



CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton. An important and mysterious task, and his companion on the trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the man to the man is noted and commented on by passengers on the boat. Dudley is surprised to find the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton, and then finds the body of his friend, Henry Wilton, and then finds the body of his friend, Henry Wilton.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued. Come with me to a back to courtyard of the Palace Hotel at 3:30. Mother Horton's face changed not a whit at the reading, but at the end she nodded. "She knows," she said. "What does it mean?" I asked. "Don't go, dear—you won't go, will you?" I said. "I must go," she said. "Oh," she said. "You may be killed."

Mother Horton appeared to have some difficulty in arranging her words to her liking. She seemed to be waiting, but the pen did not flow smoothly. At last she was done, and sealing her pen in an envelope she handed me the flickering light one word to the table. "Take that," she said, thrusting the envelope into my hand. "If you find a one-eyed man when you get home, trouble give him that letter I've written, and it may do you some good. If the best I can do for you. You'd better go now and get some sleep. You may need it."

I thanked Mother Horton and pressed her hand and she held the candle as I tipped down and went out into the night. "Where are Barkhouse and Phillips?" I asked, as we turned our faces toward the west. "Porter gave a white whistle, and as she failed to bring an answer, followed it with one louder and more prolonged. We listened, but no response came."

"We'll better get out of here," said Wilton. "There's no telling what may happen when they hear that whistle. 'Hiss!' 'Klax!' that's what Porter, drawing me back into the room. There were running steps on the block above us, and I thought a shadow darted from one side of the street to the other."

"There seems to be friends waiting for us," said I. "Just not a good grip of your clubs, boys, and keep your revolvers handy in case they think they have a call to stop us." "Hold on," said Porter. "There's a gang of them, I see. They're all 'em, and if we're the ones they're after we had better cut for it."

"I believe you are right," said I, "we'll slip into the darkness and creep up a confused mass, but whether of men or boxes I could only guess. As we'll go up there, and you can cut around the other way, and Porter. "There's no need for any one to risk it. We'll cut together." "This way then," said Wilton. "I know this part of town better than you do. Run on your toes." And he darted past Horton's and plunged into an alley that led toward the west. Porter and I followed as quietly as possible through the dark and noisome cut-off by a street. Wilton led toward the west, and crossing the street at the next corner followed the main thoroughfare to Broadway.

forts the scented paper with its familiar, firm, yet delicate handwriting, and read the words: "Take the train with your men for Livermore. Await orders at the hotel. Protect the boy at all hazards." "Inclosed in the sheet were gold notes to the value of \$500—a thought full detail for which I was grateful at the outset of such an expedition. I thrust the money into my pocket and pondered upon the letter, wondering where Livermore might be. My knowledge of the geography of California was so new to me that I was at a loss for geographical memory.

I had some thought of questioning Wainwright, who was busy trying to make friends with the child, but reflecting that I might be supposed to know all about it, I was silent. Wainwright's efforts to get the child's work were without success. The little thing might from its size have been frightened, as I supposed, by the strangeness of the situation, and would speak no word. "Why was he put thus in my charge? What was I to do with him? Whither was I to carry him? I reproached myself that I had not stopped the light to ask more questions, to get the light on the duties that were expected of me. But the back on a sudden pulled up, and I saw that we were before the long, low, ugly wooden building that sat square across Market street as the gateway to San Francisco, through which the horse travel must pass, and from the Golden City.

"Look out on both sides, Wainwright," who was busy trying to make friends with the child, but reflecting that I might be supposed to know all about it, I was silent. Wainwright's efforts to get the child's work were without success. The little thing might from its size have been frightened, as I supposed, by the strangeness of the situation, and would speak no word. "Why was he put thus in my charge? What was I to do with him? Whither was I to carry him? I reproached myself that I had not stopped the light to ask more questions, to get the light on the duties that were expected of me. But the back on a sudden pulled up, and I saw that we were before the long, low, ugly wooden building that sat square across Market street as the gateway to San Francisco, through which the horse travel must pass, and from the Golden City.

"I stepped out of the back and looked about me anxiously. Was I to meet the unknown? or was I to take orders from some emissary of my hidden employer? No answering eye met mine as I searched the place with eager glance. Neither woman nor man of all the hurrying crowd had a thought of me. I glanced at the clock that ticked the seconds in the office of the hotel. "Look out on both sides, Wainwright," who was busy trying to make friends with the child, but reflecting that I might be supposed to know all about it, I was silent. Wainwright's efforts to get the child's work were without success. The little thing might from its size have been frightened, as I supposed, by the strangeness of the situation, and would speak no word.

My uncomforable sensations were broken by the clanging electric bells and the forward motion of the passenger as the stoppage passed into the slip at Long Aker. "Stand tight, boys," I cautioned no more. "Keep your feet on the ground, Wainwright will take the boy, and the rest of you see that nobody gets near him." "All right," said Wainwright, lifting the child in his arms. "It will take a good man to get him away from me."

"Well, he hasn't been seen since you told him to find out who's aboard." "It's no use to wait for him," I growled, but the next man that takes Francis leave had better look somewhere else for a job, for by the great horn spoon he's no man of mine." "We marched off in the rear of the crowd. I in no pleasant humor, for the silent in retention of my displeasure. And with some relief we found seats together in a forward coach.

The train was the east-bound overland, and it seemed hours before the baggage was taken aboard and the signal given to start. I grew uneasy, as at my elbow snored the man that only minutes had passed when the engine gave the first gentle pull at the train. I suspected that I was losing the girl of my dreams. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXII. "Did you see him?" asked Wainwright, as the hack lurched into Market street and straightened its course for the ferry. "Who?" "That fellow. He was behind that big pillar near the arch there. I saw him just as the old lady spoke to you, but before I catches your eye, he cuts across the street." "I didn't see him," I said. "Keep the child between us, and about anybody who tries to stop us or to climb into that car, I must get my orders." "All right, sir," said Wainwright, making the child comfortable between us.

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Real Estate Exchange OF WETHERS & MITCHELL, Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich. The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that clients will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

213. This little farm of about 100 acres in the town of Marshall, Michigan, is situated on the north side of the River. It is a very desirable place for a home, and is well adapted for a small farm. It is well watered, and has a good soil. It is situated on a quiet street, and is a very desirable place for a home. It is well watered, and has a good soil. It is situated on a quiet street, and is a very desirable place for a home.

216. A new, modern dwelling, constructed by a well known architect, and built on a beautiful lot. It is a very desirable place for a home, and is well adapted for a small farm. It is well watered, and has a good soil. It is situated on a quiet street, and is a very desirable place for a home.

217. Farm of 100 acres in Section 1, Twp. 3 N., Range 10 E., Meridian 10 W., containing 100 acres of land. It is a very desirable place for a home, and is well adapted for a small farm. It is well watered, and has a good soil. It is situated on a quiet street, and is a very desirable place for a home.

218. A pleasant and healthy place to live in. It is a very desirable place for a home, and is well adapted for a small farm. It is well watered, and has a good soil. It is situated on a quiet street, and is a very desirable place for a home.

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Two women stood before me leading a child.

"I saw that I had been early, and that it was even now but 20 minutes to the hour. The minute hand had not swept past the figure VIII when the door opened, and there was a hurried step and two women stood before me leading a child between them. Both women were closely veiled, and the child was nestled and swathed till its features could not be seen.

"One of the women was young, the other older—perhaps middle-aged. Both were tall and well-made. I looked eagerly upon them, for of one I must be the unknown, the hidden employer whose task had carried Henry Wilton to his death, who held my life in her hands and who fought the desperate battle with the police and the hatred of Loddridge Knapp. It was to the younger that I turned as the more kindly, for the spirit of contest, but it was the older who spoke.

"Here is your charge, Mr. Wilton," she said in a low, agitated voice. As she spoke I felt the faint suggestion of the peculiar perfume that she greeted me from the brief letters of the unknown. "I am ready for orders," I said with a bow.

"Your orders are in this envelope," said the unknown, hurriedly thrusting a paper into my hand. "Drive for the boat and read them on the way. You have no time to lose." The younger woman placed the child in the hack. "Climb in, Wainwright," said I, seeing the younger unfavorably. "Will he travel with you, ma'am? He's rather young."

"He'll go all right," said the elder woman with some agitation. "He knows that he must. But treat him carefully. Now good-by." "Oh, thank you, driver," I cried as I stepped into the hack and slammed the door. And in a moment we were out into New Montgomery street, and rolling over the rough cobblestones toward the bay.

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Girl kisses judge's feet.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A remarkable case was witnessed in the court of Darn and Termer when Josephine, a girl of 15, prostrated herself before the judge and covered his hands and feet with kisses. The girl had been convicted of manslaughter for causing the death of her father by running over him with a horse. The judge, in a fit of compassion, granted her a reprieve, and she was allowed to go home.

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THE OLDEST DOG ALIVE.

Jack, a mongrel terrier, but a breed true, while he has been so used to fighting with his teeth, that he will not fight. He is now 19 years old, and is still as active as a young dog. He is a very desirable pet, and is well adapted for a small farm. It is well watered, and has a good soil. It is situated on a quiet street, and is a very desirable place for a home.

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