BLINDFOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALLCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanded Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which seem to shoot a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confident of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both sides against the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Pitchugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no ransom, sufficient money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp house. He is fascinated by Luella and bored by Mrs. Bowser. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella is dumbfounded when she and Dudley see her father coming from an opium den. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Doddridge appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"It's much better of you to wish me to come," I said with all my heart, taking her hand.

"Come on Saturday," she said at last.

"I'm at your service at any time," I murmured.

"Don't," she said. "That's conventional. If you are to be conventional you're not to come." And she laughed nervously.

I looked into her eyes, and then on impulse stooped and kissed the hand I still held.

"It was what I meant," I said.

She snatched her hand away, and as she did so I saw in the dim light that hid the further end of the hall the figure of the Wolf, massive, dark, threatening, and my mind supplied it with all the fires of passion and hate with which I had twice seen the face inflamed.

Luella's eyes grew large with wonder and alarm as she caught on my face the reflection of the Wolf's coming. But as she turned to look, the figure faded away without sound, and there was only Mrs. Knapp appearing in the doorway; and her alarm turned to amusement.

"Oh, I was afraid you had gone," said Mrs. Knapp. Would you mind, Luella, locking after the guests a minute?"

Luella bowed me a good night and was gone.

"Oh, Henry," said Mrs. Knapp, "I wanted to ask you about Mr. Knapp. Is your aid absolutely essential to his success?"

"I presume not, though it would probably embarrass him somewhat if I should take ship for China before morning."

As I held in the bank securities worth nearly $3,000,000, I believed that I spoke within bounds.

"I suppose it would do no good to try to dissuade him from his plans?"

"It would take a bolder man than I," said I, with a smile at the audacity of the idea.

Mrs. Knapp smiled sadly in response.

"Do you think, Henry," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think that Mr. Knapp is quite himself?"

My mind leaped at the recollection of the Wolf figure in the opium dens. But I choked down the thought, and replied calmly:

"He certainly has a vigorous business head on his shoulders."

"I wish you could tell me about his business affairs," said Mrs. Knapp wistfully. "But I know you won't."

"You wouldn't think much of me if I did," I said boldly.

"It would be right to tell me," she said. "But I mustn't keep you standing here. Good night."

I walked down the steps and joined my waiting guards with a budget of new thought and feelings to examine.

The three days that followed Doddridge Knapp fought for the control of Omega, and the Decker syndicate fought as stubbornly for the same end. I was forced to admire the fertility of resource displayed by the King of the Street. He was carrying on the fight with the smaller capital, yet by his attack and defense he employed his resources to better result. The weakness of the syndicate lay in its burden of Confidence and Crown Diamond. Doddridge Knapp had sold out his holdings of both at a handsome profit, but, so far from ceasing his sales of these stocks, as I had expected, he had only begun. He suddenly developed into a most pronounced "bear," and sold both stocks for future delivery in great blocks. He was cautious with Confidence, but his assaults on Crown Diamond were ruthless. Decker and his brokers stood gallantly to the defense of their threatened properties and bought heavily. Yet in spite of their efforts to buy everything that was offered Crown Diamond "futures" fell to 40, 30, 25, and even 20, closing at the afternoon session at 20¾.

But the King of the Street was less successful in his manipulations of Omega. The speculating public as well as Decker and Company were reaching out for the stock, and it was forced up 10 and 20 points at a time, closing on Saturday afternoon at 325.

"This is merry war," gasped Walbridge, at the close of the last session. "I wouldn't have missed this for five years of my life. Doddridge Knapp is the boy for making the market hum when he takes the notion. By George, we've had a panic this week! And last Monday I thought everything was dead, too!"

"Doddridge Knapp!" I exclaimed. "Is he in this deal, too?"

Wallbridge looked at me in a little confusion, and mopped his head with comical abandon. Then he winked a most diabolical wink, and chuckled.

"Of course, a secret's a secret; but when the whole street's talking about it, you can't exactly call it a close-corporation secret," he explained apologetically.

I joined Doddridge Knapp at the office and confided to him the fact that assailed me. Then some caller claimed the attention of Mrs. Knapp, and I was content to monopolize Luella's conversation for the evening. At last I was constrained to go. Mrs. Knapp was still busied in conversation with her visitor, and Luella followed me once more into the hall.

"Can you tell me—won't you tell me?" she said in a low tone that was the complement of the silent speech of the eyes.

"I wish I could," I whispered.

"I know it must be right—it is right," she said in the same tone. "But I wish that I might know. Will you not tell me?"

"I will tell you some day," I said brokenly. "Now it is another's, and I cannot. But it shall all be yours."

"All?"

"Everything."

In another moment I know not what I should have done, so stirred and tempted was I by her tone and look. But in an instant her manner changed and she exclaimed in a mocking voice:

"Now I have your promise, so I'll let you go. You'd better not linger, or mama will certainly have some business to talk over with you." And before I could touch her hand she was gone, and her laughing "good night" echoed down the hall.

I was puzzled by these changes of mood, and decided that Luella was a most unaccountable young woman. Yet under the subtle influence that she cast upon me I felt the bonds of duty relaxed and slipping away. I had now to confess to myself that I loved Luella Knapp. And she? And trying to untangle the skein, I was a good deal startled to feel a touch on my arm as I reached the sidewalk.

"Oh, it's you, Porter, is it?" I exclaimed, on recognizing my retainer. "Is Barkhouse here?"

"Yes, sir. An' here's Wilson with a message for you."

"A message for me! From whom?"

"COME ON SATURDAY," SHE SAID AT LAST.

the cat was out of the bag. The King of the Street looked a little amused at the announcement.

"Good Lord, Wilton! Where are your ears?" he said. "The street had the whole story on Friday. Decker was sure of it on Wednesday. But I kept under cover long enough to get a good start and that was as much as I expected."

"How do we stand now?" I asked. I knew that our purchases had not been progressing very well.

"There's 500 shares to get," said the King of the Street thoughtfully; "536, to be accurate."

"That's not a very promising outlook," I suggested, remembering that we had secured only 400 shares in the whole day's struggle.

"Well, there'll be an earthquake in the street if we don't get them, and maybe there'll be one if we do. Decker is likely to dump all his shares on the market the minute we win, and it will be the devil's own job to keep the bottom from falling out if he does."

The King of the Street then gave some brief directions.

"Now," he continued, "you are to be at the Exchange without fail on Monday morning. I'll be there to give you your orders. Don't be one minute behind hand, or there may be Tophet to pay." And he emphasized his words with an impressive growl that showed the Wolf's fangs.

"I'll be on hand," I replied.

"Well, then do," he growled; "and see that you come with a clear head on Monday. Keep your thirst until after the game is over."

A few hours later I was at the house of the Wolf, but I forgot to ask for Doddridge Knapp. Luella received me with apparent indifference that contrasted sharply with her parting, and I was piqued. Mrs. Knapp was gracious, and called between us before I had received a dozen words.

"Where are your spirits to-night?" she asked railingly. "Have you left them in lower Pine street?"

"I have a heart for any fate," I returned lightly. "Am I too grave for the occasion?"

"You're always under orders to be cheerful," Luella broke in, "or at least to explain the reason why."

"He can't explain," retorted her mother. "Mr. Knapp won't let him."

But presently we found a subject in which Luella roused her interest, and her bright mind and ready wit drove away the fancy that had first Wilson took me aside and thrust an envelope into my hand.

"That come to your room—about 9 o'clock," he said. "Least ways, that's the first we saw of it. An' Mother Borton was there, an' she says she must see you to-night, sure. She wouldn't stay, but says you was to come down there before you goes to bed, sure, if you wants to keep out of trouble."

I looked at the envelope, and in the flickering light from the street lamp I could make out the address to Henry Wilton. By the handwriting and by the indefinable scent that rose from the paper I knew it for a message from the Unknown who held for me the secrets of life and death.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the Bidding of the Unknown.

The windows of Borton's shone cheerfully, although it was past midnight. At our cautious approach a signal was given and with the answering word a man appeared from the obscurity.

"All safe?" I inquired.

"It's all right," said Barkhouse. "There's a dozen men in the barroom, and I'm not sure there ain't some of the hounds amongst them. But you're to go in the side door, and right upstairs."

"Two of you may keep at the foot of the stairs, just inside the door," I said. "You may stand watch outside, Barkhouse."

There was sound of rude song, and the clink of glass and bottle in the bar and dining room as I passed through the side hall. But the door was closed, and I saw nothing of the late revelers. In the upper hallway Mother Borton stood by an open door, silhouetted dark and threatening against the dim flickerings that came from the candle in the room behind her.

I had but opened my mouth to give her word of greeting when she raised a warning claw, and then seizing me drew me swiftly into the room and closed and locked the door.

"How air ye, dearie?" she said, surveying me with some apparent pride. "You're safe and whole, ain't ye?"

"I am safe," I said, "though I had a close shave, the Chinatown."

"I heerd of it," said Mother Borton sourly. "I reckon it ain't much good to sit up nights to tell you how to take keer of yourself. It's a wonder you ever growed up. Your mammy must 'a' been mighty heerful about lettin' ye under cover whenever it rained."

"I was a little to blame," I admitted, "but your warning was not thrown away. I thought I was well-guarded."

Mother Borton sniffed contemptuously.

"I s'pose you come down here alone?"

"No." And I explained the disposition of my forces.

"That's not so bad," she said. "They could git up here soon enough, I reckon, if there was a row. But I guess you didn't think I sent for ye jest to tell ye you was a fool in Chinatown."

I admitted that I should have expected to wait till morning for such a piece of information.

"Well," said Mother Borton, "that ain't it. Something's up."

"And what might it be?" I inquired. "The moon?"

Mother Borton did not take this flippancy kindly. Her face grew darker and more evil as it was framed in the dancing shadows behind her.

"You can git a knife in ye as easy as winking if I'll jest keep my mouth shut," she cried spitefully.

"Yes," said I repentantly, putting my hand upon her arm. "But you are my very good friend, and will tell me what I ought to know."

The creature's face lighted at my tone and action, and her eyes melted with a new feeling.

"That I will," she said; "that I will, as if you were my own boy."

She seized my hand and held it as she spoke and looked intently on my face.

"I was a-listening to 'em," she continued in a low, earnest tone, glancing around fearfully, as if she had the thought that some one else might be listening to me. "I was a-listening, an' I heerd what they says."

"Who said?" I inquired.

"The ones you knows on," she returned mysteriously.

"What ones?" I persisted, though I supposed she meant to indicate some of my enemies among the Board.

Mother Borton paid no attention to my question, and continued:

"I knowed they was a-talking about you, an' they says they would cut your liver out if they found ye there."

"And where is there?" I asked with growing interest.

"That's what I was listening to find out," said Mother Borton. "I couldn't hear much of what they says, but I hears enough to git an idea."

She bent forward and hissed rather than whispered:

"They've found out where the boy is!"

"Are you certain?" I asked in sudden alarm.

"Pretty sure," she said, "pretty sure. Now you won't go near the place, will ye, dearie?" she continued anxiously.

"You forget that I haven't the first idea where the boy is hidden," I returned.

"Oh, Lord, yes! I reckon my mind's going," grunted Mother Borton. "But I'm afeard of their knives for ye."

"I wish I could give warning," said I, much disturbed by the information. "The protector of the boy ought to know about this. I'm afraid I have done wrong."

Mother Borton looked at me fixedly.

"Don't you worry, my dear. She'll know about it all right."

Again the feeling stole over me that this woman knew more than she told. But I knew that it was useless to question her directly.

"I suspect that she knows already. I got a note to-night," said I, drawing from my pocket the envelope I had received from the Unknown.

Mother Borton seized it, looked for a moment at the firm, delicate hand of the address and drew out the sheet that it inclosed.

"Read it, dearie," she said, handing it back after a scrutiny. "I can't tell anything but big print."

I suspected that Mother Borton was trying to deceive me, but I repeated the words of the note:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD NO USE FOR BABIES.

Dog Intended to Be the Only Pet in the Household.

I owned a black and tan terrier from 1874 to 1881. I received him when quite a puppy and he was with me through part of my university and the whole of my seminary terms. In 1880 I married and in 1881 my first child was born. The first time she was brought down into the sitting room I, like a proud father, took the little one in my arm. The dog came in and expressed his jealousy by a series of growls and an attempt to get at the child by jumping. I gave him a hint with my foot and he walked out of the house. We saw nothing of him for over three months. One day while walking near the outer part of the town where we lived we saw old Croaker, as we called him. He took no notice of us, but walked straight to a place where there was a trim-looking garden and a neat-looking house. Upon inquiry we found that it was inhabited by two elderly spinster sisters. The dog had gone to them and could not be induced to leave. He was determined to avoid a similar danger in the future.—Chicago Tribune.

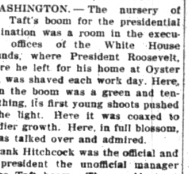
Sweet Nature Story.

A billygoat climbed a tall fir tree at Hood river on the ranch of Frank Chandler. The witness is Hans Lage. While on his way to the city Lage discovered one of Mr. Chandler's acrobatic billygoats up 50 feet in a large fir tree, browsing as contentedly as if swiping sweet peas through a neighbor's picket fence.—Hood River News Letter.

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Taft Boom Was Born in Barber Shop



WASHINGTON.—The nursery of Taft's boom for the presidential nomination was a room in the executive offices of the White House grounds, where President Roosevelt, before he left for his home at Oyster Bay, was shaved each work day. Here, when the boom was a green and tender thing, its first young shoots pushed to the light. Here it was coaxed to sturdier growth. Here, in full blossom, it was talked over and admired.

Frank Hitchcock was the official and the president the unofficial manager of the Taft boom. The president, at these heart-to-heart talks with the candidate, was in a barber chair. A certain White House messenger wielded the razor and lather brush. It was the only part of the day when official business did not claim all of Roosevelt's time. It was Taft's one chance to do most of the talking.

Even then, the barber had to be watchful, and quick to snatch away the brush or blade. When T. R. wants to talk he sometimes forgets he is being shaved. If the barber's hand had not a gambler's quickness, the president would have had the lather brush in his eye as often as he had it in his mouth. The shaving of the president and the midday cultivation of the boom of Taft started at 1 p. m. and lasted a half hour.

Taft, when he was in Washington, often saw the president several times in the morning. But Mr. Roosevelt had many things on his mind then and no leisure. For an hour or longer after 11:30 his outer office was filled with men who had appointments.

At the one o'clock shaving time came the first respite. The room in which the president was shaved is a small, narrow one, between the president's office and that of Secretary Loeb. It is used as an anteroom to both offices. On the wall is a long, framed photograph of a squadron of battleships.

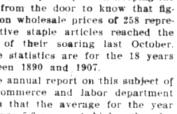
At this window is a low-set leather upholstered chair. Against the wall at one side a writing desk.

When the time for shaving arrived the low, leather covered chair was pulled out from the wall. A neat foot rest of two steps was produced from under the writing desk and set in front of the chair.

Roosevelt took his place. Then came Taft, who pulled up another chair alongside.

When Taft was away Roosevelt often received others in the shaving period. Sometimes the correspondents talked with him there. Sometimes it was Hon. Jimmy Garfield, he of the classic brow.

Wholesale Prices Are Highest in Years



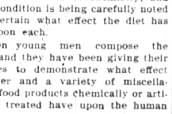
IT will be of interest to those who were busy last year in keeping the wolf from the door to know that figures on wholesale prices of 258 representative staple articles reached the apex of their soaring last October. These statistics are for the 18 years between 1890 and 1907.

The annual report on this subject of the commerce and labor department shows that the average for the year 1907 was 5.8 per cent higher than for 1906; 44.4 per cent higher than for 1897, the year of lowest prices during the 18-year period, and 29.5 per cent higher than the average for the ten years from 1890 to 1899. Prices reached their highest point during the 18-year period in October, 1907, the average for that month being 1.2 per cent higher than the average for the year 1907.

When the commodities are divided into nine groups every group shows an increase in price in 1907 as compared with 1906. For farm products taken as a whole this increase was greatest, namely, 10.9 per cent.; for food, 4.6 per cent.; for clothes and clothing, 5.6 per cent.; for fuel and lighting, 2.4 per cent.; for metals and implements, 6.1 per cent.; for lumber and building materials, 4.9 per cent.; for drugs and chemicals, 8.3 per cent.; for house furnishing goods, 6.8 per cent., and for the miscellaneous group, five per cent.

The effect of the money stringency in the latter part of the last year is reflected in the decrease recorded in all commodities during November and December, the average price showing a decrease of 3.5 per cent, below October. Of the 258 articles for which wholesale prices were recorded 172 showed an increase in the averaged prices for 1907 as compared with 1906; 35 showed no change and 51 showed a decrease.

Wiley's Poison Squad End Their Test



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY'S hygienic experimental students, irreverently referred to at times as the "poison squad," have ended the season's feasting at the bureau of chemistry, and their condition is being carefully noted to ascertain what effect the diet has had upon each.

Seven young men compose the class, and they have been giving their services to demonstrate what effect saltpeter and a variety of miscellaneous food products chemically or artificially treated have upon the human system.

The students have resumed the regulation boarding house meals without fear of interfering with the scientific investigations of the government.

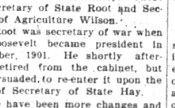
Besides taking up such matters as summer beverages, widely advertised as possessing medical properties, but thought by scientific men to be objectionable because containing caffeine or other injurious substances, there is a wide field for the students to experiment.

One of the most interesting possibilities is the determination of whether or not feungreek, the famous old world herb remedy, which is part of most medicines advertised to increase flesh, is really what it is said to be, and will accomplish the purposes for which it is advertised. A class in feungreek is said to be one of the possibilities of the early future.

Condition foods for animals also offer a field of endeavor that Dr. Wiley may yet explore to determine if the claims made for the various brands of food are really true.

The experiments conducted by Dr. Wiley are the first large experiments of the sort conducted in the scientific world. The classes, which were started in the fall of 1902, have already gone through a variety of experiments. Borax and boric acid were the first to receive attention, sulphuric acid, benzoate, formaldehyde and copper salts have also been fully tested as to their effects on the human system when taken with food.

Makes New Record for Cabinet Changes



THE retirement of Secretary of War Taft leaves but two men in Roosevelt's cabinet who were there when he succeeded to the presidency on the death of President McKinley. These are Secretary of State Root and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson.

Mr. Root was secretary of war when Mr. Roosevelt became president in September, 1901. He shortly afterward retired from the cabinet, but was persuaded to re-enter it upon the death of Secretary of State Hay.

There have been more changes and shifts in President Roosevelt's cabinet than in that of any of his predecessors. He has had two secretaries of state, Hay and Root. He has had three secretaries of the treasury, Gage, Shaw and Cortelyou.

With Luke E. Wright he has had three secretaries of war, Root, Taft and Wright. He has had three attorneys general, Knox, Moody and Bonaparte; five postmasters general, Smith, Payne, Wynne, Cortelyou and Meyer; five secretaries of the navy, Long, Moody, Morton, Bonaparte and Metcalf.

He has had two secretaries of the interior, Hitchcock and Garfield. He has had one secretary of agriculture, Wilson, and three secretaries of commerce and labor, Cortelyou, Metcalf and Straus.

The retirement of Secretary Taft has led to some speculation as to how long Mr. Wilson will continue at the head of the department of agriculture. The chances are that he will continue to serve though the term of Mr. Roosevelt, and should Secretary Taft succeed to the presidency it is possible that Secretary Wilson would continue in the cabinet. It will be 12 years next March since Wilson became secretary of agriculture. He is 73 years old, but a man of great activity. However, it has been a matter of some surprise that he has continued in office so long, as it has been the Roosevelt tendency to get younger men into his cabinet.

Dummy Used to Make Test.

Walking day and night, without a single stop, a dummy soldier is making 100,000 steps every 24 hours in an endurance test to determine the life of several new cartridge belts which are under consideration by the board of ordnance and fortification of the army. The dummy's tour of duty is at the Rock Island (Ill.) arsenal. The dummy is the size of an average soldier. By a special mechanical apparatus it is made to walk, with the guidance of a wire cable, as though on sentinel duty, in a circle in one end of a hall. The mechanism is such as to give the dummy the same motion as would be experienced by the average soldier in walking. About the waist of the figure are strapped the various belts, one at a time, which are being tested. Each is filled with the regulation number of rounds of service cartridges, the principal test being made with the sharp-nose bullets, to determine how long it will take for these to wear through the pockets of the belts.

British Commerce Through the Suez.

One-seventh of the foreigners commerce of Great Britain passes through the Suez canal.

WATCH OVER MONEY

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN DURING ITS PRINTING.

Theft of Currency Before It is Ready for Distribution Is Almost Impossible—One of Two Attempts Ever Made.

The paper money of the government is brought in iron-bound chests, locked and sealed, from the bureau of engraving and printing to the cash room of the treasury and there delivered upon receipt to James A. Sample, chief of the division of issue, in sheets of four bills each. They are complete with signature and numbers, except for the seal, which is printed upon them with power presses, in a small apartment under the cash room.

These presses are worked by two people, usually a man pressman and a woman feeder or assistant. When the seal has been imprinted upon the bills they are counted automatically, bound in packages of equal numbers by bands of paper, marked, signed by the persons who have handled them, and passed into the adjoining room, where the sheets are cut, the bills are recounted and inspected, so that the imperfect ones may be thrown out. They are then bound into packages of equal amounts and taken to the drying vault, where they lie upon the shelves for several weeks, until the ink has become perfectly dry.

Every safeguard that ingenuity can contrive is placed around these transactions, and the chief of division can tell which of his hundred or more subordinates have touched the different bills in the vaults. He knows who received them, who printed the seal, who wrapped and cut them; for every package is numbered and its history is recorded in an enormous book.

The combination of checks is so complete that Mr. Sample would know within 20 minutes if a single bill were missing, but he has never had occasion to test this knowledge except twice within 15 years. Only two attempts have ever been made to steal the money of the government while it is in this stage of its history.

On one occasion many years ago a pressman passing a pile of notes upon the table of his neighbor slipped the top sheet under his blouse without being observed and carried it with him into the lavatory, where he was successful in concealing it. The theft was discovered within five minutes and it was clearly apparent that he alone could be guilty, although the evidence was purely circumstantial. No one saw him take the money. Therefore he was not arrested and was never publicly charged with the crime. But he was dismissed from the service and he knew the reason why. The bills were never recovered. He probably destroyed them, as they did not appear in circulation.

On another occasion eight or ten years ago a colored messenger whose business was to haul the money about on a cart slipped a loose sheet into his pocket unobserved while passing between the printing and the counting rooms. This theft was also unseen, but the responsibility was fastened upon him. The pile of notes was complete when it left the printer, for it was counted and registered automatically in the press. When it reached the counting room one sheet was missing and the package had not been out of the possession of the colored messenger in the meantime. Therefore he alone was responsible, and as he could not offer any satisfactory explanation he too was dismissed from the service, but was not prosecuted because there was no direct proof of his guilt.

Automobile Hearses.

A "burial association" in Paris has automobiles arranged for the transportation of coffins, and in a circular which has been sent to all members of the Paris Automobile club makes this statement: "There is something almost revolting in handing over for transportation on a railroad the body of a departed relative. Still, this must be done in many instances. How much better to place the coffin in one of our automobiles, arranged for the purpose, and prevent its being handled as freight." In commenting on the automobile funeral a Berlin paper says: "The enthusiastic speeder's last hours may now be cheered with the hope that when all is over he may still be carried at the rate of 50 miles an hour, with the chances for tire trouble the same as when he sat at the wheel."

The Lucky Man.

"I am going to marry your daughter."

"Yes, you are."

"You mean I may?"

"I mean you will, whether you may or not."

"What makes you think so?"

"You do."

"How's that?"

"You're the fifth man who has been in to see me about this. None of the others would do."

"No?"

"No, they asked me for her."

A Social Impression.

"So," remarked the boyhood friend, "you are in the swim."

"Mother and the girls think I am," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But my personal feelings are those of a man who has fallen overboard and ought to be hollering for help."

Something There.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Cholly Kallow, "I've got such a cold in my head."

"Why, so you have," said Popprey; "I'll have to call Knox down the next time I see him for libeling you. He said you had nothing in it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Question of a Letter.

"So your daughter has made a matrimonial alliance with Count Fuchashi."

"That isn't a matrimonial alliance," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "That's a patrimonial alliance."

Campaign Is On.

"Got any babies around your place?" inquired the candidate.

"Nope," answered the farmer. "Babies is all growed up an' married off. Do you like to put in the forenoon plowin'?"