

BURNED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOX

SYNOPSIS.
Giles Dudley leaves in San Francisco to find his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he has been told is a man of importance and mysterious background. He is accompanied by his friend, the mysterious "key" who has been told is a man of importance and mysterious background. He is accompanied by his friend, the mysterious "key" who has been told is a man of importance and mysterious background. He is accompanied by his friend, the mysterious "key" who has been told is a man of importance and mysterious background.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

In the middle of the description the enemy had the advantage, slight as it was.

"Third road—cockeyed barn—in row" and the confused double of drunken letters and figures that Henry had written—I could make nothing of these. From B—follow 1/2 m. Take third road—3 or 6—this was at least half-intelligible.

Then it came to me like a blow—was this the mysterious "key" that the Unknown had demanded of me in the letter of this morning? I was roused from my reverie of fears by confused shouts from down the hall, and sprang hastily to the door, with the thought that the forces of the enemy were upon us.

"Here he is! they've found him," cried an excited voice.

"Yes, sir, here he comes!"

It was truly the stalwart guard, but as he had made a sad mistake in following him. With head bound in a bloody rag, and face of a waxy yellow hue, he staggered limply out of one of the rear rooms between Corson and Barkhouse. Barkhouse was soon propped up on the lounge in the guardroom, and with a few sips of whiskey and a morphine bandage began to look like a more respectable case.

"Now, we must get up here," I said. "Take turns by two, and let Barkhouse. We had better not risk staying here."

"Right," said Corson, "and now we'll just take these three beasties along to the station."

The men swore at this, but as their hands were bound, and in the hands of Corson walked with his club, and Barkhouse and his pistol in the other, they took up the march at command and the rest of us slowly followed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Chase in the Storm.
When we reached the entrance to our quarters—"Montgomery street the rain had come more bracing to fall gently now, but the gusts of damp wind from the south promised more and worse to follow."

"A message for you, Mr. Wilton," said a voice suddenly from the recesses of the doorway.

"Give it to me," I said.

A slip of paper was thrust into my hand. I passed my eyes to it.

"It wait for you," said the messenger, and at the first gasp that burst at the head of the stairs I stopped to read the address.

It was in the hands of the Unknown, and my fatigue and indifference were some in a moment. I trembled as I tore open the envelope and read:

"Follow the bearer of this message to 1530. Come alone and armed. It is important."

There was no signature.

If it meant anything it meant that I was to meet the Unknown, and perhaps to search the heart of the mystery. I had been heavy with fatigue and drowsy with the weariness of life were once more fresh within me.

The men had waited a minute for me as I read the note.

"Go to your rooms and get some things," I said. "I will be waiting. I will be in charge, and I will send word to him if I need any of you."

They looked at me in blank protest.

"First tell me what has become of Henry Wilton," she said with sorrow in her voice.

The dreadful scene in the alley flashed before my mind.

"He is dead."

"Dead! And how?"

"Murdered."

"I assure you—I was certain, or he would have let me know. You have made me tell me. But first, did he leave no papers in his hands?"

"I searched the slip that bore the blind diagram and the blinder description that accompanied it. Nothing could be made of it in the darkness, so I described it as well as I could."

"We are on the right track," said Mrs. Knapp. "Oh, why didn't I have that yesterday? But here—we are at the wharf."

My guide was before us, and we followed him down the pier, struggling against the gusts.

"Do we cross the bay?" I asked, as Mrs. Knapp clung to my arm. "It is not safe for you in a small boat."

"There's a tug waiting for us," Mrs. Knapp explained.

A moment later we saw its lights, and the fire of its engine room shot a cheerful glow into the storm. The little vessel swung uneasily at its berth as we made our way aboard, and with shouts of men and clang of bells it was soon tossing on the dark waters of the bay.

The cabin of the tug was fitted with a shelf-table, and over it swung a lamp of brass that gave a dim light to the little room. Mrs. Knapp seated herself here, spread out the paper I had given her and studied the anxious and the jumble of letters with diligent attention.

"It is the same," she said at last, "in part, at least."

"As the one I got word tonight, you know," she replied.

"But," she continued, "this gives a—"

"Mrs. Knapp smiled.

"It was an accident—it was a coincidence," she said. "I had been anxious at receiving no word from Henry. I suppose you got my notes. Although you know the facts, I have doubts, wondering whether anything had happened to Henry."

"I didn't suppose I was quite so poor an investigator," I said apologetically, with a quail at the word. "Though I did get some hint of it, I added, with a painful recollection of the candid statement of Colonel Montgomery from the daughter of the house."

"Oh, you did very well," said Mrs. Knapp kindly, "but no one could have done better. The American method was quite outraced over it, but I managed to quiet her."

"I hope Mrs. Knapp has not retained the unfortunate impression that I am—I stammered in much confusion."

"Mrs. Knapp gave me a keen glance."

"You are a man of use," she said.

"Well," continued Mrs. Knapp, "when I saw you and guessed that something had happened to Henry Wilton, and that you knew little of what was going on, I changed the plan of campaign. I did not know that you were one to be trusted, but I saw you could be used. I have kept the others on a false scent, for you deceived everybody but us."

"I would have spoken when I found you for what you are," said Mrs. Knapp, "but I thought until the Liverpool trip that you could serve me best as you were doing."

"It was blind work," I said.

"It was blind work for you, not for me. I was deceived in one thing, however; I thought that you had no part to play in this. Henry that could help or hurt. The first night you came to us I had Henry's room taken for you, and I had your work."

"I was blind indeed for you, not for me. I was deceived in one thing, however; I thought that you had no part to play in this. Henry that could help or hurt. The first night you came to us I had Henry's room taken for you, and I had your work."

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different place. I was to go to the cross-road here—indicating the mark at the last branch.

"I'm glad to hear that," said I, taking out the diagram I had found in the city of the Unknown. "This seems to point to a different case, too, and I really hope that the gentleman who drew this map is a good way off from the truth."

"Where did you get this?" exclaimed Mrs. Knapp.

"I described the circumstances in as few words as I could command."

"IT IS THE SAME," SHE SAID, AT LAST, "IN PART, AT LEAST."

way, busy with the only signs of life had left the storm and the midnight hour was busy.

With the lighted buildings behind us we turned down California street, halfway down the block in front of the Merchants' Exchange, stood a hack. At the sight my heart beat fast and my breath came quick.

As we neared the hack my guide gave a short, suppressed whistle, and passing before me, stung open the door to the vehicle and motioned me to enter. I had gone too far to retreat, and stepped into the hack, instead of following, the guide closed the door gently. I heard him mount the seat with the driver, and in a moment we were in motion.

"Was I alone?" I had expected to find the Unknown, but the dark interior bore no sign of a companion. A slight movement made me certain that some one sat in the father corner of the carriage. The situation became a little embarrassing. Was it my pique to speak first? I wondered. At last I could endure the silence no longer.

"Quite an unpleasant evening," I remarked politely.

There was a rustle of movement, the sound of a short gasp, and a soft, mournful voice broke on my ear.

"Mr. Dudley—can you forgive me?"

The astonishment I felt to hear my own name once more—the name that seemed to belong to a former state of existence—was swallowed up as the magnetic tones carried their revelation to my mind. I was stricken dumb for a moment at the discovery that had brought them. They gaped: "Mrs. Knapp!"

"Yes, Mrs. Knapp," she said with a mournful laugh. "Did you never suspect?"

"I was lost in wonder and confusion, and even yet could not understand."

"What brings you out in this storm?" I asked, completely mystified.

"I thought I was to meet another person."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Knapp, with a spark of animation. "Well, I am the other person."

"You?" I exclaimed at last. "Are you the protector of the boy?"

The employer—"Then I stopped, the gasp in my mind beginning to straighten out."

"I am able," said Mrs. Knapp gently. "Then," I said, "who is he?"

"The boy who was the whole story of the night," she said. "I am able to tell you about it and what—"

Mrs. Knapp interrupted me.

Seen at Carthage Museum.

Fine Specimens of Sarcophagi Were Found by Rev. P. Delattre.

Among the most recent finds which have been made at Carthage, the Rev. P. Delattre has a number of sarcophagi which present a great interest. One of the most interesting is a Scientific American. The top cover is sculptured in relief with a figure of life size, carved out of marble and painted in many colors. One very fine specimen was found in the necropolis at a depth of 25 feet. On the cover is a figure of a woman executed in the Greek style, with a long garment reaching the ankles and a veil covering the head. Great technical skill is shown in treating the different tissues. The flesh parts are well polished, and the eyes are painted, giving a lifelike aspect. The hair is gilded. Inside the sarcophagus were found the remains of the person, with some bronze objects. A second sarcophagus was that of a person supposed to be a priest. The sculptured figure has abundant hair and a curly beard. It wears a long robe with short sleeves, and here also the eyes are painted, and are very expressive.

Another specimen is a massive gold ring with a portrait similar to the above, also three other gold rings, amulets, etc. One of the most recent finds was a sarcophagus of a woman sculptured figure of a woman wearing

STANDING OUT THE LEMONS STATUS OF A GROWING INDUSTRY

Right Sweats & Cough.
E. W. Nelson, Cond. S. P. Ry., 217 W. New St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During the summer and fall of 1902, my annoyance from catarrh reached the stage where it was actual misery and developed alarming symptoms, such as every day, several coughs, night sweats, and pains in the head and chest. I experimented with several remedies before I finally decided to take a thorough course of Peruna."

"I have recovered to the use of Peruna on three occasions and am sure that time to cure myself of bad colds."



IN THE OLD MILITARY DAYS.

"Captain, you will appear on the parade with your company at ten o'clock for inspection."

"Sorry, colonel, but you'll have to postpone it till to-morrow! I pronounced a cold which had seized me the caution to-day for a cure!"

TEN YEARS OF BACKACHE.

Thousands of Women Suffer in the Same Way.

Mrs. Thos. Dunn, 153 Vine St., Columbus, Ohio, says: "For more than ten years I was in misery from backache. The simplest household completely exhausted me. I had no strength or ambition, was nervous and suffered headache and dizzy spells. After creating the support of my family, I was ever being cured when Don's Kidney Pills came to my notice and their use had a quick, well-earned permanent cure. I am very grateful."

Sold by all druggists, 50 cents a box. Foster-McAlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

When the Minister Sighed.
A country clergyman, who recently accepted the support of a noble object, prefaced the circulation of the plate with the following address: "From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenance, and only one thing I am afraid of—that some of you may feel inclined to give me a 'baker' who is despairing of your aid. I am very glad to hear you that justice should be a prime virtue to generosity; therefore, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person is capable of putting anything on the plate who cannot pay his debts." The result was an overflowing collection.

Thought King a Cultist.

A service paper relates a good story of King Louis of Bavaria. His majesty was much annoyed on one occasion by the soldier who carried the palace gates neglected to present arms. The truth was the soldier did not know his majesty by sight.

"Why don't you present arms?" the latter asked, angrily. "Don't you know to whom you are indebted for your life?"

The soldier glared angrily at the King and, breathing him to be the army baker, replied: "So you are the baker who has been giving the soldiers with coffee and sugar? Well, I should like to have you by yourself in some quiet place. I'd give you a dose of my specialty, the three kingdoms. I'd make dough of you."

"THE PALE GIRL."

Did Not Know Coffee Was the Cause.

In cold weather some people think a cup of hot coffee goes to help keep warm. It is for a short time, but the drug—caffeine—acts on the heart to weaken the circulation and the reaction is to cause more chilliness.

There is a hot wholesome drink which a Dak. girl found after a time, makes the blood warm and the heart strong.

"Having lived for five years in N. Dak., I have used considerable coffee to keep warm. It was just what I needed. After a time I had heart trouble and became very nervous, never knew what it was to be so well. Took and felt but it never seemed to do any good."

"Since being married my husband and I have had thought coffee was harming us and we would quit, only to begin again, although we felt it was the same as poison to us."

"I have never gotten Postum. Well, the effect was really wonderful. My complexion is clear now, headache gone, and I have a great deal of energy. I never know when I drink coffee."

"I haven't been troubled with indigestion since using Postum, am not nervous, and I get some rest. I don't have a little girl and my boy both love Postum and thrive on it and gain weight."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Well-being," it is just what you need."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

RESCUED FROM SHARKS

Narrow Escape of Filipino Sailors from a Wrecked Vessel.

Capt. Carlos Krebs, commander of the steamship Dalupnag, reports that while en route from Tuleida to Higan Bay, Negros, bound for Manila, Cebu, and Zamboanga, the vessel was driven to a submerged bank surrounded by a school of sharks, which, even after the vessel had come alongside, persisted in hovering about the banks. The four men upon being picked up related a terrible tale of suffering and agony. They stated that they had left the ship about four P.M. on Monday, and that they ran into heavy weather which caused the banca to fly, striking to the water's edge and washing away the food and drink.

Shortly after that the weather cleared, leaving these poor mariners under the glare of a tropical sun. Then the sharks appeared and to the agony of thirst and the pangs of hunger was added the terrible fate of becoming a morsel for a shark's tooth.

They had despaired of relief and every vestige of hope was gone when "It sighted" the Dalupnag—Cebu, Corlier.

Petroleum for European Locomotives.

Consul General Norman Hutchins, writing a satisfactory report that several high officials of the Austrian railway, had arrived in Romania for the purpose of studying the question of petroleum as a railway locomotive fuel, he shall be picked by the emperor as a member of the delegation.

"It is found that the use of petroleum as a locomotive combustible is being tried satisfactorily upon the Romanian railways. It is intended to introduce the use of petroleum upon the Austrian railways."

"It appears to me that petroleum is being used to answer the purpose for the making of sufficient steam, and goes away with coal dust and cinders; on the other hand, the odor of the smoke issuing from the locomotive is offensive to many persons, while others consider it more or less healthy."