BLINDFOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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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 accompanied 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 sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange events Dudley is in for form, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned by the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And then 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. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with accreting and protecting. 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 confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that if Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. 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 people. 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. Knapp appears at his 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. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "They've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture the boy who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cry Tim Terrill, when he sees the young girl's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid. Mother Borton is mortally wounded and dies before she can tell Dudley the secret of his strange mission. The Davis street den is visited by Jeremy Hawkhouse. A diagram that portrays explains Dudley's mission is found. Bark house is released.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

"I did not need it till Sunday," continued Mrs. Knapp. "I have been worried much at the situation of the boy, but I did not dare go near him. Henry and I decided that his hiding place was not safe. We had talked of moving him a few days before you came. When I found that Henry had disappeared I was anxious to make the change, but I could not venture to attempt it until the others were out of town, for I knew I was watched. Then I was assured from Mother Borton that they did not know where the boy was hidden, and I let the matter rest. But a few days ago—on Saturday—she sent me word that she thought they had found the place. Then it came to me to send you to Livermore with the other boy—oh, I hope no harm came to the little fellow," she exclaimed anxiously.

"He's safe in my rooms in charge of Wainwright," I said. "He got back on the morning train, and can be had for the asking."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Mrs. Knapp. "I was afraid something would happen to him, but I had to take desperate chances. Well, I set to my plan and succeeded. They all followed you. But when I went to the hiding place the boy was gone. Henry had moved him weeks ago, and had died before he could tell me. Then I thought you might know more than you had told me—that Henry Wilton might have sent you to help him when he made the change, and I wrote to you."

"And the key," I said, remembering the expression of the note. "Did you mean this diagram?"

"I said Mrs. Knapp, "I meant the key to our cipher code. I was looking over Henry's letters for some hint of a hiding place and could not find the key to the cipher. I thought you might have been given one. I found mine this afternoon, though, and there was no need of it, so it didn't matter after all."

The pitching and tossing of the boat had ceased. And, a minute later, with clang of bells and groan of engine we were at the wharf and were helped ashore.

"Tell the captain to wait here for us with fires up," said Mrs. Knapp. "The carriage should be somewhere around here," she continued, peering anxiously about as we reached the foot of the wharf.

"This way," said a familiar voice, and a man stepped from the shadow. "Dicky Nahl!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Wilton!" mimicked Dicky. "But it's just as well not to speak so loud. Here you are. I put the hack's lights out just to escape unpleasant remark."

Mrs. Knapp entered the carriage and called for me to follow her.

I remembered Mother Borton's warnings and my doubts of Dicky Nahl.

"You're certain you know where you are going?" I asked him in an undertone.

"No, I'm not," said Dicky frankly. "I've found a man who says he knows. We are to meet him. We'll get there between 3 and 4 o'clock. He won't say another word to anybody but her or you. I guess he knows what he is about."

"Well, keep your eyes open. Meeker's gang is ahead of us. Is the driver reliable?"

"Right as a judge," said Dicky cheerfully. "Now, if you'll get in with madame we won't be wasting time here."

I stepped into the carriage Dicky Nahl closed the door softly and climbed on the seat by the driver, and in a moment we were rolling up Broadway in the gloomy stillness of the early morning hour.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Heart of the Mystery.

I was in the shadow of the mystery. A hundred questions rose to my lips, but behind them all frowned the grim wolf-visage of Doddridge Knapp, and I could not find the courage that could make me speak to them.

"Mrs. Knapp," I said, "you have called me by my name. I had almost forgotten that I had ever borne it. I have lived more in the last month than in the 25 years that I remember before it, and I have almost come to think that the old name belongs to some one else. May I ask how you got hold of it?"

"It was simple enough. Henry had told me about you. I remembered that you were coming from the same town he had come from. He telegraphed to an agent in Boston. He went up to your place, made his inquiries and telegraphed me. I suppose you will be pleased to know," she continued with a droll affection of malice in her voice, "that he mailed me your full history as gathered from the town pump. It is at the house now."

"I tried to get something out of Mother Borton concerning you," continued Mrs. Knapp. "I even went so far as to see her once."

"I don't think you got any more out of her than she wanted to tell."

"Indeed, I did not. I was afraid Mr. Richmond had not gone about it the right way. You know Mr. Richmond acted as my agent with her?"

"No; I didn't know. She was as close-mouthed with me as with you, I think."

"Well, I saw her. I wanted to get what information she had of you and of Henry."

"She had a good deal of it, if she wanted to give it up."

"So I suppose, but she was too clever for me. She spoke well of you, but not a word could I get from her about Henry. Yet she gave me the idea that she knew much."

"I should think she might. I had told her the whole story."

"She is used to keeping secrets, I suppose," replied Mrs. Knapp. "But I must reward her well for what she has done."

"She is beyond fear or reward."

"Dead?" cried Mrs. Knapp in a shocked voice. "And how?"

"She died, I fear, because she befriended me." And then I told her the story of Mother Borton's end.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Knapp sadly. "Yet perhaps it is better so. She has died in doing a good act."

The carriage had been rolling along swiftly. Despite the rain the streets were smooth and hard, and we made rapid progress. We had crossed a bridge, and with many turns made a course toward the southeast. Now the ground became softer, and progress was slow. An interminable array of trees lined the way on both sides, and to my impatient imagination stretched for miles before us. Then the road became better, the horses trotted briskly forward again, their hoofs pattering dully on the softened ground.

"All the better," I thought. "It's as good as a muffler if any one is listening for us."

"Here's the place," came the voice of Dicky, giving direction to the driver; and the carriage slackened pace and stopped. Looking out I saw that we were at a division of the road where a two-story house faced both of the branching ways.

"You'd better come out," said Dicky at the door, addressing his remark to me. "He was to meet us here."

"Be careful," cautioned Mrs. Knapp.

I kept my hand on the revolver that lay in my overcoat pocket, and walked with Dicky on to the porch. It was a common roadside saloon, and at this hour it appeared wholly deserted. Even the dog, without which I knew no roadside saloon could exist, was as silent as its owners.

"Here's a go!" said Dicky. "He was to meet us, sure. What time have you got?"

I struck a match in a corner and looked at my watch by its flare.

"Five minutes to three."

"Whew!" he whispered, "we're regularly done. I thought he had a bad eye when I was bargaining with him."

I wondered if Dicky had a hand in the trick, if trick it should prove to be.

"Well," said Dicky dubiously, "I think I know where the fellow would have taken us. I trailed him this afternoon, and I'll lay two to one that I can pick out the right road."

"Is this the third road from Brooklyn?" I asked, pointing to the track that led to the left.

"I reckon so," said Dicky. "I haven't kept count, but I recollect only two before it."

"All right. Up with you then!"

Dicky obediently mounted to the seat beside the driver.

"I shall ride outside," I said to Mrs. Knapp. "I may be needed."

Half a mile farther we passed a house, and within a quarter of a mile another.

"We are on the right road," was my thought as I compared these in my mind with the crosses on the diagram.

About half a mile farther a small cluster of buildings loomed up, dark and obscure, by the roadside.

"This is the place," I said confidently, motioning the driver to pull up. I remembered that Henry Wilton's map had stopped at the third cross from the parting of the roads.

"No, it isn't," said Dicky eagerly. "It's two or three miles farther on. I trailed the fellow myself to the next house, and that's a good two miles at least."

I had leaped to the ground, and opened the door of the carriage.

"We are at the fourth place," I said.

"And the cockeyed barn?" inquired Mrs. Knapp, peering out.

I was struck silent by this, and looked blankly at the dark forbidding structure that fronted on the road.

"You're right," said Mrs. Knapp with a laugh. "Can't you make out that funny little window at the end there?"

I looked more closely at the building. In the dim light of the stars the coat of whitewash that covered it made it possible to trace the outlines of a window in the gable that fronted the road. Some freak of the builder had turned it a quarter of the way around, giving it a comical suggestion of a man with a droop to his eye.

"And the iron cow?" I asked.

"Stupid! a pump, of course," replied Mrs. Knapp, with another laugh. "Now see if there is a lane here by the barn."

A narrow roadway just wide enough for a single wagon joined the main road at the corner of the building.

"Then drive up it quietly," was Mrs. Knapp's direction.

Just beyond the barn I made out the figure of the pump in a conspicuous place by the roadside and felt more confident that we were on the right road.

The driver swore in an undertone as the hack lurched and groaned in a boggy series of ruts, and a branch whipped him in the face. I was forced to give a grunt myself, as another slapped my sore arm and sent a sharp twinge of pain shooting from the wound till it tingled in my toes. Dicky, protected between us, chuckled softly. I reflected savagely that nothing spoils a man for company like a mistaken sense of humor.

Suddenly the horses stopped so short that we were almost pitched out.

Mrs. Knapp tapped on the carriage door and I opened it.

"Have you come to the bars?" she asked presently.

"I guess so. We've come against something like a fence."

"Well, then, " she replied, "when we get through, take the road to the left. That will bring us to the house."

"You are certain?"

"That is what Henry wrote in the cipher beneath the map. The house must be only a few hundred yards away."

The bars were there, and I lifted the wet and soggy boards with an anxious heart. Were we, after all, so near the hiding place? And what were we to find?

On a sudden turn the house loomed up before us and a wild clamor of dogs broke the stillness of the night.

"I hope they are tied," I said, with a poor attempt to conceal my misgivings.

"We'll have a lively time in a quarter of a minute if they aren't," laughed Dicky, as he followed me.

But the baying and barking came no nearer, and I helped Mrs. Knapp out of the carriage. She looked at the house closely.

"This is the place," she said, in an unmistakable tone of decision. "We must be quick. I wish something would quiet those dogs, they will bring the whole country out."

It seemed an hour before we could raise any one, but it may not have been three minutes before a voice came from behind the door.

"Who's there?"

"It is L. M. K.," said Mrs. Knapp; then she added three words of gibberish that I took to be the passwords used to identify the friends of the boy.

At the words there was the sound of bolts shooting back and the heavy door opened enough to admit us. As we passed in, it was closed once more and the bolts shot home.

Before us stood a short, heavy-set man, holding a candle. His face, which was stamped with much of the bulldog look in it, was smooth shaven except for a bristling brown mustachen. He looked inquiringly at us.

"Is he here—the boy?" cried Mrs. Knapp, her voice choked with anxiety.

"Yes," said the man. "Do we move again?"

"At once," said Mrs. Knapp, in her tone of decision.

"It will take ten minutes to get ready," said the man. "Come this way."

I was left standing alone by the door in the darkness, with a burden lifted from my mind. We had come in time. The single slip of paper left by Henry Wilton had been the means, through a strange combination of events, to point the way to the unknown hiding place of the boy.

In a few minutes the wavering light of the candle reappeared. Mrs. Knapp was carrying a bundle that I took to be the boy, and the man brought a valise and a blanket.

"It's all right," said Mrs. Knapp. "No—I can carry him—I want to carry him."

The man opened the door, then closed and locked it as I helped Mrs. Knapp into the carriage.

"Have you got him safe?" asked Dicky incredulously. "Well, I'll have to say that you know more than I thought you did." And the relief and satisfaction in his tone were so evident that I gladly repented of my suspicions of the light-hearted Dicky.

"Have you heard anything?" I asked him anxiously.

"I thought I heard a yell over here through the woods. We had better get out of here."

"Don't wait a second," said the man. "The south road comes over this other way. If you've heard anybody there, they will be here in five minutes. I'll follow you on a horse."

With an injunction to haste, I stepped after Mrs. Knapp into the carriage, the door was shut, Dicky mounted the seat, and we rolled down the road on the return journey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"NO—I CAN CARRY HIM—I WANT TO CARRY HIM."

World's Palaces of Art

MOST SPLENDID MUSEUMS FOR NEW YORK CITY

HOW THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

COMPLETED BROOKLYN INSTITUTE MUSEUM.

When the three great museums of the Greater New York are completed in the years to come there will be given to the country and the world groups of art palaces the like of which the world has never before seen. They will represent an expenditure of $50,000,000 exclusive of the priceless collections which will find shelter within the spacious walls of the institutions. The Metropolitan Museum of Art will be the largest building devoted to art in the world; the combined museum of natural history will overshadow the British museum, and the Brooklyn Institute museum is planned along the same magnificent lines. In the case of the last named the eastern wing, recently finished, completes an entire front of the structure, including the corner towers. In the case of the Natural History museum the great outer wall has finally turned the southwestern corner and is being carried some distance northward. The new wing is the first of the great side walls of the building.

The Fifth avenue facade of the Metropolitan museum is being carried this year nearly a block northward from the main entrance. The new wing is particularly interesting, since it is the first wall to be built besides the entrance, on the outer line of the building. The museum will ultimately inclose the great hollow rectangle, whose longest dimensions will parallel Fifth avenue. The main buildings of the museum to-day, those in red brick, will in time be completely inclosed. The outer walls will be of a light gray stone. The cost of this building when completed, it is estimated, will be $22,000,000. Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke said recently that he believed the great museum would be completed in ten years, when it will certainly be the chief architectural feature of the city. Some idea of the proportions of this building may be had from the statement that the present Fifth avenue facade, nearly two blocks in length, is less than one-fourth the length of the completed eastern front.

The new wing is built of a somewhat lighter stone than the main entrance. The same alignment is maintained. It is two floors in height, with a basement. One of the features of the new addition is a spacious lecture hall opening from this wing into the inner courtyard. The need of such a hall has been felt for years. The walls of the new wing on the inner courts are of white brick, and the greater part of the roof is of grass. The interior is designed with the same effect of lofty spaciousness so characteristic of the older halls of the museum.

The management of the museum has long been embarrassed for room, and the new wing will be quickly taken up. The second floor, according to the present plans, will be devoted to Robert Fulton and Hendrick Hudson and their times. The display of these collections will have a peculiar timeliness in the coming Hudson anniversary. It is probable that the Henchel collection, the property of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, will also be allotted space in this wing. Although the new wing, as seen from the street, appears to be practically complete, it is not expected that it will be regularly thrown open to the public for some months.

The Natural History museum will be carried a step nearer completion this year by the opening of the south wing of the west facade and by a new approach to the central power house and tower. The museum, it is perhaps not generally realized, will ultimately considerably exceed in size the new British museum. It is now nearly 20 years since the first hall was built, one of the interior wings, which is now almost completely hidden. Since then the entire south facade has been completed, an avenue block in length.

The new wing carries the line of the corner tower on the west nearly a city block northwest, thus giving the first suggestion of the appearance of the west front as it will ultimately appear. The great building will some day occupy the entire space facing Central park, measuring three city blocks in length and one avenue block in width. A great central tower will ultimately rise high above the present roof line.

Despite the apparently endless corridors of the present structure the museum is badly cramped for room. There are tons of valuable material, gathered at great expense, which it is impossible to display. Space in the wing with its five broad floors is, however, already heavily mortgaged. With many exhibits demanding space, it has been decided to devote the new wing to the new Congo and Philippine collections. The Congo exhibit, recently obtained in Belgium, of unusual popular as well as scientific interest, is especially timely. It is believed it will make a very strong popular appeal and will amply justify the space devoted to it.

The second wing, which is available for exhibition purposes this year, leads from the central power house directly westward. While smaller than the south wing on the street side, it is nevertheless an important addition to the museum. This wing will be given over to various fish exhibits. It will soon be thrown open to the public. These wings together make the most important addition to the museum in some six years.

As in the case of its neighbor, the Metropolitan museum, the new wing stands practically complete so far as its outer appearance is concerned. The brown stone used in its construction is of course somewhat lighter in tone than in the older parts of the building, but a few years of exposure will correct this.

The new addition to the Brooklyn Institute museum has already doubled the capacity of the building. The work here has been completed some months in advance of the similar additions to the other city museums. The completion of this wing has done more for the general appearance of the building than have the additions to the other museums. An entire facade of the Brooklyn museum now stands completed where before a single wing appeared somewhat isolated and detached.

The new wing has so far cost $2,400,000, and it stands to-day less than one-fourth complete. The central staircase and approach to the east wing cost alone nearly $90,000. It is in some respects the most beautiful architectural feature in the city.

Ice Had Preserved Mammoth.

Remarkable Discovery Made in Frozen Siberian Bog.

Sixty-one years ago a young Russian engineer, Benkendorf, saw the River Lena in Siberia release a dead mammoth frozen ages ago in the bog. There had been exceptionally warm weather in the north of Siberia, and the river, swollen by melting snow and ice and torrential warm rains, swept out of its old channel and carved a new one, carrying to the sea vast quantities of its former banks and furrowing up the thawing bogs over which it raced. As he made his way in a steam cutter against the current Benkendorf saw the head of a mammoth appear above the flood. Rush upon rush of water more and more released the body. Its hind legs were still imbedded when he saw it, but 24 hours liberated these. The mammoth had sunk feet first, into a bog. The ooze had frozen over it; successive tides had heaped soil and vegetation upon it. Bone and flesh and hair were perfect. They secured it; they cut off its tusks; they dissected it and found in its stomach the last meal it had eaten, young shoots of the fir and pine and masticated fir cones. They were still at work when the river, spreading farther, engulfed them. The men escaped, but the waters surged over the mammoth and carried it for carrion to the sea.

Salt Water Used at Key West.

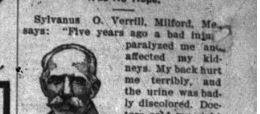
Key West has a salt water fire and sanitary flushing system.

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly discolored. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



EGOISM.

Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the trankiest mistresses get the best cooks.

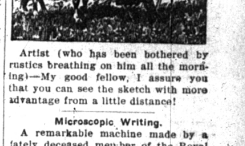
Cook—Ah, go on wid yer blarney!

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had occasion on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

ONLY A COW.



Artist (who has been bothered by rustics breathing on him all the morning)—My good fellow, I assure you that you can see the sketch with more advantage from a little distance!

Microscopic Writing.

A remarkable machine made by a lately deceased member of the Royal Microscopical society for writing with a diamond seems to have been broken up by its inventor. A specimen of its works is the Lord's prayer of 227 letters, written in the 1,237,000 of a square inch, which is at the rate of 53,880,000 letters or 15 complete Bibles, to a single square inch. To decipher the writing it is necessary to use a 1-12-inch objective, which is the high power lens physicians employ for studying the most minute bacteria.

A Carlyle Wedding.

Craigenputtock, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle of Craigenputtock, a grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, a farmer, of Pingle, Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pingle is about four miles from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entuphl of "Sartor Resartus."—London Standard.

Even the Hash.

Embarrassed in the fashionable restaurant by the menu written in French, the Wall street man of business exclaimed:

"Hang these froids, entrements and hors d'oeuvres—bring me a plate of good plain hash, if you've got such a thing on the premises."

"You mean an olla podrida, sir," said the waiter, in a tone of dignified reproach. "And afterwards?"

AFRAID TO EAT.

Girl Starving on Ill-Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Me. girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences. "I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress.

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged.

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.'

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized.

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. To-day I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare. "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

SOMETHING SOOTHING, PLEASE

Man with a Boil Couldn't Listen to Political Talk.

They were waiting on a corner for the street car when the man with the folded newspaper turned to the man with the eye glasses and queried:

"Well, how do you like the Denver nomination?"

"Um!" was the response.

"Going to be a strong candidate, don't you think?"

"Um!"

"And I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see him elected."

"Um!"

"In fact, I find lots of people who think it's time for a change. Perhaps you think that way yourself?"

"Um!"

"At any rate, it's going to be a hot campaign from now on, and, of course, every lover of his country will be interested."

"Um!"

"As to Roosevelt, sir—as to Roosevelt, while I have no particular fault to find with him—"

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" asked the "Um!" man, as he suddenly woke up.

"Speaking to you! Why, I've been talking to you for the last half hour.'

"About what?"

"About the Denver nominations."

"Oh—politics! I've got a boil on my leg as big as a teacup, a lawsuit coming off this afternoon, and my wife packed up this morning and left the house. Talk to me in a soothing way or shut up!"

A Happy Suggestion.

Manufacturer—Your son is of no use to me, he is so dreadfully sleepy. What am I to do with the lad?

Apprentice's Father—Couldn't you find him a job in the night-shirt department?—Half-Holiday.

Perfectly Impartial.

"I want a kiss, darling!" he murmured.

"What cheek!" she declared.

"Either will do," he answered.—Baltimore American.