

WANTED
BY EARLE ASHLEY WILCOX
DO NOT NEGLECT TO COPY THESE HEADLINES
COURTESY

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilson, whom he was to assist in the ferry boat business. The two men were to be accompanied by Dudley's sister, who had been discovered by the remarkable resemblance of the two men noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with a mustache and a woman in the company of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to leave in the ordinary manner. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the body of Henry Wilson. He learns that the woman who was to perform in San Francisco is the friend of Henry Wilson. Dudley continues his search for the woman who was to perform in San Francisco. Dudley continues his search for the woman who was to perform in San Francisco. Dudley continues his search for the woman who was to perform in San Francisco.

ter through the difficulty of getting the telegraph on Sunday? The office here was closed. The unknown, being a woman, I ungalantly reflected, would have neglected to take so small a circumlocution into consideration, and she might even now be besieging the telegraph office in San Francisco in a vain effort to get word to Livermore. On this thought I bestirred myself, and after much trouble and speech with the young man who contained in his person the offices of telegraph operator, station master, ticket seller, freight agent and baggage handler for the place. He objected to opening the office "out of office hours."

"There might be indications discoverable that would make it worth your while, I suppose," I said, holding some loose silver carelessly in my pocket. He smiled. "Well, I don't care if I do," he replied. "Whatever you think is fair, of course." It was more than I thought for, but the agent thawed into friendship at once and expressed his readiness to "trail San Francisco" till he got an answer if it took till dark.

I might have saved my trouble and my coin. San Francisco troubled with a ghostly train arrive in the hotel. CHAPTER XIII.—Continued. I had never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Meeker face to face, but I doubted not that I should be able to pick him out. It was riding in the moment I saw him. He was tall and broad of shoulder, long of arm, shifty of eye, and his square jaw was covered with a shaggy beard. His color heightened as we walked into the office and out of the two doors of retreat.

"An unexpected pleasure," I said, giving him good day. He handed slip to the side pocket of his sack coat, and then he looked at me and made a remark in an undertone that I fear was not intended for a pleasant greeting. "There's a little dinner of a few friends going on upstairs," I said politely. "Won't you join us?"

"No, I won't," he growled. "But it is a sad case for a man to dine alone," I said smoothly. "You will be very welcome." "No, sir," said, looking furtively at my man drawing near, between him and the door. "But I insist," I said politely. Then I added in a lower tone meant for his ears: "Resist, you bound, and I'll have you carried up by your four legs."

His face was working with fear and passion. He looked to the clocked wall with the eye of a hunted animal. "I'll be damned first," he cried, and seizing a chair he whirled around, dashed it through a window and leaped through the jagged in the doorway I could spring forward to stop him.

"Round in front men!" I cried, shouting my followers to rally through the door. "Bring him back!" And an instant later I leaped through the window as if I were a cat. There was a fall of six feet—and as I landed on a pile of broken glass, a bit shaken, with the rain beating on my head, it was a few seconds before I recovered my wits. When I looked no one was in sight. I heard the running on the porch of the hotel, but I was not to be troubled that way. I set off full speed for the other corner, fifty yards away, half expecting an ambush. He started and turned I stopped. The rain-soaked street was empty for block before me.

For a sentinel to get warning of an assassin by way of the remains room. The stationer Porter in the hall and Abrams in the dark bedroom, while Lockhart, Wilson, Brown, and I held the parlor and dining rooms comfortable until the time should come to relieve the men on guard. I thrust open the door to the bedroom to see that the boy and his guards were safe, and this done I turned down the light, threw myself on the floor before the door that protected my charge and mused over the strange events that had crowded so swiftly upon me.

Subtle warnings of danger floated over my sense between sleeping and waking, and each time I dropped into a doze I awoke with a start to see only the dimly-lighted forms of my men before me, and to hear only the sweep and whistle of the wind outside and the dash of water against the shutters. Thrice I had been aroused thus, when, on the borderland, between dreams and waking, a voice reached my ear. "Sst! What was that?" I sprang up, wide-awake, revolver in hand. It was Lockhart who spoke. We all strained our ears to listen. There was nothing to be heard but the moan of the wind and the dash of water.

"I don't know," I whispered. "It was a coo-hoo—like the call of an owl, but—" "But you thought it was a man?" Lockhart nodded. Brown and Wilson had not heard it. "Was it inside or outside?" "It was out here, I thought," said Lockhart doubtfully, pointing to the street that ran by the side of the hotel. "I opened the door to the dark bedroom in which Abrams kept watch. It was there that I saw the man."

"You know what we're here for?" "You have broken into a respectable house like a band of robbers," I said. "What do you want?" "You know what we want, Mr. Wilson," was the surly answer. "Give us the boy and we won't touch you." There was silence for a few moments. "What are you waiting for?" growled a voice from beyond the turn of the hall.

"At the sound I thrilled to the inmost marrow of my bones. 'Who's there?' 'Well? Could it be mistaken for those who?' I listened eagerly for another word that might put it beyond doubt. 'What are you going to give him up?' asked the voice, that of Meeker. There had not to be some better reason for it than that the man was a thief. 'Well, we won't reason enough here. Stand ready, boys.' 'Look out!' I said to my men, with a glance behind me. At I turned I saw without noting it that Waitwright and Fitzhugh had come out of the boy's room to take a look at the intruder. Lockhart and Wilson slipped in front of me.

"Get back and look after the boy," whispered the former. "We can hold 'em here." "Move ahead there!" shouted a fierce voice that again thrilled the ear and heart with the growl of the wolf. "What are you afraid of?" "Stand fast, boys," I said to my men. "Waitwright, keep close to the bedroom." Then I shouted defiance to the enemy. "The first man that moves forward gets killed! There are eight revolvers here."

Then I saw that Waitwright had come forward, despite my bidding, eager to take his share of the onslaught. And by some freak of the spirit of the perverse boy, who had shown himself so timid during the day had now slipped out of his room and entered upon the scene. The man's excitement was about as though dancer and death were the last things in the world with which he had to reckon. I caught a glimpse of his form out of the tail of my eye as he mounted the chair in the doorway. I turned with an exclamation to cover him from a possible bullet, when there was a roar of the gun and the voice of Terrill rang through the hall.

"Tricked again!" he cried with a dreadful oath. "It's the wrong boy!" "TO BE CONTINUED."

SOLE MADE A SENSATION.
Bartone Had Caught the Music, But Not the Words.
A certain young Ukranian minister is visiting a friend and namesake who lives in Roxbury, says the Boston Herald. The minister, Peter Morduk, was in the city on a mission to discover the beginning of a new career, and today Antonio Corsi has the distinction of being the finest model in the world as a painter. He has been painting in the city for many years, and he is not dissatisfied to appear as Mephistopheles on a canvas of devils' land.

A New Version.
After hands' study Hilary felt that he had the parable of the prodigal son. He had heard the parable before, but the recitation that he came to the prodigal's way, which he described as "a very nice story," was a great way off his mind. He was a man of high character, and he had compassion and an end for his sick and broke it. "But my son," he said, "I will tell on his account he ran and fell on his own neck, and because he was an old man he had broken it."—Harper's Magazine.

THE BIN OF LAND-MURDER.
Seriousness of the Situation Not Generally Realized.
The deterioration of fertility under cultivation that is lacking in care for the soil has become a serious problem of the south than in the middle west. The Progressive Farmers' organization is recognizing the seriousness of the situation, and is endeavoring to bring about a change in the present method of farming.

GARDEN
DEVICES FOR BERRY GROWERS.
Cutting Off the Runners Made Easy for the Worker.
The problem of disposing of the surplus runners is always a perplexing one. For half an hour I listened closely. The men were opened but silently. The storm kept up its mournful murmurings, and I could not contribute to man; came to my straining ears.

MISS YELLEN (about to sing)—What is your favorite air, professor?
Professor—Fresh air—and plenty of it! Good morning!

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Williams** in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Buy Always Bought.

STRAINING JELLY.
Handy Device Made Out of a Turned Up Chair.
A pupil from the high school class of the University of California, London, Eng., told me about this simple but very useful device for straining jelly. It is made from a turned up chair seat.

BRACING A CORNER POST.
Here is Another Good Way of Straining a Fence.
To brace a corner post in the way shown in the accompanying illustration bend a look in the end of a piece of wire.

FARM NOTES.
Don't let the thistles blossom. Cultivation should be mostly to keep down weeds. Dairying is the one branch in which no man should engage who has not a real liking for cows.

FARM WATER SUPPLY.
Purity of the Source is of Prime Importance.
Too many wells are sunk in the lowest places around the farm house and barns. I visited more than a dozen different farm houses last week, writes the editor of the Farm Journal.

Thirty Years of Dairying.
In 30 years the dairying of the world has been revolutionized. The various changes in the way of handling the milk from contamination and how the butter made have so facilitated the production of milk and milk-products that it is safe to say the average production has been enormously increased. In 30 years the business has become one founded on the most scientific principles.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.
Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.
Leri P. Brockway, 8 Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After being five months in a hospital I was discharged, but incurable kidney troubles and six months to live. My heart was affected. I had swollen legs, and sometimes fell unconscious. I got no relief until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My kidneys were completely cured. I was completely restored and encouraged when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

SING, BIRDIE, DON'T!
Miss Yellen (about to sing)—What is your favorite air, professor?
Professor—Fresh air—and plenty of it! Good morning!

Little English Idea of It.
Little English frequently illustrate the English view of any country very picturesquely. An Englishman had taken the Pacific Express at Philadelphia, and feeling tired, had retired to his berth. Just before he fell asleep he happened to remember he had forgotten something, so he put his head out between the curtains and called:
"Portah! Portah!"
The porter came.
"What is it?" he said.
"Please wake me when we get to San Francisco, you know?"

Happy Man.
Mrs. Henson's husband simply won't listen to her when she says: "Henpeck—how earth does the lucky fellow manage!—Stray Stories."
Much sympathy is wasted on people who ought to be ashamed to keep their attention waiting for a job.

What's His Wonderful Syrup.
For children, relieve the cough, reduce the fever, soothe the throat, loosen the chest. It's the only one that's safe and sure.
How do you enjoy meeting a man who has no title or no job to tell?

A Little Learning and a Little Wisdom are Dangerous Things.
This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a purely vegetable compound, made from roots and herbs—without drugs.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN
PUBLICLY EXPLORED AND PROVED TO BE THE BEST
This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a purely vegetable compound, made from roots and herbs—without drugs.

What Does This Sign Mean?
It means that public inspection of this compound is invited. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

Have They Really Got Letters from Women?
This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it. It's the poor doubting, suffering woman and mother who needs to be taught confidence for she has not had thousands of these women?

WIDOWS' PENSIONS
Under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. HOGAN.