



BY EADLEY ASHLEY WALCOTT

SYNOPSIS. The Duke arrived in San Francisco to find his friend and relative Henry Wilton, who was to have accompanied him on the trip, had disappeared.

face grew sharp and cunning in its look. "What can I do?" "Tell me his G's name, where I stand. What is this dreadful mystery? Who is this boy? Why is he hidden and why do these people want to know these things? Who is behind me and who threatens me with death? But I don't know."

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

My name is Dudley—Giles Dudley. "Dead" is Wilton?

"Dead? Did you kill him?" The kindly look disappeared from her eyes and the hard lines settled into an expression of malignant repugnance.

He was my best friend," I said sadly; "and then I described the leading events of the tragedy I had witnessed."

"The old woman listened closely, and with hardly the movement of a muscle, to the tale I told."

"And you think he left his job to you?" she said with a sneer.

"I have taken it up as well as I can. To be frank with you, Mrs. Borton, I know nothing about his job."

"The old woman looked at me in amazement."

"Poor boy," she exclaimed half-pityingly, half-admiringly. "You put your hands to a job you know nothing about."

"I didn't do it," I said sullenly. "It has done itself. Everybody insists on taking my advice, and I'm a man for the East in the morning. Just go on board, and never you stop short of Chicago."

"I'm running away," I said bitterly. "I've got a score to settle with the man who hit Henry Wilton."

"When that score is settled, I'll go to Chicago or anywhere else that you like, I stay where I can settle it."

"Mother Borton caught up the candle and moved it back and forth before my face. In her eyes there was a gleam of savage pleasure."

"By God, he's in earnest!" she said to herself, with a strange laugh. "Tell me again of the man you saw in the park."

I described Doodridge Knapp. "And you are going to get even with him?" she said with a chuckle that had no merriment in it.

"Yes," I said shortly. "Why, if you should touch him with the people of the city would you try to please?"

"I shall not touch him. I'm no assassin!" I exclaimed indignantly. "The law shall take him, and I'll see him hanged as high as Haman."

"Mother Borton gave a low, gurgling laugh. "The law! oh, my liver—the law! how you are, my liver! Oh, ho, ho, ho!"

"And again she absorbed her mirthless laugh, and gave me an evil grin. Then she became grave again, and laid a claw on my sleeve. "Take my advice now, and get on the train."

"Not I!" I returned stoutly. "I'm going to see your own good," she said, with an air of approach to coaxing tone as she continued to smile. "It was long since she had used her voice for such a purpose and it grated on my ears."

"Why did he bring me here to-night?" "It hears there's orders come to change the place—the boy's place, you know. You was to tell 'em where the new one was to be, I reckon, but Tom Terrill spoiled things. He's liable to be had by Tom Terrill. But I guess he got it all out of Dicky, though where Dicky got it the Lord only knows."

This was all that was to be had from Mother Borton. Either she knew no more, or she was sharp enough to hide a knowledge that might be dangerous, even fatal, to reveal. "She was willing to serve me and I was forced to let it pass that she knew no more."

"Well, I'd better be going then," said I at last. "It's nearly 4 o'clock, and everything seems to be quiet hereabouts. I'll find my way to my room."

"You'll do no such thing," said Mother Borton. "They've not given up the chase yet. You men have gone some, I reckon, but I'll bet the saloon that you'd have a surprise before you got to the corner."

"I'm a pleasant prospect," said I grimly. "No, you must stay here. The room next to this is just the thing for you. She drew me into the adjoining room, shading the candle as we passed through the hall that no gleam might fall where it would attract attention."

"You'll be safe here," said I. "Now do as I say. Go to sleep and get some rest. You ain't had much, I guess, since you got to San Francisco."

The room was cheerless, but in the circumstances the advice appeared good. I was probably safer here than in the street, and I needed the rest. "Good night," said my strange protector. "You needn't get up till you can't loathe your eyes in the morning."

"Beautiful! I call it my bridal chamber, though we don't get no brides down here. There won't be no one to loathe your eyes in the morning, for that window don't open up unless he comes from inside the house. There you go, look out, you don't set fire to nothing. And put it to be locked, this, in a dark room of this house in which I had already been attacked, was enough to shake my spirit and resolution for the moment."

What lay without the door, my apprehension asked me. Was it part of the plot to get me out of the house? Had Mother Borton been murdered and the house seized? Or had Mother Borton played me some trick? I now a minute's impromptu part for an enforced impromptu, as one who knew too much to be left at large and too little to be of use to anyone but a calmer thought it was evidently fated to bring my jailers about my ears. If jailers there were, I abandoned my half-formed plan of going down the door, and turned to the window and the light-vent. Another window faced on the same square, not five feet away. If it were opened I might see what was going on through it; but it was closed, and a curtain hid the unknown possibilities and dangers of the interior. A sign of life was visible through the projection or foothold by which it might be reached. Below, the light-well ended in a flared door, about four feet from the window.

I swung myself down, and with two steps was trying the other window. It was unlocked. I raised the sash cautiously, but it was evidently fastened to my excited ears to be loud enough to wake any but the dead. I stopped and listened after each squeak of the frame. There was no sign of movement.

Then I pushed aside the curtain cautiously, and looked within. The room appeared to be empty, but I had no confidence at the sight. I threw the curtain farther back, and with a bound climbed in, revolver in hand.

The room was, as I had thought, bare and deserted. There was a musty smell about it, as though it had not been opened for a long time, and dust and cobwebs lay heavy upon it.

There was, however, nothing here to linger for, and I hastened to try the door. It was locked. I stooped to examine the fastenings. In so doing I changed my mind attached to door, and came back with several screws. With a good wrench I gave way, and I found myself in a dark passage leading to two rooms. Three steps brought me to the main hall, and I recognized it for the same through which I had felt my way in the darkness of the night.

I took my steps cautiously down the stairs, following the way that led to the side entrance. The saloon and restaurant room was anxious to see me, and for that reason I was by no means surprised to find a man by the door and several others about it. It could not be avoided, however. As I neared the bottom of the stairs, I saw that a door led from the hallway to the saloon, and that it was open.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VIII. In Which I Meet a Few Surprises. I awoke with the sense of threatened danger strong in my mind. For a moment I was unable to recall where I was, or on what ground I had come. Then memory returned, and I sprang from my bed and peered about me.

A dim light struggled in from the dark window, but no gleam of light appeared. This was the only creature that breathed the air of that bleak and dingy room.

I drew aside the curtain, and there I lighted the candle, and the blank walls began to give back the cheery reflection of a patch of sunshine that fell at an angle from above.

The fresher air that crept in from the window cleared my mind, a dash of water refreshed my body and I was ready once more to face whatever might befall.

I looked at my watch. It was 8 o'clock, and I had slept four hours in this place. I had not been imprudent after my adventure below, but I had been right in trusting Mother Borton. Then I began to realize that she was not so simple as she seemed. I remembered that I should be at the office by 9 to receive the commands of Doodridge Knapp, should he choose to go.

I threw back the bolt, but when I tried to swing the door open it resisted my efforts. The key had been turned, and the door had fastened it securely. Now I saw that the door was locked.

There was a strange predicament. I had no means of getting out of the room before I lost myself in slumber. Mother Borton must have turned it to an additional precaution as I slept. I tried to force my way through, but I could make no noise that could attract attention. It might bring some one less kindly disposed than my hostess of the night to my aid.

I was trapped, and must take the risk of summoning assistance. I repeated on the panel and listened. No answer. I tried to force my way through again more vigorously, but only silence followed. The house might have been the grave for all the signs of life it gave back.

There was something ominous about it. To be locked, this, in a dark room of this house in which I had already been attacked, was enough to shake my spirit and resolution for the moment.

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Uncle Eben's Mistake

By Clara H. Holmes

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Ebenezer Crossman and his wife Lucinda were at out. "There's no time a thing to please ye! Ye'r across two sticks," complained Aunt 'Cinda.

"Ye don't try! Jest look at this toast—burned to smut on one side, and 'twouldn't be next or near the fire," he grumbled.

"I've had to cook for ye for nigh on to 50 year, an' ye ain't got to insist on me be cookin' at this late day," replied she.

He arose from the table, leaving his breakfast unmade, and throwing his chair viciously across the room left the house.

Aunt 'Cinda looked after him with troubled eyes. "I don't know what's a-comin' to me," she said to herself. "I'm sure I'm a-gettin' old."

"Pat pork and cabbage! I've jest got to eat, an' if I don't know what's in it better I'll go to Melinda's to see."

"I wish you would; maybe then I'd get a better piece of pork. It's nothin' but jaw, jaw, jaw, from mornin' to night," angrily retorted his wife. "Shoo! shoo!" waving her apron over her head.

"Pears like we might've fried chicken once in awhile—Melinda had a great platter full for dinner; she ain't to stay, an' if I'd known what was to be 'er mess, I'd done it."

"Ye better trot right back, Eben Crossman, I raised them chickens for ye, an' ye ain't to eat 'em. I'll be 'ter in better luck in ten year, an' I won't hev 'em 'at, so there!"

From the time of her marriage Aunt 'Cinda had been obliged to exercise the most rigid economy, as their only capital had been health, hope and willing hands. Little by little they had saved their money, and in the end they had accumulated a competence, but the habit of parsimoniousness had merged into miserly parsimony, especially was this the case with Ebenezer.

Aunt 'Cinda's very soul hankered for a new carpet, and the old cord bedsteads with round posts nuzzled her eyes wherever she turned. "I'm growin' wearin' at the new mention of her wishes."

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RACE AGAINST TIME

TROOPER LOST OPPORTUNITY BY NARROW MARGIN.

William Kerr one of the British Soldiers Who Reached Fatal Spot Just Too Late to Save Prince Imperial.

Digging in a mire is Joplin is William Kerr, who narrowly escaped becoming famous. He ran a race against time and failed, says the Kansas City Journal.

For years Kerr was a resident of Kansas City. It was not until a few months ago, just when he was on the point of taking his departure for the zinc fields, that he divulged his history. Day after day, seven years ago, he was working in a mine. He had dug. Neither did that concern care to part with his services, for Kerr, more generally known as "Beaty," was a valuable man in his way.

New pointers in the art of digging trenches came to Kansas City with Kerr. He was "one of the slow shovellers which usually obtain. When he went into a trench the dirt fell in a constant stream. He had a peculiar manner of handling the shovel which brought three times as much dirt in a day as the average digger could do."

Of course, this ability brought him a large sum of money. He was a valuable man in the mines. But this story is to tell of the race against time which Kerr as a British soldier in 1871, led little but his son, a delicate youth of 17. In England he had attended a school, the famous military school, fitting himself out to become, when times should be better, a reigning Louis Napoleon.

The young prince had been in France in 1870 when he was only 17. He was in the army when he was only 17. He was in the army when he was only 17. He was in the army when he was only 17.

When there was chance to do some scouting with a small party the prince imperial, as he is known, went along. Apparently the venture was destined to be harmless. In fact, the party had dismounted for rest when a band of savage Zulus rushed upon the soldiers.

Those who managed to reach their horses were safe. The prince imperial, as he is known, was killed. His horse became unmanageable. He was thrown and was killed by the Zulus. The prince imperial was killed by the Zulus. The prince imperial was killed by the Zulus.

An examination of the place of ambush revealed the body of the prince imperial, as he is known, was killed. His horse became unmanageable. He was thrown and was killed by the Zulus.

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How to Get Poorer Quicker. We hear a great deal about get-rich-quick schemes, but if you want to get poor quicker, go into Wilton's race track. It is not a level head or a lot of experience; the race, take a flyer in the yellow, you are advertised in mines and oil and real estate. You are all bad, but most of them are not good.

Time ago a New York man discharged a valuable employee because he played the races. When asked if he thought gambling wrong, he said: "I ain't so much that; but I am convinced that a man who would make the loose, one-sided contract race a bookmaker's business, is not fit to take care of his own business interests of his own body."

Tragic Appetite for Chicken. Henry E. Dixey was suffering about the squabble that went on between two brave young men over a Carriage match. "It is not a very ennobling thing," he said, "to see two heroes fighting and jawing over a medal for heroism. Carriage should have been a matter of this when he originated his hero fund."

"The taste for medals, once formed, is worse than the taste for chicken. It is a habit that is hard to get rid of. White said of her husband, don't you? 'My wish,' she said, 'is the man for chicken you ever see. Why, when I get a chicken, I'll eat it, he'll go and buy one.'"

Preaching and Practice. "Didn't I tell you to leave the six or seven dollars to keep the house warm?" "Yes, but hain't you been preachin' this long time 'bout the preservation of the family?"

And thereupon the old man went over two fence rails on him, and told him he was too young to understand. "You're a good deal older than I said. —Atlanta Constitution.

Still Another Excuse. "Are you willing to chop some wood for your dinner?" "Lady," answered Plodding Peter, "I'm interested in the preservation of our forests, and it would be right to put an axe into the hands of the forest, even though he lay prostrate on the feet."

SURNAMES NOT USED BY KINGS

Only Christian Names Signed by Members of Royal Houses.

The origin of most royal houses was smaller than Europe, and kings and their families, speaking broadly, never had or used surnames. They signed their Christian names alone. So universally was this the case that it became rigid etiquette that a person of royal birth should not use a surname, unless there were members of cases of dynasties, like our own Stuart, like the Bernadotte family of Sweden or like the Bonaparte family, who suggestively and indubitably had inherited surnames. But it has always been a puzzle why the cadet members of our own royal house do not subscribe to the same peer by their peerage designations, as do other peers.

Vienna's Beggars. It has been proved that no fewer than 22,000 beggars are at present making their living in Vienna. They are mostly of professional beggars, recently save a grand hall and a concert at a local hotel.

London has completed the steel structure of its great stadium where the Olympic games are to be held. It is designed to accommodate 70,000 spectators.