uncouth Swede.

Shangliss was a man of the world, and Alaska-bred. He knew, from years spent as a dealer of faro in Dawson, when the odds against him were too large. Retiring gracefully, when honor was not involved, was one of his long suits, and yet there was nothing yellow in him.

His slender, womanish fingers were as agile in reaching for his guns as in dealing the paste-boards, and as sure. Men of the Northland who knew him by reputation, and feared him—knew his fearlessness, his integrity as a man, away from the faro-table, his open heart—had learned to take warning when his blue eyes narrowed to hard glints of fire.

The jumpers were now in full possession. Rocks idly watched them drive over the borders of the claim the five men who, besides himself, had worked for Odeberg, and smiled as he caught the faint sound of their last curses through the still summer air.

Gibson and Creel were approaching him.

He threw away his cigarette stub and straightened himself to meet them.

"Are you one of Odeberg's men?" inquired Creel suavely. Rocks looked the man over carefully, until the other grew impatient.

"I reckon I was," returned Rocks. "What of it?"

Creel's eyes shifted from the miner's flaying gaze, and he snapped out, as if addressing Gibson:

"Well, we don't want you here any more."

"I had thought some about going right soon," said Rocks, looking up at the bright sky as if to detect the trace of a lurking rainstorm.

"You've got your nerve with you," remarked Gibson half admiringly.

"Yes, I reckon I have. It's my stock in trade," returned the miner easily.

"Who are you? Don't you see that we are in possession of the North Pole?" queried Gibson.

He was not the coward that Creel was, but something in the stranger's manner suggested that he had better avoid a quarrel with him.

"Me?" said Rocks. "Oh, I'm Shangliss, commonly called Rocks, formerly of Dawson—at your service, sir."

"Rocks Shangliss!" repeated Creel incredulously.

"Do you care to work here?" asked Gibson hastily.

"No, I don't know that I do," answered Shangliss smoothly. "I reckon this place might get some hot after a bit. Much obliged, just the same, and now I'll bid you gentlemen good day."

He bowed extravagantly, and with a grim twist of his lips passed down the rocky path which led to the trail. Pulling a cigarette-paper from his pocket he proceeded to make a smoke for himself while he struck out along the trail between the foot-hills leading to Anvil Mountain and toward Nome.

The day was fairly warm and the season advanced, but the tundra and hills were still soggy with the weight of water from the spring melting of the snow. Every "nigger-head" oozed water in squirts at his step; each let his foot deep down into the rich brown soil, making the *mushing* difficult.

Two miles from the North Pole claim, and opposite Anvil Mountain, Shangliss stopped short. A young woman, poorly dressed, confronted him. The only striking thing about her was her face—a delicate oval, with large black eyes and long lashes. In her eyes were great fear and anxiety. She spoke to Rocks eagerly, desperately.

"Oh, Mike, they have jumped our claim.

Are you going to help me get it back?" she asked.

Shangliss's eyes searched her face a moment, noting the glad recognition there. None had called him "Mike" for years. Mike—it had been Michael Shangliss.

He thought she had forgotten him. It was long since the time that he had loved her, in the days up there in Dawson when he had dealt the cards at the faro-table. He had heard vague rumors that she had married a wealthy mining man; he never knew the name. It had always been deep in his heart that she had married for money, and the disgust had been bitter. Since she had left Dawson, men had called him Rocks because of the adamant spirit he displayed toward the world.

He looked into her face and laughed savagely.

"What's it to me if your claim has been jumped?" he asked. "You've got no call on me."

"Haven't you been working for Jafet? Isn't that call enough?"

Rocks suddenly swore to himself.

"Who is this Jafet?" he said.

"My husband."

"What? That bent-over, scrubby-looking, ignorant lout, your husband? I never thought you would marry such as him. I heard that you married for money—but, Lord, what a match!"

Her eyes flamed.

"Have you anything else to say about him?" she said. "I knew you for a gentleman in Dawson, but you seem to have lost that part of you. I asked you to help me as an old friend."

"To think that I have been working for that drunken old Swede," muttered Rocks. "I'm fit for the bug-house."

Of Odeberg's past history he knew little. The man himself, he thought, was enough.

Jafet was a miserable specimen of man, a crooked bough of the forest; a dullard. His yellow hair ran riot over his big, red, stubborn, ignorant head. His speech was as halting as a brook with countless curves. A curious whim it was of Mother Earth to unfold to him her golden riches. And Julia Roberts had married this man!

"I couldn't say half enough about him," began Shangliss roughly. "But what's the odds if he has lost the claim. He has lots of others."

"But he hasn't," returned the girl. The misery in her drowned her resentment of the man's brutality.

"He did have other claims, but he lost money on all of them. The North Pole was his last one. It's everything we have—I and the boy."

"What is it you want me to do?" asked Shangliss curiously.

"Five of the men came by here a while ago," she said. "They told me they would try to drive the jumpers off. I thought you would help, too. If you promised, I would believe you. You have no fear."

Rocks gave an impatient hitch to his trousers. His blue eyes were slits, cold, stony.

"You want me to go back there in that nest of men and do the hold-up act, eh?" he began. "You want me to drive them all out and give the claim back to the Swede? You want me to risk my life for such as him?"

"Look here. You took him, and he got a better prize than he deserved. He ain't worthy of you nor his gold. He took you away from me, and now I remember, men say you had to teach him to spell and write. He didn't know anything more than how to turn a spade, and he spends half his time in The Silver Dollar.

"He's a sneak, and what he's got is what

he deserves. I wouldn't raise a hand to help him out of anything."

"Don't then!" cried the woman in anger. "Don't! I hate you! You said once that you loved me, but you are no better than he."

"Be that as it may," returned Shangliss easily, watching the color flood the girl's face as it did when he knew her in Dawson.

He admired her courage, but the thought of Jafet as her husband was more than he could bear. He wouldn't have cared so much had it been any other man, half-way worthy of her, he reflected, but Jafet, the Swede—he shook himself in disgust and prepared to move on.

"Go find your Jafet," he said, "and tell him what I said about him. Tell him he ain't fit to look you in the eyes. Think I'm fool enough to help a man who took from me the only thing I cared about? Not me."

He stepped to one side of the girl and passed down the trail, striking off across the tundra toward Nome.

Front Street, a strip of sand between two



"ROCKS" SHANGLISS RESTED ONE FOOT ON A PILE OF TAILINGS AND CAST A SARDONIC GRIN AT THE SCENE ABOUT HIM.



THE GAMBLER MADE HIS WAY OVER TO THE BOY AND TOOK A CHAIR OPPOSITE HIM.

rows of saloons, dance-halls, and stores, was alive with men. Near the bar of The Silver Dollar, Rocks heard some men talking about the jumping of the North Pole.

"Jafet was in here an hour ago," said one of them. "He seems plumb crazy—out of his head. Wandered out of here like a streak o' lightning, and left his kid over there for the barkeep to watch until he got back. Some say he won't come back."

"Yes," responded the other. "I heard it said he was likely to kill himself. Anyway, he's nothing but a blamed Swede."

Shangliss peered about the room and spied a little curly haired lad sitting on a chair by one of the tables. The boy was wonderfully like his mother, the gambler thought, with the exception of the yellow hair.

He was calmly surveying the crowd of men who elbowed their way through to the bar and laughed and joked together, glasses in hand. Now and then his eyes turned to the back room, from whence came the sound of falling chips and the clink of money.

The gambler made his way over to the boy and took a chair opposite him.

"What's your name, lad?" he asked.

"Jafet," said the boy quietly.

Shangliss recoiled from the sound of the word he loathed. For a moment he studied the boy's open face, and then the sweet resemblance of the lad to his mother softened his voice and glance as he spoke again.

"How old are you?"

"Eight."

"Where's your daddy?"

"I don't know. He went away and told me to wait here."

"Like your daddy?" asked the gambler quickly.

"I like mother better."

"Good common sense. Want to see your mother?"

"Yes. I'm tired of staying here."

"All right, boy. Come with me."

Shangliss took him by the hand and led him up to the bartender, to whom he spoke a few words. The latter nodded and Shangliss took his charge out of the saloon.

"Nice place that, for a kid to be left in," he soliloquized. "Nice daddy. Ugh! Curse his yellow hide. He ain't worth a

stick of wood. She married him for his money—heard he'd made a big strike—and now see what he is. Married him when she might have had a man who would have done anything! Oh, well, that's the way with a woman. When they get what they want they ain't satisfied with it."

Stopping a man whom he knew, Shangliss requested the loan of his horse and offered payment for it. The animal was promptly turned over, for Shangliss was known to be a man of his word. Rocks mounted, swung the boy up to the saddle in front of him and set out over the tundra, his keen eyes sweeping the brown vastness before him.

"You never can tell what a Swede is going to do next," he went on to himself. "If he once gets off his head he's likely to run amuck right along. And yet she asked me—to save the claim for him. She wanted me to face forty armed men for the sake of his worthless hide. If I don't do it he'll be crazy enough to shoot himself, or maybe her, too, and then what'll the kid do?"

He patted the boy's head and reflected silently as he rode on. Finally, the boy became talkative and spoke of his mother and of mining, and of what he intended to do when he grew up. He spoke of everything, Shangliss noticed, except his father. The sound of the lad's voice was strangely like that of his mother's; it moved Shangliss in a way he did not like, and yet in a way he could not resist.

He had no reason to give for what he was about to do, nor did he care to give any. It was as if some unseen force pushed him on.

With a start he suddenly awoke to a sense of his whereabouts. He was getting too near the cabin of the Odebergs. Guiding his horse off the muddy road he let him pick his way along Anvil Creek. If Jafet Odeberg had gone anywhere he knew he would be in the neighborhood of Anvil and Little Creeks, where he had been prospecting for new ground.

They were nearing a branch of Anvil Creek, a tiny stream which fought its way through stubby willows toward the foot-hills, when Shangliss drew in his horse with a jerk. He had seen something on the tundra near the creek, half-hidden among the willows.

Dismounting, he bade the boy stand by the horse until he came back. He did not wish the lad to see what he feared the willows would reveal.

Walking forward he pushed the willows aside. The dead face of Jafet Odeberg stared up at him, a bullet-hole through his

forehead. The man's hair was matted with blood and the brown of the tundra. His right hand still clutched the butt of his revolver.

Letting the bushes flap back into place, Shangliss returned slowly to the horse. "Let him rot where he is," he muttered. "It's good enough for him. Poor little kid, it's tough on you."

He lifted the lad into the saddle tenderly and mounted after him. As he rode off toward the North Pole claim his face was unpleasant to see. The lines of his mouth were drawn tense and the blue eyes glinted danger signals.

Carelessly, paying no heed to the men who warned him to halt, Shangliss rode on to the North Pole, holding Jafet, Jr., on the saddle. He dismounted at the mine-office, tied the horse to a post, opened the door of the office and pushed the boy in.

When Shangliss entered he shut the door calmly behind him and faced Creel and Gibson. The two men stared at the gambler in silence, and Gibson fingered his revolver.

"Better not," warned Shangliss, noticing the action. "I'm some handy with those things myself. Besides, I only want to talk to you."

"What have you got to say?" growled Gibson.

He loosened his hold on his gun and lighted a cigar. Creel was plainly nervous.

"First place, this meeting's between us, see?" began Shangliss. "No butting in. If any one knocks at the door you're not at home to them until I have had my say. You know me—Rocks Shangliss, gambler, sure shot, man of his word. Are you agreed?"

"What in—" broke in Creel, but Gibson silenced him.

"I'll do the talking," he said. "Go on, Rocks. Speak your speech."

"Do you see this kid here?" asked Shangliss, holding the boy forward, his eyes wide open, trusting the big man behind him. "This kid," continued the gambler, "is Odeberg's boy. Jafet is—" Shangliss stopped in time and motioned with his hand to his head, so that the boy would not understand. "Catch? Back there on Anvil."

The men across the table nodded. For a moment it seemed that they were abashed at this result of their jumping the North Pole.

"Down by Anvil," reiterated Shangliss, "is a little cabin with a young woman in it waiting for Jafet and her kid to come home. One of 'em will never come. I ain't saying anything for Jafet—he was a blamed Swede, ignorant, worthless; a plumb misfit—I'm speaking about the woman and the boy. This claim's all she's got—she and the kid. What is she to do now?"

"Same as—" began Creel. Shangliss started forward with an oath and slammed his fist on the table in front of the man.

"Not another word of that, you!" he said, "or I'll make you eat it. I asked you civilly: what will she do?"

"I don't see as that is our lookout, Shangliss," returned Gibson with a placid air.

"Don't see it, eh? Well, I do. You've

"What do you think is right?" he asked.

"Twenty-five per cent royalty from the North Pole and a written contract, same as if you'd taken a lay on the claim," replied Shangliss.

"Not a cent! Not a red cent, I say!" shouted Creel, rising to his feet, purple with rage. Gibson pulled him to his seat.

"None of that, Jim." Then he turned to



BEFORE HE COULD SEE HOW IT WAS DONE TWO GUNS HAD LEAPED INTO SHANGLISS'S HANDS AND HELD EACH OF THE MEN COVERED.

jumped her only claim. She and the kid have got to starve; or, as this gentleman started to remark, she's got to join a dance-hall. You jumped the claim, and it ain't yours. You know it. I came here to ask you what you're going to do for her and the kid. How much are you going to give?"

The lines of Creel's face worked spasmodically as he strove to master his tongue. He was incarnate greed of the gold-dust only; he knew nothing of the finer instincts. Gibson was hard, merciless almost, but he possessed that grain of diplomacy which some would have called repentance of evil done.

the gambler. "I'll answer you to-morrow, Rocks. I don't know what this ground's worth."

"Not to-morrow, Gibson, but right now. I want the contract made up right here and now."

"Then there is nothing doing," returned Gibson coolly.

Before he could see how it was done two guns had leaped into Shangliss's hands and held each of the men covered.

"Nothing doing, eh?" said Shangliss grimly. "Well, I reckon you'd better change your mind. Put up your hands, Creel. I'm dead sure with these. You'd better put yours up, too, Gibson."



THERE WAS A QUICK STRAIGHTENING OF TWO FORMS AND THE SHARP SNAP OF TWO GUNS.

He moved over to see that the hands came up empty. Then he turned to the boy:

"Come on, kid. Take the guns from these men and lay them on the table."

The boy, accustomed to obedience, picked up Gibson's weapons, which rested upon his lap, and laid them on the place indicated. Then, at Rocks's direction, he found Creel's guns and put them along with the others. Shangliss removed the guns to a chair, keeping the men covered all the time.

"Now, you two can take down your hands and lay 'em on the table," he remarked suavely. "And you, Gibson, send for your head man here and tell him that a marshal's posse is after you, and that you've decided to abandon the claim. By the bye, I might tell you that I did take steps toward getting a posse, and the fellows in Nome took right smart to the idea. They ought to be here pretty quick with plenty of guns. The marshal ain't none too fond of you, you know." "Curse you!" said Gibson, clenching his fist.

"The same to you," replied Shangliss. "You had a chance to do the square thing, and you wouldn't take it. Now it's up to you to do as I remark. Hurry up and call that foreman."

Gibson called from the door, and when the man came in response to his summons,

he gave orders that his crew should leave the claim at once. Then he returned to his chair and fell to smoking violently.

Shangliss waited until he was sure the last man had left the diggings. Then he spoke:

"Now you two fellows are going to *mush* over toward the marshal's office with me, so's to be sure we meet him."

"Not that, Shangliss. Not that, for Heaven's sake!" cried Creel.

"Either that or your promise to clear out of this country just as quick as you can hit the willows."

"I'll take you," said Gibson quietly.

"And I," muttered Creel.

"Good!" laconically from Shangliss.

"Make yourselves

scarce then before the posse gets here and it's too late."

He watched the men vanish in the direction of the Kougarak foot-hills. Then he turned to the boy beside him.

"Could you find your way home alone, if I showed you where to go, kid?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I used to come over here all by myself to meet father."

"Well, you run straight home and tell your mother to get some men and come here as quick as she can. Tell her to hurry."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, what are you to tell her?"

"I'm to tell her to bring some men and come here as quick as she can."

"That's right, my little man. And tell her that Rocks—that's my name, you know—tell her Rocks is here."

It was mid-afternoon, and Shangliss figured that the boy should reach his mother in two hours. Locking the door behind him, he looked about the claim, only to find that the other shacks were empty. He closed them all, barricading the doors firmly. Then he returned to the wooden shanty which he had left, and, entering, barricaded its door from the inside.

"If they get suspicious about that yarn of mine and come back before the kid gets there," he said to himself, "this will be

pretty good shelter. Good arsenal, too." He ran his fingers over the guns lying on the chair.

"Rum go, anyway," he muttered, and fell to staring dreamily out of the window at the reddening sky. "It only goes to show that what I said is true. A fellow like Odeberg don't know anything. She don't need him, anyway, and he's better off where he is—better off for the kid, too. He wasn't worth saving, not worth the risk."

Hour after hour passed leadenly by and still Rocks held undisputed possession of the North Pole. With his chair tipped back against one wall of the shack and away from the window, he smoked innumerable cigarettes, flicking the yellow ends of them onto the floor.

To each slight noise his ears were alert. Twice he rose to peer out of the window across the tundra, lighted by the arctic sun, but each time resumed his seat nonchalantly. At half past seven he glanced at his watch and wondered why his party had not come. Finally, he opened the door cautiously and looked out. The sluice-boxes stood to his left, and at their feet was the soft gurgle of running water from the morning's sluicing.

As he followed their outlines in the cool haze of the evening he thought he saw a shadow dart behind the hoist. Revolver in hand he crept out of the cabin, locking the door as he went, and slipped around to its rear, where he crouched on the ground to watch.

Two, three, four minutes passed, and then he saw a man's head appear from the

rear of the hoist, followed by the intruder's body. Rocks's sinuous form wormed itself around the house, keeping carefully concealed. Often he peered about him to see whether there were more men on the claim, but there was nothing in sight. Evidently it was Gibson or Creel who had ventured back to take in the lay of the ground.

Suddenly, Shangliss's heart bounded high. Across the tundra he could make out the forms of a number of men and one woman coming toward the North Pole. Julia was coming to claim her own.

The stealing figure was working itself forward, lying flat on the ground. Rocks could see the glimmer of a gun in the man's hand. Ten, twenty paces more the man came, Rocks allowing him that much.

Then Shangliss crept back to the front of the shack, where he could see the man more plainly. As he was about to stoop to gain the shelter of two barrels, the gambler's foot slipped and his body shot out into view before the shack.

There was a quick straightening of two forms and the sharp snap of two guns. Two puffs of blue smoke lingered on the motionless air, and then, with a sob, Rocks Shangliss sank to the ground, his finger pressing the trigger of his gun.

They found him later, Mrs. Odeberg and her party of armed men. Rocks lay curled up as if in slumber. From his head a small pool of crimson ran down to meet the water from the sluice-boxes. A few yards beyond lay Creel, his face set stiffly to the red sky, dead.

WHAT MAKES MEN HAPPY?

IS there any recipe for human happiness? Various individuals at various times have told the world how they think the dish ought to be made, but the world has always been somewhat skeptical. Count Tolstoy, the great Russian philosopher, thinks that only five things are necessary to happiness, and all of these five are within the reach of nearly

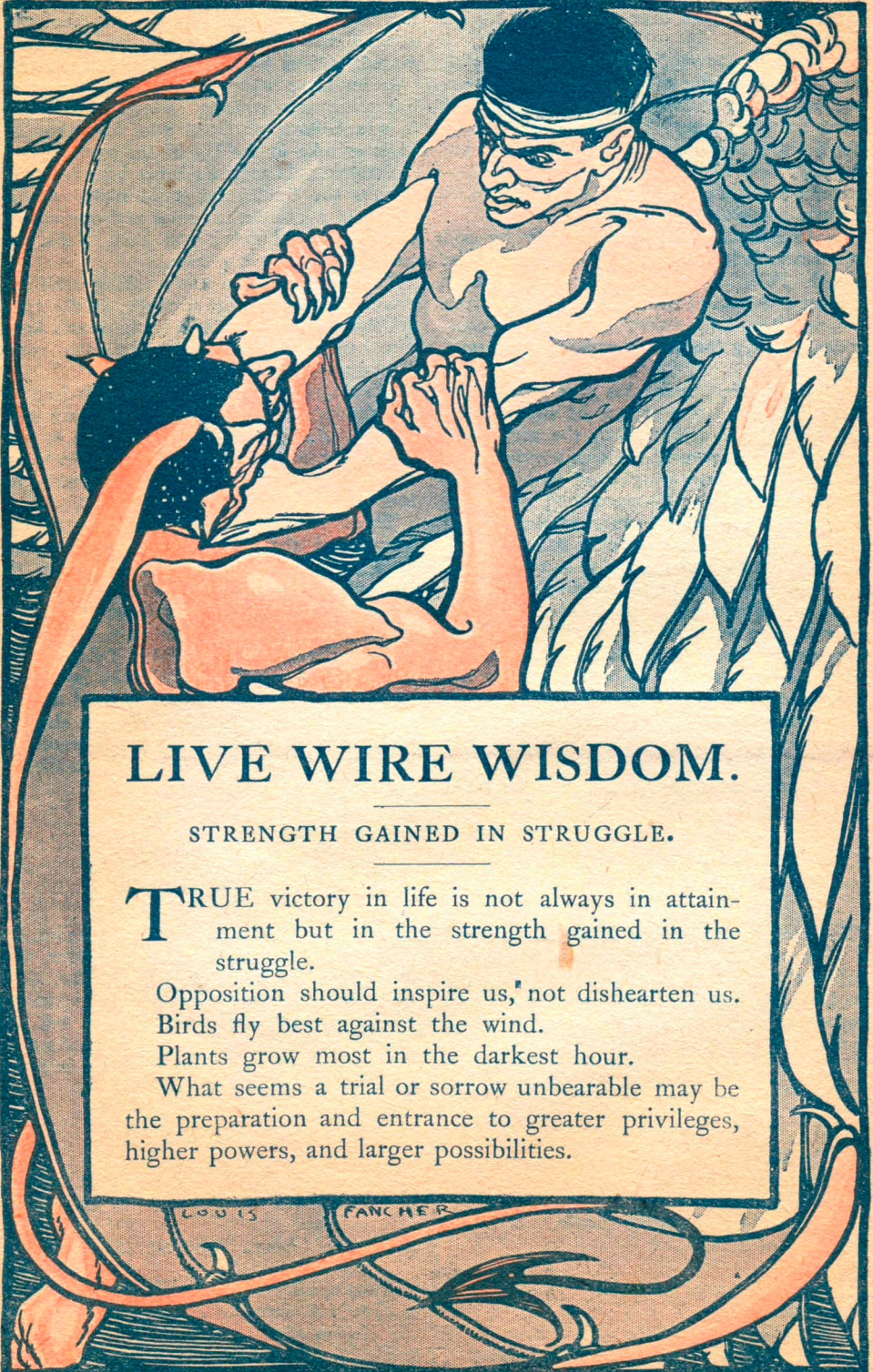
every one. On the other hand, Carnot, the grandfather of the French president who was murdered in 1894, insisted that there were ten necessary ingredients, some of which cannot be secured by any but the gifted and the wealthy. A comparison of the lists compiled by the two men is interesting and suggestive.

CARNOT.

1. Health.
2. An independent condition.
3. A taste for work.
4. The esteem of worthy people.
5. Love of society.
6. Talent.
7. A knowledge of business.
8. Moderation.
9. A tendency to aid the unfortunate.
10. Companionship of an amiable woman.

TOLSTOY.

1. Natural life in the open air, with intimate connection with earth, its plants and animals.
2. Physical labor, bringing good appetite and sleep.
3. Simple, affectionate family life.
4. Free and familiar intercourse with your fellow men.
5. Health and a natural, painless death.



LIVE WIRE WISDOM.

STRENGTH GAINED IN STRUGGLE.

TRUE victory in life is not always in attainment but in the strength gained in the struggle.

Opposition should inspire us," not dishearten us.

Birds fly best against the wind.

Plants grow most in the darkest hour.

What seems a trial or sorrow unbearable may be the preparation and entrance to greater privileges, higher powers, and larger possibilities.

Actor-Chat

by Matthew White Jr.

HERE'S a task for a man—to write about a summer opera, two months in advance of the magazine's publication, when only the Lord and Weather Prophet De Voe know whether said opera will at that time be going full blast or reposing quietly amid the moth-balls of the storage warehouse.

But after my happy stroke of forecast in connection with London and "The College Widow," which stayed there only four weeks (please see page 846 of the June LIVE WIRE), I am going to take a chance at "The Gay Musician" by treating it as if the expectations of its promoters had already been lived up to.

Whether Walter Percival will live, in case the piece does, is an open question. In all my stage viewing, I never saw such a busy person. One would think he bore the whole literal weight of the production on his shoulders. I confess I liked him much better as his real self, minus the mustache and the French accent, when he was with Fritz Scheff in



WALTER PERCIVAL'S FINE
DENTAL DISPLAY.

"Mlle. Modiste." But, of course, he is enjoying his present rôle ten times as much.

It is his firmly wedged ambition, as he confided to me some three years ago, to play an old man, and of course, a gummed-on mustache and a French accent are mile-stones in the road leading to that goal.

The mustache is not big enough to hide Mr. Percival's generous supply of very white teeth, and when he makes love to Amelia Stone—as he must do pretty frequently in the course of the performance—the dental display is fairly dazzling, for Miss Stone is no laggard in the care of a particularly fine set of biters.

When those of us who recalled these facts in respect to these two players, first realized that they were now to be brought together on the same stage for the first time, we held our programs ready to shield our eyes from the blinding glare of ivory.

Next to the teeth of Walter and Amelia, the most impressive thing about the cast of "The Gay Musician" is the cock-sureness of Miss Sophie Brandt. You couldn't feaze that young woman with a writ of attachment on any of her belongings, save her glove-fitting gowns and her voice.

How she must revel in that duet of anger called "Take That!" But she is as good in this show as she was in "A Waltz Dream," and I predict will be in great demand from now on by managers of musical comedies.

Martha George, of whom I had never previously heard, does good work as a virago of a mother-in-law gifted with a Dutch comedian dialect. I understand that she was handed the rôle after Mme. Neuendorff had declined it because of a scene

But lo and behold, when the buxom lady emerges clad in pink tarleton and skips about the stage, it is not a bit funny, only unintentionally pathetic, and was so adversely commented on at Wallack's that, as I said, it may be cut out by now.

I wish somebody would explain to me the dire dreadfulness of being compared with a cup of tea, as set forth in Miss Stone's song of that title. It is supposed to be on the order of the topical lyric in "The Mikado," which told of the bores one meets in daily life, ending up with the refrain, "I've Got Him on The List"—to be boiled in oil. But to sing that these unpleasant folk are cups of tea—well, that's one on me.

I had the Schoolboy with me, at "The Gay Musician," and as we came away he spoke of a character in the show that seemed to him quite superfluous, like the fifth wheel to a wagon.

"There was one in 'A Knight for a Day,' too, don't you remember?" he added.

I did, and it set me wondering whether a great deal of useless gray matter, not to mention salary envelopes, was not expended in inventing another character merely to pair him or her off with somebody else at the end. This pairing off is not necessary except in the light of tradition, a commodity which has proved itself to be no longer a box-office winner.

Speaking of box-office winners, "The Wolf" confounded the critics by increasing in popularity from week to week. Young Eugene Walter certainly has "arrived" in being able to make good with that apparently great stumbling block to the dramatist—the play that follows his first big hit. Milton Royle didn't do it with

"The Struggle Everlasting," nor did Edward Peple with "The Silver Girl," nor Rachel Crothers with "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick."

The New York verdict is still to be registered on "The Traveling Salesman" by James Forbes, whose "Chorus Lady"

knocked 'em silly, as they say on the Rialto when they mean just the reverse—that is to say, when a play makes you pat yourself on the back as a keen judge of a good thing.

There is this in common between Walter and Forbes—both were press-agents. Forbes was with Savage when he first brought his Castle Square Opera Company into the American Theater and between times of doping out stories about the singers, and wondering whether they would stand for them after they were printed, he wrote all-fiction yarns for the magazines about



JAMES FORBES IS GLEEFUL OVER HAVING GRADUATED FROM PRESS-AGENT TO PLAYWRIGHT, WHICH HAS ENABLED HIM, OUT OF ACCRUED ROYALTIES, TO POSSESS HIMSELF OF A BIG COLLIE AND AN ANGORA CAT.

paper people nobody need stand for but himself.

Rose Stahl saw one of these, gaged its possibilities for vaudeville, and hunted up the author, whom she was amazed to discover was an assistant manager to Henry B. Harris, for Forbes had by now graduated to this estate. The rest was easy. Now Forbes has his bank roll, a big collie, and an Angora cat.

No such string of roses bordered the pathway of Eugene Walter to success. Hailing from Cleveland, where he was at one time on a newspaper, he served as sergeant for a while in the regular army, then came to New York to fight his way up in the other and much more long-suffering army of reporters that go up and down the streets of the big city in search of what they

can devour in the way of queer happenings the record of which won't all vanish under the blue pencil of the city editor.

To this period belongs the bench in Bryant Park on which Walter slept for two nights in default of any other shelter, and which is only two blocks distant from the shower-bath-in-every-apartment hotel, where Walter now luxuriates, with a private secretary at his beck and call. "The Wolf" no longer howls at his door, for all his bills are "Paid in Full."

I hear that James Hackett made a lot of money with his stock company work in Washington this summer. He certainly deserves it, if passing through a hard winter entitles one to a soft snap during the hot term. I have known him for years and he is a good fellow, but being the son of an actor, he has the idiosyncrasies of the whole bunch, prominent among which is the lack of a sense of humor.

A player who possesses this in rich abundance—possibly because she is the first one of her family to go on the stage—is Rose Stahl. Here is a sample, witnessed by a member of the Hackett Theater staff during the long term of "The Chorus Lady" there winter before last. Miss Stahl was with a friend when she presented herself at the office to receive her weekly share of the receipts. The two had evidently been talking of their physical ills, and as the check was handed over to her Miss Stahl passed the slip of paper back and forth across her forehead with the remark: "It takes away all headache, my dear. There is nothing else like it."

But to go back from Hackett, the theater, to Hackett, the actor. While he was starring in "Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," he was constantly beset by the fear that the people out front would not realize he was playing both parts.

Time after time alterations were made in the

program to emphasize this point, and finally slips were introduced calling special attention to the fact that both rôles were impersonated by Mr. Hackett. But he could not convince himself that the public gave him the credit he deserved for the swiftness of the change. Finally he hit upon the plan of coming out for his call, holding in one hand the whiskers of the *King* and in the other the jacket worn by *Rassendyll*, the while he glanced significantly from one to the other as he made his bows.

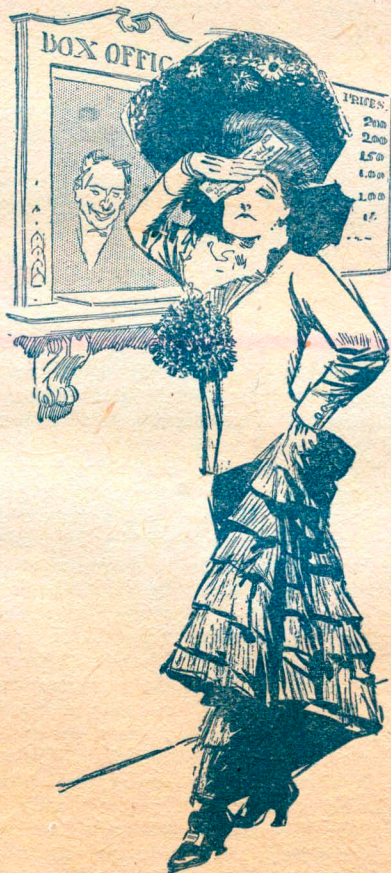
Apropos of curtain calls, I heard a good one on Olga Nethersole the other day. At one stage of her career, she had a fashion of walking down to the footlights and extending one hand over them to the audience in touching fashion as she said: "I wish that you dear people out front had but one collective hand that I might take it in mine and tell you how dear to me Philadelphia is." That is, on one occasion she should have said "Philadelphia," as she was playing there, but made a slip and made it

"Chicago" — her last stand — instead. Tableau and a hasty exit.

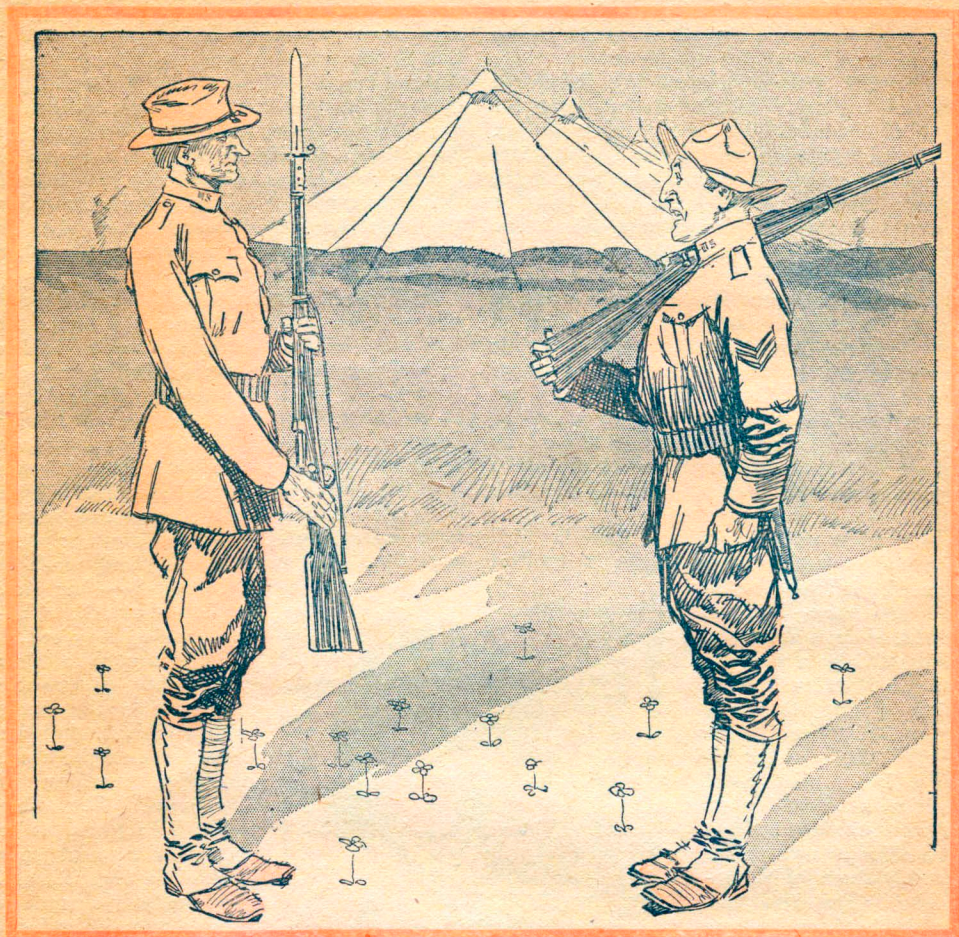
If actors as a class are not particularly sensitive to the funny side of things, they are sensitive enough in the exclusive meaning of the word. The other night I happened to be behind the scenes at a vaudeville house, and was suddenly amazed to have a monologist I did not know come up to the group with whom I was chatting and whom he did not know either, and break out with:

"That woman was the limit. Positively, she stood there ten minutes by the clock in that stage-box taking off her cloak before she sat down, making sure that every eye in the house was riveted on her. And, of course, all that part of my work went to the bad."

Just think what a revolution would be wrought in the commercial world if employees in business houses were as anxious to be faithful every



ROSE STAHL'S SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR
A HEADACHE.



EUGENE WALTER AS SERGEANT DRILLING A RAW RECRUIT BIGGER THAN HIMSELF, IN HIS ARMY DAYS, BEFORE HE WAS ABLE TO CHASE "THE WOLF" FROM HIS DOOR BY BRAIN WORK THAT HAS ENABLED HIM TO MARK ALL BILLS: "PAID IN FULL."

minute of their working time as are the actors. The more you give an actor to do the better he likes it. The joke of it is, in connection with the incident related above, the woman who stood up in the box and took such a long time to settle down, was a player herself.

While on the subject of vaudeville theaters, I can tell you of still another incident that happened, this time at the Monday morning rehearsal, when the new acts of the week are run over for the benefit of the band and the scene shifters. On this particular occasion it happened that a well-known actor who has been a star in the legitimate was to be in the bill with a playlet concerning whose staging he is very particular.

"Now, look here," he said to the stage hands, "be sure that statuette goes there,

and this picture must be hung just so, and that chair be placed on this exact spot."

As a matter of fact, the properties have nothing in particular to do with the sketch, as happens in some plays, but this actor feels that he is condescending to appear in vaudeville at all, and must keep up a "front" in some way, so selects this. Meantime, Eva Tanguay, the head-liner of the program that week, was down stage running over with the orchestra leader her famous song: "Nothing Bothers Me."

Richard Carle certainly owed New Yorkers a good show after handing them "The Hurdy Gurdy Girl" last fall. And if "Mary's Lamb" plucks no feathers from the proud tuft worn by "The Spring Chicken," it at least can boast the novelty of making Haverstraw-on-the-Hudson possible as a musical comedy background, even

if Mr. Carle did have to go to France for the story on which he strung his songs.

In fact, "Mary's Lamb" is nothing more—or less—than a new version of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," which was played here as a farce at the Garrick as long ago as when poor Stuart Robson was alive, for he was *Mrs. Ponderbury*. And the play was revived in London last season for Charles Hawtrey, if I mistake not.

But if "Mary's Lamb" continues to bleat all summer at the New York, it will not be due either to the star or his play, but to the trimmings in the way of specialties and to the presence in the cast of the prettiest girl I ever saw on the stage. Her name was not on the program—and she did nothing except dance—but her beauty, of the unwonted stage type, was so striking that every time she emerged into view she received a round of applause all to herself. This beautiful chorus girl is Dorothy Follis, she is from New York and this is her first engagement. Possibly she may seem prettier than she really is by force of contrast.

For of all the chambers of make-up box horrors, commend me to the women of the Carle chorus. There is one girl especially, with a strident voice, enormous eyes and paint on her cheeks two or three layers deep, who would haunt you into sleeplessness were it not for Miss Follis as an antidote.

Just who this girl was or what she had to do with the show, I couldn't quite make out. At one stage of the proceedings I thought she was on hand to do any singing that might be required of Elita Proctor Otis, who figures as the harrying wife of *Mr. Lamb*.

But after all, what's the use of worrying about anything else if one can go to the New York and see such a pretty and untheatric looking girl as Dorothy Follis. But why, oh why, didn't K. & E. think last fall, when they were redecorating the house, to have it done in Nile green rather than in Pompeian red, the sight of which makes you think it your bounden duty to look hot even if you don't feel so.

SHE'LL HANG UP A LOAF OF BREAD, NEXT.



ARTIST (WHO IS COOKING AND WORKING AT THE SAME TIME): "HOW ABSENT-MINDED I AM TO-DAY! NOW I HAVE SALTED THE PICTURE AND VARNISHED THE MEAT!"

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Other People's Money

by C.B. Booth



THE mercury hovered near zero, and the biting, searching wind which met you at every corner and threw clouds of snow spitefully in your face made those outside hunt for the warmth of a saloon stove. With its dingy barrooms and empty warehouses, it was a disreputable part of town, this, where only the criminal could walk in safety.

Through the street trudged a man, plunging through the white drifts, bound for the fireless, almost barren, room over O'Hare's saloon. His numb hands were shoved into the pockets of his frayed overcoat, his chin thrust into its high collar.

This man was William Summers. For perhaps ten years, however, no one had called him by that name. Indeed, he might not have answered to it now. He was known as "Billy, the steerer"; "Billy, the fox," and a dozen other such appellations of the sort apt to be bestowed upon men of his stamp. But although ten years of his life had been spent alternately in luxury and the cell, the brand of crime was not on his face.

As his nicknames indicated, Summers's specialty was swindling. He enjoyed the reputation of being the most famous bunco-steerer in the East. Until recently he had plied his wiles with wonderful success. He had worked new schemes, modernized old ones, and had cashed his originality for good American coin.

But now Dame Fortune seemed to frown upon him. His continual run of bad luck had placed him in the membership list of that unpopular organization, the Down and Out Club. In his necessity his stylish clothes went to the second-hand store and were replaced by garments which made no pretense whatsoever to fashion.

Now, without even the price of a warming drink, he sought the poor comfort of O'Hare's dollar-a-week lodging.

Wading through a high drift, he turned into the squalid side street. Just off the corner were the steps which led to his room. As he placed his foot on the first step, he saw a dark something which broke the whiteness beneath him. Pushing the thing with his foot, he perceived that it was the huddled body of a man.

"Poor devil!" muttered Summers, bending over the stiff form. Not sure that life was extinct, he picked up the body and half carried, half dragged, it up-stairs.

In his room Summers dropped the frozen man on his own cot and fumbled awkwardly for a match. He stamped his feet and stretched his numb hands over the flame of the smoky, odorous lamp to encourage circulation.

When the dull ache of his fingers was somewhat relieved, he turned to the unlucky mortal on the cot. One glance was sufficient to prove that no spark of life remained.

Then Summers fell to noting the dead man's appearance. He was tall, slight of build, and a mass of reddish-brown hair marred what would have otherwise been a handsome face. He was well dressed, and this fact made his death in this locality savor of foul play.

Summers decided to search the body in the hope of discovering the man's identity. From the inside coat-pocket came a wallet. The first evidence that the pocketbook revealed was a number of cards, bearing the name, "Leonard P. Anthony." And in the corner, "Cashier, Knoxville Mechanics' Bank."

"A banker—and here!" ejaculated Summers, his brows arching upward with surprise. There floated to his nostrils the aroma of strong spirits. "He paid high for it this time," said the swindler, noticing the odor.

The remainder of the purse's contents was money—nothing but money! In amazement, Summers counted the bills. They were all of large denominations. Altogether they amounted to a trifle over three thousand dollars.

"What luck!" rejoiced the professional swindler. "What glorious luck!"

He shoved the wallet and bills into the pocket of his ancient overcoat and continued his search. There was little more—merely the banker's business diary, a few press clippings, a check-book, and a photograph of the dead man.

The press clippings were from the two Knoxville weeklies, and stated that Leonard P. Anthony, Knoxville's rich bachelor, would depart soon for South America to look after his mining interests. He would be gone, they stated, about seven weeks.

This ended Summers's examination. But regardless of the cold, he sat, his eyes transfixed on the lifeless face before him. An idea, at first wild and unreasonable, had taken root in his brain.

The nucleus of the quickly developing plan was the marked likeness of the colorless features to his own. The same long, thin face and the aquiline nose which distinguished himself, Summers saw mirrored before him. The eyes, too, were of the same shade, the ears placed at the same angle on the head.

"It can be done!" he chuckled.

In another instant he had pulled from under the cot his indispensable make-up box, the one possession he had saved from the wreck of his fortunes. Looking now at the face of the lifeless banker, then at his own reflected in the make-up mirror, he worked rapidly. A touch here and a line there, and it was done. For a moment Summers

searched the box for a wig of the exactly proper shade. With the red wig over his own brown hair, he stared critically into the mirror. Next he studied carefully the banker's face. The likeness was perfect!

"What an artist I am!" exulted Summers under his breath.

If his thoughts could have been registered, they would have read something like this:

"First, Mr. Anthony, deceased, must be got rid of. That's easy—a weight and the sewer. Then the tailor's. That means good clothes. Next on the program is a week's visit to Knoxville to discover Anthony's habits and friends.

"After that, back to New York, where I will practise Anthony's signature and brush up my South American geography. When the chap here is due back, I become Mr. Anthony and resume my duties as cashier—as cashier of a bank! After forty-eight hours as banker, I will disappear with the bank's funds and be myself again, with twenty thousand or more to the good.

"I certainly hold a full hand. If I lose, it's my fault."

Whereupon Summers made preparations to rid himself of the dead banker's gruesome presence—no difficult task with a sewer close by and the streets deserted.

In the stooped, venerable gentleman whom the Knoxville hotel-register proclaimed to be Thomas Wilkes, of New York, even the best detective would have failed to recognize William Summers. Wilkes, otherwise Summers, said that he was in ill health, and his pale cheeks and listless eyes did not belie his statement.

As Mr. Wilkes, he displayed a remarkable propensity for making friends. At the end of four days he was offering fatherly advice to James Griffin, the young assistant cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, and was incidentally drawing upon that young man's supply of knowledge.

After his fifth day in Knoxville, Mr. Wilkes paid his hotel-bill, remarking casually that the illness of his daughter recalled him to the horrible, nerve-racking bustle of the city.

For the next six weeks time rested heavily on Summers's hands. There was nothing to do except practise his new signature; and so often had he dashed off that "L. P. Anthony," with the curious little tail to the "y," that the forgery was, like everything that Summers did, already perfect.

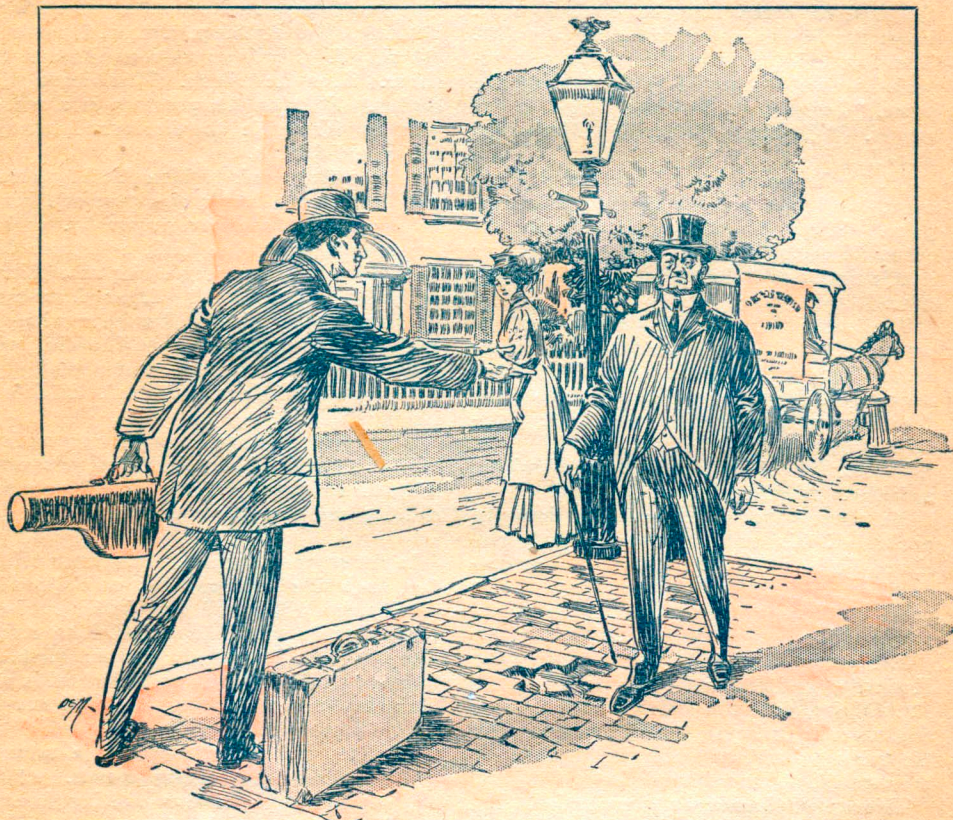
The hardest problem that Summers found to solve was his voice.

Leonard P. Anthony, he learned, had lost the volume of his voice when young, and when he spoke it was merely a childlike

screech. But here Summers's ready imagination came to the rescue. He formulated a story of how the change in climate and the ocean breeze had worked wonders with his throat.

When the seventh week had slipped away, Leonard Anthony, bank cashier, sat in the

baggage and walked townward. Before reaching the business section, he saw Colonel Tydings, president of the Mechanics' Bank, walking briskly toward him. Dropping his cases, Summers paused, with outstretched hand. The colonel regarded him coldly and passed on.



DROPPING HIS CASES, SUMMERS PAUSED, WITH OUTSTRETCHED HAND. THE COLONEL REGARDED HIM COLDLY AND PASSED ON.

parlor-car of the west-bound express, on his way to Knoxville. He was a very impressive person in his well-cut clothes and immaculate linen, far more impressive than the swindler who had hovered near O'Hare's saloon seven weeks before.

When the train drew up before Knoxville's small brick station at 4.14 P.M. the only passenger to alight was Summers. The porter placed his bag and gun-cases on the platform, and the express steamed away.

A few bystanders eyed Summers curiously; and the new arrival was nonplused. Judging from Anthony's reported popularity, he had expected violent manifestations of affection from the townsmen. There was nothing of the kind.

Disappointed, Summers picked up his

"Heavens!" breathed Summers. "The president of the bank cuts the cashier! I wonder what is wrong."

Once more picking up his traps, he pursued his way. In front of the Mechanics' Bank he chuckled his self-appreciation. He let himself in the side door. Griffin, the young assistant, turned from the letter-files over which he was working.

"Hello, Jimmie, old chap!" cried Summers joyously, rushing forward.

The young man drew back, startled.

"Why—why, sir," he stammered.

Summers's arm dropped to his side.

"Jimmie," he said reproachfully, "don't you remember me?"

The assistant cashier frowned meditatively.

"No," he responded slowly, "I don't believe I do."

Instantly Summers was filled with awful fear. Was his disguise in any way lacking? A glance into the mirror on the wall told him that it was perfect. He knew that something was woefully wrong. In vain he searched his usually active brain for something to say.

At this moment a tall, gray-haired man entered. He was thin, and his shoulders had the droop that told of countless hours of desk-work. He looked inquiringly at Summers. For a moment his piercing eyes rested on that person's face, then his own paled—why, Summers did not know and could not guess.

"You here?" demanded the newcomer in a very squeaky voice.

Speechless, Summers could only stare at the man.

"Perhaps you have come to return my money," suggested the elderly man.

"I—I am at a loss—" began Summers uncomfortably.

"So am I," interrupted the other. "James," he continued to the assistant, "when I started for South America, I took a cab in New

York for my hotel. This ruffian here was the driver. He drove me into a deserted, quiet side street, knocked me on the head, and relieved me of something like three thousand dollars and a few papers of considerable value.

"I never said anything about it before, because I do not believe in crying over spilt milk. Call a policeman."

When James had scurried out the door, Summers ventured a question:

"You are Leonard P. Anthony?" he asked.

"Of course. Didn't the papers you stole tell you that?"

"And you returned home—when?"

"Three days ago," answered the bank cashier shortly.

Summers walked over to a mirror and looked earnestly at his reflection there. Suddenly he remembered that he had seen a picture of the dead man in whose likeness he had disguised himself. Then more light broke on his brain. He was posing as "Leary Pete" Kohn, wanted in Chicago for murder on a dozen counts.

Then Summers chose the lesser of two dangers. He confessed.

OBEDIENCE IN THE ORIENT.

Father, Husband and Son Can All Tell a Chinese Woman What She Must Do and There Is No Talking Back.

OBEDIENCE is the great virtue of the Chinese woman. It is to learn this that she is sent to school, and when the lesson is thoroughly mastered her education is complete. There are two text-books especially written on this subject for the benefit of women and girls.

The first, "Nu Sz Shu," considers in great detail the three duties of women, obedience to father, obedience to husband, and obedience to son. The second, which is the one most read, is called "The Daughter's Classic." There are only eighteen pages in it, but by the time the Chinese girl gets through reading all the things she is supposed to do, she must be glad there are no more.

It opens with the general duties of a daughter—early rising, sweeping the floor, combing the hair, washing the face, and sewing till the rest of the family are up. It gives directions as to the greeting of relatives, warns against loud talking and loud laughter, and directs how to walk according to custom.

Next come rules for a daughter at the age of eight to eleven years. At this time she

is to be considered an adult, and must now cook, sew, embroider, and study politeness; and, as she has not many more days at her mother's house, she must study carefully the duties of a daughter-in-law. The ten commands which follow are:

"Parents' love is as deep as heaven and earth, therefore honor them.

"Honor brothers and sisters.

"Waste not; in time of plenty, think of poverty.

"Be polite to guests and to your mother-in-law and father-in-law, always allowing them to eat first.

"Be neat. Old and new clothes, even after they are clean, give yet one more washing, that friends and neighbors may speak well of you.

"Beware of evil. Do not steal a thread, or neighbors will not like you.

"Be humble. Earth has heaven; woman has a husband. Ill thrives the family that shows a cock that's silent and a hen that crows.

"Be industrious. If you are so fortunate as to have a husband, follow and obey him to old age. If he dies, do not remarry."



"THREE DAYS AGO, SIR, YOU WENT OUT AT
2:45 AND TOOK CAB 7,604."

EVERY STRANGER WHO GOES TO ST. PETERSBURG IS DOGGED BY THE POLICE NIGHT AND DAY.

BY FRANCIS L. ASHFORD.

HAVING lost the address and not remembering the name of a person whom I had visited three days before, I called on a Frenchman who had been my guide in St. Petersburg and asked him:

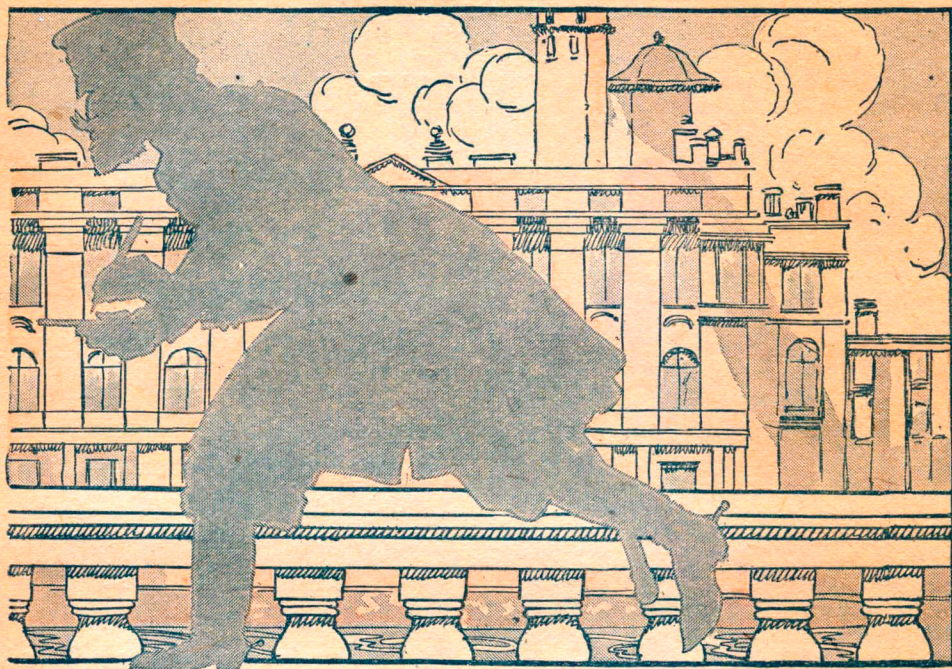
"Do you remember the name and the address of the person to whose house I went on the day following my arrival in St. Petersburg?"

"Not exactly," he said, "but I can take you to a person who will direct you." And at once he took me to the office of a high Rus-

sian official who was connected with Mr. Kleigels, the prefect of police.

We were received in a handsomely furnished room. Bookcases filled with papers were hidden behind tapestry in the corners. Several gentlemen shook hands with us and began to talk, as if we had been in a club-house. Typewriters could be heard also, yet it was hard to realize that we were in a police bureau.

Exchanging compliments, my friend said: "This gentleman has been in St. Petersburg but a short time, and he would like



to know the name and address of a person whom he visited on the day following his arrival. He has forgotten—"

"Why, certainly!" answered the functionary with a smile, "at once. . . . Let us see, Mr. X—, arrived a few days ago, Hotel X—, coming from Z—, docket 2,086. There we are!" And taking a slip of paper on his desk he continued in the most natural way:

"Three days ago, sir, you went out at 2.45, took cab 7,604; you were with an officer and you spoke in French about the coming visit of King Edward to Russia. Twenty minutes later you reached the Saint-Isaac church, which you visited; from there you went for tea to the house of Mme. de M— to whom you explained the plan of one of your articles; then you returned to your hotel with cab No. 8,790, and you gave to your 'schweitzer' (janitor) twenty 'kopecks' to mail for you a letter to France, and if you would like a synopsis of this letter—"

Saying this, he was looking for another slip of paper. I was dumfounded! So much precision, a watchfulness so constant and unceasing, and the *sans gêne* with which I was told of my most secret conduct, left me absolutely speechless! And my astonishment knew no bounds when I learned that any one could obtain for one cent the address of any inhabitant of the city.

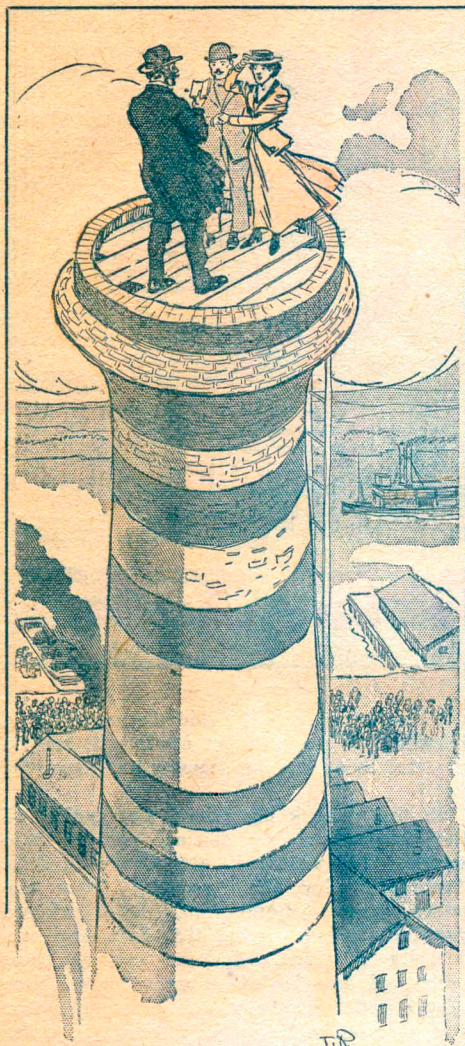
"You are surprised," said the functionary, laughing. "You will get used to it, and be grateful to us for the security we guarantee you."

In this remark my friend was typical of the Russian police official, but he was wrong. No visitor in the Czar's land is "grateful" for the "security" that the police throw around him. The lack of gratitude arises from the fact that no security is given. On the contrary, the policy of iron-heeled suppression of free speech and the right of public assembly that are supposed to be in the interests of order result only in disorder.

Those whose rights are being trampled upon by the government communicate with each other and make plans to right their wrongs, even though such actions be against the government's wishes. More than that, the manifold cruelties to which they are subjected oftentimes result in violent outbreaks in which the lives of foreign visitors are endangered.

If one has forgotten the name of a person upon whom he had called as I had, it is convenient to be able to go to the police and get the information, together with a full report of what was said, if desired.

But the convenience of such governmental facilities is more than offset by the many terrible disadvantages of police-spying, police-gagging and police-brutality.



THE COUPLE, ACCOMPANIED BY A MINISTER,
CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE NEW CHIMNEY
OF THE PEORIA GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY.

AN act or two after the tank scene, or at the moment when the heroine yanks the hero from under the pile-driver, it's a pretty good guess, if it is a really up-to-date melodrama, that an exceedingly unconventional wedding is going to take place.

But the most ingenious of playwrights has not yet been able to prove that fiction is stranger than truth when it comes to the ceremony of tying the matrimonial knot. There have been dozens of weddings in real life that have been just as strange, and perhaps stranger, than any the stage has ever produced.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE MARRIED

ON A CHIMNEY TOP?

OR IN A CEMETERY?

OR ON ROLLER-SKATES?

OR IN A ROWBOAT?

Many Loving Couples Have Chosen
Even Stranger Places to Meet
the Parson and Say "I Do."

BY E. L. BACON.

Before disputing these assertions it would be well to look over the thrilling works of the inspiring melodramatists and see whether there is anything more exciting than this climax to a love affair in Virginia last April.

In New Kent County, in that State, lived young Robert E. Bradenham and Miss Hannah Godden. They were the most ardent of lovers, but Mr. and Mrs. James H. Godden, the parents of Hannah, frowned on the young man's suit. They informed him that even if he were to wait the rest of his natural life, they would never allow him to marry their daughter.

One day neighbors told Mr. and Mrs. Godden that they had seen their daughter and Bradenham driving away at a break-neck pace. The Goddens quickly jumped into a carriage and started in pursuit.

An hour later the elopers caught sight of the indignant parents. The young man whipped up his horse. They fairly flew along the rough road.

Near West Point the lovers drew up before the house of the Rev. Dr. G. V. Waugh, and shouted to him to come out.

"Get in here with us," cried Bradenham when the minister appeared at his door. "I'll explain later."

The minister got in, and away they whirled. Then they explained to him that they wanted to be married as soon as they managed to get a few moments to spare.

Dr. Waugh was willing enough to perform the ceremony, but he said they ought to have a witness. Half a mile farther on they

caught sight of a friend of Bradenham named Charles Cabe. They pulled Cabe into the carriage, too, and they had no more than done so than they discovered the determined Goddens coming over a hill scarcely more than a stone's throw away. To make matters worse, before them lay the Pamunkey River.

But there were boats on the river bank, and there was just a chance that they might all pile into one in time to get away. They jumped out of the carriage, rushed to the nearest skiff, cut the rope that held it, and pushed out into the stream. A minute later

By this time the bride's parents were on the water themselves, and were rowing as if their lives depended on it. The minister heard them coming, and he rattled out his words faster and faster. Another minute and the pursuing Goddens were so close that they could hear what he was saying. A moment more and Mr. Godden would be able to bat the young man over the head with an oar.

But it was all over. "Bless you, my children," the minister was saying. The bridegroom kissed the bride, the minister smiled



THE MINISTER STOPPED AND PONDERED. "I GUESS A DEAD MAN CAN AFFORD TO WAIT BETTER THAN YOU," HE CONCLUDED. WITHOUT DELAY HE BEGAN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

the girl's parents reached the shore and looked around for another boat.

The elopers saw that they were likely to be caught, and in midstream they begged the minister to marry them at once. Dr. Waugh had been in love himself, and could not resist the appeal. He stood up in the skiff, steadied himself by gripping Cabe's shoulder, and began the ceremony, but the river was so rough that the elopers had to keep their seats.

triumphantly, Cabe cheered. Three boat's lengths away the outwitted Godden snorted with rage, turned his skiff around, and started for shore.

Under even more remarkable circumstances, Carrol Applegate and Miss Alta Gale were united in marriage in Peoria, Illinois, on December 20, 1906. The couple, accompanied by a minister, climbed to the top of the new chimney of the Peoria Gas and Electric Company, and there, two hun-

dred feet above the ground, the marriage ceremony was performed.

The wind was blowing a gale, and the bride was so dizzy that she could barely make the necessary replies to the minister's questions. Below, they saw a crowd of people, looking like mere specks at that distance. When the three clambered cautiously down the long ladder, the crowd greeted them with cheers.

But it was no such craving for sensational effect that made the wedding of Charles Trocce and Miss Julie Bernardi, on December 31, 1906, perhaps the strangest that has ever taken place in New York City. Trocce was an employee in Sherry's restaurant. A rival for the affections of the girl stabbed him. He was hurried to Flower Hospital, where the surgeons determined upon an immediate operation. Trocce sent a message to the girl and another to a Dominican father. They arrived at the hospital when he was on the operating-table.

"Hold on a minute," said the patient to the surgeons. "I want to get married first, if there's a chance of my dying."

The surgeons, with their instruments in their hands and the white-capped nurses with anesthetics, stood about the table while the priest solemnly performed the ceremony that united the couple. Then Trocce kissed his bride and the surgeons set to work upon him.

For days it was a good deal of a question whether he would recover, but he pulled through, and while his rival languished in a prison cell, he and his bride went on a honeymoon trip.

It would take a good deal of hard thinking to decide whether the operating-room of a hospital or the corpse-room of an undertaking shop would be the more gruesome place for a wedding. Just nine months before the curious climax to Trocce's romance the undertaking establishment of Patrick McDonnell, at No. 374 Seventh Avenue, New York, was the scene of a double marriage. George Beauchamp, a bookkeeper from Buffalo, had gone to board at No. 228 West Twenty-Fifth Street. There Fate assigned to him as roommate Roscoe C. Nelson, a young lawyer from Fort Erie, Canada.



WITH A NURSE AND A PHYSICIAN AS WITNESSES, HE TIED THE KNOT, SHOUTING OUT HIS QUESTIONS FROM A SAFE DISTANCE OF FIFTY FEET.

Each was in the habit of receiving a fine, thick letter at breakfast every day, and each guessed that the other had a girl at home. They exchanged confidences. Then they decided to coax the girls to come to New York and be married.

A little later Miss Eva Storinska arrived

"But, Great Scott, man! We've got to catch the next train back to Livingston," protested the bridegroom-elect. "I can't wait till that funeral's over. Come on, Mary. The graveyard for ours."

A few minutes later they reached the cemetery, where fifty persons were gathered



THE YOUNG MAN PULLED OUT A REVOLVER AND TOLD HIS FATHER TO STAND BACK. "AND AS FOR YOU," HE SAID TO THE JUSTICE, WAVING THE GUN IN HIS DIRECTION, "YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH THIS MARRIAGE."

from Buffalo and Miss Mary McCarty from Fort Erie. Beauchamp and Nelson immediately started on a hunt for somebody to perform the double ceremony. They found McDonnell, the undertaker, who happened to be a notary public.

"I've got a nice, swell shop where you can have the wedding," said McDonnell. "Just as good as a church any day. Fine furniture, fine pictures, and nice and quiet."

After the ceremony each bridegroom gave the undertaker a half-dollar and a cigar.

In surroundings that were not a bit more cheerful, Alson Batton and Miss Mary Ward, of Livingston, Montana, were married at Bozeman, that State, in October, 1905. The couple called at the office of the clerk of the court, and after getting a license, declared they wanted to be married at once, and asked where they could find a minister.

"Sorry," said the court clerk, "but the only preacher in town is out at the cemetery officiating at the funeral of one of our leading citizens."

around an open grave into which a coffin was being lowered.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the minister was saying, when he felt a pull at his coat-tails.

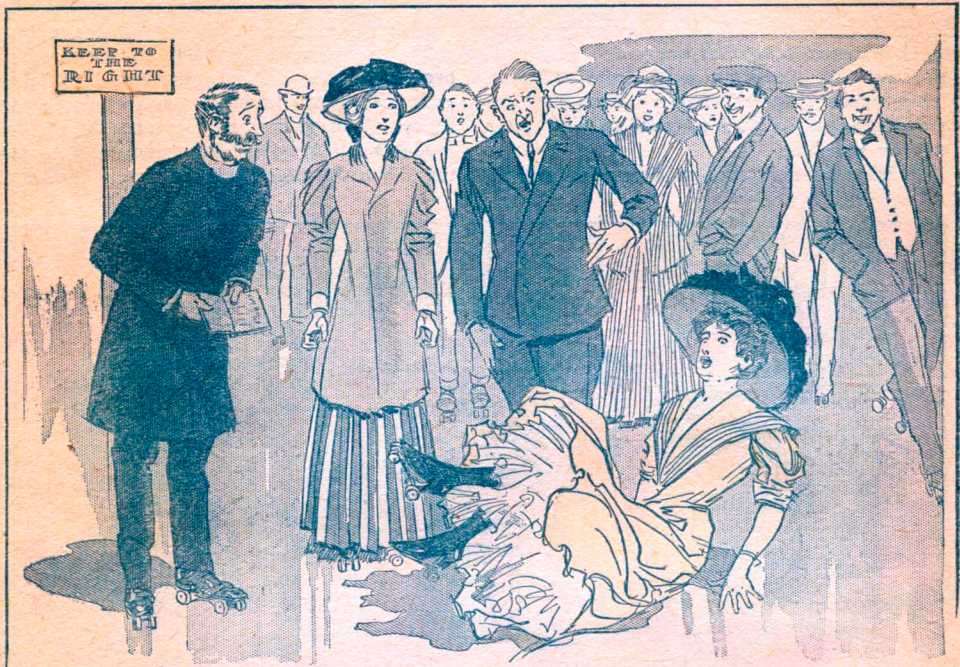
"We want to get married," the agitated swain from Livingston whispered into his ear.

"But, my dear sir, this is no place for a wedding. Can't you see that I am engaged with quite a different matter?"

"But we've got to catch the train home," cried the young man. "We've got just ten minutes to get married and get to the station, and if we miss it, there's not another till to-morrow morning."

The minister stopped and pondered. "I guess a dead man can afford to wait better than you," he concluded. While there was but one train to Livingston, he knew that the ferries on the Styx ran at all hours. Without delay he began the marriage ceremony.

When it was over the bridegroom pulled



THE BRIDE WAS JUST ON THE POINT OF PROMISING TO LOVE, HONOR, AND OBEY, WHEN HER FEET SLID OUT FROM UNDER HER, AND SHE SAT DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH A THUD.

out his watch in haste, and with the other hand pressed a fee into the minister's palm. "Six minutes," he said. "We can just make it." Then they bowed to the bewildered funeral party and hurried away.

But most brides and bridegrooms would prefer a cemetery to a house in quarantine as a place to be married in. When Charles E. Healey, of Albany, arrived at Coventry, Chenango County, New York, last January, he found that Miss Ella Harris, to whom he was engaged, was ill with diphtheria. On reaching her home, he was told that if he went inside he would have to stay there, as the house had been quarantined. "Then I'll stay," said Healey, and in he went.

A few minutes later he telephoned for a justice of the peace. When the justice arrived, Healey appeared at an open window, explained that he and the patient had decided to be married at once, and told him they expected him to perform the ceremony.

"Not for a house and lot," declared the justice emphatically, edging away toward the road.

"But you won't have to come inside," explained Healey. "You can stand out there by the fence, and Miss Harris and I will sit here in the window."

In those circumstances, the justice concluded to accept the job, and with a nurse and a physician as witnesses, he tied the

knot, shouting out his questions from a safe distance of fifty feet.

The marriage of young William Wells and Anna Brendell at Troy, Illinois, on October 14, 1904, was like a scene from a romance of the old days on the frontier. After he and the girl had eloped, the young man's father had started in pursuit. The couple obtained a license, and appeared with it before Justice Eckert and demanded that he marry them immediately. The justice was just beginning the ceremony when Wells, Sr., rushed in and ordered the bridegroom to return home with him instant.

"You stop right where you are!" he shouted to the justice. "My son's only nineteen years old, and you haven't any right to marry him."

The young man pulled out a revolver and told his father to stand back. "And as for you," he said to the justice, waving the gun in his direction, "you go right ahead with this marriage."

The justice took a long, anxious look into the barrel of the weapon and then continued the ceremony. When he reached the point where the couple were directed to join their right hands, the bridegroom cautiously shifted his revolver to his left to make sure that his irate parent kept his distance.

The father stamped out of the room and hastened away to swear out a warrant against

his son for perjury in having given his age as twenty-one at the time he got the license.

Sometimes, in these hustling days, a bachelor explains that he has never had time to get married. Such men might do well to consider the record time in which Chauncey R. Benifield, a wealthy ranchman from Dallas, Texas, took to himself a wife in Indianapolis, in September, 1907. On the morning of his wedding day, Benifield was in Cincinnati and his fiancée, Miss Letta Williams, was in Terre Haute. They had arranged to meet at Indianapolis, get married there, and then proceed on a honeymoon trip to Chicago, where the ranchman had a pressing business engagement.

When Benifield consulted his time-table he found that his train would not reach Indianapolis until 2.40 o'clock in the afternoon, and that the train he must take to Chicago left thirty-five minutes later. He felt that his Chicago engagement could not be postponed even for his wedding, and he was in a quandary.

After thinking the matter over, he called up Miss Williams by long-distance telephone and told her they would have just thirty-five minutes in Indianapolis. Then he called up L. H. Mummert, the manager of an automobile company, and outlined his plan.

Mummert notified the Rev. H. J. Crum to be in readiness to marry the couple without delay.

Both trains reached Indianapolis almost at the same time. The couple jumped into a motor-car and were driven rapidly to the court-house, where they got a marriage license. From there they hurried to the minister's house.

The bridegroom looked at his watch. The time was getting short. There was not a moment to lose. Getting the license had taken longer than he had calculated, and to be sure of reaching the station in time they should start at once.

The minister was hustled into the car, where the situation was explained to him. While they were whizzing through the streets he stood up next to the chauffeur, the bridal couple stood up in the tonneau, and the knot was tied.

They reached the station with just a minute to spare.

It was as a tribute to her famous uncle's memory that Miss Mary Toddhunter, a niece of General Pickett, of the Confederate army, chose Little Round Top, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, as the scene of her marriage to Captain Hiram Johnson, of the United States Weather Bureau, in Septem-



THE ELOPERS SAW THAT THEY WERE LIKELY TO BE CAUGHT, AND IN MIDSTREAM THEY BEGGED THE MINISTER TO MARRY THEM AT ONCE.

ber, 1907. The wedding took place on the summit of the historic mountain where Pickett made the most famous charge of the Civil War.

A double wedding is a very common affair nowadays, but it isn't very often that three brothers happen to get married all at once. In September, 1907, the Rev. J. Franklin Shindell united in marriage, at Union Hill, New Jersey, John William Henry Johnson and Miss Amy Mugg; Joseph Herbert Johnson, John's brother, and Miss Anna Hay, and Oliver Reuben Johnson, another brother, and Miss Lillian Burdett.

A month earlier, at Jacksonville, Indiana, the four sons of John Summers were married to the four daughters of James Hochstetter, and the minister found the difficulty of calling each one by the right name worse than a Chinese puzzle.

There is always a bridal couple bobbing up somewhere who yearn for a wedding entirely different than any other that has ever happened. Near Whitehall, New York, last March, Joseph Chalmers and Miss Emily Norton were married in an open field as they stood on the boundary line separating New York State from Vermont. The Rev. Mr.

Newell, of Brimstone Corners, Vermont, stood just across the line in his own State, and the Rev. J. C. Irving, of Wrights, New York, stood on the other side, and they both officiated at the marriage.

Last January Miss Eva Downing, of Winchester, Kentucky, was married by long-distance telephone at her home to Edward Burch, while he was at the other end of the wire at his home in Hampton, Virginia. Four telephones were used for the ceremony, and they were so arranged that the person at each receiver could hear all that was said by the others. The Rev. W. H. Stuart was at one receiver in Winchester, and a witness in Hampton at another.

A couple in Pittsburgh a year ago decided to get married in a roller-skating rink. The Rev. C. L. Thurgood, pastor of the Central Christian Church, united Wilbert Schandres and Miss Beulah Smith while all three were balancing themselves on skates. The bride was just on the point of promising to love, honor, and obey, when her feet slid out from under her, and she sat down on the floor with a thud. After the ceremony the Rev. Mr. Thurgood seized the opportunity to preach a sermon to the five hundred skaters.

THE OLD LADY GETS REAL MONEY—ALMOST.



JIM: "I PROMISED MY OLD 'OOMAN TWO YEARS AGO THAT FIRST TIME I EVER COMED HOME 'NEBRATED I'D GIVE HER A FIVE-PUN-NOTE, AN' I'M PROUD TO SAY HER'S NEVER HAD IT YET."

GARGE: "AH, NOW—BUT I RECKON SHE'S THOUGHT EVERY OTHER NIGHT SHE WUZ ENTITLED TO FOUR POUND NINETEEN AN' SIX!"—*London Sketch.*



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

IN return for proof of his innocence of the murder of Paymaster Jordan, Captain Scott, the hero of the story, consents to learn for Colonel Volta, of the Austrian secret service, the whereabouts in Central America of a certain individual. The secret is known by a girl named Marian Latour, and it is from her that he must learn it. If he does not, Colonel Volta will not produce the proof that Jordan was murdered, not by Scott, but by others interested in learning the same secret.

Scott meets Miss Latour and falls in love with her. She tells him that Baron Hofstein, Sir Henry Lascelles, and Count Trumanoff, German, English, and Russian noblemen, have all proposed to her. He suspects that they desire the same information that he does. A messenger comes from Central America for Marian and she leaves at once. Her uncle, Bishop Latour, and Scott start after her, intending to overtake her in Colonel Volta's yacht.

CHAPTER V.

The Tidings of Disaster.

"PAPERS! Washington! Philadelphia! New York! Papers! Have a paper, sir? Here you are! Papers!"

The train-boy was crying his wares as he sauntered through the train. Absorbed in my own unpleasant thoughts and in no mood for reading, I did not heed him. But the bishop did.

"Have you any Charleston papers?" he asked.

"Charleston? No, suh, I reckon not," drawled the boy. "We won't get none till we git to Danville. Don't you want a Washington paper, suh?"

"Well, I suppose so." The bishop helped himself from the pile, glanced over the paper, sighed, and turned to me.

"No news is good news, of course," he remarked. "Yet it is the most unsatisfactory sort of good news in the world."

I came out of my study and looked wonderingly at the paper.

"What news did you hope to find in it?" I asked.

"Feared to find," corrected the bishop. "I don't know. But I looked over all the accounts of crimes and accidents."

"I wanted a Charleston paper because Marian promised to put a personal in it. Eh? What?"

The train-boy had returned and was holding out a torn and soiled paper.

"Here's the Charleston *News* of day before yesterday," he explained. "I got it off a man who'd finished with it. Don't know whether you want it or not."

"Assuredly." The bishop bought the paper and hurriedly turned its pages.

"Here it is," he exclaimed thankfully. "Listen:

Charles: Leave for New York to-day. All well. Harry.

"That's the code agreed on. Marian and

the others have arranged to sail for Havana and Belize. So far, so well. We shall get further news when we get to Charleston."

He laid the paper on his knees as one who had no further interest in its contents. I stared at him. I could not take the situation quite as gravely as he. After all, this was the United States and the twentieth century.

"You haven't looked over the crimes yet," I observed, rather mockingly, I fear.

"True," the bishop answered gravely. "It seemed unnecessary since I heard from Marian. Perhaps you will look over them for me. My eyes are not as good as they were, and the motion of the train makes it difficult for me to read."

I took the paper and scanned its torn pages idly. Nowhere did I see anything that by any chance could refer to Marian.

"There's nothing in it so far as I can see," I reported. "Really, don't you think you are exaggerating things a little?"

The bishop laid his hand on my knee.

"Make no mistake, Mr. Scott," he said impressively. "This is no case of child's play. It is impossible to overestimate the gravity of the situation. To do so would be to invite disaster."

Silenced but unconvinced, I returned to the paper. Some flaring head-lines, passed over on my first inspection by reason of their very size, caught my eye.

"Here's a rather unusual case," I observed. "A Mexican peon tried to hold up a Russian gentleman and was shot dead. A Mexican and a Russian in Charleston—curious coincidence, isn't it?"

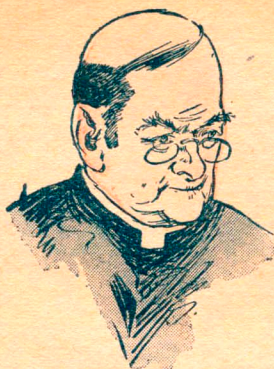
"Coincidence!" The bishop snatched the paper from my hand. "Coincidence!" He skimmed the lines hurriedly.

"Robber unknown! Thought at first to be a negro, but later discovered to be a Mexican half-breed. Mr. Zickoff vouched for by the Russian consul!" This is more than a coincidence."

I looked at the old gentleman with a puzzled frown. "You mean?" I began tentatively.

"I mean that when I reach Charleston I shall go to the morgue to look at the man's body, and shall thank God if I fail to recognize it."

Light dawned on me. "You think it is the man who brought the message?" I asked.



THERE WAS ABOUT THE BISHOP
A BENIGNITY, AN ATMOSPHERE
OF LOVING KINDNESS THAT
SPOKE A GENTLE HEART.

"I fear it may be he. What do you know of Count Trumanoff, Mr. Scott?"

The apparent change of subject bewildered me. "Why, nothing," I hesitated, "except that he is attached to the Russian Embassy in Washington."

"He has not been attached to it long. He is a man of great daring and wide experience—always to be found where Russia has some desperate enterprise afoot. I first met him ten years ago when he was exploring in Yucatan."

"There is a charm about the man. He makes friends

everywhere. It was asserted at that time that he had been adopted by the Mayas and had become one of their chiefs. I have forgotten this, but now it all comes back to me. If it is true, and if he still retains power with the Mayas, it may mean I know not what danger to Marian."

The bishop ceased, and I lay back and considered the subject. Despite Jordan's murder and Colonel Volta's warning, despite the unexplained presence of the three foreign noblemen and their inexplicable actions, the bishop's inference that the messenger had been deliberately murdered to further some mysterious object of Russia's was incredible to me.

Again I opened the newspaper and re-read the article. The case seemed perfectly plain. The Russian gentleman, who gave the name of Vladimir Zickoff, and who was a stranger in Charleston, reported that the man had come up to him at about five o'clock in the evening on a lonely block leading to the water-front, and had thrust a revolver into his face and demanded money.

Mr. Zickoff said that he had promptly knocked the revolver aside, receiving a slight wound in doing so, and had closed with the man. In the course of the ensuing struggle he had wrested the weapon from him and had shot him. The reports of the pistol had drawn a crowd. The man was found dead and Mr. Zickoff wounded.

The case was apparently so plain that no arrest was made, especially as the Russian consul had declared Mr. Zickoff to be a man of the highest standing. He had left Charleston for Washington on the mid-night train.

This was a plain narrative of a not uncommon occurrence. I could see in it no

ground for the bishop's surmises, and it seemed preposterous to think that the Russian government could connive at a murder away off here in America. Still, if the bishop's supposition as to the identity of the dead Mexican proved well founded, then, indeed, there would be cause for anxiety.

CHAPTER VI.

A Friend in Need.

THE bishop was right. The man was the messenger.

Standing above his dead body, I wondered afresh what desperate errand had brought him from his far-away, half-heathen home to meet his death in this presumably safe and civilized country. Great indeed must be the issues and desperate the plotters who dared to commit deliberate murder merely to remove a possible ally of Marian and her brother.

If they risked so much for so small a gain, what might they not venture against Marian herself? For I could no longer doubt that the man had been slain on account of his connection with the Latours.

Shaking with helpless rage and terror, I raised my eyes to find the bishop regarding the corpse sadly. His eyes were filled with tears and his lips quivered.

"Good and faithful servant and friend," he murmured. "May Heaven punish your cruel murderers!"

I set my jaw. For the first time the bishop's gentleness angered me, but I did not permit my rage to be visible.

"Whom shall we notify?" I asked.

"Nobody!"

"Nobody?"

"Nobody! To what end?"

It would be utterly impossible to convict the man with no better evidence than we have. We should only draw attention to ourselves, which is just what we wish to avoid.

"No; we can do nothing just now. Let the criminals think themselves safe. Later we may talk of punishment. To-day we are helpless."

There was truth in what he said. Irrefragable proof would be necessary before we could convict the murderer, and irrefragable proof we did not have. Moreover, any move we might make would certainly delay us, and delay might mean

life and death to Marian, whose safety must come first of all with both of us.

Perhaps even now— In terror I turned to the bishop.

"Miss Latour?" I gasped.

He divined my thought, and answered it quickly.

"I think she is still safe," he said. "Clearly she was not near when this dastardly murder took place. I take it she sent Otranto to the newspaper office with her advertisement, and that he was waylaid on his return to the boat. She was to write, if possible, in care of a friend here. I must go and get her letter. Come!"

I followed him, but at the door of the morgue I stopped. It occurred to me that I had better find my yacht, and make the acquaintance of my captain and crew before I took the bishop on board. Liars have to consider many things.

"Perhaps we had better separate for the time being," I suggested. "I must find out whether my yacht is here, and is ready for sea. You can get your letter, and then join me on board. The yacht is named the Sunflower. You can easily find her."

"Very well." The bishop hesitated. "Mr. Scott," he said solemnly, "glad as I am of your aid, I should do wrong if I did not ask you to reflect once more before you cast your lot in with ours. You see now that this affair is no child's play. It involves more than you can guess.

"Our opponents are vigilant and daring, and will stop at nothing. You obstruct their plans at peril of your life. Remember, that so far we have seen only the tracks of the Russian. The German and the Englishman are still to be reckoned with. Their methods will be different, but they are not likely to be less determined.

"You have nothing at stake, and before you become hopelessly involved I want you to ask yourself seriously whether the game is worth the candle. It is not too late for you to stop now, but it soon will be."

I shook my head.

"I've enlisted for the war," I declared positively. "I wish you were free to tell me in what cause I am fighting, but if you can't, you can't. I know I am serving Miss Latour, and that's enough for the present. Besides, I like the game. As for my life, I wish I could make you understand of how little consequence that is to anybody—



"SIR HENRY LASCELLES BELONGS TO A GREAT FAMILY AND IS HEIR TO MANY TITLES."

even myself. I am at your disposal absolutely."

"Good!" The bishop's face brightened, and he held out his hand. "I am more glad of your aid than I can say. And if I cannot tell you more of the contest in which we are engaged, I can at least tell you that it is one which I glory in."

"Well, I'm durned, if it ain't the lootenant!"

The interjection came from close behind us. Startled, the bishop and I spun round, to see a little man in ill-fitting clothes standing at my elbow, regarding me with delighted eyes. His face was vaguely familiar, but I could not place him.

"Beggin' your pardon, lootenant," he went on, "but I was so blamed glad to see you! It's a long ways from here to Texas."

Recollection came to me in a flash, and I reached out my hand.

"Curly! Curly!" I cried. "I never would have known you. Heavens and earth, man, what have you done to yourself? Where is your hair? Where are your curls? And what on earth are you doing here, dressed in that way?"

The man's brightness dimmed perceptibly, and he glanced at the bishop. "Friend of yourn, lootenant?" he demanded.

"Yes. Bishop, let me introduce you to Curly Bill, who rode herd with me in Texas years ago, and served with me in the Spanish War. Curly, this is Bishop Latour."

"Thunder! A sky-pilot." Curly started back, and seemed on the point of flight. His panic amazed me, for I had known him as one who feared neither man nor devil. Quickly I looked at the bishop, fearing he had taken offense.

But forty years' experience had taught him much. He grasped Curly's hand warmly.

"A sky-pilot!" he repeated. "I've always thought that was a splendid name for a preacher. I'm delighted to meet you, though I'm afraid I can't stop now to convince you of it." He turned to me. "I'll leave you now, Mr. Scott," he announced. "I'll try to be on board in an hour. Good morning."

When the bishop was gone Curly glanced around him furtively.

"I furgot for a minute," he said hoarsely; "I was so plumb glad to see you. I'm off the reservation for good and all, and the boys are after me. I'm in hiding and I'm broke, and I'm in a divil of a fix generally."

"Well, you aren't broke any more now—that's sure. As for being in hiding and in a fix, suppose you come on board my yacht and tell me all about it. I need a friend like you just now—need one worse than I ever needed one in my life—and perhaps we can make a deal."

Curly stuck his hand in mine. "I'm there," he cried. "Where'd you say? On a yacht?"

"Yes. I have one lying in the bay here—at least, I think she's here. I'm just starting for Central America. Perhaps, if you are in hiding, you'd like to come along."

Curly looked up at me gratefully. "By jings!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't white! But, say, maybe you won't want to take me when you know why the boys are after me?"

"Think not? Then don't tell me. I'm not on a picnic myself, and may need your shooting before I get through. Will you come?"

"Come? Well, I should howl! Say, lootenant, I ain't ever been to sea none. These here yachts are likely to buck considerable, ain't they?"

"I'm afraid they are, Curly," I laughed.

"Well," the plainsman remarked with a sigh, "I guess it won't be wors'n dancing on nothing as the prize attraction at a necktie party. Been here long, lootenant?"

"Only got in an hour ago. By the way, how did you come to find me?"

Curly started, and peered rapidly round, as if in search of some one; then shook his head.

"He's gone!" he said. "Say, do you know a tall Britisher, with three eyes just like you used to have, and a cut across his left forehead?"

"Sir Henry Lascelles?"

"That might be his name, and again it mightn't. He warn't branded, but he looked as if he might belong to some such herd as that. Anyhow, he was watchin' you and the parson mighty keen from behind that tree yonder. I looked to see what he was a lookin' at, and spotted you. Then, I didn't take no more notice of him. Friend of yourn?"

CHAPTER VII.

On Board the Sunflower.

I FOUND the yacht rocking in the tide-way, in the shadow of historic Sumter. There was a man-of-war smartness about her that distinguished her from the other vessels that crowded the bay, and I was not surprised to find that she was armed, carrying four guns and one torpedo-tube. Evidently Colonel Volta had prepared for any emergency.

The captain received us at the gangway. He was a big, dark-faced man, with fierce eyes and high cheek-bones—a native of the east of Europe by appearance. As I came on board he saluted with as little emotion as if he had known me for years, and my arrival was a matter of course.

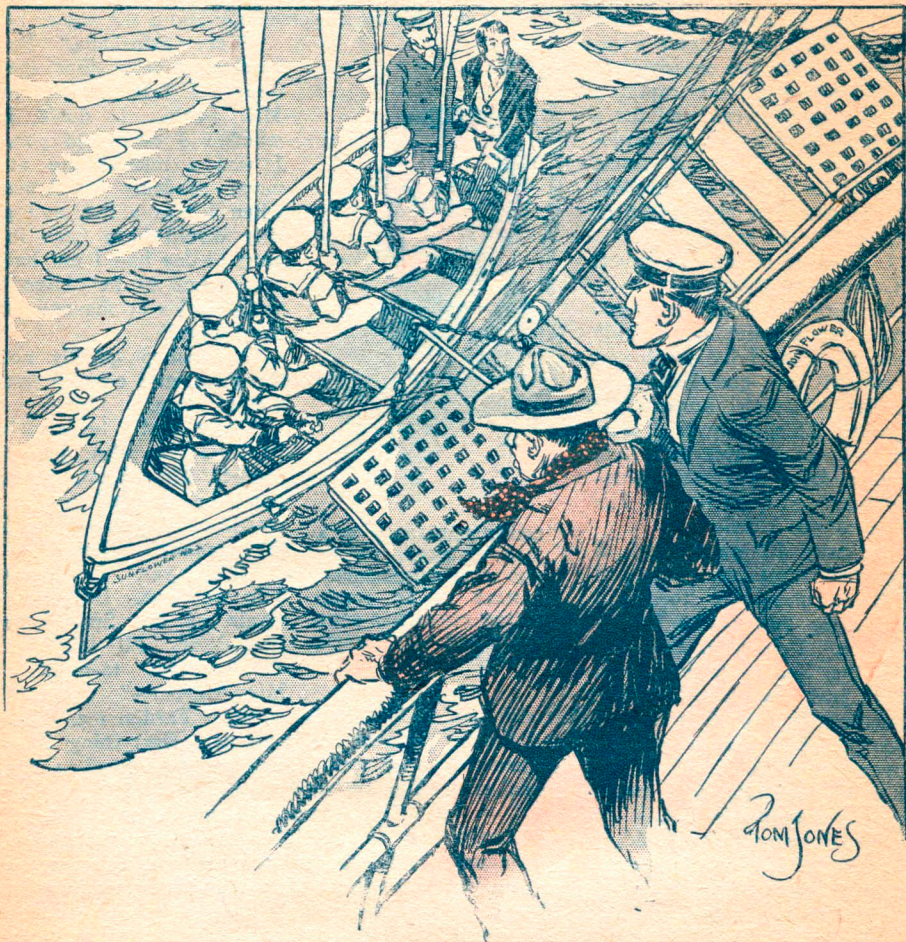
I returned his salute haughtily. Much might depend on my taking the ascendancy from the first.

"Good morning, captain," I said curtly. "Send the launch ashore again to bring off an old gentleman, Bishop Latour, who will be at the pier in an hour. Then come to the cabin. I have some orders to give."

Without waiting for a response I walked

"Who's this fellow you've brought aboard, and who's this bishop you're sending for?" he demanded truculently.

For a moment I hesitated. I did not know exactly what orders Colonel Volta had given concerning me—did not know who was supposed to be in control on the yacht. Yet my gorge rose at the thought of submission to this bully.



"LOOK! QUICK!" I ORDERED. "IS THAT THE MAN YOU SAW WATCHING ME THIS MORNING?"

aft with Curly, to where two or three deck-chairs invited to comfort.

"Sit down, Curly," I said, "and make yourself at home. I'll have a stateroom prepared for you as soon as I get the lay of the land a little."

Leaving Curly, I went below to the cabin, where an instant later the captain joined me.

Plainly his first civility had been adopted for its effect on the crew, for now, without taking off his cap, he strode forward and rested his knuckles on the table.

Besides, I had made myself responsible for the bishop's safety, and I hoped to offer Marian a refuge on board the yacht. This would be impossible unless I controlled the situation, and I could never control it if I submitted at the start.

I glared at the captain until he squirmed under my gaze. "Take off your hat," I ordered coldly.

The man positively jumped at my tones. He opened his mouth to answer, but I took the words from him.

"Take—off—your—hat!" I repeated.

My manner overawed him. Just what he had been told I never knew, but I do not doubt that he expected to find a subservient passenger. My assumption of authority amazed him. Clearly he concluded that if I dared to give orders to him in such a manner I must be somebody. Slowly he took off his hat.

I followed up my advantage.

"Now, go outside that door and close it. Then knock, and don't come in until I give you permission."

The veins in the captain's temples swelled red, and for a moment I expected an explosion, but it did not come. Meekly he turned and walked out of the door and closed it, and quietly he rapped.

I drew a breath of relief. "Come in," I called.

A very subdued man entered, cap in hand, and humbly took the chair I indicated, and answered my questions very civilly, though somewhat shortly. This, however, I soon learned was a habit with him, arising from a certain sluggishness of intellect. His mind moved slowly.

As may be supposed, I had to frame my questions with extreme care to avoid arousing suspicion by ignorance. I learned, however, that the *Sunflower* had been built just as the Spanish-American War broke out, and that she had been promptly bought by the United States government, fitted with a hasty armament of rapid-fire guns and torpedo-tubes, and used as a despatch-boat.

After the war she was sold, passed through the hands of several successive owners, "until," said the captain, "your honor bought her only a few months ago."

The words sounded so much like sarcasm that I started and looked keenly at the man. Not the flicker of an eyelash, however, showed that he intended to mock me, and I concluded that he was really in earnest.

The yacht's gun and torpedo fittings, it seemed, had never been removed, and "I" had sent orders to see that the crew was drilled in their management. All this and more the captain told me solemnly and smoothly, and I accepted it with equal nonchalance.

Finally I dismissed him as haughtily as I knew how.

"Inform me when the boat comes off from

the shore, captain!" I ordered. "Until then I shall not need you."

Left alone, I rang for the steward, and ordered him to prepare staterooms for the bishop and Curly. Then, warned by a messenger from the captain, I hurried on deck to receive the bishop.

The old gentleman climbed on board with an ease scarcely to be expected in one of his years. At the gangway he paused, and cast his eyes approvingly about the snowy decks.

"Very shipshape," he remarked; "very shipshape, indeed! I love a trim vessel, Mr. Scott. I don't know whether I ever told you, but I was a midshipman at the naval academy at Annapolis when I was a lad, and probably would have been in the navy to-day had I not had the misfortune to be 'bilged' on mathematics at the end of my third year."

The bishop quickly noticed the guns, and crossed over to one of them.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea you were armed, Mr. Scott. And I see"—he glanced up at the masthead—"I see you have the wireless on board."

"Why, yes," I stammered. "So we have. Both are survivals of the Spanish-American War. I'll tell you all about them to-night. But Miss Marian—"

"Oh! Of course. Pardon me. Naturally you are anxious. Everything is going very well. Shall we go below? Or, stay! You are ready to put to sea?"

"At a moment's notice."

"Good! Then, with your permission, we will leave as soon as I get a message I am expecting. No; it isn't worth while for you to send ashore for it. It will be sent to us."

Giving orders to send down any letter that might arrive, I led the way to the cabin. On the way we passed Curly, who stood up and saluted the bishop.

Smilingly the latter returned the gesture, but once in the spacious cabin he turned to me with a troubled look.

"Who is this man Curly?" he asked anxiously. "What is he doing on board? Are you sure of him?"

In spite of my anxiety I laughed aloud. "I beg your pardon, bishop," I exclaimed; "but you don't know how funny the idea of Curly as a spy seems to me. I've known him off and on for several years. He is what is



"COUNT TRUMANOFF IS A MAN OF GREAT DARING AND WIDE EXPERIENCE—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND WHERE RUSSIA HAS SOME DESPERATE ENTERPRISE AFOOT."

called a 'bad man' out West. That means that he is quick on the trigger, and has killed several other bad men."

"But what is he doing here?"

"As to that, I don't know exactly. He has cut off the curls which were the pride of his life and which gave him his name, and he tells me he is in hiding, and Curly doesn't hide from anything trivial. I brought him with us because he wanted to get away; and, besides, if it comes to a fight, he'll be equal to half a dozen men."

Bishop Latour did not look entirely satisfied, but he dismissed the subject, changing, however, to a cognate one.

"Your men?" he questioned. "Can you trust them fully?"

I hesitated.

"Trust them for what?" I temporized. "I can trust them to do their sea duty correctly, for they have been well selected for that. As for the rest, I don't know. If you mean am I certain that none of them are in the pay of the enemy, I can only say that I don't see how they could be, as the enemy could not know until now at the earliest that I was in the game. But, of course, I can't guarantee their honesty in the future if they are tempted. Sailor men are a mighty uncertain quantity."

"You've had them all for—say—a month."

I pressed a button on the wall.

"Ask Captain Martin if he will be good enough to step here for a moment," I instructed the steward. "He can tell you about the crew better than I can," I informed the bishop. "I haven't seen them for two months or more."

A moment later Captain Martin knocked at the door. When I bade him enter he did so, cap in hand.

I presented him to the bishop, who clasped his hand warmly.

"I am glad to meet you, captain," he declared. "I am to be your passenger for a short voyage, and I am always glad when the captain is a strong man. It gives me a feeling of safety."

The captain turned the words over in his mind for a moment. Then he doubled up his arm.

"Yes! I'm strong," he grunted.

"That's evident. But I meant a man of force rather than mere physical strength. What countryman are you, captain?"

"American."

"Captain Martin tells me that his father was an Englishman and his mother a Pole," I explained hastily. "He himself was born in Minnesota. I am right, am I not, captain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's all, captain. I only wanted

you to meet Bishop Latour, who is going south with us, and ask you about the crew. It's been some time since I've seen the men. Have there been any changes?"

"No, sir."

"You have all your old men, and have shipped no new ones?"

"None, sir."

The captain saluted stolidly, and moved away. When he had gone the bishop took a letter from his pocket and unfolded it.

"This is from Marian," he said. "It is dated day before yesterday. In it she says that she and Fred are about to sail under the name of Brown on the steamer Crossjack for Belize. She intended to send Otranto ashore with the letter, and with a personal for insertion in the newspaper. Clearly it was in taking that message that the poor fellow met his death."

"That is all, except for a few personal words, and a declaration that everything had gone well so far. In a postscript she adds that she will send ashore a later message, if possible, by the pilot. I have not been able to learn yet whether she did send such a message, and it is to find this out that we are waiting."

"You have inquired about the Crossjack?"

"Yes. She left at five o'clock—her usual time—on her usual trip, with her usual quota of passengers. All perfectly regular. I brought her schedule out with me. Here it is."

I took the paper and studied it.

"Humph! Yes. I see. She touches at several ports on the way to Belize. If she left at five o'clock day before yesterday, we can easily catch her before she gets to her destination."

"Can you?" The bishop rose enthusiastically to his feet. As he did so the steward entered, with an envelope in his hand.

"Letter from the shore, sir," he reported.

Hastily the bishop broke the seal, and glanced at the contents. Then he uttered an exclamation.

"Marian's message has been delayed," he lamented. "The pilot-boat hasn't returned yet, but is expected soon. It stays out till all the pilots have been put aboard vessels, you know."

"My friend, Colonel Summers, says if we choose to go on, he will get the letter—if there is one—as soon as it comes, and send the gist of it on to us by wireless from Key West. I think, perhaps, we had better let him do it. It isn't certain that Marian was able to write, you know, and there is no telling how long the pilot-boat may be delayed."

"Very well. I'll give orders to get under way at once and we'll—"

A sudden tumult on deck cut short the words. A chorus of yells, a trampling of feet, the hoarse voice of the captain shouting; then the clang of bells and the sudden throb of the engines—all told that something unexpected had occurred.

Rushing on deck, I stood aghast. Borne by the strong ebb tide, a huge coal-barge was drifting rapidly down upon the Sunflower, which, held by its anchor, awaited the blow that would mean injury if not destruction. Close by, a tug was thrashing about, striving desperately, but to all appearance vainly, to avert the ruin its tow was about to work.

"Case of stampede, ain't it, lootenant?" queried Curly from behind me. "Guess that fellow went to sleep when he'd ought to been riding herd, and they've broke plumb away from him."

Nearer and nearer the barge drifted until scarce twenty feet of water separated her from the Sunflower. Another second and the crash must come.

As I nerved myself to meet it, there came a rumbling beneath my feet and the Sunflower dropped rapidly away down the tide. "Captain Martin's trying to dodge!" I gasped, clutching the bishop's arm.

As I spoke, the Sunflower's bell rang again and the yacht, which had let out her entire length of anchor-chain, shot ahead with a strong port rudder and, passing behind the barge so close that she scraped the paint from her side, slid back into her former berth.

"Hooray!" yelled Curly enthusiastically.

I drew a long breath.

"That was a near thing, bishop," I cried. "If it hadn't been for Captain Martin, I guess we wouldn't have sailed to-day. That clumsy tug-boat captain ought to lose his license."

"He ought," rejoined the bishop in a peculiar tone, "but not for clumsiness. He did the best he could for his employers. Captain Martin was too clever for him, that's all."

"What on earth do you mean?"

The bishop smiled bitterly. "You surely don't think this affair was an accident," he rejoined. "It was merely an incident in the attempt to prevent support from reaching Marian."

CHAPTER VIII.

An Unwelcome Guest.

THE sun was past the meridian when the Sunflower steamed out of Charleston Harbor and stood away to the south on the

track of the Crossjack. Allowing for our greater speed and for the stopping of the other vessel at Nassau and Havana, we might expect to overtake her close to the northeast corner of the Yucatan peninsula, about two hundred miles north of Belize, and twenty-four hours' steaming beyond Key West.

The sea was rising, though the wind was merely fresh, and the yacht pitched slightly. I had always been a good sailor and the motion did not trouble me at all. The bishop, however, soon grew pale and sought his cabin, while Curly—

When I tried to comfort him he groaned:

"Say, lootenant," he muttered dully, "is this bronco going to keep on bucking forever? 'Cause, if it is, I want you to run in somewhere and wire the sheriff of San Antonio that Curly Bill is ready and willin' to go back to Texas and be strung up comfortable on dry land."

I laughed unfeelingly, I fear.

"You'll be all right by to-morrow, Curly," I said. "The weather's getting worse, but you'll begin to pick up soon all the same. Come up on deck where you can get the air. It'll do you good."

As the day wore on, a change came over sea and sky. The sun still shone, but coldly and with a metallic gleam. The waves grew higher. All day they split against the yacht's sharp prow and hissed aft; while the yacht rose and fell with a sickening pitch. There was no wind to speak of, but I was seaman enough to know that a storm must be raging somewhere out on the broad Atlantic.

About five o'clock the lookout hailed the deck and reported a sail on the port bow. The glass showed that it belonged to a small catboat moving in the same direction as ourselves, and the greater speed of the Sunflower soon enabled us to see that she had only one man on board.

As we drew nearer, it became apparent that the little boat was in distress. She was abnormally deep in the water and labored badly as the waves struck her. Suddenly she changed her course, which had lain slightly to the east of ours, to one bearing more to the west. The man on her stood up and began to wave a handkerchief.

I turned to the captain. "What's the matter with her?" I asked.

Captain Martin looked again.

"Water-logged," he grunted.

"I thought so. She is— By Jove! I thought she was gone."

The boat had sunk so deeply into the trough of a wave that for the moment she had vanished.

"She'll live some minutes yet."

"Some minutes!" The captain's callousness angered me. "Hurry!" I ordered. "We don't want the man to drown before our eyes."

The captain glowered at me.

"We don't want anybody else on board," he grunted. "Got too many now."

"Don't want anybody!" Unreasoning rage almost choked me. "By Heaven!" I cried. "You'll run down to that man as quick as you can, or I'll take the command of this vessel out of your hands. Quick now! Full speed!"

With a snarl the captain turned on me; then once more he wilted. He said something in a strange tongue to the steersman, and the vessel, obedient to the flying spokes, shifted her course slightly and headed toward the catboat. At the same time he flung over the engine-room indicator and the Sunflower sprang forward with quickened speed.

"Call away a boat!" I ordered.

Obediently the captain gave the command and soon the cutter swung outboard, crew in place, and hung poised, ready to be dropped.

Again I turned the glasses on the boat. No longer did she rise to the waves, but lay sluggish under the impact. With each roll I expected her to vanish.

As I watched her, fascinated, I saw the man on board her stand up and face toward us. Even at that distance there was something vaguely familiar about him, but before I had time for a second look, he waved his hand and leaped into the sea. At the same instant his boat dipped forward and plunged head first beneath an advancing billow. For a few seconds her sails fluttered white above its crest and then she was gone.

The engine-bell rang and the Sunflower slowed down. "Lower away," ordered the first officer, and the cutter slapped neatly into the water on the swell of a wave and pulled rapidly away toward a black spot.

Watching through the glasses I saw the man hauled on board. Then I turned to the captain; there was something I wanted to assure myself of.

"Captain," I questioned, "you have had more experience of the sea than I have. How long could a boat like that hope to live in this sea?"

"Depends on crew. Lubber like that couldn't have lived more than half an hour longer."

The cutter was close alongside now, and for the first time I could see plainly the face of the rescued man, who sat in the stern sheets as quietly as though he had not been close to death. At the sight of it I started, rubbed my eyes and looked again. "By Jove!" I muttered. "I can't be right!"

Quickly I hurried to Curly, who through all the excitement had remained in his deck-chair, oblivious to everything but his own sufferings.

"Here!" I cried, grabbing him by the shoulder. "Come quick! I want you to see something!"

Curly opened a lack-luster eye. "I can't," he groaned, "I can't."

"But you must. Just a moment." I dragged the unwilling plainsman to his feet and pulled him to the rail. "Look! Quick!" I ordered. "Is that the man you saw watching me this morning?"

"Where? Yes, that's him. Ough!" With a groan Curly jerked himself away and fell back into his chair in an ecstasy of wo.

I left him and went forward thoughtfully. What could this mystery be that led men to take such risks as this? For well I knew that it was by no coincidence that Sir Henry Lascelles had spied upon me six hours before in Charleston and now risked his life to throw himself in my path.

He could have reached this spot only by hurrying down the coast by rail, and then sailing out to sea in the teeth of the rising storm. To suppose that he had done this without reference to our coming was too much to ask of chance.

But I must admit he played his part well. When he recognized me, his face lighted up. "Ah! By Jove!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand. "This is a deuced pleasant surprise. I thought I was booked for Davy Jones's locker, and here I find myself with friends. It's the best of luck."

I took his hand, but did not smile.

"I'm glad you escaped so well, Sir Henry," I returned. "It is a great surprise to see you, of course. How does it come about?"

Sir Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing but my blessed ignorance, I'm



BARON HOFSTEIN WAS A COUSIN
OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

afraid," he laughed. "I thought I knew how to sail a boat, and I didn't, that's all. You can put me ashore, I suppose, can't you? I'm living near here, you know."

"I'm afraid I can't just now."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Don't give yourself any concern about it. The world's my home and I'm satisfied anywhere—though it's jolly cold on deck here in this wind in wet clothes."

I came out of my dream.

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed. "If you'll come below, I'll see what I can do for you."

A few minutes later Sir Henry was installed in a stateroom and provided with plenty of dry clothes, while I went to talk to the bishop.

The unexpected appearance of the man greatly embarrassed me; almost I regretted that I had not let Captain Martin pass him unheeding. On the one hand, common courtesy required me to be civil to one whom I had met on an equal footing only a few days before, while on the other hand the certainty that he was involved in the plot that centered around Marian Latour forced me to behave to him with the greatest circumspection.

Circumstances compelled me to believe that he had come out to sea with the deliberate intention of forcing himself upon the yacht; and yet the amazing foolhardiness of the scheme made it preposterous to imagine that any sane man could have planned it.

I found the bishop lying quietly in his berth, propped around with pillows to prevent any unnecessary motion. When he saw me he did not move, though his eyes smiled a welcome.

"Ah, my boy!" he said heartily. "Come in. You'll pardon my rising. If I move for the next few hours, I won't answer for the consequences. Ups and downs are bad for me at sea. How is your Texas friend?"

"Curly? I think he's regretting just now that the sheriff didn't catch him. But I came in to tell you something serious. Sir Henry Lascelles is on board."

The bishop half rose; then sank suddenly back and put his hand to his head. "How the flesh rules us," he murmured faintly. "If I were in a normal state, I should be horrified, I know; but now I am only worried. How did he get on board?"

I narrated the circumstances. "If it really was a put-up job," I concluded, "it was a daring one. If he had missed us, he would have been drowned beyond a doubt. The sea is getting steadily worse, and Captain Martin says his boat couldn't have lived half an hour longer."

The bishop looked thoughtful. "Unless I

am mistaken," he remarked, "his life is of small moment to Sir Henry Lascelles. I have heard rumors about him. He belongs to a great family and is heir to many titles; he is not the man a government would select for such service. And yet—"

"And yet he is in it most emphatically. The question is: what shall I do with him?"

"Treat him like a gentleman until you get a chance to transfer him to some other ship. That's the only thing possible."

CHAPTER IX.

Bad News.

THE next day dawned gloomily. The sea was high, the waves rolling by in sullen swells, black and foamless. There was little wind—only the incessant heaving of huge rollers that showed how heavy must be the storm that produced them.

My watch declared that the sun must have risen, but there was little sign of its presence in either sea or sky. A dull grayness filled the horizon. As far as the eye could reach no light was visible, the dark sky melting invisibly into the dark sea.

Neither Curly nor the bishop appeared on deck, though both seemed somewhat less miserable than on the day before. Sir Henry, however, appeared not to feel the motion of the vessel at all. He was out before I was and put away a breakfast that an old sea-dog might envy.

I had braced myself the night before to meet his expected questioning, only to find that it did not come. He talked incessantly, but always on indifferent topics, not betraying the least curiosity concerning the yacht's destination.

At first this surprised me, but I soon understood it—or thought I did—telling myself that the baronet knew as much or more than I did, and had no need to ask for information. At any rate, he conducted himself with absolute propriety, ignoring the many points on which he might easily have put an inquisitive finger.

So the day passed, and another like it dawned to find us running down the Florida Channel through a sea still high. Noon would see us close to Key West, and it behooved us to be ready to receive the hoped-for message if it came.

Soon after breakfast I sent for the wireless operator, who, although clearly of the Germanic race, spoke English with idiomatic inaccuracy, and instructed him to get into communication with the government station on the island and ask for a message for the Sunflower. Later, when I visited the little

deck-house where he sat with a microphone strapped to his head, I found him idly listening, as he explained, to a long string of messages that were being transmitted through the ether to Key West, but making no attempt to declare his own presence.

"It don't vas a bit of use to butt in," he declared, when I urged him to call Key West. "This outfit of ours vas on der bum, anyway, and Key West ain't more'n just in range. We don't get no chance to make it hear us so long as dot station at Guantanamo vas shouting over our heads. It vas bigger than we are and drowns us oudt, und if it don't we would joost interfere with it und stop all communication.

"It vas let up pretty soon, I think. These shore stations all haf their own hours for receiving. Key West vas receive all morning and ought to take its turn at sending pooty soon. When it change I get von chance to break in."

I was not satisfied with this.

"We have no time to lose. If you can't get into communication soon we will have to run into Key West," I objected, "and we can't spare the time. I think you had better try to break in."

"All right. You vos der boss. Joost as soon as der vos a moment's chance, I try it."

"Very good. Let me know when you begin."

The man laughed.

"Der vos no trouble about dot," he answered. "The wire don't make no noise when it receives; you don't hear it unless you haf der microphone fastened to your head. But ven it send—well! Dienes instrument vos a small one, but it shoot von spark a foot long into the air, und a spark is von small flash of lightning. Ven we send we makes a noise, yes! You don't could help hearing it."

A little later the flash and rumble of the wireless suddenly began. Sir Henry, seated near me on the deck, started and then listened attentively—so attentively that I suspected that he might be reading the message as it was ticked off.

Before I could question him on the subject, however, a man came aft with a written message from the operator saying that he had asked Key West for the desired letter, and had been told that there was none. If one should arrive it would try to get it to us.

This was most unsatisfactory, especially as I had no means of knowing whether or no the operator was playing fair with me. Captain Martin had been squelched, but it was quite possible, if not probable, that he might commit the easy treachery of intercepting messages. Heartily I wished that an

operator's training had been included in the list of my accomplishments.

In desperation I turned to Sir Henry.

"Do you read wireless?" I asked.

"Just a little. Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes! There is. My operator is a stranger to me and I don't quite trust him. Can you tell me what message he sent just now?"

"Easily. He asked Key West if it had a message for the Sunflower."

"And it said?"

"Why, you've got me there, you know. I can read the sending by the sound, but I can't hear the receiving to read."

"Of course not! It was foolish for me to ask."

It was foolish in more ways than one. I could trust Sir Henry no more than I could Captain Martin and his operator. If the latter chose to delude me I could not prevent them, but, on the whole, I did not really believe that they would dare to make any such attempt.

The question was whether to trust the operator or run into Key West. To do the latter would cost us several hours' time and might bring no results. On the other hand, every turn of our screw was taking us farther from the wireless station, and would, I feared, soon carry us beyond the range of our small apparatus.

On this point, however, the operator quickly reassured me.

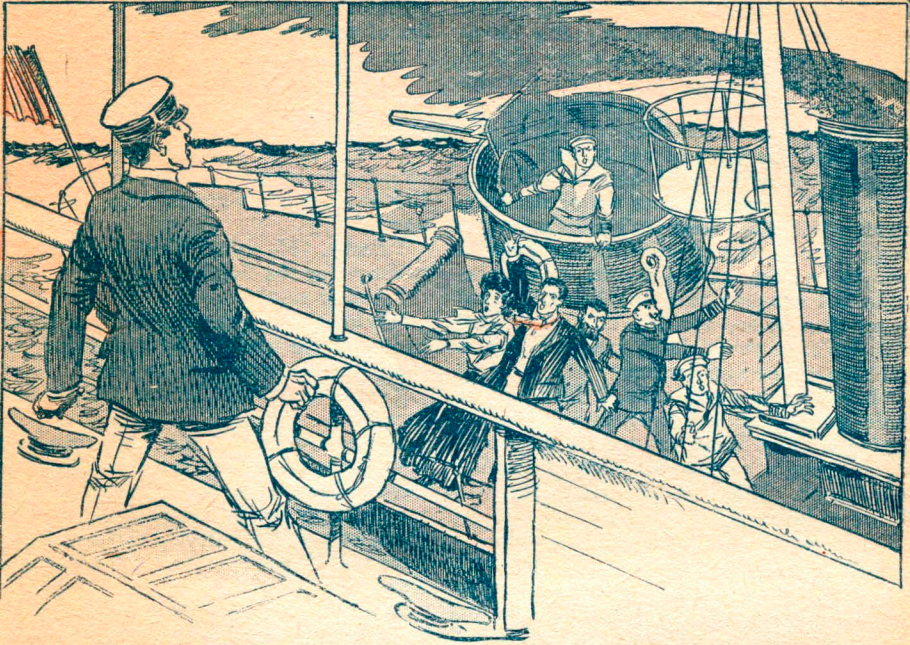
"There don't vos no danger of dot," he explained; "not so far as receiving go, and dot is what you want, don't it? Key West haf von great big sender und can send from here to Hades. Only we don't can answer—so as they can hear—after we get more as ein hundert und fifty miles away."

I would have liked to lay the case before the bishop, but I obviously could not do so without confessing my doubts concerning the operator, and such an admission would involve too many others. At last I decided to go on and take the chances. After all, Marian was, presumably, safe on the steamer, even if deprived of the protection of the half-breed.

The chances were that any word from her, while comforting, would convey no information of real value. Our best course was to overtake the Crossjack.

Acting on this reasoning, I ordered Captain Martin to change his course to the southward and head for Cape Catoche, at the northeast corner of the Yucatan peninsula.

Slowly the afternoon wore away, and it was after four when the expected message came.



ON THE AFTER DECK OF THE PIRATE, PLAINLY VISIBLE, STOOD MARIAN LATOUR AND HER BROTHER. "FRANK! FRANK!" SHE CALLED. "SAVE ME! SAVE ME!"

It was dated at Charleston, and was short and startling:

Marian has wired from Havana that Otranto disappeared at Charleston and that she has just discovered that Count Trumanoff is on board the Crossjack. She will go on and try to elude him later.

Thrusting the paper into the bishop's hands, I sprang to my feet and hurried to the operating-room.

"Ask if that's all," I ordered.

"I haf ask. But Key West don't do nothing but repeat the message. We don't can't feach it no more."

"All right!" I turned to the bishop. "This spells danger, of course," I said.

The bishop bowed his white head gravely.

"Very serious danger, Mr. Scott," he answered. "Pray Heaven we may overtake the Crossjack before it is too late."

CHAPTER X.

A Cry for Help.

ANOTHER morning dawned dark and leaden. Far down on the southern horizon a gray cloud, denser than the rest of the sky, showed where Yucatan lay. The end of the first stage of our journey was near.

Eight bells struck as I watched, and I went aft to meet my guests at breakfast. All were there, though Curly looked as white around the mouth as his sun-burnt face would permit.

"Yucatan is in sight," I announced. "We are running down on it in fine style and ought to be very close to Cape Catoche by the time we finish breakfast. After that we may pick up the Crossjack at any moment. I've given orders to the operator to keep calling her at intervals, and I guess she'll answer sooner or later."

Sir Henry asked no questions. He knew—for I had made no secret of a fact that must soon become patent—that we were trying to overtake the Crossjack in order to take off Miss Latour and her brother, but he had made no comment thereon. Whether this arose merely from good breeding or from an already perfect understanding of the case, I no longer asked myself.

When we went on deck, after breakfast, the coast of Yucatan was in plain sight, and for six hours we raced southward along it, with straining eyes and nerves on edge. Except for some of those during the months while I was awaiting trial, those six hours were the longest I have ever spent in my life. Not even the sight of the ruins of a great prehistoric temple, supposed to be dedicated to the worship of the sun, could divert me for long, although they

stood in plain sight on a jutting point of land.

At last the end came. At half past two a man came running along the deck.

"You're wanted at the wireless, sir," he cried. "Something's happening, sir."

With the bishop and Curly at my heels, I raced forward to the little operating-room. Within, the operator sat at his table, with the receiver strapped to his head, steadily writing down the words that came through the skies. Without stopping, he pushed forward a cable form. On it I read:

"Help! Help! Help! For Heaven's sake, help!"

A blank line on the paper showed where the operator had sent his answer.

Then came other messages from the unseen vessel.

"This is the Crossjack. Who are you? Are you a war-ship?"

"Everything is wrong. We have been stopped by a pirate."

"A torpedo-boat showing no flag fired across our bows. Masked man wigwagged we must give up two of our passengers. We refused and boat fired shell through us. Killed nobody, but showed what to expect. Fifteen minutes allowed to obey. Where are you?"

"A young lady, Miss Brown, and her brother."

"Great Heavens, Marian!" It was the bishop who spoke.

"Tell them help is coming," I directed. "Tell them not to give up Miss Brown under any circumstances."

The bishop laid his trembling hand on the operator's arm.

"Tell them," he added, "that if they give her up, they doom her to death or lifelong imprisonment."

In a moment the answer came:

"What can we do? We are helpless. Can count forty men on torpedo-boat. Fifteen minutes nearly up."

"Ask them where they are," I cried.

"Close to Yucatan coast," came the answer; "latitude 21 deg. 15 min. Point Jean is about five miles north of us."

"Tell them we are five miles north of Point Jean and ten miles from them. Will reach them in half an hour."

Without a word, the operator pushed over to me two more messages.

"Time is up. Torpedo-boat has her guns trained on us."

"Shot from enemy killed one man and wounded another. Pirate signals he will use torpedo next time. We must surrender the girl. She herself insists on it. Pirate promises not to harm her or her brother."

"Tell them to delay," I ordered. "Tell them we are coming fast."

There followed a minute or two of agonized suspense, and then the answer came through the ether again:

"Miss Brown and brother are in pirate's boat. A Russian nobleman, Count Trumanoff, has gone with them. Swears he will protect them."

"Tell them the baron is an enemy, an accomplice of the pirate," I cried. "Stop him at any cost."

Again and again the operator called. The great spark quivered and rumbled, but no sound came back from the void. "They don't answer," he said at last.

I turned and found Captain Martin at my heels.

"Captain," I ordered, "call your men to quarters. We'll stop that pirate or die for it."

Like wildfire the news spread among the crew, and with a cheer they sprang to their stations, cast loose the guns, and ran a torpedo into the tube.

"Be ready, but don't fire till ordered," I directed. "There's a young lady on board that ship who must not be harmed."

Point Jean was very near now. Once round it, the ocean for miles would be in plain view. Probably the Crossjack would be visible, but the whereabouts of the pirate could only be guessed. If she had been running toward us, she would be very close; if away, then far down in the distance, almost below the horizon.

Nearer and nearer loomed the point as the Sunflower raced toward it. Well beyond it rose the black shape of Farad Rock; but the chart showed deep water between it and the land, and into this channel Captain Martin shaped his course.

Nearer and nearer we rushed. The headline slipped suddenly past, the view widened out, and a yell went up from the Sunflower as the long gray shape of a torpedo-boat came shooting through the waves directly toward us.

It was too late to check our speed, too late to risk trying to pass. But one thing remained, and both captains did it at once. Simultaneously they swung around to the east, traveling on converging curves, and stood away not a stone's throw apart.

On the after deck of the pirate, plainly visible, stood Marian Latour and her brother. Near them were Baron Hofstein and Count Trumanoff. As I looked, Marian stretched her arms toward me across the water.

"Frank! Frank!" she called. "Save me! Save me!"

(To be continued.)



DINNER AT \$100 A PLATE.

Rare Delicacies Served at a Philadelphia Banquet, Topped
Off with Wine at Eight Dollars a Bottle and Cigars
Ranging in Price from Fifty Cents to a
Dollar and a Half Each.

IF you were willing to spend a hundred dollars on your dinner some night, what would you order? In a Philadelphia hotel recently a dinner was given to a large party of New York visitors, the proprietor charging that sum a plate for the repast. This is what he gave his patrons in return:

Cantaloupe a la Penn

Tortue verte
Potage a la Reine

Hors-d'Oeuvre

Truites de Ruisseau a la Meuniere
Citronelle

Bouchees Lucullus

Agneau de lait roti
Petits Pois Nouveaux

Sorbet Roseben

Asperges splendides Polonaise

Gibier sur canape
Piments farcis

Salade Suedoise
Batons de fromage

Peches a la Bellevue
Croquants

Cafe Special

Cocktails Madere Chateau Yquem
George Goulet brut
Fine Champagne, 1811
Liqueurs

Cigarettes

Cigars

Petits Ducs

The Madeira cost eight dollars a bottle; the white wine, Château Yquem, five dollars. Strangely enough, the champagne was the cheapest, costing only four. The *fine champagne* was not, as one might judge from the name, an especially excellent kind of champagne, but brandy ninety-seven years old. The cigars ranged in price from a dollar and a half to fifty cents apiece.



"I WAS A GENUINE HERO. THIS DINNER WAS ATTENDED BY ALL THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE 'SUN.'"

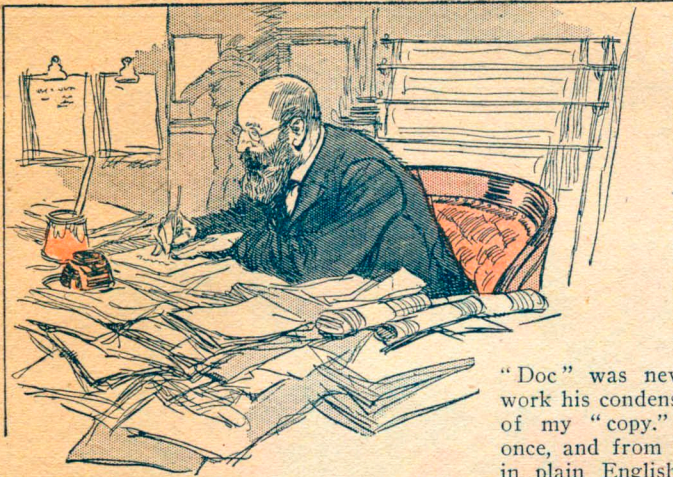
THE HOT "TIP" THAT MADE AN OLD-TIME "SUN" REPORTER BEAT IT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

BY W. W. AUSTIN.

WHEN I first entered New York I was in my twenty-third year, a fresh New Englander, and overflowing with New England ideas. My literary work at this time had been confined to the production of press notices for traveling theatrical companies, to several of which I had been attached as advance agent. But I had wearied of that kind of life and had decided to enter the newspaper field, beginning as a reporter and rising, as I was sure that I would rise,

to the position of editor-in-chief of some great daily newspaper.

I was full of hope and inspired with lofty ambitions when I entered the city-room of the New York *Sun*, late in the year 1869, and confronted the view of a burly man, with a genial expression on his chubby face which gave me courage to approach him and make my business known to him. This was jolly old "Bill" Young, as the "boys" used to call him, the city editor of the paper, and he received me with the



CHARLES A. DANA SENT A NICE LETTER OF REGRET, ON ACCOUNT OF A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

greatest affability. I preferred my request to become a member of his staff, but he shook his head and smiled sadly, as he answered: "Sorry, but all full, my boy."

My disappointment was such that I could not utter a word in response, but, turning my back, I started for the door by which I had gained entrance. Before I reached it, however, old "Bill" spoke again, and this time it was to a more encouraging effect.

"Well," he said, "I'll give you a chance. Sit down."

My heart fairly jumped to my mouth as I took a seat. I waited patiently for my first assignment, and it was not long in coming. The daughter of George Law, the head of the Eighth Avenue line of horse-cars, and one of the wealthiest men of the city at that time, was to be married on that day, and I was sent to report the wedding. Visions of columns of space and unlimited literary glory flashed before my eyes as I started on my first "job." It was what was considered a "swell" wedding, and I laid myself out to do my best with it.

On my return from the ceremony I wrote a full column and a half, descriptive of every detail that I had noted. The opening sentence of this, my first reportorial achievement, I can remember as distinctly as though it had been written yesterday. It began:

"Another ripple has been created on the surface of Murray Hill society." Following this, came a long series of mixed metaphors and long words, until the story was one which the highest-bred college man could scarcely have understood.

My great effort was duly turned over to "Doc" Wood, known to the newspaper

world as the "Great American Condenser," and the next morning it appeared in a shape which made it necessary for me to scan the *Sun* with a microscope in order to find the "stickful" to which it had been reduced, under the comprehensive heading, "George Law's Daughter Married."

It was a terrible blow to my pride, but the "Doc" was never again obliged to overwork his condensing abilities in the handling of my "copy." I learned the lesson at once, and from that time I told my stories in plain English, and without the use of unnecessary words.

This was the beginning of my career as a New York reporter, and it was a very good beginning, although I did not realize it as I read the mangled story which was the result of my first day's work. But "Bill" Young gave me encouragement in his own genial way, and from that time I advanced rapidly in my chosen profession.

By a fortunate assignment to investigate the "green-goods" swindle, which was just then coming into prominence, I was enabled to swindle the green-goods man himself out of about twenty dollars in good United States bills, and I described my experience with him as that of the "Green Boy of the *Sun*," with the result that I became known by that name among newspaper men.

Mr. Bowman, the then dramatic editor, also took a fancy to me, and allowed me to write the Sunday theatrical notes and to do a criticism occasionally, which not only added to my compensation, but enhanced my growing reputation as a newspaper man. Altogether, I had made an opening for myself which was very creditable to the green New Englander, and I was naturally proud of my success.

In the fall of 1871 a young Englishman was attached to the reportorial staff of the *Sun*, who at once became a favorite chum of all the reporters. He appeared to take more notice of me than of anybody else, and we soon became very intimate. I told him all my hopes, and all my ambitions. I was becoming very much interested in the dramatic part of my work, and I confided to him my growing hope of ultimately becoming a real dramatic editor, whom the players would respect and fear, as the maker of their fortunes. He talked much about the pleasures of reportorial life in London, and I confided to him my desire

to go to England at some future time, and to follow my business in that foreign land. He encouraged this idea, and we passed many a pleasant hour discussing the matter in our confidential chats.

One morning this young man came to me in the office, holding in his hand a letter which he tapped suggestively as he approached.

"How would you like to go to London, old man, and be a British dramatic editor?" he asked, a broad smile playing around his handsome mouth. "Just read this. I've just received it in my mail."

I took the letter from his outstretched hand and read it. It was from the editor of the London *Echo*, written on the letter-heads of that paper, and told my friend that the dramatic editor of the *Echo* was about to be married and to resign his position. Could my friend suggest the name of any American dramatic editor who was competent to fill the coming vacancy? If so, the *Echo* would be delighted to engage him, as it was anxious to introduce the American style of criticism in London.

My blood fairly tingled as I read these words.

The salary offered was not large, only three pounds a week, which was equivalent to about fifteen dollars in American money. I was making more than that on the *Sun*; but living in London, especially in those early days, was cheap, and the "glory" of being imported from the United States to teach the "blarsted Britisher" what dramatic art really was, or should be, was an inducement which no young man of my ambition could resist. I eagerly offered myself to fill the vacant position, and my friend promised to write to the editor regarding it at once. Later he said he had done so.

Four long weeks passed before any answer came from London to his communication; but when it came it was favorable to my wishes. The editor of the *Echo* informed my friend that I must sail at once, as the paper could not be without a dramatic editor for a single day, and its present one was to be married in the latter part of October, and to leave immediately after the ceremony. I sat down at once and wrote a letter to the editor of the *Echo*, announcing that I would sail for London on the following

Saturday, and be on hand in time to take the place of the resigning member of the staff. Then I announced my intention to Mr. Young and the reporters of the *Sun*.

The news, of course, created a good deal of excitement, and I was a genuine hero for the few days which remained of my service on the paper. Amos J. Cummings, the managing editor, and who was recognized as the Prince of Bohemians, arranged for a dinner to be given me at the old Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-Ninth Street, where the Breslin Hotel now stands, on the night preceding my sailing. This dinner was attended by all the editorial staff of the *Sun*, except Charles A. Dana, who sent a nice letter of regret, on account of a previous engagement.

Mr. Cummings secured for me from Whitelaw Reid, then managing editor of the *Tribune*, now United States ambassador to the Court of St. James, a letter of introduction to George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*. Presents of no great value, but very dear to me on account of the spirit which prompted them, were made by the reporters and many of the editors, and with a heart glowing with honest pride I sailed for Glasgow on the Anchor line steamship Columbia, cheered by the entire reportorial staff of the *Sun*, which gathered on the pier.



SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED BY A CLAMMY SENSATION AROUND MY TOES. I LOOKED DOWN, AND THE FLOOR OF THE COMPARTMENT WAS FILLED WITH WATER.

Passages to Europe forty years ago were not what they are to-day. A ten or twelve day passage was a very swift one, and the ship which made it was accounted a greyhound of the seas. The Columbia pushed her way through the waves in gallant style, under the command of Captain Small, a good-natured Scotchman, and made her dock in Glasgow in thirteen days from her date of sailing.

In London at Last.

At Glasgow I took a compartment on the train for London, and it was on this trip that my first unpleasant experience occurred. The day was cold, and I secured one of the foot-warmers, which were features of English railroad travel in those days. I fell asleep with my feet on this piece of furniture, which was simply a long can filled with hot water. Suddenly I was awakened by a clammy sensation around my toes. I looked down, and the floor of the compartment was filled with water. The cork of my foot-warmer had become loose, and the water had poured out, making the compartment more uncomfortable than it would have been without the warmer. There was no help for it, and I was obliged to suffer the inconvenience until the express-train made its next stop.

Otherwise, my trip to London was a pleasant one. There was no more sleep for me, of course, but the Scotch scenery offered picturesque views as the train rushed through it. We arrived at Euston Station, London, just as the sun was disappearing below the horizon, and I secured a room and "attendance," which included a candle for lighting my apartment, at the Euston Square Hotel. I was weary and excited, and determined to postpone my visit to the *Echo* office until the morrow, and go straight to bed. This I did, leaving orders to be called at nine o'clock.

I was soon sunk in a profound sleep, from which I did not awaken until a knock at my door and the words "nine o'clock" aroused me. I jumped out of bed, and found that absolute darkness still prevailed. "The confounded London fog," I muttered, and lighting my candle I hurried into my clothes as rapidly as I could.

I had read much about the London fog, and my friend had warned me about it before I started on my trip, but his description had given me no idea of the condition which actually confronted me as I reached the street. The gas-lamps were burning, and it was impossible to see a yard ahead of one, except by their aid. A shambling policeman came along, and I ventured to ask him directions to the *Echo* office. He

looked sideways at me for a moment before he deigned to give me any answer. Then, having apparently satisfied himself that I was neither drunk nor crazy, he said: "The *Echo* office is just over yonder, but you won't find anybody there at this time of night."

The *Echo* was an evening newspaper, and, as matter of fact, it was ten o'clock at night instead of ten in the morning. My order to be called at nine had been interpreted by the hotel-clerk to be nine o'clock in the evening, and so I had been hustled out of my warm bed at that hour to make a fool of myself before the majesty of the London police force. I said nothing, but, muttering a denunciation of English hotel-clerks, meekly crept back to my room and went to bed again. My first experience of the London "fog" had been a decided failure, from a romantic point of view.

The next morning I found my way to the *Echo* office, and here a disappointment was awaiting me which would have crushed any but a Bohemian reporter of New York. The editor of that paper received me very courteously, but there was a far-away expression in his face which suggested anything but hospitality.

Yes, he had received my letter, announcing that I would sail, and thinking it might have been addressed wrong, had sent it over to the London *Era* office, that being a dramatic paper, and the one most likely to have entered into such an arrangement as had been made with me. No, their dramatic editor had not resigned, and he had been married for years. Indeed, he had a promising crop of children, ranging in age from two to ten years. No, he did not know my friend who had sent me on this fool's errand, nor could he understand where or how he had secured the letter-heads of the *Echo*. He was probably some swindler, who had an interest in getting me out of New York. Sorry, but he had nothing to offer me in the way of newspaper work. I might be able to work my passage home on some of the steamers as a coal-heaver, or in some other capacity, but he could not give me much hope in that prospect.

A Letter That Came in Handy.

If tears were a weakness to which New York Bohemians were given, they certainly would have flowed now. But the spirit of Bohemianism has no knowledge of such weakness. I pushed them back, and made something like a dignified retreat from the office of the *Echo*. I went back to my hotel, and turned the situation over in my mind. I was in London, the largest city

of the world, with just \$1.95 in my pockets, and without a single friend to whom I could appeal for sympathy or aid. I had been sent there by a fiend of a reporter whose object I could not fathom, and who was now, probably laughing at the success of his plot for disposing of a rival. What should I do to meet these conditions?

Like a flash of sunlight the letter given me by Whitelaw Reid came to my mind. Mr. Smalley was an American, at all events, and he was a newspaper man. He would laugh at my simplicity, no doubt, in allowing myself to be made the victim of this plot, but he would help me, if he could. I jumped to my feet and made my way to the London office of the *Tribune* in Pall Mall.

Mr. Smalley was in the office, and after I had sent my letter to him, he received me. He was a kindly faced man, and to his sympathetic ears I poured out the tale of my misfortunes. As I had supposed, he was inclined to laugh at my folly, but he atoned for this by extending me his aid. He could give me work, he said, at the salary I had been expecting to receive, for two or three weeks, or until he could make some arrangement for sending me home. He placed me at work, cutting slips from the London papers, and editing and heading them, so that they would be ready to place in type as soon as they reached the New York office of the *Tribune*.

At this work I labored for three weeks, and at the end of that time I took passage on the North-German Lloyd steamship *Hansa*, sailing from Southampton. My passage was paid for by my note of hand, for the amount due, to be redeemed in New York at my earliest convenience.

The *Hansa* was one of the largest of



"THE 'ECHO' OFFICE IS JUST OVER YONDER, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ANYBODY THERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT."

the North-German line steamships in 1870. Compared with the ocean greyhounds of to-day, she was an insignificant vessel, with accommodations which, though they were palatial forty years ago, would be scorned by the ocean traveler of to-day. Her passenger list numbered about sixty persons in the first and second cabins and steerage. She started off in grand style, and it was confidently expected that she would be in New York within twelve days, which was the average time of her trips. She did not reach her pier in this country, however, for a month, and lack of news from her caused great worry and excitement, not only to the friends of passengers on board, but to the company owning her.

After being six days out from Southampton, one stormy night the rudder-post broke, and she was at the mercy of the winds and the waves. The passengers were of a class, as a rule, that does not give way to causeless panic. They had faith in the Hansa, and faith in her captain, and saw in the disaster only an unavoidable delay in reaching their homes and their business. To make the passage to New York in her disabled condition was manifestly impossible for the Hansa. Her only hope was to make some

the *Sun*, by the same mail. The result was that the *Sun* had a "beat" which reassured the friends of the passengers before the agent had received the captain's report. The mail arrived in New York at night, after the North-German Lloyd office had been closed, but the newspaper office was open, and my report was hurried into type, and appeared in the morning issue. Indeed, the agent of the Hansa read the story in the *Sun*, on his way down-town to his office, and confirmed it by the report sent to him.



THE EDITOR OF THAT PAPER RECEIVED ME VERY COURTEOUSLY, BUT THERE WAS A FAR-AWAY EXPRESSION IN HIS FACE WHICH SUGGESTED ANYTHING BUT HOSPITALITY.

port where the damage could be repaired, and then continue her voyage. Two weeks after the accident, she was brought safely to anchor at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Here the authorities refused to allow anybody to land, assuming that smallpox had broken out among the passengers. Repairers, however, came to the steamer and patched her up, so that she could make the trip to New York, which involved another week of delay.

In the meantime the passengers amused themselves on board as best they could. The captain sent a brief report of the trouble to the New York agent, and I sent a detailed account of the entire voyage to

The result of this "beat" to me personally was gratifying, considering the losses I had sustained by my trip to Europe. When I reached the *Sun* office, after the arrival of the Hansa, I found my note for my passage money awaiting me, canceled by the agent. This was the only piece of good fortune for me during the entire trip.

The man who had played this confidence game on me remained in the *Sun* office as a reporter until the arrival of my letter describing the disaster to the Hansa. He never appeared there after that. I have been vainly trying for forty years to fathom the mystery of his motive in sending me, practically penniless, on this long trip.

WELL, CAN YOU! BEAT THAT!

ORDINARILY there is nothing very strange about a policeman dragging a burglar into court, but how about this:

Officer Horan bobbed up in front of Magistrate Zeller's desk in New York with Jimmy Manning, a sharp-eyed, small-for-his-age East Side boy.

"I found him on the top floor of the house next door," said the cop, "with these on him"—here he held up a big steel jimmy and a revolver. "The neighbors were holerin' burglars, and I rushed up."

"What were you doing with those things?" asked the magistrate.

"Just burglarin'," answered James.

"Why?" went on his inquisitor.

"Why—for de stuff. Den I'd sell it or hock it."

"House of Refuge," said his honor.

"Thanks," said James, and he was led away.



"I FOUND HIM ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR," SAID THE COP, "WITH THESE ON HIM."

"How many?"

"Twenty-six."

The gentleman was brought to with strong restoratives. Then it was carefully explained that while Mr. Monroe had been twenty-eight times a father, twelve of the children are dead.

Mr. Monroe, who is sixty-five years old, has been married three times. His first child, a boy, was born in 1866. The twenty-seventh babe, also a boy, was born January 4, 1906. The last baby, only a few weeks old, is a girl.

The present Mrs. Monroe is the mother of thirteen of the children.

P. S.—Mrs. Abram Gotofsky, of Troy Hills, New Jersey, has the Chicago gentleman beaten a block in the matter of unusual and remarkable parenthood. Mrs. Gotofsky is only thirty-two years old. But she is the mother of thirty children, fourteen of whom are living. She has had eight pairs of twins, one bunch of triplets, and a few days ago along came quadruplets. The rest of the children were born one at a time.

Mrs. Gotofsky was born in Russian Poland, and was married in 1892. When they began housekeeping her husband, who is a farmer, had only eighteen acres of land. He has added twenty acres to his farm while adding thirty members to his family, and his land is all paid for.

KING EDWARD may be the "first gentleman in Europe," as Mr. Roosevelt is the most eminent citizen of the United States, but Earle W. Monroe is the first father in Chicago, if not in the country.

Mr. Monroe is the father of twenty-eight children, though nobody but his friends and relatives knew it until the school census taker came along the other day. The census gentleman was in search of children more than five and less than eighteen years of age. The mother did not quite understand at first and brought out a child in arms and a two-year-old.

"Hasn't Mr. Monroe any youngsters who are more than five years old?" asked the enumerator, as he reached for his hat.

"Indeed he has," came the answer.

CECIL WRENN, one of the bright particular shining stars of Scotland Yard when working at his trade, had a day off in New York last month. The next day afterward he was two hundred dollars poorer and his roars could be heard from the Battery to Grant's Tomb.

Wrenn met a stranger in his hotel who, after borrowing a match, proceeded to become very friendly.

He displayed a roll of yellow boys, and the two were soon as brothers. They took a walk, and in a West Side saloon began matching for the drinks. Wrenn had his roll of two hundred dollars in his hand, when a big chap rushed in, grabbed the roll and shouted:

"You're all pinched for gambling!"

With the roll in his hand the stranger left "to call the wagon." He is still calling it, although Wrenn and several New York sleuths looked for him in vain.

POSTMASTER WYMAN, of St. Louis, Missouri, had reached his home, donned smoking-jacket and slippers and was preparing to rest when his telephone rang. A young woman of his acquaintance was on the wire. She had mailed a letter and wanted to get it back.

"I am very tired," said Mr. Wyman. "Can't you write another letter and tell your correspondent to disregard the first?"

"No, no, that would not do at all," she said. "He—he would not understand. It is very important, Mr. Wyman, and I wish you would help me, even if you are tired."

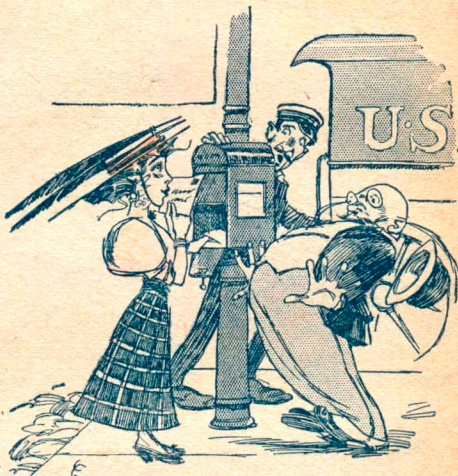
The postmaster had a sentimental streak in him and the hesitating reference to "he" won. He told the girl to go to the mail-box and to wait there for him, and that if a mail-carrier came along to ask him to wait, too. Then Mr. Wyman walked ten blocks to the mail-box, where he found the young woman on guard.

They waited for half an hour until the

collector arrived and opened the box. The girl had described her letter, and as there was not much mail in the box she had no difficulty identifying it. She grabbed it in her hand, patted it lovingly, and then kissed it fondly.

Then she dropped it back in the box and said: "Oh, I thank you so much. I forgot to—to—er, I forgot."

THAT great feminine beauty is sometimes not only dangerous to possess, but perilous to behold, has again been demonstrated. A Cincinnati man broke his neck looking at



SHE GRABBED IT IN HER HAND, PATTED IT LOVINGLY, AND THEN KISSED IT FONDLY.



WRENN MET A STRANGER IN HIS HOTEL WHO, AFTER BORROWING A MATCH, PROCEEDED TO BECOME VERY FRIENDLY.

a pretty girl, and a New York salesgirl lost her place in a department store because her beauty blocked the aisles, tied up the wheels of commerce, and generally interfered with business.

Joseph Zins, of Cincinnati, was sauntering along the street when he suddenly became aware of the fact that around the corner had just whisked a stunning-looking girl, clad in one of those gowns that made Paris sit up and take notice. Desiring to overlook nothing, he turned his head quickly to get a better view.

The quick turn killed him. He was suffering a little from tuberculosis of the vertebræ, anyway, and the lurch broke his neck.

Miss Rosie Trimble's great beauty did not cause any one to fracture his spinal cord, but it deprived her of her position in a New York department store. When she saw customers and other clerks hovering about the lace counter where she was employed, she resorted to every appropriate means to pre-



DESIRING TO OVERLOOK NOTHING, HE TURNED HIS HEAD QUICKLY TO GET A BETTER VIEW. THE QUICK TURN KILLED HIM.

vent unsought admiration. She discarded her jewelry, had her hair arranged in simple fashion, dressed in the oldest clothes she had, entered and left the store by a rear door.

But all of these things were of no use. She was a good sales-girl, but the management was finally compelled to let her go because, through no fault of her own, she hampered the work of the store.

ONE way to prevent thieves from stealing buggies is to take all the nuts off the buggies. Theodore A. Linton, of Raynham, New Jersey, tried this plan and it worked. No pilferer made away with the family vehicle. But the trial of the scheme shook Mrs. Linton up quite a bit, and any buggy-snatchers that they may catch from now on will be caught some other way.

This is how it happened:

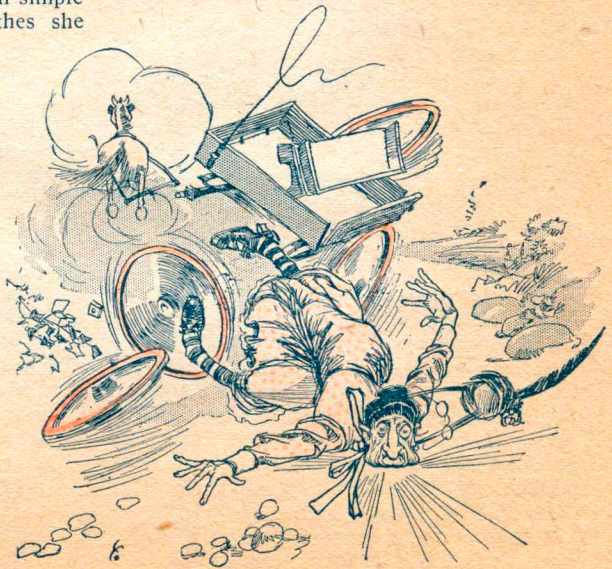
The supper dishes had been washed, everything about the house was in ship-shape, and the

thought came to Mrs. Linton that it was prayer-meeting night. The old horse was kicking up his heels in the orchard, just aching to take somebody to town, and it did not take Mrs. Linton long to hitch him up.

Mrs. Linton, be it said, knew nothing about the nuts having been taken off the buggy. This valuable piece of information came to her later. She began to suspect the truth when one of the front wheels came off. When the northeast corner of the buggy also dropped, she was practically certain that something was wrong. Any remaining doubts that she had on the subject were dissipated when the other two wheels rolled away and left her sitting in the wheel-less buggy-box.

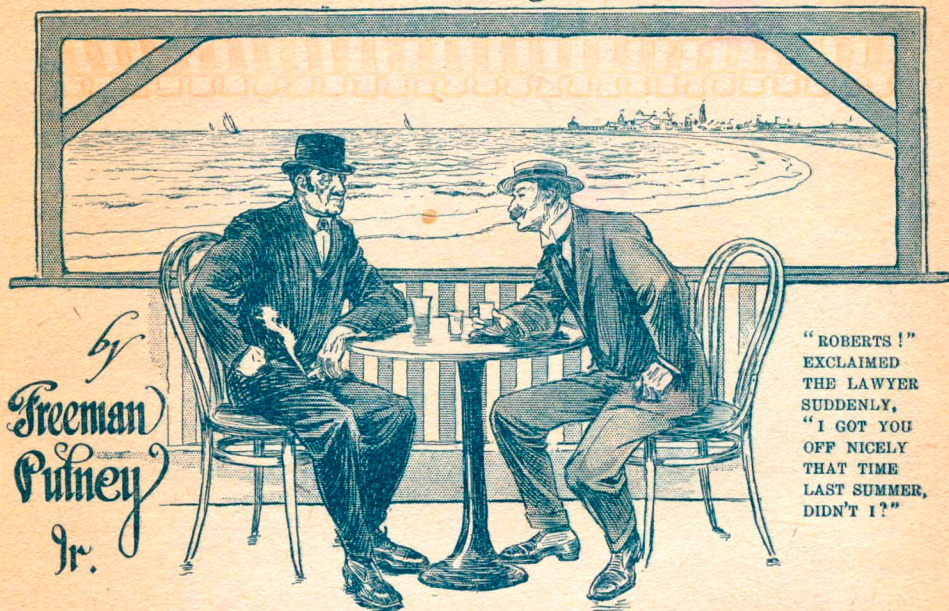
THE best financiers are a unit in the opinion that no man who has property to dispose of should die without making a will. Tobias Brubaker, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, took the advice in time, and after his death the other day the relatives found one of those "I-do-bequeath" papers all drawn up and signed.

The will disposed of an estate valued at three dollars, the expenses of settlement amounting to two dollars and fifty cents. Of the remaining half-dollar, seventeen cents went to the widow, six cents to each of three children, and five cents to each of three other children. Furthermore, a trustee was named to manage the widow's portion.



WHEN THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE BUGGY ALSO DROPPED, SHE WAS PRACTICALLY CERTAIN THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

BY PERMISSION of the BUTLER



"ROBERTS!"
EXCLAIMED
THE LAWYER
SUDDENLY,
"I GOT YOU
OFF NICELY
THAT TIME
LAST SUMMER,
DIDN'T I?"

MR. ABRAM CLEVERLY, attorney at law, dealer in real estate in general and seller of choice lots at Sea View Extension in particular, smiled genially as he crossed Main Street.

"Roberts!" he exclaimed. "Welcome again to Hardyport! You're here for the season, I take it?"

Roberts's pale English face, close shaven except for the narrow side-whiskers which marked his position as butler, showed embarrassment and possibly a faint flush of resentment at the effusive greeting. He met Mr. Cleverly's eager grip with a limp hand.

"Yes, sir. We're back to the seashore again."

Mr. Cleverly seemed not at all abashed by the other's coolness.

"Delighted to see you, Roberts! Won't you honor the occasion? You must—really, I insist, Roberts!"

"Only ginger ale for me, thank you, sir," said Roberts, as he found himself seated at a small table on the veranda of the pavilion into which the energetic Mr. Cleverly had dragged him.

"On the water wagon, Roberts? Good resolution, Roberts! Very good! I believe Judge Burr doesn't approve of drinking among his employees, does he?"

"He does not like his servants to use liquor."

For some reason, there was a distinct blush on the butler's cheeks.

"Um-m!" Mr. Cleverly sipped his drink, and for a few moments seemed to be considering something.

"Is Judge Burr in town now?"

"He is over at the cottage, I presume. We arrived Tuesday. This is my afternoon off."

"Roberts!" exclaimed the lawyer suddenly, "I got you off nicely that time last summer, didn't I?"

There was an expression almost of pain on Roberts's face.

"I suppose you did, sir."

"Drunk and disorderly was the charge, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I did you quite a good turn, Roberts."

"I paid you for it," returned the butler with some spirit.

"Only the fee, Roberts. Only the fee for my services as attorney. You didn't pay me for keeping the matter out of the newspapers. Nothing was paid for the care I took that Judge Burr shouldn't know, was there?"

"I suppose not. But if I owe you anything, I'm willing to pay—"

"You mistake me, Roberts. You mistake me. I did you a favor out of pure friendship. Pure friendship! Now, possibly, you can do me a little kindness in return."

The Englishman was silent.

"It's this way: You know the Widow Barney?"

"The lady whose husband went to school with Judge Burr? Yes, I know her."

"That's the one. She is a client, or, I might say, a customer of mine. A few months ago she bought one of our lots at Sea View Extension, at my solicitation, perhaps she might say on my advice. She paid eight hundred dollars for it, and I gave her a decided bargain, due to the fact that this sum was all the ready money she had."

He stopped, took another pull at his glass, and then continued:

"Mrs. Barney, I am sorry to say, has some mischievous and meddling friends, who have been endeavoring to instil into her mind—and with some success, too—the idea that she was cheated when she bought the land. That is nonsense, for the whole thing was perfectly legal. The fact that her lot is at the farther end of the tract, near the shore, and so has not yet shared in the great improvements already made, is a situation which may be incidental to the development of any large property. You can understand that."

"The lot is no good?"

"Perfectly good! Perfectly good! Of course, there is no immediate market for it, just now, most buyers preferring something a little more accessible, but the possibilities of the property are wonderful."

"Excuse me, Mr. Cleverly, but what has this to do with me?"

"Just this, Roberts! I understand that Mrs. Barney will go to Judge Burr for advice. I want you to be around when she comes, and let me know the advice he gives her."

"I can't do it."

"There's no harm in it. It may save her more trouble than it will me. She has no case, but I don't want a lawsuit on account of the publicity!"

"I can't do it, sir!"

"A favor to a widow, if not to me, Roberts. If I find she's willing to be reasonable, I'll compromise by giving her, say, a third. Otherwise she won't get a cent."

"You should not ask me, Mr. Cleverly!"

"Roberts!"

Abram Cleverly leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his chin thrust out.

"Roberts, you have a family?"

"Yes."

"You need to support them?"

"Yes."

"Would Judge Burr employ a man who had been up in the police court as drunk and disorderly—"

"You needn't go on, Mr. Cleverly. I'll see what I can do."

Abram's smile returned.

"I knew you were a sensible man. When you learn anything, drop in at my office and report. And, another thing, I'm not mean, Roberts, and I'll pay you for your trouble."

It was a week later that Roberts reported at the lawyer's office.

"Mrs. Barney called to see the judge day before yesterday, Mr. Cleverly. They talked over the matter of the land for some time."

"What was the judge's advice?" Abram leaned forward eagerly.

"He advised her not to sue you nor to compromise, but to hold on to the lot."

"What?" Cleverly almost shouted his astonishment. "The judge thinks it a good investment?"

"He didn't say that. He simply told her that if she kept quiet now, he thought she would get much more than she paid for it."

"But why?" Cleverly's question was as much to himself as to the other man.

"Excuse me, sir, but Judge Burr is treasurer of the Eastern Shore Club."

"What of that?"

"And the club people have bought the big tract of wild land beyond the widow's lot!"

The lawyer sat up in astonishment. The Eastern Shore Club was composed of the wealthiest summer residents in the whole section. Whatever the Eastern Shore Club wanted it got—and usually paid well for.

To Abram Cleverly the solution seemed instantly plain. The club wanted the widow's land to complete its holdings, and in that event would probably pay five times the present value of the property.

"I have it!" he exclaimed aloud. "There's a little beach in front of Mrs. Barney's lot. They're going to build a clubhouse and they want it for a private bathing-beach. When is the widow coming to see the judge again, Roberts?"

"Not soon, I fancy, sir. The judge goes West to-night for a two weeks' business trip."

"Well, Roberts, I'm much obliged to you. And you know I said I would pay you for your time."

He held out a yellow-backed twenty-dollar bill. The butler hesitated a moment, then took it.

"Thank you, sir. I hope you have what you wanted, sir."

It took Abram Cleverly but a short time to decide on his course of action, nor did he waste many hours in entering upon it. Judge Burr was in the West; just where, no one seemed to know. Even a telegram which Mrs. Barney sent to the effect that

Mr. Cleverly was trying to buy back her land remained unanswered.

Abram brought every one of his many arts to bear upon the widow, returning to the attack each day with new arguments and a fresh offer. Finally the old lady, yielding to the temptation to grasp what seemed to her a fabulous profit, sold him back the land for an even one thousand five hundred dollars.

The deeds were passed and recorded and the cash safely placed in the bank, where it comfortably swelled Mrs. Barney's rather lean account. Mr. Cleverly settled himself to wait for Judge Burr's return and an offer from the Eastern Shore Club.

The day after the judge came back, he visited Lawyer Cleverly's office. Nothing was said about real estate until Abram, firm in the knowledge of his position, remarked:

"By the way, judge, I've bought that lot at the end of Sea View Extension."

"Yes?" said the judge politely.

"You know, the one next the Eastern Shore Club's new tract."

"So?"

The judge's tone was still that of polite inquiry. Abram was a little puzzled. Forgetting his intention to let the club begin negotiations, he blundered:

"I thought you club people might like it."

"What for?"

"Well, for a bathing-beach."

"We've got one beach."

"But that's half a mile away."

"It will be near the new clubhouse."

"What?" Abram raised his voice. "Is the new clubhouse to be at the other end of the property?"

"It is."

"Then the Barney land is worthless to you?"

"I've always considered it worthless to us or to any one else."

"Then what did you mean by telling Mrs. Barney—"

"What did I tell Mrs. Barney?"

"You told her she could get much more for her land than she paid for it."

"Well," said the judge, "didn't she?"

"Double crossed!" exclaimed Abram, striking the table.

"Not at all," returned Judge Burr. "Roberts told you the exact truth. If you drew false inferences, it is your own fault. Roberts is faithful, even if he did get drunk. By the way, there is something he wished me to return to you."

He tossed a yellow-backed twenty-dollar bill on the desk and walked out.

SHE TEARS UP MONEY.

This Woman Quiets Her Conscience by Destroying a Dollar's Worth of Stamps Regularly Once a Month.

ONCE a month a woman, whose neat attire does not indicate the possession of any surplus income, appears before the man who rakes in the money contributed to the United States Treasury by persons afflicted with an uneasy conscience, and in his presence destroys a dollar's worth of stamps. After she has torn them into the smallest possible pieces, she departs, without comment, to renew the performance thirty days later.

It is, according to the witness, the queerest of all the queer cases that come to the knowledge of those connected with the conscience fund. She now works for a private employer at a small salary, but formerly she was one of the great army of government clerks. In her department the money to pay the clerks came every month, and after payday there were never any funds left.

On one occasion the chief clerk became tangled up in his accounts, and she received thirty dollars more than she was entitled to—pay for time when she was on a holiday

and, according to the rules of the department, should not have received anything. Theoretically, of course, she should have refused to receive it then and there. Instead, she took it. She needed the money.

But after she had spent the thirty dollars her conscience rebelled. She explained to the chief clerk, offering to repay the money. That individual, however, flatly refused to receive it. He much preferred that the government should be out thirty dollars than that he should be forced to admit his mistake and go through the laborious task of straightening out the tangle.

For the conscience-stricken woman to have returned it herself would have been the undoing of the chief clerk, and might ultimately have cost her her job. In this dilemma she consulted a clergyman, who recommended restitution on the instalment plan. Since then, with the punctuality of the sun, she has been tearing up once a month a dollar's worth of stamps, and now her debt to the United States is almost paid.

HOWEVER, THE LAUGH'S ON BILL.



THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN : "WELL, I'M JIGGERED ! I NEVER HEARD A DYING RABBIT MAKE A NOISE LIKE THAT BEFORE."

THE KEEPER : "NO, SIR ; BUT BILL AIN'T NO RABBIT."—*London Sketch.*

A Graveyard 4000 MILES LONG *Made by Steamboats*



BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Early-Day Catastrophes on the Mississippi That Made the Great River a Vast Sepulcher.

THE story of steamboat traffic on the Mississippi River is one of the most interesting features in the history of the development of the great empire known as the Middle West.

Its infancy lasted less than twenty years—from 1811 to 1830. Its full strength and vigor, though checked somewhat by the troublesome days of the Civil War, lasted about forty years. Then, in the seventies, according to most theories, the railroads wiped it out almost in a day.

As a matter of fact, the steamboat men were themselves very much to blame for their loss of position, influence, and wealth. Utter recklessness contributed a great deal to the dissolution of the proud fleet that stemmed the floods of the basin.

By countless catastrophes from fire and steam, the millions of people in the great valley were driven to shun the rivers and to eagerly grasp the first opportunity of avoiding river travel—the most comfortable traveling in the United States to this day.

James B. Eads, the great river expert,

was not the only man who arrived in St. Louis penniless, without property and down-cast because his all was destroyed when a river steamer went up in smoke or steam. How the immigrants to the West learned to dread, even to hate, the river steamboats—a dread and a hate which present railroad methods are doing much to dispel—is indicated by the record of Mississippi River steamboat explosions.

The steamer *Moselle* left the wharf at Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, April 25, 1838. She was a proud craft, almost new, with the speed-record to St. Louis to her credit. The white, red, and gold of her paint, the black of her tall stacks, the crowd of gay people upon her decks, and the growing bone in her jaws, made a spectacle the like of which every river man loves to see.

A mile above Cincinnati wharf a crowd of German immigrants were taken on board. The cabin passengers gathered on the upper decks, crowding to the rails, to see the spectacle.

At last, as the steam from the safety-valve spread above the packet, the engineer got his signal and threw on the power.

Lines were cast off, the mate whooped final orders, and the band began to play.

The boat fell away from the bank, and her nose began to turn toward the Kentucky shore as she came around. Suddenly, while the spectators ashore were still waving their arms and cheering, the boilers burst. The whole forward part of the Moselle was flung up and out by bulging masses of white steam. Timbers and human bodies darted out of the white, sunlit clouds and rose far into the air.

Pleasure Seekers Blown to Pieces.

Then on all sides the rain of débris splashed upon the water and pattered on the land. Here and there shreds of cloth, some gay shawls and some somber jackets, fluttered away in the wind. The occupants of a house two hundred yards distant heard a crash on their own roof, and when they investigated found that the body of a man had been driven half-way through the boards.

There was a minute of silence. The steam was driven up and away from the shattered hulk by the wind. Then the dazed and frightened spectators on the bank heard a moan as if the wreck itself were in pain. The moan grew louder till it became a shriek of agony as the wounded and scalded cried in their misery.

A hundred skiffs put out to the rescue from the bank and followed the wreck down the current. One man told of seeing a score of bodies in the water around the hulk.

Estimates as to the loss of life differ. The most reliable placed the number of dead at eighty-one, the badly wounded at thirteen, and the missing at fifty-five.

In the same year a flue on the Oronoco, of Pittsburgh, collapsed. The boiler-deck was crowded with passengers, all home-seekers bound for the West. The sweep aft of the steam threw fifty of the immigrants overboard, where they nearly all drowned. Those who remained on the deck were scalded so badly that of more than a hundred, fewer than a score escaped with their lives. The cabin passengers suffered less severely, but many were badly scalded because they rushed into the open when the boat was surrounded by steam.

The destruction of the Moselle and the scalding of the Oronoco's passengers were typical instances of disasters which made traveling on the Mississippi basin waters the most dangerous traveling in the world. An indication of the jeopardy of a voyage on a river steamer is indicated by the fact that the insurance rate on the river boats was seldom or never less than twelve per cent,

and sometimes was as high as forty per cent, and that the estimated "life" of a steamer was only three years. Snags, fire, and boiler explosions were the causes of excessive insurance rates.

Never did "public-service" companies elsewhere display such reckless disregard of the safety of the persons and property of their patrons. But the steamboat owners paid the penalty in the one way that was sure, sooner or later, to bring them to their senses—they lost their traffic.

Because the channel is so shallow, the Mississippi River steamers have always been built with the least possible depth of hold. The steamer Missouri, built in 1840, was two hundred and thirty-three feet long, thirty-five feet wide (fifty-nine feet over the guards), and only eight and one-half feet deep in the hold. All the other river steamers had similar proportions, the type being long, narrow, and shoal draft. In spite of truss-frames and hog-chains, the river steamers to this day undulate from end to end as they ride the crossing rollers—one can see the wave coming down the length of the cabin.

To place boilers and machinery enough in such a craft to drive it at any speed required a distribution of weight. The river shipbuilders quickly discovered the best plan after steam-power came into use in the West. They put the boilers near one end—the bow—and the machinery at the stern, stiffening the long framework with trusses and long iron rods called "hog-chains."

Putting the boilers near the bow paved the way for death and destruction for thousands of passengers whose cabins were located on the deck above the boilers, and whose lives were never in greater jeopardy than when they stood on the upper decks watching the roustabouts toting cargo at a landing. Most of the explosions occurred at or near landings, being caused by the increase of pressure when the engines were stopped.

First Disaster in 1816.

The first explosion on a Mississippi River steamer was in 1816. The steam-pipe on the Washington, the fifth steamboat built in the West, burst and nine men were scalded to death. In the following year the Constitution blew up, and thirty lives were lost.

From this time onward a frightful toll was exacted by steam for its misuse. The time came when, in 1870, old river men could remember ninety explosions, which destroyed three thousand eight hundred and eleven lives, as nearly as could be calculated—there were some hundreds of other

explosions, however, of which they could recall none of the details.

In 1849 a list of 233 explosions on river steamers was compiled for the purpose of interesting Congress in the question of regulating river steamboat boilers. The list showed that, as nearly as could be ascertained, 2,563 lives were lost and 2,097 persons injured in the explosions, a total of 4,660. The property loss was placed at \$3,090,366.

In order that the causes of these explosions might be plainly understood, details were given and analyzed. The causes of the explosions were stated in ninety-eight instances. Of the ninety-eight, seventy could have been prevented by care in construction and management.

One was caused by "racing," according to the record. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the disasters were the direct result of haste. The competition on the rivers was the severest known in the history of steam navigation. The fastest boat "skimmed the cream of the traffic." The *Moselle* herself was the "queen of the rivers," when, after only three weeks of service, she vanished in her own cloud. She had made only three round trips from Cincinnati to St. Louis, but old boats and new ones were eagerly pressing her best time—seven hundred and fifty miles in two days, sixteen hours; hence the bitter anxiety of her captain, pilots, and engineers to keep on top at least for the season.

The story of the engineer who "hung a nigger on the safety-valve" had its origin in those days. Many a steamer churned the yellow Mississippi with her safety-valve tied down between landings.

The river steamer traffic had only just begun in 1831, yet the death-record from steamer explosions was then 256 lives lost and 104 persons injured. In 1835, a list of 684 steamboats was prepared. It is one of the most interesting records of early steamboat history. Every one of these steamers had been built, used, and put out of commission since 1811, while the first Western steamer was built by a Roosevelt at Pittsburgh.

Congress At Last Aroused.

Of the number, 344 were "worn out," 238 had been "snagged," 68 burned, 17 lost in collision, 17 destroyed by explosion. Only 50¼ per cent "died natural deaths."

The list was compiled for the purpose of getting Congress to take some action toward "pulling the river-teeth"—removing the snags which made such stretches of water between St. Louis and Cairo veritable "steamboat slaughter-houses and graveyards."

After years of agitation, Congress rose above the bulwark of opposition raised by Western steamboat men, and in 1852 passed a law "for the regulation and guidance of engineers" of steamers. Government inspection seems to have been a farce. At any rate, eighteen years after the enactment of the law, in 1870, it was claimed that there were more explosions on the Mississippi River in proportion to the number of steamers engaged after the passage of the law than before.

The Sultana's 1,647 Victims.

But whatever the effect of the law, explosions on the river continued to be a menace to commerce. The most frightful explosion of boilers in history was at St. Louis, in 1864. The *Sultana*, a Union troopship, loaded down with soldiers, was lying at the bank ready to go down the Mississippi, where the soldiers were to take part in the campaign in the Delta country below Cairo. Suddenly there was an explosion. The craft was filled with steam. Some men were killed by the explosion; hundreds were scalded to death.

The roll-call disclosed the fact that one thousand six hundred and forty-seven lives were lost in this disaster. As this was in war-times, when the battle-field losses centered human interest, the destruction of the *Sultana*, rivaling that of the *Royal St. George* in England, was scarcely mentioned in the annals of the day.

Some of the worst explosions on the Mississippi were:

Year.	Name of Boat.	Deaths.
1830.....	Helen McGregor.....	60
1838.....	Moselle	125
1838.....	Oronoco	100
1846.....	H. W. Johnson.....	74
1849.....	Louisiana	150
1850.....	Anglo-Norman	100
1852.....	Glencoe	60
1859.....	Princess	70
1861.....	Ben Sherrod.....	80
1862.....	Pennsylvania	150
1864.....	Sultana	1,647
1871.....	W. R. Arthur.....	60

Only two years ago the *W. T. Scovel* was blown up at Gold Dust landing. She was taking on freight when the boilers exploded. Many of the timbers were blown hundreds of yards, and some of the persons aboard were hurled almost as far. The pilot-house and the front part of the cabin were smashed to splinters, and the hull of the boat was so badly damaged that she began to sink. The death roll was estimated at sixteen, while as many more were injured.

WHAT COULD THE POOR LADY DO?



THE DOCTOR'S WIFE: "WELL, JANE, SO YOUR POOR HUSBAND'S GONE AT LAST. DIDN'T YOU GIVE HIM HIS MEDICINE PROPERLY?"

JANE: "AH, POOR DEAR, HOW COULD I? DOCTOR SAID AS HOW IT WAS TO BE TAKEN IN A RECUMBENT POSITION, AN' I 'ADN'T GOT ONE. I ARSKED MRS. GREEN TO LEND ME ONE. SHE SAID SHE 'AD ONE, BUT IT WAS BROKE! SO IT WERE NO GOOD."—*London Sketch.*



The COPY of the CAMEO by John S. Lopez

I had not the faintest idea of what I was embarked upon. Naturally, as Krenslund was in the Secret Service, I had searched the Washington newspapers for a clue. But there was none, unless it lay in the ambiguous paragraph hinting at a suspected robbery in the National Museum.

Two hours later I was back on the corner again, but though I waited fifteen minutes, Krenslund did not appear. Then the sound of a carriage approaching rapidly drew my attention and I moved out under the flickering street-lamp. It was the same vehicle that had passed before.

This time I saw a man's face pressed against the window, looking fixedly at me. As I drew back into the shadow, I heard a sharp command. The horses were pulled up and the carriage turned toward me.

"Brookhurst!" called a voice. It was one of the names Krenslund had called me in the old days. "Get in quick!" I heard; and though I could see nothing beyond the open carriage door, I complied. The door slammed, the driver lashed his horses, and we were off at a gallop.

"That dignified beard puzzled me, the first time we drove by," said Krenslund, his mouth close to my ear, "but it will be useful."

"Useful for what, and why all these precautions?" I managed to gasp with difficulty, for we were rattling over cobbles.

"Don't talk till we strike a smooth road. O'Brien will soon have us on one."

"O'Brien!" I ejaculated, for the name was that of one of the best agents in the service.

"Certainly," replied Krenslund. "We're taking no chances on being traced. Even he doesn't know just what's doing, nor who you are."

We were on a dirt road now, and I could hear and talk easily.

"And why am I so honored?" I asked, laughing nervously.

"Because," he said significantly, "I need

RAIN was driving in torrents, blanket-ing vision at a dozen paces, the night I waited for Krenslund on the dreary corner by the lumber-yard. So depressing were the surroundings that I began to grow uneasy.

Suppose it were the lure of some enemy? I was alone, unknown, in a strange city; I could be murdered and none would ever know what had become of me. For the hundredth time I reread the note that had been left at my office in New York:

MY DEAR SEDGWICK:

Meet me to-morrow evening in Baltimore at eight o'clock, or any alternate hour, at the old rendezvous. Preserve secrecy regarding trip and arrange, if possible, to be gone two months. Till then,
K—.

Even the signature was in typewriting; there was absolutely nothing by which the identity of the writer could be proved. I had neither seen nor heard from Krenslund in more than two years, yet I knew the message was his. It was his way when there was something in the wind.

Eight o'clock passed and there was no sign of Krenslund; in fact, no life at all, save that a dilapidated carriage drove rapidly by, the horses' hoofs ringing out dully in the sodden air. It was unlike Krenslund to miss an appointment.

a man with brains plus courage, and above all, discretion—preferably a physician, but necessarily one who understands something of engraved gems.”

“Oh,” I chuckled. “So it is the robbery of the National Museum.”

He laughed outright.

“Good! So you did read that fake story? I hoped every glyptographist would swallow it.”

“I am hardly that,” I said, rather nettled. “I know engraved gems only in a general way—a cameo from an intaglio, for instance.”

“That’s enough,” he said. “You know of the cameo, ‘The Triumph of Neptune’?”

“Certainly,” I replied. “It’s the largest and most famous antique cameo extant, engraved in the Byzantine period and worth a king’s ransom for generations. It was lent by the Italian government and is being exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.”

“So we thought,” he interrupted; “but we have discovered that it has been stolen.

A copy was substituted, so perfect that we should not have suspected, had not Dr. Furtelbogen, the German expert, discovered the fraud. If we do not recover it before the collection goes back to Italy, there will be unpleasant complications. The half-dozen persons who know are sworn to secrecy; not even the thief knows it is missed.”

“The thief!” I gasped. “You suspect who it is—then why—?”

“Because we have no absolute proof, and his arrest on mere suspicion would precipitate international difficulties, besides ruining our only chance of ever recovering the cameo. Undoubtedly it is secreted; when he learns we suspect him, it will never come from its hiding-place.”

“Who is this mysterious suspect?” I asked.

“You will help?” asked Krenslund. “Very well.” He leaned over and whispered in my ear: “The Grand Duke Paul.”

His words stunned me. I knew then why the suspected man could not be molested.



I LET MY HAND STRIKE
THE CASE, AND IT
FELL TO THE FLOOR
AND FLEW OPEN,
SPILLING THE IN-
TAGLIO.

This Russian noble who was visiting America, avowedly to study industrial conditions, was in effect the unofficial representative of the Czar.

"Incredible!" I said finally. "The man is rich and too shrewd a diplomat to risk being compromised. He could never hope to sell or even show a gem so famous as the Neptune."

"He wishes to do neither," said Krensland. "He is a veritable glyptic miser. His collection of gems cost fortunes, but no one is permitted to examine it. Foreign dealers believe him a maniac on the subject, who would stop at nothing to secure a gem he could not purchase. It is one of the reasons we suspect him."

"No other reasons?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Krensland. "Only three other persons examined the collection privately. We think we have eliminated them. How the substitution was accomplished is a mystery, for there was always an attendant, but it is certain that the copy was the work of years. Every detail is exactly imitated, even to the century-old rust-marks."

"You are a physician and a stranger," went on Krensland. "He is surrounded by Russian agents who have every one of our operators spotted. He knows he is under surveillance, but thinks it is solely because of his political activities."

"He suspects every stranger who approaches him. Therefore, you will make him approach you. There is one weakness in his barrier; he is subject to attacks of heart-failure. A doctor who happened to be handy might be summoned to his assistance."

"But how," I asked, "do you expect that I am to be handy?"

"I have arranged all that," he said. "Under the name of Metarsky, he is living incognito with one man-servant in Clifton, a suburb of Philadelphia. Directly opposite his house is a small cottage in which the village doctor lived. He has recently retired and you have purchased his practise through an agent. Your name is Franklin. Your shingle is already swinging and you move in to-morrow."

"Very well," I agreed; "and supposing I do gain access to him?"

"Then you seek a loophole through his mania for glyptics. This may help you lure him." He pressed a small package into my hand. "It is a Constantine intaglio from the National Museum. If he sees it, he will recognize it immediately. Then, if he is honest, he will denounce you. If he is the thief we suspect, he will try to secure it at any cost. Play into his confidence that way."

"And how will I recognize the stolen Neptune?" I asked.

"I had thought of that," replied Krensland. "Here is the replica that was substituted. Study it carefully."

By one o'clock the next day we were in Clifton. The cottage and its surroundings were as typical of the country doctor as we could wish.

I stayed indoors all afternoon, studying through my blinds the big house across the way. I am not much of a believer in the psychic, but I could feel, as distinctly as though I saw it, that some one was subjecting us to intent scrutiny.

Nathaniel, my man, went out, ostensibly to market for us in the village a half-mile distant, but really to study the lay of the land. His report was encouraging. We were already objects of suspicion.

He had spotted at least two of the duke's agents, largely because they had tried to force their acquaintance upon him. One was a German employed in the general store, wherein was the post-office and telephone exchange, the other drove the village hack—occupations nicely chosen to keep them informed of the few events that occurred in this quiet spot.

They got from Nathaniel only the impression that we sought no company and would repulse advances.

For three days I ventured forth only after dark. Invariably I met either of the men Nathaniel suspected, and to their cordial "good evenings" I never vouchsafed more than a grunt. Once a tall, bent man passed me, and even in the gloom I could see that he peered at me beneath his hat, pulled low over his eyes. I knew instinctively that it was the duke.

Another week went by and nothing of moment happened. Evidently the duke had no heart attacks that demanded medical attention.

I was losing hope rapidly when a new plan formed itself in my mind. Thenceforth Nathaniel's actions in the village were calculated to give the idea that we were hard up for cash. He bought fewer and fewer supplies and finally asked for credit. Then appeared my advertisement in several newspapers:

Gentleman, in need of money, will sacrifice some valuable antiques, including documents, coins, and some very rare cameos and intaglios.

Address: Dr. F., Clifton, Pa.

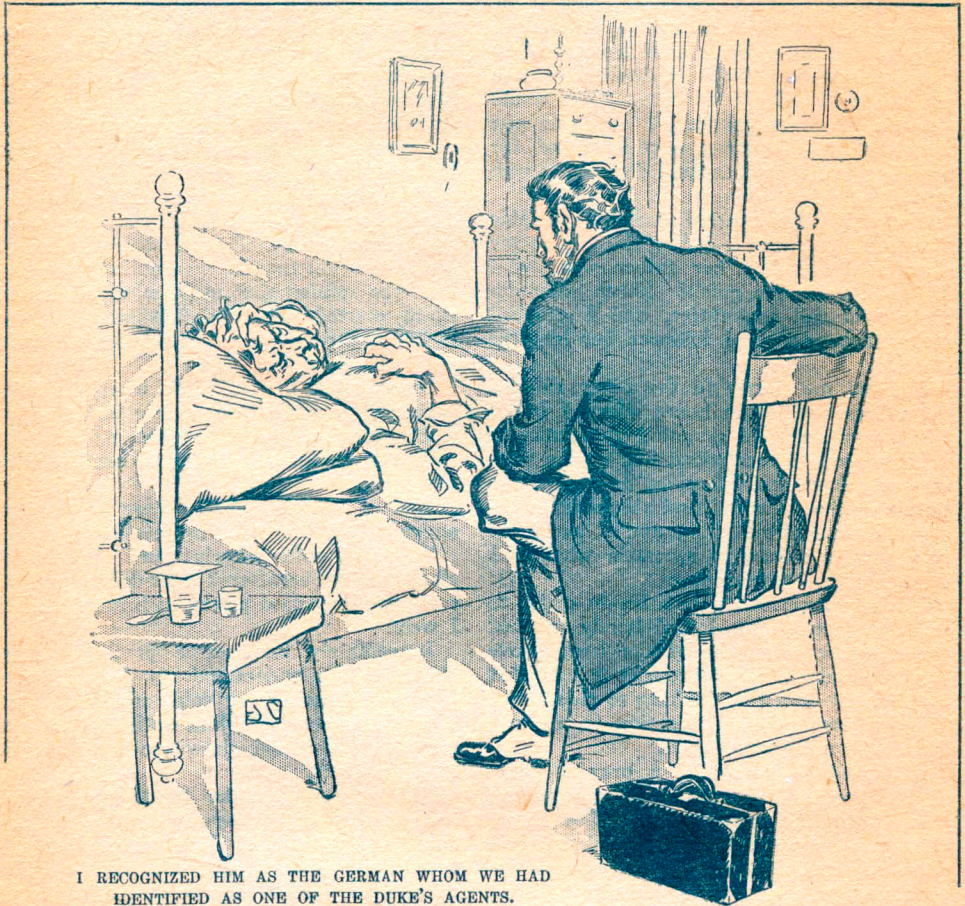
This brought two or three letters from dealers, and then the second evening came the duke, introducing himself as Mr. Metarsky. He had read the advertisement, he

explained, was sure that it must be me, and being a collector in a small way himself, thought he might buy some of my gems.

It was the first time that I had ever had a close look at the man, but I was not rash enough to study him openly. I found my opportunity later when he was looking at

and it fell to the floor and flew open, spilling the intaglio.

I had no need to pretend to nervousness as I sprang after it. But quickly as I recovered it, I knew he had caught a glimpse of the gem. The transformation in the man could be felt rather than observed. His manner did not change in the slightest,



I RECOGNIZED HIM AS THE GERMAN WHOM WE HAD IDENTIFIED AS ONE OF THE DUKE'S AGENTS.

the specimens. His was the face of an esthete, sharp-featured, intellectual, and almost fanatical in its intensity.

And as he gloated over the gems and caressed them, I knew that Krenslund was right. He was a maniac on the subject.

"More, show me more," he kept repeating, and as I passed them over grudgingly, his chilly reserve melted gradually into an enthusiasm akin to religious fervor.

Then I played my carefully conceived master-stroke. The Constantine from the National Museum was in a shabby leather case which I kept carefully to one side. As I fumbled with the other gems, I let my hand strike the case, apparently by accident,

nor his appearance, save that the pupils of his eyes narrowed to pin-points.

"What is it?" he asked carelessly, reaching out his hand.

"Only a replica," I said with a purposely transparent effort at carelessness, throwing the case to one side. "It is not for sale; it is a memento."

Then Nathaniel knocked, as we had arranged, and I walked to the door to talk over some household matter with him. Reflected in the little mirror I had arranged for just this situation, I saw the duke's hand flash to the case and open it with lightning speed. He peered at the contents an instant and then closed the case.

When I turned he was examining the minor gems with the most innocent intentness. We talked awhile on glyptography; then he bought a couple of cameos and left.

"I'll run over again," he said pleasantly, "and if you have any clever replicas, I may buy."

I hardly knew whether to be pleased or discouraged. One thing was certain; he had recognized the Constantine as the one supposed to have been stolen from the National Museum. Would he denounce me as the thief? I did not think so. That would destroy his only chance of obtaining the intaglio; and if ever a man hungered for anything, the duke hungered for that carved gem.

Nathaniel had started for Philadelphia that evening, when a little girl came to my door and said that her father was dying and would I come quick? Sheer humanity made this call imperative, and I grabbed my medicine-case and followed her into the street.

She led me nearly to the other side of the village and into a house where I found a man writhing and groaning apparently in great agony. I recognized him as the German whom we had identified as one of the duke's agents. I could find absolutely nothing the matter with him, and I wondered if this were a ruse to ascertain whether I were really a physician.

Having prescribed a sedative in order to mask my suspicions, I had barely reached the sidewalk when the village hack drove by. I wondered what brought it into that locality, but hailed it, thinking to ride home. The hackman paid no attention to my call, though he must have heard.

I hurried to my office, a prey to indefinable dread. The scene that greeted me made the whole matter clear. The chairs had been overturned and a window stood open. Some bric-à-brac and a case of instruments were gone, and the room had been thrown into disorder to mask the real purpose of the burglary.

Several of the unimportant gems were scattered about. Had they found the hiding-place of the Constantine? I rushed to my desk and opened the secret drawer. Then I reeled back and collapsed into a chair. The case was gone! I had been outwitted just when success seemed possible.

Nathaniel found me there in a semistupor when he returned. I did not need to explain.

"They took the case?" he asked quite placidly.

"Yes, and the intaglio!" I snarled, enraged at his calmness.

"No, they didn't," he said proudly. "I was worried and took the Constantine with me. 'Never put all your eggs in one basket,' thinks I."

I could have hugged the modest old fellow, but all that I did was to wring his hands until I worked off my emotion. Then we planned our future campaign.

Nathaniel took the first step when the garrulous village constable passed in the morning. He ran after him like a flash, and there, in the middle of the road, loudly berated him for allowing robbers to prey unmolested. Then I went out and stilled the clamor, taking care to make clear that I wanted no investigation.

The scene was enacted solely for the duke's benefit. It gave him an excuse for knowing that we had been robbed and also the impression that he was not suspected.

It was raining that night when Nathaniel again started for Philadelphia. He was to buy a through ticket, but leave the train at the next station.

Scarcely had the train left, when the duke appeared, enveloped in a dripping mackintosh. He had heard of the robbery, he said, and straightway began to condole with me.

Had I lost much? Were my gems stolen? Did they take my replicas?

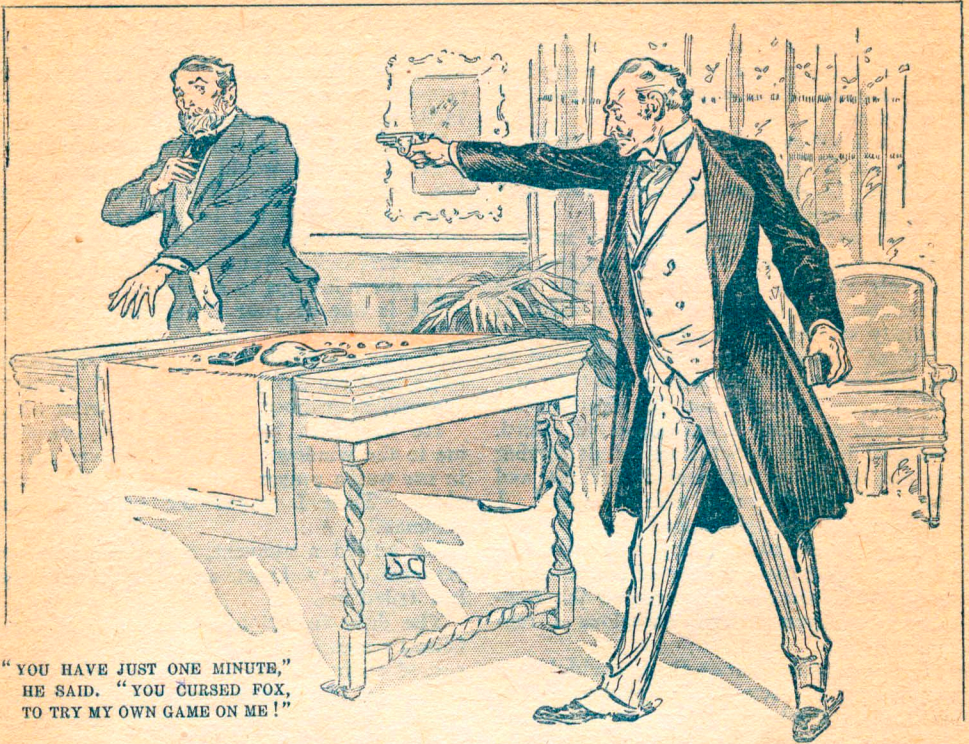
"Yes," I said bitterly; and then I declared that thereafter I intended always to carry my important pieces with me wherever I went.

Immediately he became profusely sympathetic. He understood my feelings as a brother enthusiast, he said, and he invited me over to stay with him until my man returned. He would show me some of his own treasures.

I concluded that he hoped to get me away until another search could be made for the Constantine. Of course I went, but I took the intaglio with me, allowing him to catch a glimpse of the case as I placed it in my pocket.

Then I left the room to slip the replica of the stolen Neptune in another pocket. The premonition was strong that I should see its original that night; so I set the signal-light which would warn Krensland's lookout to prepare to draw the net around our prey.

We crossed to the duke's house. Never had I entered a dwelling that reminded me so strongly of a medieval fortress. Every window was barred with iron, and the massive doors of oak were studded with metal and heavily bolted and chained. As my guide led the way, he carefully bolted and locked behind him each door we passed through. It struck me how futile would be



"YOU HAVE JUST ONE MINUTE," HE SAID. "YOU CURSED FOX, TO TRY MY OWN GAME ON ME!"

any attempt to escape from the place against the duke's will.

The duke was bland, suave, sympathetic, on the way; but once within his apartment, I saw an ominous change. Too late, I realized that I had been careless enough to enter a trap from which I might not be able to extricate myself. It was to be more than a war of wits; he intended to murder me, if necessary, to get that Constantine.

The plan had been laid with fiendish cunning. I could be killed and my body returned to my cottage before Nathaniel got back. Suspicion would naturally fall upon the unknown robbers of the night before. None would dare accuse the Grand Duke Paul of such an act.

It flashed over me that my one chance was to delay matters, if I could, till Krensland and his men arrived. And the duke's mood was suited to this. Undoubtedly, it was maniacal pride that led him boastfully to bring out his glyptic treasures. He was going to murder me, but first he wished to excite the envy and admiration of the only glyptographist to whom he could ever show them.

At last he produced the stolen Neptune, with the leering remark that perhaps it was as fine a replica as mine. While I voiced my enthusiasm, a knock at the door inter-

rupted us. He walked to it and opened a tiny hidden panel, listening intently to the murmuring voice outside.

As his back turned, a sudden inspiration came to me. I drew the Neptune replica from my pocket and exchanged it for the genuine gem I was examining. If I escaped, it would simplify matters. And I thought, if it came to that, I could escape by selling him at a low price the Constantine he coveted. The government would prefer its loss to that of the Neptune.

When he turned toward me again with a suggestion of impatience in his manner, I was intently studying the spurious gem. He held out his hand and I passed it to him. He gave it one glance and leaped to his feet with a snarl. He had discovered the imposition.

Before I could reach for my own weapon, he had pointed a revolver at my head. Cold, calculating fiendishness shone from his eyes—not the blind passion of an animal, but a refined lust for revenge that called for my mental torture before death.

"You have just one minute," he said. "You cursed fox, to try my own game on me!"

The calmness of despair possessed me.

"You had better weigh the consequences, Grand Duke Paul," I said.

He started at my words.

"You know my name," he said reflectively. "I see; you are one of those government agents. That explains how you got my replica."

I bowed affirmatively, hoping to gain time.

"So much the better," he continued with decision. "I will now be able to kill three birds with one stone."

"How so?" I managed to say in an even voice, though I saw his finger tapping impatiently on the trigger. The man was something of a braggart, for my assumed curiosity seemed to give him pleasure.

"First," he said, "you have delivered to me the Constantine intaglio I wanted; second, you have warned me that the Neptune is missed, and that I am suspected; third, you give me the satisfaction of destroying the only detective that ever fooled me, and that in a way absolutely safe to myself. I owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Pay it," I said, thinking only of delay, "by gratifying the curiosity of a man about to die. Tell me how you secured the Neptune, where you got so marvelous a replica."

The man was insane; there could be no question of it. Actually, he laughed proudly—this fiend who was bent on killing me in a few moments.

"I could hardly deny such a request from a fellow glyptographist," he purred with mock pathos. "It is too bad that one so clever as yourself cannot survive me and profit by my valuable experience. A true virtuoso is content to spend years—a lifetime, if necessary—to attain a coveted piece. When it is almost inaccessible, like the Neptune, the matter requires patience."

"Years ago, when the gem was in the Hermitage collection in St. Petersburg, I could secure permission only to make a plaster cast. It took a decade for me to find in Munich the skilful forger who could make the replica, with me to guide him as to coloring."

"I was fortunate in being sent to this country about the time the gem was loaned

to your sufficiently careless government. The substitution was very simple. One of my timely heart-attacks sent the museum attendant away for a moment to bring aid. Is there anything I have omitted?"

"Yes," I said, playing my last card, for I saw his mood would brook no more delay. "It might be well for you to decide whether it would not be awkward to conceal a murder from the Secret Service men now surrounding your house."

He drew his lips to a thin line.

"It is one of your American bluffs," he snapped.

"Go to the window, wave a lighted match twice, and see for yourself," I said, forcing a confident manner that was far from real.

He meditated briefly, and then guarded me to the window. Heavens! Every throb in me was a prayer that Krenslund had arrived. Then I waved the match at his command.

He waited a moment, and there was no response. My heart stopped. Krenslund had failed me.

The duke turned to me, a smile of diabolical triumph on his face. Suddenly hope surged up in me again. A score of minute points of light were beginning to flicker through the downpour of rain. I pointed silently.

Never have I seen such a transformation in a man. Immediately the duke was the bland diplomat, courteous, almost caressing.

"Well," he said, pocketing the revolver and moving toward the door, "you have the Neptune and the evidence against me. But I do not think it will be used." He smiled superciliously.

"Oh, no," I replied, matching his tone. "Before that would be possible you will be on your way to Russia."

"Russia?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," I said. "If you watch the newspapers, you will read that the Grand Duke Paul has completed his investigations in America and is about to return home."

We had reached the outer door. With a formal bow, the duke closed it in my face.

ORIGIN OF POMMES SOUFFLÉES.

WITH reference to the fiftieth anniversary of the first railway in France a French contemporary points out that it was in connection with this event that the virtues of *pommes soufflées* were discovered.

A French chef was traveling on the new line from Paris to St. Germain, and was preparing in the train the banquet which was to celebrate the opening.

Just before arriving at St. Germain he threw some potatoes in the boiling butter.

The train, however, was delayed, and the potatoes had to be taken out again.

When the train restarted the potatoes were once again put in the boiling butter, and to every one's delight were found, on being taken out, to be deliciously inflated.

The beauties of the *pomme soufflée* had been revealed.

From the Country Press

Fine Examples of How the Rural
Editorial Mind Plows Through
Subjects of All Sizes.

ED HARRIS was up before Judge Moore Wednesday, charged with winking at a Crow Heart Butte Avenue lady. It was proved by seven witnesses that he has the St. Vitus two-step in his right eye. He was discharged by the judge. Also by his employer.

Old Wall-Eyed Johnson lit in town yesterday. He is known as having the homeliest mug of any man in the Crow Heart Butte country. The saloon-mirror insurance has been raised twenty per cent since his arrival, and that's getting off easy.

Skinny McAllister ran a string from our door-knob to the door-bell of that charming old maid's residence next door. When we opened our door to saunter down the street the bell rang, which brought the lady into the game, and as we were the only animate object in sight, we received the full force of her tongue assault, and, say, bunch, it was frightful.—*Big Bend News Notes in the Riverton (Wyoming) Republican.*

THE only fire brigade possessed by Hometown consists of four old men, four pails, and a dinner horn with which to give the alarm. As we have predicted before, some night the red-eyed fiend will sweep from Washington to Franklin Avenues and desolate one of the fairest villages in the land. We are no alarmist, but after the dread monster has done its work the town trustees will remember what we have said.—*Hometown (Pennsylvania) Banner.*

BELIEVING that he had two very dangerous men in the holdover in the persons of the supposed Salisbury bank robbers, Marshal Williams left us the key to the city bastille when he retired at eleven o'clock last night, knowing that we had to



THE ASSISTANT CORONER ATTENDED THE DANCE ON MUSKET RIDGE LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, BUT HIS SERVICE WAS NOT NEEDED, AND HE WAS PUT TO PLAYING THE FIDDLE.

work all night, and instructed us to keep as sharp a lookout as possible, and to go over at midnight and fire up. When that uncanny hour arrived we armed ourselves with a pistol that shot a ball about the size of a nickel's worth of bologna, and descended to the cells with a grim determination that if we found the prisoners gnawing on the bars or making any attempt to escape, to run like the devil and beat them outside, or tear the house down in the attempt. We found them snoring, however, and by the time we got back to the office and locked the door our hair had resumed its normal position.—*Higbee (Missouri) News.*

THE assistant coroner attended the dance on Musket Ridge last Saturday night, but his service was not needed, and he was put to playing the fiddle.—*Hogwallow Kentuckian.*

A COUNTRY editor has been inspired, after looking over his list of delinquent subscribers, to compose the following: "How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view; the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new; the wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin



GIB CHILDERS IS QUITE A HUSTLER.

of our fathers, we're glad that we knew it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well."—*Garrettsville (Ohio) Journal*.

GIB CHILDERS is quite a hustler, and while he has no trade and does no regular steady work, the Childers kids are always neatly dressed and go to school all the time. Mrs. Childers, though a busy woman, manages to keep the six little noses well wiped and then finds time to do from six to nine family washings each week.

Gib borrowed a shotgun and a dozen shells on Decoration Day, and managed to bring home eighteen quail and four rabbits. He gave the rabbits to his wife, and they had a feast. He sold the quail and bought himself a lot of tobacco and a new pipe and made a payment on a bird-dog. He already has four dogs, but he says they are only good for coon hunting.

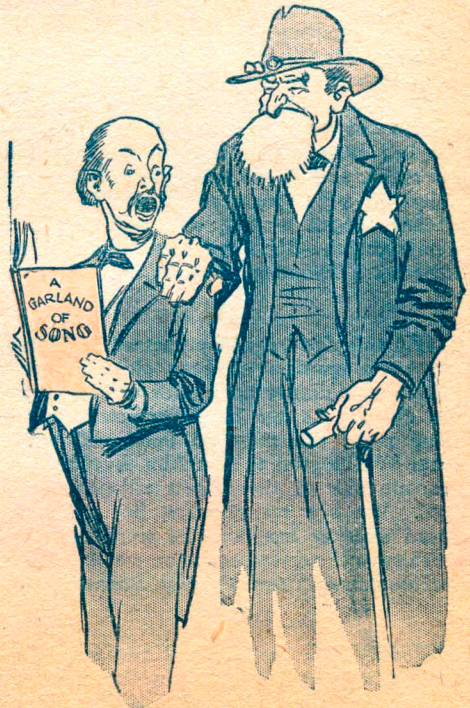
He also hustled around four new families for his wife to wash for, and he hopes to get through the winter comfortably. Gib is a pretty good provider for a poor man.—*Howard (Kansas) Courant*.

A CORONER'S jury in Arkansas returned the following verdict: "The jury finds that Bill Jones is dead and that he blowed his own head off and thereby killed himself dead, but we don't know if he has made his peace with God before he killed himself with a shotgun and malice aforethought against the peace and dignity

of the State of Arkansas, and, therefore, we give the widow the right to marry another man who won't leave her the way Bill done. All of which is submitted in fear of God and the hope that Bill got what was coming to him."—*Princeton (Missouri) Post*.

A SINGING will be given one night next week to raise money with which to build a jail at Bounding Billows. As we are all liable to get in jail at some time or another, we should contribute to this worthy cause.—*Hogwallow Kentuckian*.

FRANK WILLS put on a new tie and a roll-down collar, washed his face, and boarded Wednesday's train for the village of Denver, where he will spend a few dimes and dollars and a week. Art Vaughn, the handsome Moffat road fireman with a sweetheart in every port, stepped off the train Sunday long enough to exchange a warm lot of gush with his Sulphur Springs girl.—*Sulphur Springs (Colorado) Advocate*.



A SINGING WILL BE GIVEN ONE NIGHT NEXT WEEK
TO RAISE MONEY WITH WHICH TO BUILD
A JAIL AT BOUNDING BILLOWS.

THE editor of the *Times* attended a Jersey cattle sale Tuesday. It was his intention to buy a bull or two, a few cows, and a lot of heifers.

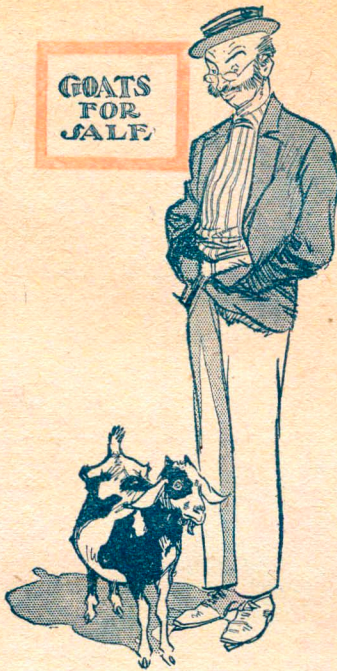
He saw an aged bull sell for \$5,000, and a yearling for \$1,500. He didn't purchase a bull.

He saw a cow sell for \$2,600. He decided not to buy a cow.

He saw one heifer sell for \$1,650, and weanlings change hands at \$400. He concluded not to invest in heifers.

He is now in the market for a kind, gentle, unpedigreed milk-goat. — *Glasgow (Kentucky) Times*.

GOATS
FOR
SALE



THE EDITOR IS NOW IN THE MARKET FOR A KIND, GENTLE, UNPEDIGREED MILK-GOAT.

"HENS," says the helpful poultry editor of the *Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*, "soon stop laying when they are cooped up, but this is rather due to the lack of exercise than despondency or resentment. If you equip your hen-house with gymnastic apparatus, such as a trapeze, horizontal bar, and punching-bag, the chickens will then consider it a pleasure to lay plain and fancy eggs, either fried, poached, or scrambled, as you may desire. In order to get the best results from chickens you must study their welfare."

A DRUNK boarded a Springfield car recently, and when the conductor saw how things were he requested the jag to go out and take the air. The intoxicated one arose with difficulty and said sternly to the

conductor: "I'll go out, but I won't take no air." — *Monson Register*.

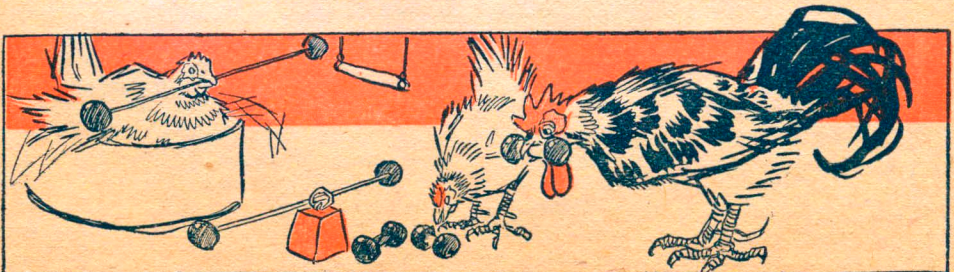
THINGS have been quiet in this neighborhood since Deacon Williams had his head sawed off by a sawmill.

Campmeetin' is in full blast. Somebody tried to dynamite the tent, and seven sinners were blowed sky-high. — *Adams (Ohio) Enterprise*.

ED EVANS has resigned his position as town clerk. He came into office with very little opposition and went out with none at all. — *Big Bend News Notes in the Riverton (Wyoming) Republican*.

BILL REEVES, who stopped his *Democrat* a year or two ago, asked us what we thought of the Bryan pictures in the *Evening Journal* the other day. What does he care what we think? We know what we think of him. — *Washington (Iowa) Democrat*.

YE editor wishes to return his heartfelt thanks to Mr. Caleb Bruce, one of our leading grocers, for three pounds of butter kindly sent to his house. Kerosene oil had been spilled over the butter, thereby preventing its sale, but we are worrying along with it and trying to imagine ourselves a lamp, which is easy, since we smoke and give light. — *Hometown (Pennsylvania) Banner*.

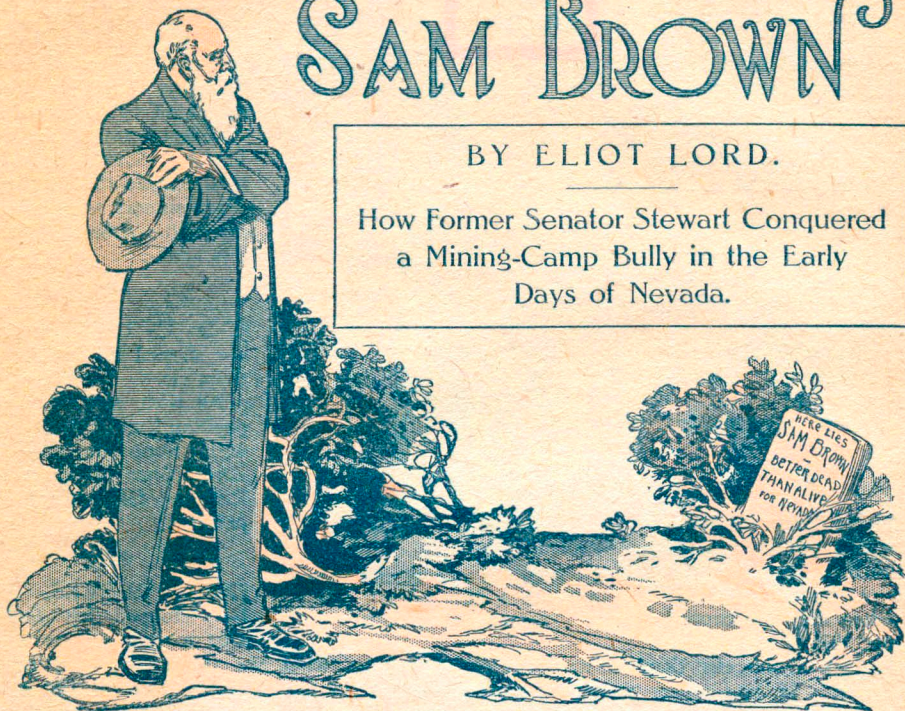


IF YOU EQUIP YOUR HEN-HOUSE WITH GYMNASI- C APPARATUS, SUCH AS A TRAPEZE, HORIZONTAL BAR, AND PUNCHING-BAG, THE CHICKENS WILL THEN CONSIDER IT A PLEASURE TO LAY PLAIN AND FANCY EGGS.

The TAMING OF SAM BROWN

BY ELIOT LORD.

How Former Senator Stewart Conquered
a Mining-Camp Bully in the Early
Days of Nevada.



NEARLY fifty years ago, a long-limbed, raw-boned, red-haired adventurer crossed the Sierra Nevada on the old emigrant trail from the gold-fields of California, whose gilt and glamour were largely rubbed off, to seek his fortune in the novel silver-chests of Nevada.

He wore a long, yellow duster, with flapping skirts that caught the eye as he tramped along the dusty trail across the valley of the Carson and up Gold Cañon to the Comstock Lode.

Otherwise he was one of a thousand in the motley stream of prospectors, gamblers, merchants, lawyers, sailors, clerks, cowboys, cooks, "tenderfeet" of many nations, races, and colors, threading the files of carts heaped high with every kind of truck, while a whirl of calls and oaths urged on the plodding oxen and straining mules with jingling collars and straps of bells.

When he mounted the cañon and came into the camp of Gold Hill and Virginia City strung along the line of the vast lode, he was only a big stranger with a red face, smeared with sweat and grime, but he soon counted for more than that. In a few

months the rough camps knew him as a steam-engine on two legs—a man of fireless energy, hard sense, keen wits, ready, rough humor, quick temper, and boundless self-assertion.

He was William M. Stewart, a young lawyer who was destined to become famous in the place, tame Sam Brown, the great mining-camp bully and bad man, kick the chief justice of the State out of office, boss all the mining camps on the Comstock Lode, and later become United States Senator.

And what immense pickings there were on and in the great lode for an attorney of that force and character! From the start the Comstock was a hot pot of litigation as steaming as the geysers that scalded its marrow. Was it a pack of silver-bearing veins running side by side, or a monstrous chasm filled with clay and porphyry and sprinkled through with ore bodies like plums in a sailor's duff, or a poor-man's pudding, as John Mackay used to call it?

Did the mass pitch west or east, or first one way and then another, confounding the prophets and locators? What was the

original apex or apices, and who owned the titles to them when the original record was a tattered and broken-backed book, which was kept in a barroom for months to use as a club, and was filled, at first, with weird entries like: "I, Bill Stubbs, claim Two hundred feet running north from Jim Jones's claim to a Cedar stump with all the spurrs, dips and angels"?

It is not hard to see why the lawyers streamed to the camps, nor hard to believe the truth that half of the yield of the mines for years was spent in lawsuits—seventeen millions, it is reckoned, out of the first forty. And who in the camps was so telling with juries as William A. Stewart, and so fertile in resources that he would not stay beaten?

In those days Mark Twain was an obscure reporter for the *Territorial Enterprise*, of Virginia City, as the biggest camp on the Comstock was christened while it was only a sprawling baby. But Mark's eyes and humor were in the unknown reporter as in the author of "Tom Sawyer." Witness his original cartoon of "big Bill Stewart, star of the bar."

"Why, man, he doth bestride our narrow range like a Colossus, and we, petty men, walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves six feet of unclaimed ground! Sure it is, too, that he has as much brass in his composition as the famous old statue of Rhodes ever had."

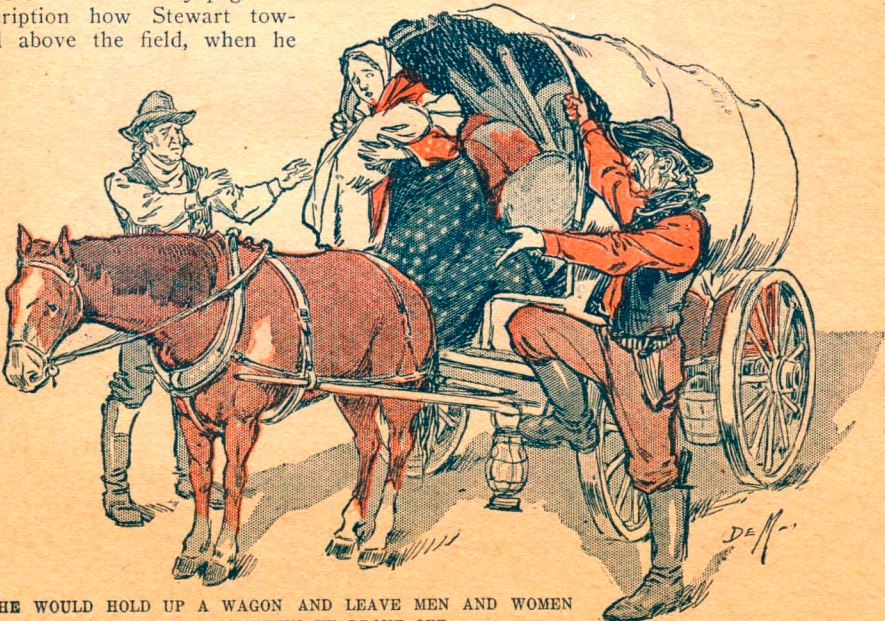
In the life light of this caricature, one can see better than by pages of description how Stewart towered above the field, when he

had won his way to dominance and was taking fees in cash or claims beyond the dreams of the greatest jurists. But he had to win his way, and, in camps like the Comstock, there was no bigger stepping-stone than his taming of Sam Brown.

Sam was a black sheep of the world-wide Brown family, so well set forth by the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby." He had the distinction of being the worst Brown that Nevada ever knew or heard of, and the worst ruffian that ever infested a mining camp. Apparently, Sam enjoyed his reputation. His full Christian name was such a grotesque misfit that nobody ever thought of using it. He was a sprout, too, in a field where hair was worn long and names short.

The one fitting thing about him was his make-up. He was a Bad Man from Bad-Manville, and looked it. He was a strapping six-footer, toughened by a life of exposure and peril—a black-haired, black-eyed villain of lurid melodrama in flesh. The bloodshot eyeball, the under puff, the bristling, waxed mustache, the insolent mouth and brutal chin were in evidence, to the joy and justification of the dime novelist.

Not lacking in courage of the daredevil kind, he had the vanity and cunning to deepen the dread of him by parading as a walking arsenal, with pistols in both hip-pockets and a long, double-edged sheath-knife stuck ostentatiously in his bootleg. This knife was his pet weapon. He kept



HE WOULD HOLD UP A WAGON AND LEAVE MEN AND WOMEN IN THE ROAD WHEN HE DROVE OFF.

it as keen as a razor and it was never out of the reach of his hand by day or night.

Extortions and impositions of every kind provided his daily bread and whisky. When he wanted to ride, he made nothing of stopping and pulling a man off his horse, if the rider didn't jump off at once. Or he would hold up a wagon and leave men or women in the road when he drove off.

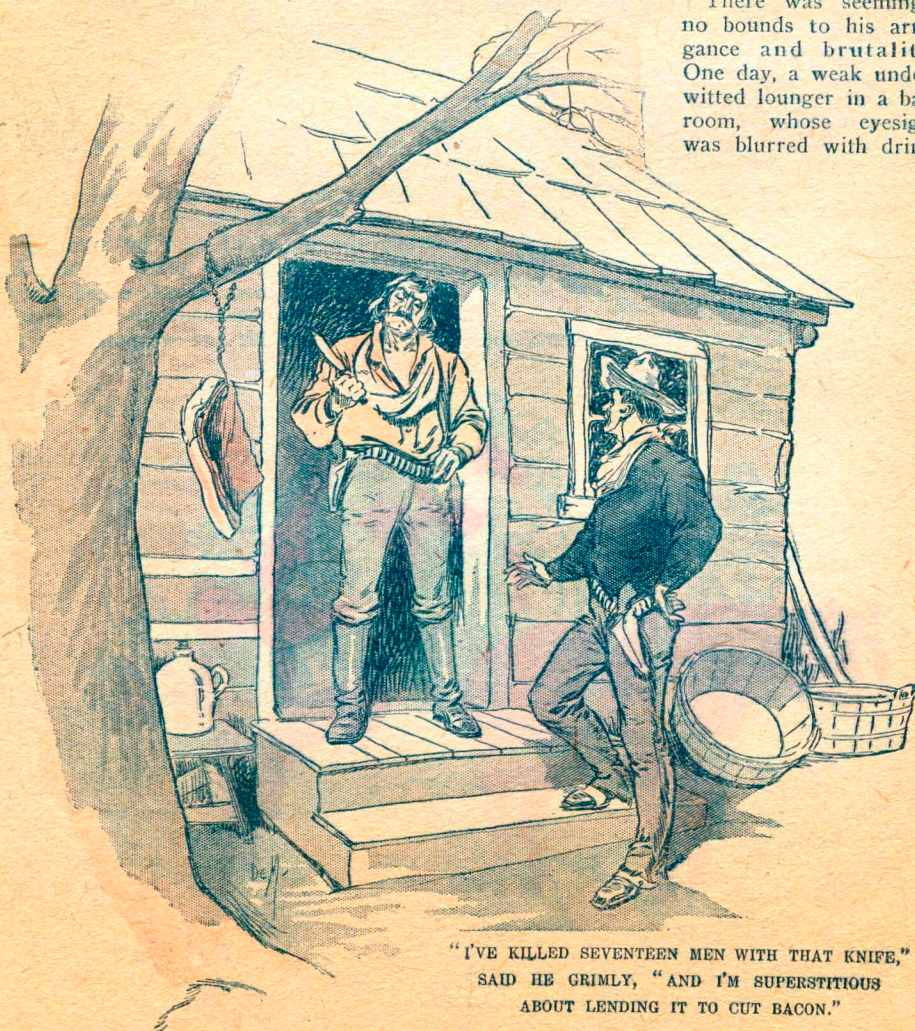
Just before he came to the Comstock, he was holding a little stock-farm near the emigrant trail through the Humboldt Valley. It was reckoned to be prudent not to call on Brown in passing. But a new express-rider stopped at the farm one day, and asked for something to eat. Brown pointed to a hanging strip of bacon and told the rider he might cut and cook it for himself.

"Please lend me your knife," said the caller.

Sam drew it out of his bootleg and held it out half-way—then drew it back with a second thought and felt its edge delicately with his thumb. "I've killed seventeen men with that knife," said he grimly, "and I'm superstitious about lending it to cut bacon."

The expressman did not press him. The story may have been a lying brag, but the conjuring knife and evil face were sickening. There was no doubt of the tale on the Comstock after Brown had become the terror of the towns on the lode. The seething mining camps were a natural home for him. Claim-jumpers often wanted such men and did not count the cost closely. Gambling was his least rascally occupation, and swindling a mild recreation for him. In every form of debauchery and license he was a leader, and his bravado and a certain cunning drew about him a desperate gang of men—creatures of his own kidney.

There was seemingly no bounds to his arrogance and brutality. One day, a weak underwitted loungee in a bar-room, whose eyesight was blurred with drink,



"I'VE KILLED SEVENTEEN MEN WITH THAT KNIFE,"
SAID HE GRIMLY, "AND I'M SUPERSTITIOUS
ABOUT LENDING IT TO CUT BACON."



FILLING THE ENTRANCE WITH HIS BURLY BODY, SAM BROWN STOOD SCOWLING AT THE ATTORNEY. HE WAS ON THE WAR-PATH IN FULL TOGGERY.

staggered up against him and made some poor jest at which Brown took offense. On the instant, Sam slung his long arm over the drunkard, and, holding him as easily as a cat lifts a mouse, drove his knife to the hilt and turned it, "Maltese fashion," in his screeching and quivering victim. Then he flung the bleeding and mangled body on the floor carelessly. Some moments later, when a few rough Samaritans ventured in to carry away the man, still faintly groaning, Sam Brown was stretched out on the green cloth of one of the pool-tables, sleeping as calmly as a little child hushed to rest by his mother.

No deputy dared arrest him. The flimsy "cooler" that served as a jail would not confine him for a day. No picked-up jury could be trusted to convict him. One could only shun him, or suffer him, or shoot him. He had a ruffianly following, likely to warn and rescue him or revenge his taking off. Besides, he was himself a quick and dead shot with his "gun." So a man who crossed Brown's passion or whim was risking his life, and no one was ready to take the risk and responsibility of ridding the camps of their nightmare.

The bravo roamed at large, therefore, finding no one to check him until the big, red-haired attorney came to the Comstock.

Stewart heard of Sam Brown at once, and Sam soon heard of him as an uncommonly stalwart and stirring practitioner. The two men could not live in the camp long without a collision—and Sam Brown had no doubt of its issue, though he had probably not made up his mind whether to allow Stewart to crawl away or to kill him. Of one thing he was sure—that he was to be cock of the walk on the lode.

The meeting came about in a natural way. A mining claim in dispute was referred to a jury which met in a toll-house, a mile away from the main camp. There was a bar in the house and tolls were taken and drinks served indifferently. Stewart was attorney for the plaintiffs in the case and Sam was hired as a witness for the defense.

It was a clear case of claim-jumping, but the jumpers were in possession and backed by Sam Brown. This combination was much more than nine points of the law on the lode at that time. It was openly boasted that no contesting attorney would dare to confront it and push the trial. But the braggarts had not tried Stewart's metal.

Shortly before noon, the jury met, as agreed, at the toll-house, took a drink and went out to inspect the actual ground in dispute. Then it came back and took another drink and was ready to hear the

case. Stewart put his witnesses on the stand. The fourth man was testifying and the jury was listening with apparent interest to the plain, straightforward unfolding of the facts under the simple and direct questioning of the lawyer. Suddenly the door was slammed wide open by a rattling kick.

The witness stopped short, gaping. The startled jurymen jumped up. They were sitting on wooden benches in the corner of the room farthest from the door. Stewart sat in front of them on a three-legged stool. He turned to look at the open doorway.

Brown Ready for Trouble.

Filling the entrance with his burly body, Sam Brown stood scowling at the attorney. He was on the war-path in full toggery. The butts of his heavy revolvers bulged out at his hips and his knife was in his bootleg. He was plainly primed to the pitch of deviltry with whisky—and, when he was half drunk, nobody had dared to face him. His fury was deadly, as all men knew. Better beard a lion in his den or pluck a morsel from a tiger's mouth than risk the knife or bullet of this monster.

So the miners in the toll-house thought. All were hardened by that daily toil and the life in the gold and silver fields. The Comstock camps, with their flaring hells where run and gambling ran riot, were no place for weaklings or cowards. But there was not one of these rough-hewn men who was not cowed by the sight of that lounging, leering bravo in the doorway.

To one man alone, after the first shock, a resilience came like the spring of fine steel, his nerves were strained tense but they did not waver. Stewart knew the bully at the first glance, though he had never seen him before. No one camp ever spawned two Sam Browns at one time. He had looked for his coming during the day and was braced to face him. His hand fell on the butt of the revolver in his coat-pocket, and he cocked his pistol without drawing it and held his finger on the trigger. He didn't intend to be a helpless target. Killing a witness at sight was not strictly professional, but it was less objectionable than being killed by a witness.

So the lawyer's resolution was hardened in the moment that showed the threatening figure with its foot on the door-sill. Stewart kept his seat on the stool, but turned enough to bring his gun to bear on the bully. After the pause in the doorway, calculated to terrorize the men in the toll-house, Sam Brown came striding into the room, stamping his heavy boots to show his contempt for the court and his intent to disturb the trial.

When he came within a few feet of the jury, he stopped, drew himself up to his full height, and stood with his feet planted heavily, glowering at the jury and Stewart. No one on the benches cared to catch his eye with a return stare, but the big man on the stool never took his keen eyes from the face of the ruffian from the moment when it was shown at the door. Sam Brown shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, hawked and spit on the floor to show that he felt at home, and, drawing down his heavy eyebrows, tried to frown the lawyer out of countenance.

But there was no quiver or wincing under the threat. Stewart's teeth were close-set and the lines of his face were rigid. His gorge had risen at the intolerable effrontery and he was ready to sting.

Curt and sharp as the snap of the whip came his challenge: "Who are you, sir?"

This pricked the skin of the bully who gloried in his inglorious fame in the camp.

"I'm Sam Brown," he roared. "Everybody knows me!"

Like a bullet came the order: "Take off your hat and sit down! When we want you as a witness, you will be called."

This was a shot at the bull's-eye. It confounded the ruffian. Who was this man, who dared to order him about in the camp which he terrorized? He glared savagely at Stewart, and his hand stole toward his hip, but he caught the instant flash in the eye of the lawyer and the pressure of his hand on his revolver. Shooting through the pocket was a practise which Sam Brown understood very well. He saw sudden death in Stewart's eyes and it shook his braggart assurance. He dared not challenge the shot by a dash or by trying to draw a gun from his hip. His face changed from brutal bluster to sullen submission. He took off his hat awkwardly and sat down on one of the benches.

Stewart's Cool Nerve.

Stewart went on with the examination, but always kept an eye on the treacherous bully and his hold on his revolver. When it came to his turn to cross-question Brown, he pulled the truth out by searching inquiries, and showed no consciousness that the terror of the lode was different from any other witness, but he was careful to preserve a bearing of frigid politeness. It was a novel experience for the hectoring ruffian.

The trial came to an end. The jury returned a verdict without a moment's delay. Stewart had won his case and rose to go. He observed that the discomfited witness was lingering behind, and he felt that a

threat still hung over him. But he was surprised by the advance of Brown without a suggestion of bluster.

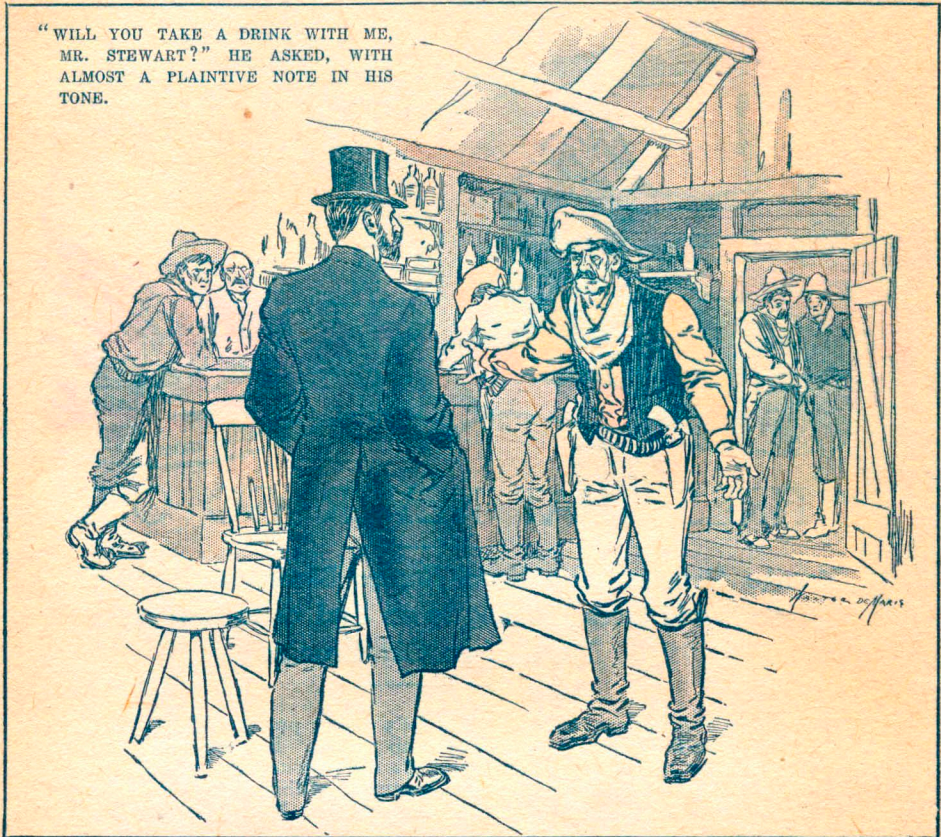
"Will you take a drink with me, Mr. Stewart?" he asked meekly.

According to the etiquette of the camp,

But Sam took no notice, apparently, of the lawyer's distrust. He drank off his glass and then shattered it on the bar.

"You are the stuff, Mr. Stewart!" he cried. "Will you shake hands?"

The lawyer held out his hand and Brown



refusal of this olive-branch would have been a gross insult.

"Yes, thank you!" said the lawyer, and walked up to the bar. He was careful, however, to keep his pistol-hand free and his pistol-pocket toward his entertainer. He raised his glass, but he didn't raise his eyes. It was a diversion with Sam Brown to take men off their guard.

squeezed it devotedly. From that day on till he died, shot like a wolf in the night, he was a walking bassoon for the "boss of the bar" in the camp.

Nevertheless, Stewart slept sounder when a slab in the sage-brush bore the scroll in charcoal:

"Here lies Sam Brown—better dead than alive—for Nevada."

MORE FREAK FIGURES.

EDITOR THE LIVE WIRE: I read with interest the article in your June number on "Curiosities in Figures." Here are some more curiosities that may interest your readers:

To get *all* of one figure in an answer without exception: Supposing you want fours, multiply the figures 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 (note

12 LW

the absence of 8) by (4 times 9, or) 36, and you get 444,444,444, and even that has as a sum 36 and 3 plus 6 equals 9.

If you want all fives, multiply 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 by 5 times 9, or 45; so with any number.

Numerous other experiments prove that 9 is a peculiar and curious number.

A. L. SIPES, Butte, Montana.



FIRES THAT NEVER GO OUT.

Strange Peoples Who Keep Flames Blazing to Prevent the World From Coming to an End or to Remind Them of an Old Grudge.

THE average American citizen thinks he's doing pretty well if he keeps his furnace-fire burning from fall until spring. Let the sun come out warm a day or two in January and it's even money that somebody will be splitting kindling-wood in the basement within twenty-four hours. Yet citizens in other parts of the world have kept fires burning for many centuries.

It is an article of faith with some of the semisavage tribes of Portuguese East Africa never to let fires go out. The local superstition is that every time the fire is extinguished a human being goes to his death. A man who lights a fire and deliberately lets it go out is set upon by the tribe and killed. His death expiates the crime, and is supposed to prevent the death of some of his comrades.

The Shamanist tribes of western Siberia regard fire with such reverence that they dread its extinction. When as many fires have gone out on earth as there are stars in the sky, the world, they believe, will come to an end. In a country where fires are needed not more than half the year, this belief is, of course, a cause of much inconvenience. A little casuistry, however, enables them to get over the difficulty. One fire, originally lighted with tinder or matches, is always kept alive, two tribesmen being constantly on the watch. Fires for domestic use are lighted by taking a brand from this chief fire. The Shamanist logic is that these latter are not real fires, not having been kindled by artificial means. They are but parts of the great fire, their extinction causing no harm.

Sicilian vendettas sometimes lead to the keeping up of a fire for years. The wronged individual solemnly lights a fire and swears that it will never be extinguished until his desire for vengeance is assuaged. When he leaves his home, intent on murder, he solemnly exhorts his wife to keep the fire in, otherwise his enterprise will fail.

When he has taken vengeance he returns home, takes a hot coal, singes his beard or mustache, and tramps on the fire until it has gone out.

At a trial which took place at Palermo about fifteen years ago it was stated in evidence that the accused, who had just murdered an enemy, had kept his kitchen fire alight for four years.

In Bradford, England, is a man who has kept his study fire going for seven months, as the result of a dream. In the dream he saw this fire suddenly go out, and next moment he imagined he was bankrupt and starving. Being somewhat superstitious, he insisted upon the fire being kept up. If it goes out he firmly believes financial troubles will overtake him.

Near Debreezin, in Hungary, is a fire which has lasted for forty-one years. It is kept up in consonance with an old custom existing in the family of M. Avyari, a local landed proprietor. When M. Avyari was born, forty-one years ago, the fire was lighted. It will not be extinguished until his death.

In the same house exists another fire twelve years old, lighted on the eldest son's birthday. This in turn will be kept alive till the son's death; and when an heir shall be born to him a third fire will be lighted. In the eighteenth century four fires were going at the same time, the oldest being that of a great-grandfather, the youngest that of his great-grandson.

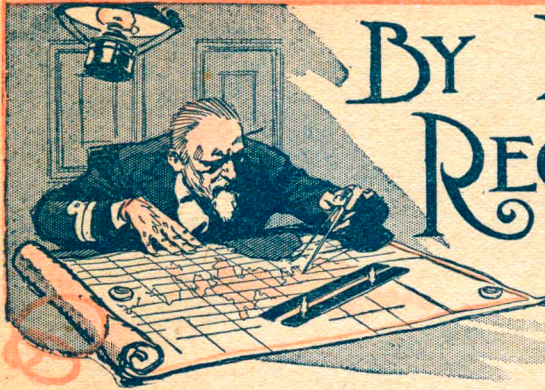
A fire of a different kind has burned for over eleven years in South Russia. In 1807 an underground conflagration took place in a coal-mine in the Donets district. All attempts to extinguish it proved fruitless, and there is a raging furnace still underneath the ground.

In Siam is a fire which not only lasts for years, but has "lineal descendants." In a Buddhist temple at Bangkok the priests, every fourth New Year, light a fresh fire in a big brazier. This fire is kept alive for four years, and extinguished after supplying a brand to light its successor. The practise has been carried on for more than two centuries, so that the Bangkok fire is, in a sense, the oldest in the world.

A fire which it is death to extinguish, and which has been kept alive for seventy years, exists at Sarhad, in Persia. The Persians are rigid Mohammedans, and regard their former fire-worshipping faith with detestation. But nearly three-quarters of a century ago a pious Parsee who had come to trade at Sarhad saved the Persian grand vizier's life from an assassin. In gratitude the then Shah ordered that the fire lighted by the Parsee should be kept alive forever, on pain of death to any one who extinguished it.

At Slapstones, England, near Osmotherly, a village on the Yorkshire moors, is an unpretentious inn called the Chequers, that has been occupied by the same family for over one hundred years, during which time the big fire in the kitchen has never been out.





BY DEAD RECKONING

by Walter
Hackett

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JOHN REDMUND, purser on the City of Kingston and the hero of the story, is alarmed by the fact that the captain has not appeared and the vessel is off its course. Redmund is sent for by the captain and finds him in a state of helpless terror in his stateroom. Redmund captures a spy outside the window whom he discovers to be a beautiful woman that he had seen among the passengers and fallen in love with.

A wireless message comes for Richard Larsen, the first mate, from Port of Spain, saying that the party he was looking for is on the steamer. Larsen asks the woman spy a question, and in reply to the wireless, telegraphs "yes."

In the middle of a dense fog, the vessel is suddenly sent forward at full speed. The first mate means to wreck the ship. With the aid of Browne, the captain's steward, the mate is overpowered, but at that instant the ship strikes a reef. The captain gives Redmund a message to send by the wireless, and he discovers that the instruments have been wrecked. He returns to the captain's cabin and finds that the captain has been murdered. There, he is attacked by Larsen and the message wrested from him. The ship is abandoned, the girl Redmund loves going off with Larsen. Redmund is imprisoned in the cabin, but contrives to escape. In New York he sees the sign "Remirez & Co." and remembers that it was to this firm that the captain's message was addressed. The text, which was in cipher, he has forgotten. Remirez tells him that he must remember it. "It means millions for us both," he says.

CHAPTER XI.

An Attempt at Murder.

I STOOD staring at the man aghast. That he spoke the truth, there could be no doubt. His strange words and stranger manner were alike impressive.

But his offer of millions scarcely stirred my pulses. What affected me was the certainty, which I now had, that the man opposite me possessed the key to the mystery which had swept me along in its train, which had well-nigh cost my life.

I sprang forward and clutched him by the arm.

"You know the secret which cost the life of the woman I love," I cried. "Tell it to me, tell it to me!"

"I will tell you nothing," he answered sharply, "until you have revealed to me the contents of the captain's message."

"Man," I exclaimed, "have I not told you that I remember nothing of it—nothing?"

With one bound he sprang to the table and, seizing the code which lay there, thrust it in his pocket. Then once more he turned toward me, and never have I seen a fiercer expression of rage upon any human countenance.

"You lie!" he hissed. "Curse you, you lie! You came here in order that you might trick me into showing you this code, so that you yourself might understand the message. You thought to fool me with a game like that." His voice had risen to a shriek and his whole frame shook with passion.

"I will show you. You shall not leave this room until you have told me every word the captain wrote, and if you refuse to tell me, by Heaven, I'll kill you!"

Began in the June Live Wire. Single copies, 10 cents.

As he spoke, he drew a revolver from a drawer in his desk and pointed it full at my breast. Taken completely by surprise, I fell back until I stood against the wall, staring at him in amazement. I was not frightened. I had passed too close to the gates of death ever to fear them again.

But his manner had intensified the mystery that surrounded me, and more than ever was I possessed with a desire to learn what it all meant. In order to satisfy this desire I would have to live. And in order to live I would have to overcome the man who stood before me, for there was no disguising the fact that he meant every word he said.

We stood facing one another for a time in absolute silence. Then I raised my hand imploringly toward him. I caused it to tremble markedly as I did so.

"Don't shoot," I whispered hoarsely. "I will tell you everything."

His little black eyes sparkled with satisfaction at my words and he moistened his thick, red lips with a scarlet, snake-like tongue.

"Well," he exclaimed in a voice which quavered and shook. "Tell me—and hurry."

"I must see the code again first," I muttered.

He paused and looked at me suspiciously. It is impossible to describe the suspense that I endured as he stood there hesitating. Should he divine my subterfuge, I felt certain that he would kill me without the slightest qualm. There was no mercy in those cruel, black eyes.

All at once he ceased his inspection of me and nodded with satisfaction.

"Very well," he said, "I will show it to you."

As he spoke, he drew the paper from his pocket and walked with it to his desk. It was that movement that I counted upon. Just as he turned to cross to the desk, I crouched and sprang upon him as swiftly and silently as a tiger springs upon his prey.

The action took him utterly by surprise. Before he could draw himself together, I had borne him to the floor, at the same time wresting the pistol from his grasp. He made a feeble attempt at resistance and then, seeing that this was useless, opened his mouth to cry aloud for help.

I divined his purpose just in time. Before he could fill his lungs with breath, I hit him a smashing blow upon the jaw. He gave a grunt of pain—it was almost a yelp—and then his eyes rolled up until one could see nothing of them but the whites that were soiled and bloodshot.

After that he lay quite still.

Jumping to my feet, I seized the code from the desk and, folding it, placed it in my pocket. Then I went quietly out, closing the door behind me.

In the outer office, I encountered the clerk who had stopped me when I first entered. He gazed at me curiously.

"Mr. Ramirez does not wish to be disturbed for an hour," I told him. Then, opening the door, I passed out into the crowd that throngs Wall Street.

That the clerk would disobey my injunction I had no fear. I had gained enough knowledge of Ramirez's character during my short interview with him to convince me that his employees would not take any order of his lightly. So, with no fear of pursuit, I made my way leisurely enough toward Broadway.

At the corner of that thoroughfare, however, a singular thing occurred. Above the roar of the traffic and the noise of the hurrying thousands, clearly and distinctly I heard a man's voice speak my name. The voice came from directly behind me.

"That's him, that's John Redmund," I heard it say.

Like a flash, I swung about. There was no one near me. Moreover, there was no doorway into which the speaker might have disappeared. The thing was inexplicable. For a few moments I stood staring into the faces of the passers-by. Not one was familiar to me.

Plainly the voice had been nothing but the creation of my overcharged nerves. With a sigh I turned and went upon my way.

But almost at once a queer sensation possessed me. I became certain that I was being followed. No matter in what direction I turned, no matter where I went, I could not shake the impression off. At last it became a certainty. I was sure that some one had recognized me, and had pointed me out to the person who was following me at the moment I had heard my name mentioned.

Who could it be? Obviously it was not Ramirez, since there was little question but what he would remain helpless from the blow I had struck him for at least half an hour. Besides, I had not told him my name.

Who else could have a reason for shadowing me? No one. The thing was stupefying.

I made a dozen attempts to discover the identity of the mysterious man who was dogging my footsteps, to gain at least one glimpse of his face. Always I was baffled. Then I tried my utmost to shake him off my trail. In this, too, I failed.

I cannot begin to describe the eerie sensa-

tion this strange shadowing created in me. Up and down the city streets I went, my unseen pursuer always at my heels. All day long the chase lasted, until at last night fell, and in despair I sought refuge in my hotel.

Even there I was unable to escape my hidden tormentor. Scarcely had I reached my room before I became conscious that some one was moving about in the one adjoining it, to which there was a connecting door. With a certainty that would not be denied, my instinct told me that it was the man who had been following me all day long whom I heard there.

A wave of terror swept over me. I do not think that I am a greater coward than most men; but to be watched as I had been watched, to be followed as I had been followed, while the pursuer remained always unseen, was a fearful ordeal.

After a time the noises in the adjoining room ceased. Finally I became convinced that my nerves had played me false. No doubt the man in there was no more than a traveler like myself. Even if he were the person who had been following me, he could do me no harm, since the door between us was securely locked. With my mind almost at ease, I undressed and went to bed. After a time I fell into a troubled sleep.

How long I slept, I cannot say. All at once, however, I awoke. My limbs were cold and trembling when I opened my eyes.

The room was in utter black darkness. For a moment I lay absolutely still, vainly wondering what it was that had awakened me. There was not a sound, though I waited and waited with straining ears. This reassured me. No doubt some nightmare had possessed me and I had awakened in the fear of it.

Just as I reached this comforting conclusion, I felt something that made my whole soul turn sick with terror. It was a cold draft of air sweeping over me. It came not from the direction of the room in which the windows were, but from a directly opposite one—from the door of the adjoining room. Unquestionably, that door had been opened.

CHAPTER XII.

A Woman's Face.

DESPITE my fears, my mind remained active. With the certainty that I was right and that the door had been opened, came also the certainty that my fears earlier in the evening had been justified. There was no longer the least doubt in my mind but that the man in that room

was the man who had followed me during the whole preceding day.

But was he in that room still? Had he by this time crept silently into mine? Plainly enough, he had opened the door to make this possible.

He meant to murder me. Even at that moment, I remember that the mystery of the attack puzzled me. Why should any man desire to take my life? I could find no answer to the riddle.

It is needless to say that I wasted no time in trying to solve the problem. My one desire was to escape the mysterious assassin, and in escaping him to obtain a glimpse of his face.

All at once I remembered the electric bulb which hung on one of the bedposts, and by pressing which the electric lights could be switched on. I stretched out my hand toward it, but, to my dismay, I discovered that it was beyond my reach. It would be necessary for me to move in order to place my hand upon it. That movement would awaken the suspicions of the intruder. It might, perhaps, cause him to spring upon me and deal me the fatal blow.

For an instant longer I lay silent, considering the matter. Then I heard a sound that galvanized me into action. Some one was creeping across the room toward me. I sprang toward the bulb and missed it. But the creaking of the mattress saved my life. At the noise of it I heard something fall to the floor, after which hurried footsteps crossed the room, and the door that had been opened was swiftly closed.

All this time I had been fumbling about for the electric switch. As the door closed I found it, and the room was flooded with a brilliant light. I leaped from the bed and started to cross to the door. In the center of the room I saw something glistening and gleaming in the light.

Stooping, I picked it up. It was a cruelly sharp knife, such as sailors are accustomed to carry. For a moment I stopped and examined it for some mark that might reveal the identity of the owner, but there was none. It was some unknown person who was seeking to murder me.

Filled with rage at the thought and heedless of the consequences, I sprang to the door of the adjoining room. Once for all I meant to have the matter settled. I would have the life that sought mine, or forfeit mine in attempting to take it.

But again I was baffled. The door was securely locked. In my anger, I beat against it with all my strength, crying aloud defiance to my mysterious enemy. There was no answer.

Presently, while I was still calling to my

enemy, there came a sharp rap upon my own door. One of the clerks of the hotel stood upon the threshold.

"What is the matter, Mr. Redmund?" he asked. "Why are you creating this disturbance?"

Impulsively, I told him my story. He

and made ready for a guest. Despite this, I was more certain than ever that I had not been deceived, for when the clerk threw open the door the same draft of cold air that I had felt as I lay upon my bed rushed over me.

I said nothing of this to the man. It



AFTER THAT HE LAY QUITE STILL. JUMPING TO MY FEET, I SEIZED THE CODE FROM THE DESK AND, FOLDING IT, PLACED IT IN MY POCKET.

listened with polite incredulity. When I had finished, he raised his eyebrows.

"There is some mistake, Mr. Redmund," he said. "No one has occupied the room next to yours for at least a week."

Maddened by his doubts, I began to repeat my story. He interrupted me with an offer to show me the room, and, drawing a pass-key from his pocket, opened the connecting door.

The room was absolutely empty. Moreover, it was in perfect order. There was nothing to show that anybody had spent five minutes there, since it had been cleaned

would have been useless, I knew, and, besides, if my enemies learned that I had been convinced that I was mistaken, they would be lulled into a sense of false security. Therefore, waiving all question of the dirk, I apologized as best I could to the clerk for my disturbance, bade him good night, and locked the door behind him. Then, with the knife in my hand, I settled down to wait for the morning.

It came at last and, putting on my clothes, I sallied forth into the streets. Anything was better than waiting in those rooms. As on the day before, the same strange sensa-

tion of being watched possessed me. No matter where I turned, no matter where I went, I was certain that my footsteps were dogged.

What a day it was! Even now I shudder when I think of it. When, at length, it was over and twilight had fallen, I could not bear the thought of returning to my room and waiting for another attack upon my life.

The grand-opera season was then at its height, and upon that night a famous prima donna was to make her first New York appearance in "Carmen." There was a great crowd upon Broadway, all seemingly bound for the opera-house, and it occurred to me that here was the opportunity I sought. By attending the opera I could either lose my pursuer or, at least, obtain a sight of his face.

Turning into the lobby of the opera-house, I procured a ticket, which entitled me to standing-room upon the lower floor. Just as I entered, the vast orchestra broke into the wonderful overture. Its melody soothed my tired spirit, and for the first time since those awful days upon the City of Kingston my weary heart found rest. Moreover, since I had passed through the doorway my sensation of being watched had ceased altogether.

For two acts I remained spellbound, enchanted by the witchery of the opera. It was not until the curtain had dropped for the second time that I took occasion to examine the audience closely. Then, leaning against the railing which barred me from the orchestra seats, I took a leisurely survey of the theater.

Slowly my eyes traveled over the crowd of the lower floor until, at last, I raised them to the grand tier of boxes. From box to box my gaze wandered until, at last, they reached one directly across from where I was standing. Lazily, my eyes examined its occupants.

I was still intent upon them, when the door at the back was flung open, and a woman came in. She was tall and slender, dressed in a close-fitting frock of black, from which her gloriously white neck sprang up like ivory. About her throat was a collar of priceless diamonds, which flashed and gleamed beneath the lights of the theater.

As she reached the front of the box, and before seating herself, she turned to survey the crowd. In doing so her glance met mine. For a time—it seemed a long, long time—her eyes lingered on my face. Then all at once her beautiful face grew white as death, and, tottering back, she sank into a chair.

As for me, I stood rooted to the spot. For the woman in the box was the woman

I had met and loved upon the decks of the City of Kingston—the woman whom I believed to have perished miserably at sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hast Thou Found Me, Oh, Mine Enemy?

WHILE I stood staring at her, the curtain rose and the opera continued. But no longer did its beauty affect me. For the stage I had no eyes.

A hundred wild thoughts were dashing madly through my brain. Once again the mystery of the voyage of the City of Kingston had taken possession of me. Here was I face to face with the most curious feature of it. The one ship's boat that had been reported missing had unquestionably reached shore safely.

Even now I was gazing at one of the passengers. That I had not been misled by a marvelous resemblance was certain. The woman's behavior upon catching a glimpse of me fully proved that. But what could it all mean? What dark secret lay at the bottom of these strange happenings?

While I was still turning these questions over in my mind, there was a sudden movement in the box, and I saw her arise and quickly throw her cloak around her. She meant to escape me.

Naturally, I had no intention of permitting such a thing to happen. Fortunately, I was somewhat familiar with the opera-house, and knew that the exit for those who had private carriages was separate from the main entrance. It was to the former that I bent my steps, and in the lobby there I met her.

She was leaning upon the arm of one of the men who had been in the box—a man whom I had never seen before—and the terror in her eyes as she saw me went straight to my heart. Nevertheless, I was not to be deterred. Going directly toward her, I raised my hat. In return, she held out her hand to me.

"You, Mr. Redmund?" she said, and that was all.

"Yes," I answered, taking her hand, "it's I, but I scarcely expected to see you here."

"Oh," she exclaimed brightly, "I am not such a barbarian that I do not go to the opera occasionally." Bowing to me once more, she made as if to proceed to her carriage.

I was standing directly in front of her, and, despite her action, I made not the slightest movement to give way. The man whose arm she still retained, though she had not introduced us, frowned with surprise at my rudeness, and I saw the girl draw a

quick, sharp breath of obvious disappointment.

"You will pardon me," I said steadily, "but I cannot permit you to pass until I have spoken to you—and alone," I added, looking significantly at her escort.

His face went white with anger.

"You will not permit this lady to pass?" he exclaimed. "We shall see."

He lifted a heavy walking-stick he carried in his hand, as if about to bring it down upon me. Before he could do so, however, the girl had stepped between us.

"The gentleman is quite right," she cried sharply to her escort. "You will excuse me for a moment."

He looked at her in surprise. Then he lowered his stick and, raising his hat, moved away without a word beyond hearing distance. The girl turned her white face to me.

"Well," she asked in a low voice, "what is it you want?"

"The truth," I whispered back to her, "and the whole truth. I must know everything."

Her eyes were wide with terror.

"I cannot tell you now," she murmured.

"I cannot tell you here."

"But you must tell me," I persisted; "and if not now, where and when can I see you? You are in trouble, I am sure. Heaven knows I only wish to serve you—to be your friend."

With a gesture that was infinitely pathetic, she stretched forth her hands and caught hold of mine. Heedless of the curious glances of the loungers, she held them tightly in her own.

"Listen," she said softly. "On that awful night in the cabin of the City of Kingston you told me that you loved me. If you spoke the truth, prove it now."

The unshed tears that brimmed in those glorious eyes of hers wrung my heart-strings.

"How can I do that?" I demanded. "How?"

"By letting me go now and never seeing me again," she answered.

For a moment I almost yielded. Something in her manner seemed to convince me that what she asked was best for us both. But I steeled myself, as a great jealousy of Larsen swept over me.

"It is impossible," I answered her coldly. "Absolutely impossible."

An ominous fire flashed into her eyes.

"Mr. Redmund," she said, and her voice was crisp and cold, "if you do not let me pass I will appeal to my escort and the police."

I was beaten, and I knew it. If I should attempt to tell my wild story to the officers

of the law I would be laughed at for my pains. Moreover, she would vanish from me forever, and her identity would still remain a mystery. I still had one last card, and I resolved to play it.

"You are mad," I whispered, my face close to hers, "quite mad. You are throwing away a great chance. I have gained possession of Captain Peters's cipher-code, and now I can translate his message."

I had spoken the words at random, without the least idea whether they would be meaningless to her or not. As it happened, their effect was most extraordinary. Her eyes dilated, and a soft color stole into her cheeks. Quickly she stretched out her hand toward me, checked the gesture, and recovered her self-possession.

"If I tell you how you may see me again, you will curse the day you were born," she whispered in a voice that shook, despite her every effort. "Do you still persist in asking it?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then come to the wharf at the foot of East Twenty-Second Street at midnight tonight," she breathed. "A launch will be waiting there to bring you to me." With that she was gone.

In a daze, I wandered back into the auditorium. But the music and the crowd no longer attracted me. I had seen the woman I loved once more. That very night she was to explain at last the mystery of our strange voyage. I was fairly mad with happiness.

I remained in the theater until the opera was over, and then drifted out with the crowd into the brightly lighted thoroughfare. The sensation of being followed no longer haunted me. I cared not a whit whether I was or not. I thought only of the woman I was about to see once more, and dreamed of the joy of the meeting.

Never once did the place and time of the appointment strike me as suspicious. If I thought of it at all, I explained it as being necessary for secret reasons which concerned only her. That it might mean peril to me, was the farthest thing from my thoughts. When at last the time for our appointment was come, it was with a light heart that I hailed a cabman and bade him drive me to the wharf at the foot of East Twenty-Second Street.

The journey was made without incident; and scarcely had I put my foot on the wharf, when a sailor, dressed in the neat costume of a private yacht, approached.

"You are Mr. Redmund?" he asked.

"Yes," I responded.

He did not speak again, but led me in silence to the steps at the end of the wharf.

A motor-boat was moored there, and in response to his gesture I boarded her. Instantly the swift little craft darted out into the dark waters of the East River, and, turning southward, scudded along among the shipping.

When we had been gone from the pier, perhaps fifteen minutes, the engine stopped. Apparently we had reached our destination, and, shifting my seat, I glanced ahead. We were bearing down directly upon a yacht, a slim and delicate vessel, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

That our visit was expected was apparent, for I saw two men leaning against a rail ready to catch a line.

With perfect skill, the steersman brought us alongside. A second later I was making my way up the stairway that led over the yacht's side.

On the deck she met me. Never had I seen her look so beautiful as she did then.

She had discarded her severe black frock for one of light and filmy white, which foamed and rippled about the slender curves of her beautiful figure. A lace wrap of the same color was thrown over her head in a Spanish fashion, and beneath it her great, dark eyes seemed to shine more gloriously than ever.

Without a word, I went toward her, my hand stretched forth. Without a word, she took it, and for a time we stood looking at each other in silence. Presently a shiver ran over her delicate frame.

"Go," she whispered. "Go, before it is too late."

"I will never leave you again," I breathed. "Never again."

She opened her lips to speak once more, but before she could do so I saw the old look of crushing fear steal into her eyes. While it still burned there, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulders, and a voice I knew and hated said:

"So our guest has arrived in safety, eh?"

Like a flash, I swung around and faced the speaker. He was Richard Larsen, the first mate of the City of Kingston. Once more we were face to face.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Cipher Despatch.

IN the moment of silence which followed my recognition of the man I felt once more the old unreasoning fear which he always inspired in me. Just for an instant it held sway, and then the hate I had been treasuring in my heart swelled up and overcame it. But even in that moment

I realized how great the odds were against me, and resolved to depend on strategy.

"Yes," I replied, lightly enough, "I am here all right. But I had hoped that my visit would be a surprise to you."

As I spoke, I turned back to the woman I loved, as though seeking confirmation for my words. She had vanished.

Not until then did the deadly menace of the trap into which I had stumbled strike me with full force. Why had she not told me that this would be the result of my coming? My heart grew hot with rage at her. Then the voice of the first mate reached my ears.

"And now that you are here," he said easily, "I am reminded that our hospitality is shockingly at fault. Won't you walk down into my cabin?"

"Said the spider to the fly," I jeered.

One quick glance about had shown me the uselessness of any attempt to escape. I must match my wits against his and trust them to bring me through safely.

"My dear Redmund," he said smoothly, "I never would think of attributing to you the guilelessness of a fly, while surely you cannot believe that I have the venom of a spider, since now we meet in friendship, when you remember how we last parted."

"Yes," I responded bitterly, "I remember perfectly."

The man's coolness was maddening. His only retort to my angry words was a light laugh, after which he turned and led the way toward the companionway. In no other way could he have shown more completely his utter contempt for me. His action left him wholly unprotected from a sudden attack. I could have stabbed him in the back with ease.

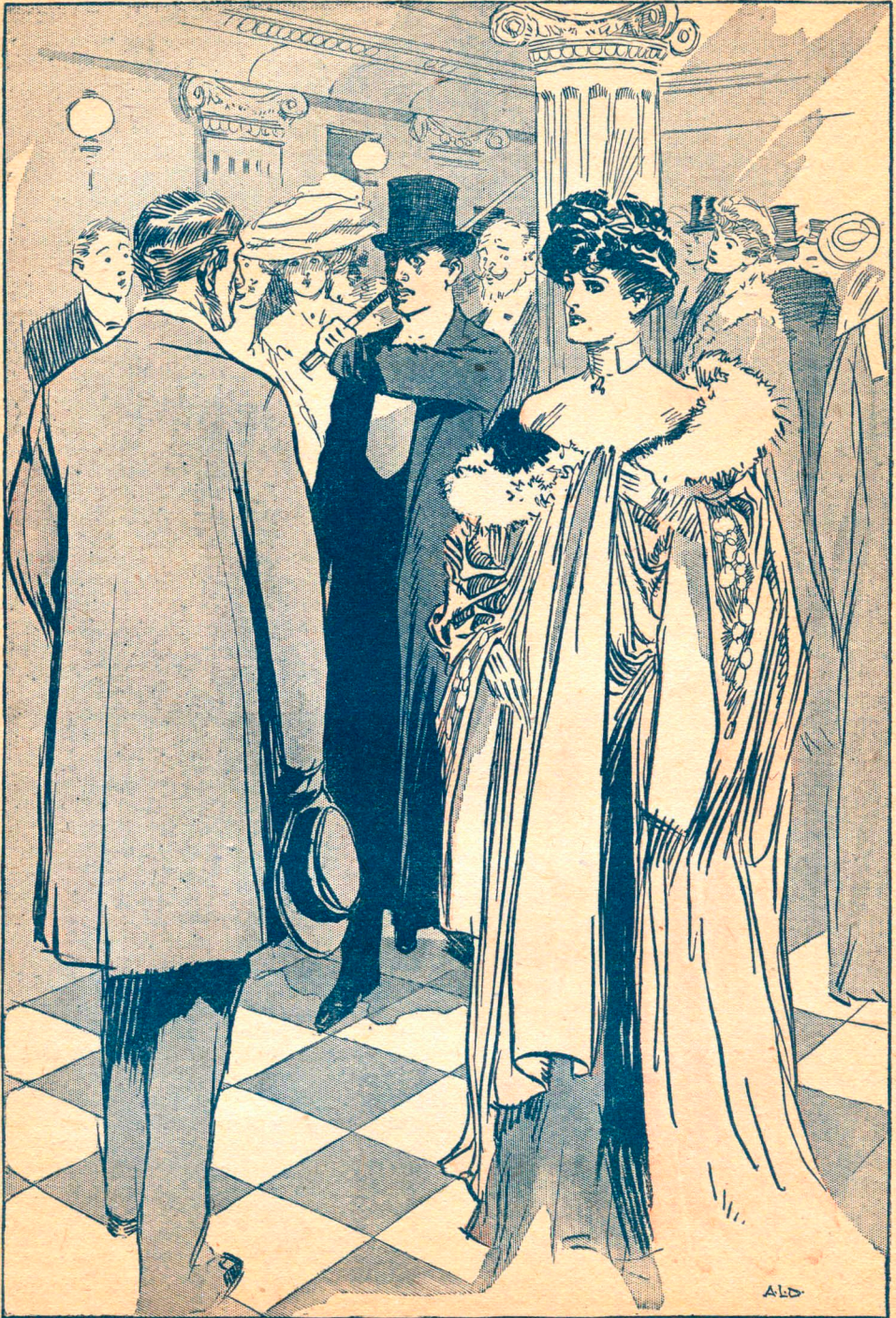
Yet he was sure that I would not do this, and in my heart I cursed myself that I had not the courage—or the cowardice—to do so. I knew that he would not have hesitated to use such an advantage over me, and yet my scruples prevented me from using it on him. So, meekly, I followed him.

He led me into a cabin richly and tastefully furnished. Sinking into a chair, he motioned me to another, watching, meanwhile, with an amused expression, the wonder on my face as I examined the splendor of the appointments.

"It is beautiful," he said. "We are very proud of our yacht."

Our yacht. Again that hateful phrase linking his name with hers, for I could understand it in no other way. It caused the passion which was penned in my breast to blaze forth with a fierce fury. With a cry, I sprang to my feet and grappled with him.

"What is that woman to you?" I de-



"YOU WILL NOT PERMIT THIS LADY TO PASS?" HE EXCLAIMED. "WE SHALL SEE." HE LIFTED A HEAVY WALKING-STICK HE CARRIED IN HIS HAND, AS IF ABOUT TO BRING IT DOWN UPON ME.

manded. "Curse you! What is that woman to you?"

With one movement of his great body, he threw me from him as though I had been a child. But though he met my attack with a laugh, I saw that those cruel, colorless eyes of his were gleaming dangerously.

"You are to remember," he announced shortly, "that you have been brought here to answer questions, not to ask them."

"What have I been brought here to answer?" I asked, still breathing heavily.

He rose and drew from his pocket a paper. The instant my eyes fell upon it I recognized it. It was the despatch to gain possession of which he had murdered Captain Peters and had attempted to murder me. Smoothing it out before me, he said slowly:

"I want you to tell me the meaning of this."

"It is impossible," I answered. "I cannot."

"You are lying!" he exclaimed, and took a step toward me.

"I am telling the truth," I cried, "the plain truth. Captain Peters always kept possession of his code himself. I never saw it in my life. He destroyed it the moment this despatch was written."

For an instant his colorless eyes scrutinized me.

"But since his death you have come upon another copy."

"No."

"Then why did you say last night to that girl in the opera-house that you could translate this despatch?"

She had betrayed me—she had betrayed me doubly. Oh, the agony of it! The shame that I should love a woman so false! My whole being revolted at the thought of her. Yet I had no intention of permitting her treachery to succeed.

"I lied," I cried boldly. "I lied in order that she might make an appointment with me."

A wave of doubt swept over his face. My words surprised and stunned him. For a space he stood hesitating. Then, turning to the table, he rang a bell which stood upon it. Almost instantly a servant responded.

"You rang, sir?" he asked deferentially.

The latter nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Send the *señorita* to me at once."

The man bowed and withdrew. In silence we stood steadily staring into each other's eyes, until a rustle of skirts told us that she had come. Larsen looked at her.

"*Señorita*," he exclaimed, "Mr. Redmund has just stated that when he told you in the

opera-house this evening that he could translate this despatch he lied. He says that his object in making such a statement was to induce you to make an appointment with him. Do you think he is telling the truth now?"

As he finished, I raised my eyes for the first time since she had been in the room and gazed at her. Her face was white as paper, and the hand that touched the necklace around her throat was trembling violently. In her eyes there was such a look of pain as I have seldom seen. But she faced me without wavering, and her voice was calm and steady as she answered:

"He is lying now."

I covered my face with my hands as I heard her. To know that she, who was so beautiful, was yet so base seemed more than I could bear. For a time we three stood so in silence. Presently there was a stir in the room, and I opened my eyes again. Two sailors had entered.

"Seize and bind that man," Larsen ordered crisply, pointing toward me.

Without the slightest hesitation, the two men sprang upon me and overpowered me. In a trice they had fastened my ankles together and my wrists behind my back. This done, they threw me on the sofa, and turned again toward Larsen. And all the time the woman whom I loved and who had betrayed me stood silent in a corner, intently watching.

At a sharp word, the sailors departed. The instant they left the room, Larsen came and bent over me. Never had the hateful, evil grin, which habitually widened his brutal mouth, seemed more horrible. Never had the colorless eyes glowed more cruelly.

He stooped over me and began systematically to search my pockets. It was not long before he came upon the paper he desired. At a glance, he recognized it.

Springing back to the table, he spread it out upon it, laying the despatch at its side. The girl gave a glad cry, and I saw her eyes sparkle with triumph as she joined him.

Bending over the papers, she hastily seized a pencil and with almost incredible speed began to translate the cryptic despatch. In a minute or two she had completed her task. Waving the paper on which she had been writing high above her head, she cried in a loud voice:

"I have it at last—I have it!"

He snatched the paper, and, as he eagerly scanned it, he read the words out loud. They were:

The steamer is wrecked on a hidden reef, longitude, 83 west, latitude, 22 north. The rocks will prevent her from drifting.

That was all. The captain's strange despatch had been merely his dead reckoning of the location of the disaster, but its effect upon the two people before me was most remarkable. They were mad with joy. For a moment neither spoke. Both stood looking at their prize with glistening eyes. Then the first mate opened his lips, and oddly enough repeated the words that Ramirez had addressed to me the day before.

"It means millions," he whispered softly. "A fortune for us both."

CHAPTER XV.

The Escape.

AFTER that a full five minutes must have elapsed during which he gloated in silence over the paper. Then all at once he roused himself to action. Ringing the bell, he sent for one of the officers and ordered him to make preparations to start at once.

Almost instantly the whole ship was alive with preparations for departure. As he heard them, he smiled with satisfaction, then turned toward me.

I quailed before his glance. It is one thing to face death fighting in the open; it is another to face it bound and helpless. And in those cruel, cold eyes of his I read the warrant of my death. Yet I did not cry out nor tremble. I did not even close my eyes. Since I had to die before her whom I loved, I meant to die without disgrace.

For a long time Larsen favored me with that deadly stare. Then slowly he drew a revolver from his pocket. With maddening care, he examined this. When at last he had satisfied himself that it was loaded and ready, he leaned over toward me, gloating.

"My friend," he said, "it is one of the rules of my life to go back and finish any job I happen to leave uncompleted. I tried to kill you once and failed. This time there shall be no such mistake."

Even as he spoke, he had lifted his revolver and was pointing it at me. But before he could pull the trigger, there came a sudden flash of skirts, a quick, breathless cry, and the woman had leaped between us.

"You must not do it!" she cried. "You must not kill him! I will not let you!"

Even in the face of death the words thrilled me. She cared enough, then, to spare my life. For a moment I was almost happy.

"Are you mad?" I heard him say to her. "He must die. There is no other way. Think what he knows. He could have me hung in a moment, and, besides, with the

knowledge of the location he now has, he could baffle us, even yet."

"But we could hold him a prisoner," she whispered. "We could take him with us."

For a moment hope rose in my breast; the next instant it had vanished, for I heard him say:

"As long as he lives he is a danger to both of us. He must die."

Her answer filled me with horror:

"But not on board the yacht. The sailors would know that it gave them a hold upon us."

His evil face grinned its appreciation of her wisdom.

"That's true," he answered, "but how are we going to do it, then?"

"I'll tell you," she replied. "Take him in a small boat, bound and helpless as he is. When you are safely away from us, a knife or a pistol"—she shrugged her shoulders—"as you decide—and the thing is done without trouble."

The tears rushed into my eyes as I heard her. Of all the horrors that I had endured this was the greatest, to lie bound and gagged and helpless, while the woman to whom I had given my heart calmly planned my murder before me. The cold-blooded wickedness of it was ghastly.

It was evident that the mate approved of her plan. For a time he considered it in silence. Then he nodded his head.

"You're right," he said, rising to his feet.

At that moment a sudden thrill ran through the vessel; the anchor was up and the propeller was turning slowly, apparently just holding the yacht in position. I saw the girl put her hand quickly to her heart as she felt the vessel quiver beneath her, and it seemed for a moment that she was about to faint; but in an instant she was calm and self-contained once more.

Larsen came directly to where I was lying, and picked me up in his arms as though I were but a child. Once on deck, he laid me near the rail and turned to the girl, who had followed us.

"Watch him," he said, "while I see if the oars are in the boat."

She nodded; and without another word, he turned and went down over the side.

I have never been able to give a clear account of what followed. I remember hearing him call out softly that there were no oars in the boat, and bid the girl fetch a pair and pass them to him. I remember my surprise when, after telling him that she would attend to the matter at once, she made no effort to do so, but instead began to creep stealthily toward me.

I remember the awful horror that shook me as I saw she had a knife in her hand

as she advanced. Did she mean to deal me the fatal blow herself? I remember that she crept past me and stood over the rail.

Then I saw the knife glisten in the moonlight and swiftly descend. In an instant I realized that she had cut the rope that held the small boat in which the mate was, the rope that held it fast to the yacht. Even as my mind grasped this, I heard her clear, beautiful voice raised in a ringing command:

"Captain," she cried, "full steam ahead!"

While her voice still rang over the quiet waters, the screw began to turn vigorously, and the vessel forged ahead. I was saved.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Voice from the Ether.

IT was not until the yacht was actually under way that Larsen realized the trick that had been played upon him. I heard him cry out aloud in rage, and then came



"I'LL TELL YOU," SHE REPLIED. "TAKE HIM IN A SMALL BOAT, BOUND AND HELPLESS AS HE IS. WHEN YOU ARE SAFELY AWAY FROM US, A KNIFE OR A PISTOL——"

the hacking cough of his revolver, and a bullet whistled through the air close to the girl's head.

Quick as thought, she knelt down beside me, where the rail protected her. A second and a third bullet followed the first. As she heard them pass above her, she laughed lightly.

"The tide is carrying him in the opposite direction," she whispered. "He will soon be out of range."

She said no more, but for a time busied herself in cutting me free from the fetters that bound me. When this had been accomplished, I stretched myself and, rising, cautiously peered over into the dark waters behind us. In the bright moonlight that threw its golden flood upon us, the boat in which Larsen had been cut adrift was now merely a black speck on the face of the oily waters.

"He is well out of range," I said, and, stretching out my hand, I helped her to her feet. For a moment we remained silent, gazing into each other's eyes, while her small hand lay unresisting in mine. All at once my love for her surged up in my breast.

"*Señorita!*" I burst out.

With an imperious gesture, she silenced me.

"Hush!" she said. "You must not speak here; come with me into the cabin."

She did not wait for an answer, but, disengaging her hand from mine, turned and led me back to the deck-house, from which, a few moments before, I had been carried, bound and helpless. Once there, she carefully locked the door behind her.

"*Señorita!*" I began once more.

The look in her eyes silenced me.

"Wait," she said sternly, "and hear me through in silence."

I bowed in acquiescence. At last the veil of mystery which I had so vainly attempted to pierce was to be lifted. At last I would know the truth and the whole truth. My heart gave a great bound at the thought. The next moment I knew that my expectations were in vain.

"I am sailing upon a desperate venture," she was saying, "a venture which may cost not only my life, but the life of every one of this ship's company. I need a friend who will help me without question and without thought of reward. You have said you loved me. Will you be that friend?"

I stared at her in amazement. Surely, never had a more extraordinary request been made. She saw my consternation and drew herself up proudly.

"You have given me your answer," she announced haughtily, "and I will not de-

tain you longer. The motor-boat will put you ashore."

As she finished, she started to leave the cabin. I leaped before her, barring her way.

"Wait!" I cried. "Let me see if I understand you perfectly. You are about to sail upon some desperate undertaking which may even cost the life of every one aboard the yacht. Because, in order to save my life you were compelled to part company with Larsen, you are in desperate need of some one upon whose help you can rely."

"You have appealed to me, whose life you have saved, who has sworn that he loves you, to be the one to give you the help you need. If I consent to do so I must consent blindly, absolutely without knowledge of the purpose of our voyage, except that it has something to do with the wreck of the City of Kingston. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"I may not even know your name."

"Not even that."

The secrecy which she persisted in maintaining convinced me more firmly than ever that the enterprise was criminal. And yet something in her eyes, an expression of nobility, which rested upon her beautiful face, told me that even if this was so, she at least had entered upon it with no wrong intent.

If circumstances, too strong for her to battle with, had placed her in so dreadful a position, was it not the place of the man who loved her to share her crime—to take the burden of guilt from her innocent shoulders? If I accompanied her, it might be possible for me to save her from the consequences of her rash act. I might even save her life as she had saved mine.

Taking her hand, I raised it to my lips.

"Even upon your own hard conditions," I said, "I will follow you to the end of the earth, and, if need be, beyond it."

A glorious flush dyed her delicate cheeks, and a light shone in those beautiful eyes of hers.

"I was sure you would come," she said.

There followed a week of glorious sunshine and opalescent sea. True to my compact, I never mentioned the object of our voyage, nor asked her a question regarding herself. I was content to live in the glorious present.

Lounging in a deck-chair by her side, I watched the flashing waters shining and glistening in the sunlight, or listened contentedly as she read aloud from some novel. There was but one cloud upon my happiness in that well-nigh perfect time. Several times when I came upon her suddenly I found her eyes searching the sea over which we had come with an expression

which I learned in time to look for and to dread.

There was in it a hopeless terror that went straight to my heart. But I never asked the cause of her fears, nor did she volunteer any explanation for them.

A day came, however, when, inadvertently, I discovered their source. It was a gray, rainy afternoon, the first we had encountered since leaving New York. We had been forced to take refuge in the cabin on the deck. The yacht was fitted with wireless telegraphy, and the receiver was in the room in which we then were.

For the first time during the voyage, it now began to buzz and click. "Yacht, Sasco." "Yacht, Sasco." "Yacht, Sasco." It ticked out. Some one was calling us.

With the habit bred of years of custom, I strolled over to the instrument and answered the call. It was not until after I had done so that I saw her face. She had gone white to the lips and was trembling painfully.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Some one is calling us," I replied.

I saw her great eyes darken with apprehension. I saw her press her hand against her heart, as though smitten with some dreadful pain; I saw her open her lips, as though to speak, but before she could do so the metallic ticking of the receiver broke in upon the silence.

"Yacht, Sasco," it spelled out. "Remirez and I are following in submarine. Larsen."

That was all. Yet, as I repeated aloud the words to her, a deadly terror took possession of us both. There was something almost supernatural in the way this villain's message came to us in the midst of the trackless sea. Presently the receiver began ticking again.

"Yacht, Sasco," it clicked off. "It is a disappointment to me to know that my intention of joining you has not been more enthusiastically received. Nevertheless, I will persist, and meet you at the wreck of the City of Kingston. There I shall have my revenge. Larsen."

I repeated these words aloud as I re-

ceived them. As I did so, the picture of the first mate rose before me with appalling distinctness, and I saw again those strange, cold, colorless eyes of his, that horrible, brutal grin.

Suddenly I became aware that she had risen, and had crossed to my side. I pulled myself together and looked up into her face. There was an expression there that was new to me. For the first time I saw it clothed in the humility of despair and surrender.

But before she could speak the words which I am sure would have acknowledged defeat, the door of the cabin was thrown open, and the captain of the yacht burst in upon us.

"*Señorita*," he cried in a loud voice, "we have come to our journey's end. We have found the wreck!"

We both leaped to our feet and rushed to the door. The captain stood there pointing.

As we came upon the deck, the setting sun burst through the clouds and filled the world with its glory, painting the sky a brilliant red and the sea a deeper crimson. Across the rolling waves our eyes followed the captain's gesture, until, about a mile away, where the crimson waves melted into gold, I descried, very faintly, the masts of the City of Kingston rising above the moving waters.

What memories they awoke in my bosom! I recalled how I had last seen them, a wretched outcast clinging to a spar. I recalled the scene in the cabin as the ship had gone down. I recalled the fight in the engine-room, the panic upon the deck.

Then the voice of the woman beside me sounded in my ears. It rang with triumph. As I heard it, I turned around and glanced at her.

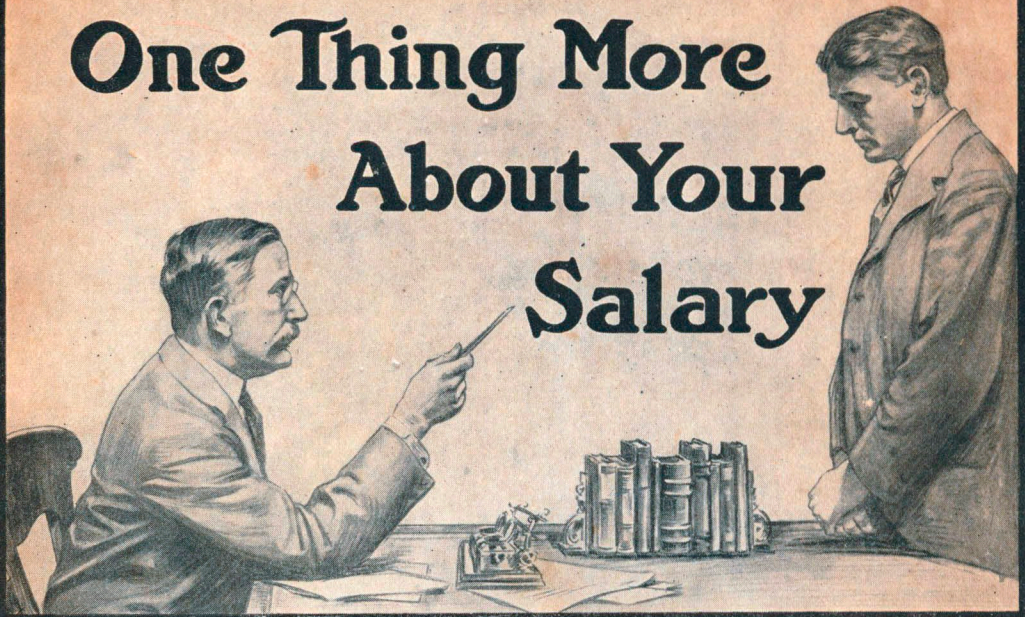
All the surrender, all the despair, had vanished from her countenance. It was alive now with the flush of victory. Leaning forward over the rail with parted lips and shining eyes, she gazed upon those two specks above the sea.

"I've won!" she cried. "I've won!"

(To be continued.)



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