The RC

By FRANK L. PACKARD

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SYNOPSIS.

—I—

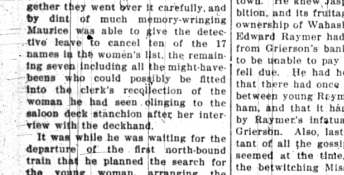
Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer, because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with $50,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had been given cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and decides to do nothing. She saw the brutal mate rescued from drowning by Griswold. She talks to Griswold and by his advice sends a letter of farewell to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for social recognition by the "old families" of the town. Griswold falls in on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery, who finds the stolen money in his suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers to find the stolen money gone. He meets Margery's social circle and forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Maurice, I've got to find that young woman if I have to chase her half-way round the globe, and it's tough luck to figure out that if you hadn't been in such a blazing h—l of a hurry to get your supper that night, I might be able to catch up with her in the next forty-eight hours or so. But what's done is done, and can't be helped. Chase out and get your passenger list for that trip. We'll take the women as they come, and when you've helped me cull out the names of the ones you're sure it wasn't, I'll screw my nut and quit buzzing you."

The clerk went and returned almost immediately with the list. Together they went over it carefully, and by dint of much memory-wringing Maurice was able to give the detective leave to cancel ten of the 17 names in the women's list, the remaining seven including all the might-have-beens who could possibly be fitted into the clerk's recollection of the woman he had seen clinging to the saloon deck stanchion after her interview with the deckhand.

It was while he was waiting for the departure of the first north-bound train that he planned the search for the young woman, arranging the names of the seven might-have-beens in the order of accessibility as indi-



"I've Got to Find That Young Woman If I Chase Her 'Round the Globe."

cated by the addresses given in the Belle Julie's register. In this arrangement Miss Charlotte Farnham's name stood as No. 1.

Landing in Wahaska the next evening, Broffin's first request at the hotel counter was for the directory. Running an eager finger down the "F's," he came to the name. It was the only Farnham in the list, and after it he read: "Dr. Herbert C., office 8 to 10, 2 to 4, 201 Main St., res. 16 Lake boulevard."

Then he registered for a room and prepared to draw the net which he hoped would entangle the lost identity of the bank robber. After a good night's sleep in a real bed, he awoke refreshed and alert, breakfasted with an open mind, and presently went about the set drawing methodically and with every contingency carefully provided for.

The first step was to assure himself beyond question that Miss Farnham was the writer of the unsigned letter. This step he was able, by a piece of great good fortune, to take almost immediately. A bit of morning gossip with the obliging clerk of the Winnebago house developed the fact that Doctor Farnham's daughter had once taught in the free kindergarten which was one of the charitable outreachings of the Wahaska public library. Two blocks east and one south, Broffin walked them promptly, made himself known to the librarian as a visitor interested in kindergarten work, and was cheerfully shown the records. When he turned to the pages signed "Charlotte Farnham" the last doubt vanished and assurance was made sure. The anonymous letter writer was found.

It was just here that Matthew Broffin fell under the limitations of his trade. Though the detective in real life is as little as may be like the Inspector Buckets and the Javerts of fiction, certain characteristics persist. When he found himself face to face with the straightforward expedient, the cant limitations bound him. He thought of a dozen good reasons why he should make haste slowly, and he recognized in none of them the craftsman's slant toward indirection—the tradition of the trade which discounts the straightforward attack and puts a premium upon the methods of the deer-stalker.

Sooner or later, of course, the attack must be made. But only an apprentice, he told himself, would be foolish enough to make it without mapping out all the hazards of the ground over which it must be made. In a word, he must "place" Miss Farnham precisely; make a careful study of the young woman and her environment, to the end that every thread of advantage should be in his hands when he should finally force her to a confession. For by now the assumption that she knew the mysterious bank robber was no longer hypothetical in Broffin's mind; it had grown to the dimensions of a conviction.

With the patient curiosity of his tribe he suffered no detail, however trivial, to escape its jotting down. To familiarize himself with the goings and comings of one young woman, he made the acquaintance of an entire town. He knew Jasper Grierson's ambition, and its fruitage in the practical ownership of Wahaska. He knew that Edward Raymer had borrowed money from Grierson's bank—and was likely to be unable to pay it when his notes fell due. He had heard it whispered that there had once been a love affair between young Raymer and Miss Farnham, and that it had been broken off by Raymer's infatuation for Margery Grierson. Also, last and least important of all the gossiping details, as it seemed at the time, he learned that the bewitching Miss Grierson was a creature of habit; that within the past month or two she had returned from a Florida trip, bringing with her a sick man, a total stranger, who had been picked up on the train, taken to the great house on the lake shore and nursed back to life as Miss Grierson's latest defiance of the conventions.

It should have been a memorable day for Matthew Broffin when he had this sick man pointed out to him as Miss Grierson's companion in the high train. But Broffin was sufficiently human to see only a very beautiful young woman sitting correctly erect on the slanting driving-seat. To be sure, he saw a man, as one sees a vanishing figure in a kaleidoscope. But there was nothing in the clean-shaven face of the gaunt, and as yet rather haggard, convalescent to excite the faintest thrill of interest—or of memory.

CHAPTER XV.

In the Burglar-Proof.

A week and a day after the opening of new vistas at Miss Grierson's "evening," Griswold—Raymer's interpretation with the Widow Holcomb having paved the way—took a favorable opportunity of announcing his intention of leaving Mereside. It figured as a grateful disappointment to him—one of the many she was constantly giving him—that Margery placed no obstacles in the way of the intention. On the contrary, she approved the plan.

"I know how you feel," she said, nodding complete comprehension. "You want to have a place that you can call your own; a place where you can go and come as you please and settle down to work. You are going to work, aren't you?—on the book, I mean?"

Griswold replaced in its proper niche the volume he had been reading. It was Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and he had been wondering by what ironical chance it had found a place in the banker's library.

"Yes; that is what I mean to do," he returned. "But it will have to be done in such scraps and parings of time as I can save from home breadand-butter occupation. One must eat to live, you know."

She was sitting on the arm of one of the big library lounging-chairs and looking up at him with a smile that was suspiciously innocent and childlike.

"You mean that you will have to work for your living?" she asked.

"Exactly."

"What were you thinking of doing?"

"I don't know," he confessed.

Again he surprised the lurking smile in the velvety eyes, but this time it was half-mischievous.

"We have a college here in Wahaska, and you might get a place on the faculty," she suggested; adding: "As an instructor in philosophy, for example."

"Philosophy? that is the one thing in the world that I know least about."

"Oh, but I do mean it, honestly," she averred. "You are a philosopher, really and truly, and I can prove it. Do you feel equal to another little drive downtown?"

"Being a philosopher, I ought to be equal to anything," he postulated; and he went upstairs to get a street coat and his hat.

She had disappeared when he came down again, and he went out to sit on the sun-warmed veranda while he waited. He had already forgotten what she had said about the object of the drive—the proving of the philosophic charge against him—and was looking forward with keenly pleasurable anticipations to another outing with her, the second for that day. It had come to this, now; to admitting frankly the charm which he was still calling sensuous, and which, in the moments of insight recurring, as often as they can be borne to the imaginative, and vouchsafed now and then even to the waylaying, he was still disposed to characterize as an appeal to that which was least worthy in him.

Passing easily to Miss Farnham the ideal from Miss Grierson the flesh-and-blood reality, he was moved to wonder afidly why the fate which had brought him twice into critically intimate relations with her was now denying him even a chance meeting. For a week or more he had been going out daily; sometimes with Miss Grierson in the trap, but often on foot and

"Open That Box on the Table, Please."

alone. The walking excursions had led him most frequently up and down the lakeside drive, but the doctor's house stood well back in its enclosure, and there was much shrubbery. Once he heard her voice: she was reading aloud to someone on the vine-screened porch. And once again in passing, he had caught a glimpse of a shapely arm with the loose sleeve falling away from it as it was thrust upward through the porch greenery to pluck a bud from the crimson rambler, adding its graceful mass to the clambering vines. It was rather disappointing, but he was not impatient. In the fullness of time the destiny which had twice intervened would intervene again. He was as certain of it as he was of the day-to-day renewal of his strength and vitality; and he could afford to wait. For, whatever else might happen in a mutable world, neither an ideal nor its embodiment may suffer change.

As if to add the touch of definiteness to the presumptive conclusion, a voice broke in upon his reverie; the voice of the young woman whose most alluring charm was her many-sided changefulness, as if she had marked his preoccupied gaze and divined its object: "You must have a little more patience, Mr. Griswold. All things come to him who waits. When you have left Mereside finally, Doctor Bertie will some time take you home to dinner with him."

For his own peace of mind, Griswold hastily assured himself that it was only the wildest of chance shots. Since the day when he had admitted that he knew Miss Farnham's name without knowing Miss Farnham in person, the doctor's daughter had never been mentioned between them.

"How did you happen to guess that I was thinking of the good doctor?" he asked, curiously.

"You were not thinking of Doctor Bertie; you were thinking of Doctor Bertie's 'only,'" was the laughing contradiction; and Griswold was glad that the coming of the man with the trap saved him from the necessity of falling any farther into what might easily prove to be a dangerous pitfall. It was not the first time that Miss Grierson had seemed able to read his inmost thoughts.

The short afternoon drive paused at the curb in front of Jasper Grierson's bank and a moment later he found himself bringing up the rear of a procession of three, led by a young woman with a bunch of keys at her girdle.

"Number three-forty-five-A, please," his companion was saying to the young woman custodian, and he stood aside and admired the workmanship of the complicated time-locks while the two entered the electric-lighted safety deposit vault and jointly opened one of the multitude of small safes. When Miss Grierson came out, she was carrying a small, japanned document box under her arm, and her eyes were shining with a soft light that was new to the man who was waiting in the corridor. "Come with me to one of the coupon rooms," she said; and then to the custodian: "You needn't stay; I'll ring when we want to be let out."

Griswold followed in mild bewilderment when she turned aside to one of the little mahogany-lined cells set apart for the use of the safe-holders, saw her press the button which switched the lights on, and mechanically obeyed her signal to close the door. When they complete privacy was assured, she put the japanned box on the tiny table and motioned him to one of the two chairs.

"Do you know why I have brought you here?" she asked, when he was sitting within arm's reach of the small black box.

"How should I?" he said. "You take me where you please, and when you please, and I ask no questions. I am too well content to be with you to care very much about the whys and wherefores."

"Oh, how nicely you say it!" she commended, with a frank little laugh which he had come to know and to seek to provoke. She was standing against the opposite cell wall with her shoulders squared and her hands behind her: the pose, whether intentional or natural, was dramatically perfect and altogether bewitching. "I was born to be your fairy godmother, I think," she went on joyously. "Tell me; when you bought your ticket to Wahaska that night in St. Louis, were you meaning to come here to find work?"

"No," he admitted; "I had money, then."

"What became of it?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was stolen from me on the train. It was in a package in one of my suitcases; and Doctor Farnham said—"

"I know; also he told you that we didn't find any money."

"Yes; he told me that, too. We agreed that somebody must have gone through the grips on the train."

"So you let him get the money go?"

"So I just let it go."

She was laughing again and the bedazzling eyes were dancing with delight.

"I told you I was going to prove that you are a philosopher," she exulted. "Sour old Diogenes himself couldn't have been more superbly indifferent to the goods the gods provide. Open that box on the table, please."

He did it half-absently; at the first sight of the brown paper packet within, the clerical bulk suspended over the table seemed to grow black and the mahogany walls of the tiny room to spin dizzily. Then, with a click that he fancied he could hear, the buzzing mental machinery stopped and reversed itself. A cold sweat, clammy and sickening, started out on him when he realized that the reversal had made him once again the crafty, cornered criminal, ready to fight or fly—or to slay, if a life stood in the way of escape. Without knowing what he did, he closed the box, got upon his feet, eyeing her with a growing ferocity that he could neither banish nor control.

"I see: you were a little beforehand with the doctor," he said, and he strove to say it naturally, to keep the malignant devil that was whispering in his ear from dictating the tone as well as the words.

"I was, indeed; several days beforehand," she boasted, still joyously exultant.

"You—you opened the package?" he went on, once more pushing the importunate devil aside.

"Naturally. How else would I have known that it was worth looking up?"

Her coolness astounded him. If she knew the whole truth—and the demon at his ear was assuring him that she must know it—she must also know that she was confronting a great peril; the peril of one who voluntarily shuts himself into a trap with the fear-maddened wild thing for which the trap was baited and set. He was steadying himself with a hand on the table when he said: "Well, you opened the package; what did you find out?"

"What did I find out?" He heard her half-hesitant repetition of his query, and for one flitting instant he made sure that he saw the fear of death in the wide-open eyes that were lifted to his. But the next instant the eyes were laughing at him, and she was going on confidently. "Of course, as soon as I untied the string I saw it was money—a lot of money; and you can imagine that I tied it up again, quickly, and didn't lose any more time than I could help in putting it away in the safest place I could think of. Every day since you began to get well, I've been expecting you to say something about it; but as long as you wouldn't, I wouldn't."

Slowly the blood came back into the sane channels, and the whispering demon at his ear grew less articulate. He took the necessary forward step and stood before her. And his answer was no answer at all.

"Miss Grierson—Margery—are you telling me the truth?—all of it?" he demanded, seeking to pinion the souls which lay beyond the deepest depth of the limpid eyes.

Her laugh was as cheerful as a bird song.

"Telling you the truth? How could you suspect me of such a thing! No, my good friend, no woman ever tells a man the whole truth when she can help it. I didn't find your money, and I didn't lock it up in poppa's vault: I am merely playing a part in a deep and diabolical plot to—"

Griswold forgot that he was her poor beneficiary; forgot that she had taken him in as her guest; forgot, in the mad joy of the reactionary moment, everything that he should have remembered—saw nothing, thought of nothing save the flushed face with its glorious eyes and tempting lips: the eyes and lips of the daughter of men.

She broke away from him hotly after he had taken the flushed face between his hands and kissed her; broke away to drop into the chair at the other side of the table, hiding the flashing eyes and the burning cheeks and the quivering lips in the crook of a round arm which made room for itself on the narrow table by pushing the japanned money-box off the opposite edge.

It was the normal Griswold who picked up the box and put it on the other chair, gravely and methodically. Then he stood before her again with his back to the wall, waiting for what every gentle drop of blood in his veins was telling him he richly deserved. His punishment was long in coming; so long that when he made sure she was crying, he began to invite it.

"Say it," he suggested gently, "you needn't spare me at all. The only excuse I could offer would only make the offense still greater."

She looked up quickly and the dark eyes were swimming. But whether the tears were of anger or only of outraged generosity he could not tell.

"Then there was an excuse?" she flashed up at him.

"No," he denied, as one who finds the second thought the worthier; "there was no excuse."

She had found a filmy bit of lace-bordered linen at her belt and was furtively wiping her lips with it.

"I thought perhaps you might be able to invent one of some sort," she said, and her tone was as colorless as the gray skies of an autumn nightfall. And then, with a childlike appeal in the wonderful eyes: "I think you will have to help me a little—out of your broader experience, you know. What ought I to do?"

His reply came hot from the refining fire of self-abasement.

"You should write me down as one who wasn't worthy of your loving-kindness and compassion, Miss Grierson. Then you should call the custodian and turn me out."

"But afterward," she persisted pathetically. "There must be an afterward."

"I am leaving Mereside this evening," he reminded her. "It will be with as little scratch in her voice that stabbed him like a knife "I haven't so many friends that I can afford to lose them recklessly, Mr. Griswold."

"Damn the money!" he exploded; and the malediction came out of a full heart.

Her fingers had found the bell-push and were pressing it. When the custodian opened the door, Miss Grierson was her poiseful self again.

"Number three-forty-five A is Mr. Kenneth Griswold's box, now," she announced briefly. "Please register it in his name, and then help him to put it away and lock it up."

Griswold went through the motions with the key-bearing young woman half-absently. Man-like, he was ready to be forgiven and comforted; and there was at least oblivion in her charming little shudder as the custodian shot the bolts of the gate to let them out.

"Br-r-r!" she shivered, "I can never stand here and look at the free people out there without fancying myself in a prison. It must be a dreadful thing to be shut away behind bolts and bars, forgotten by everybody, and yet your self unable to forget. Do you ever have such foolish thoughts, Mr. Griswold?"

For one poignant second fear leaped alive again and he called himself no better than a lost man. But the eyes that were lifted to his were the eyes of a questioning child, so guilelessly innocent that he immediately suffered another relapse into the pit of self-despisings.

"You have made me your prisoner, Miss Grierson," he said, speaking to his own thought rather than to her question. And when they reached the sidewalk and the trap: "May I bid you good-by here and go to my own place?"

"Of course not!" she protested. "Mr. Raymer is coming to dinner tonight and he will drive you over to Mrs. Holcomb's afterward, if you really think you must go."

And for the first time in their comings and goings she let him lift her to the high driving-seat.

CHAPTER XVI.

Converging Roads.

Matthew Broffin had been two weeks and half of a third an unobtrusive spy upon the collective activities of the Wahaskan social group which included the Farnhams before he decided that nothing could be gained by further delay.

Having his own private superstition about Friday, Broffin chose a Wednesday afternoon for his call at the house on the lake front. It was a resplendent day of the early summer, which, in the Minnesota latitudes, springs, Minervalike, full grown from the nodding head of the wintry Jove of the North. In the doctor's front yard the grass was vividly green, gladioli and jonquils bordered the path with a bravery of color, and the buds of the clambering rose on the porch trellis were swelling to burst their calyxes.

Broffin turned in from the sidewalk and closed the gate noiselessly behind him. While he had been three doors away in the lake-fronting street, a small pocket binocular had assured him that the young woman he was going to call upon was sitting in a porch rocker behind the clambering rose, reading a book.

The Wedding Route.

It is reported that the "latest thing" in wedding invitations is an engraved map showing the way to the church and to the house. Grinding perplexity is the mother of innovations. It is not so stated, but unquestionably this helpful scheme originated in Boston, where wedding guests have been known to lose themselves and wander around for hours through the tangled highways, not reaching the scene of the festival until the rice and old shoes had been thrown and everyone else was on the way home.—Providence Journal.

Know Her Name.

I had occasion to pass a little boy a good many times one afternoon. He was sitting on the steps and although we were strangers each time I passed he greeted with me with, "Hello," and I responded likewise. Finally the last time I passed by he said: "I know what your name is," and upon inquiring what, he said, "Mrs. Going Back and Forth."—Exchange.

She had risen to meet him by the time he had mounted the steps, and he knew that her first glance was appraisive. He had confidently counted upon being mistaken for a strange patient in search of the doctor, and he was not disappointed.

"You are looking for Doctor Farnham?" she began. "He is at his office—201 Main street."

Broffin was digging in his pocket for a card.

"I know well enough where your father's office is, but you are the one I wanted to see," he said; and he gave her the round-cornered card with its blazonment of his name and employment.

He was watching her narrowly when she read the name and its underline, and the quick indrawing of the breath and the little shudder that went with it were not thrown away upon him. But the other signs—the pressing of the even teeth upon the lower lip and the coming and going of three straight lines between the half-closed eyes were not so favorable.

"Will you come into the house, Mr.—" she had had to look at the card again to get the name—"Mr. Broffin?" she asked.

"Thank you, miss; it's plenty good enough out here for me if it is for you," he returned, beginning to fear that the common civilities were giving her time to get behind her defenses.

"I guess we can take it for granted that you know what I want, Miss Farnham," he began abruptly, when he had shifted his chair to face her rocker. "Something like three months ago, or thereabouts, you went into a bank in New Orleans to get a draft cashed. While you were at the paying tellers' window a robbery was committed, and you saw it done and saw the man that did it. I've come to get you to tell me the man's name."

"I have told it once, in a letter to Mr. Galbraith."

Broffin nodded. "Yes; in a letter that you didn't sign. I've come all the way from New Orleans to get you to tell me his real name, Miss Farnham."

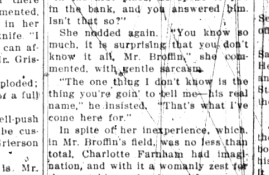
"Why do you think I can tell you?" was the undisturbed query.

"A lot of little things," said the detective, who was slowly coming to his own in the matter of self-assurance. "In the first place, he spoke to you in the bank, and you answered him. Isn't that so?"

She nodded again. "You know so much, it is surprising that you don't know it all, Mr. Broffin," she commented, with gentle sarcasm.

"The one thing I don't know is the thing you're goin' to tell me—his real name," he insisted. "That's what I've come here for."

In spite of her inexperience, which, in Mr. Broffin's field, was no less than total, Charlotte Farnham had imagination, and with it a womanly zest for the matching of wits with a man



"Damn the Money!" He Exploded.

whose chief occupation was the measuring of his own wit against the subtlety cleverness of criminals. Therefore she accepted the challenge.

"I did my whole duty at the time, Mr. Broffin," she demurred, with a touch of coldness in her voice. "If you were careless enough to let him escape you at St. Louis, you shouldn't come to me. I might say very justly that it was never any affair of mine."

Matthew Broffin's gifts were subtle only in his dealings with other men; but he was shrewd enough to know that his last and best chance with a woman lay in an appeal to her fears.

"I don't know what made you write this letter in the first place," he said, taking the well-thumbed paper from his coat pocket; "but I know well enough how why you didn't sign it, and why you didn't put the man's real name in it. You—you and him—fixed it up between you so that you could say to yourself afterwards what you've just said to me—that you'd done your duty. But you haven't finished doin' you duty yet. The law says—"

"I know very well that the law says," was her baffling rejoinder; "I have taken the trouble to find out since I came home. I am not hiding your criminal."

Broffin was trying to gain a little ease by jilting his chair. But the house wall was too close behind him.

"People will say that you are helpin' to hide him as long as you won't tell his real name—what," he grated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BASEBALL HELPS REPTILE HUNTER

American, Once He Illustrated to the Curve, Had All Native Aid.

CATCHES 500 SNAKES

Not a Reptile in All Santo Domingo Was Safe After Clarence R. Hahn, Jr.'s Enthusiastic Following Took up the Trail.

New York.—This is where sports put one right over the plate for science! It all happened down in Santo Domingo.

It was to this land that those traveled last, May Clarence R. Hahn, of the department of herpetology, and Frank E. Watson, department of entomology, both of the American Museum of Natural History, one in quest of snakes, the other of bugs. They had letters of introduction and hospital dispositions and a zeal for work.

And yet, somehow, the respectable natives of Santo Domingo did not warm to them at first as they might, and especially the Senor Halter.

Caught Five Hundred Snakes.

He came down from there a day or so ago laden with spoils, five hundred in all—the strange and solemn solenodon and the shrinking and sightless typhlops, dragged, unresisting, from its lair.

It was a hot day, and at a certain city there were gathered some hundreds of the native sons watching eighteen men playing at an American game—I would not go so far as to say that they really were playing it. There were nine players to a side, though, and there were bats and balls covered with horsehide, and things were going rather slowly on the whole. The pitcher tossed a ball as though it were an apple he was bestowing on a calf.

"Is it not the great American game of baseball?" asked a prominent citizen of the Senor Halter.

"It certainly is not," answered the Senor, who was then taking his day off and some chances.

There came over the features of the Santo Dominican an incredulous smile. He called the manager of the team and said that the gentleman from the States would be glad to show how the great game was played.

Then Box Didn't Go.

Just about forty seconds after that the Senor Halter was in the pitcher's box. First the ball trickled out from his fingers and then turned tornado. It came as though straight toward the stand. Down on their faces went the

The Inmates Were Dragged Wriggling Into the Light.

spectators, and looked up again, and—a miracle indeed—the ball had turned about in air and had disappeared. The batsman was fanning the air.

"Play yet again, Senor; you are the great wonder!" cried the most prominent citizen, and from that moment the reputation of the young scientist was made. Now he made the ball speed like lightning until it smoked its course. Again it swept about in a graceful serpentine curve. How marvelous the dexterity of the fashion seen for the first time in that part of the world! The mysteries of the spitball held the populace in thrall. They shouted for more. When the game was over the younger element insisted that the Senor should teach them all the "American trick."

Then it was that they drew from him that he had been on the second team at Columbia University and for a time had pitched even for the regular nine.

Messrs. Halter and Watson told how much they desired to have snakes and bugs. After the explorers had scored in this way there was no snake in Santo Domingo too good for them. The swamps and thickets were ransacked and the inmates were dragged wriggling into the light. Natives who had been afraid even of a frog hunted up reptiles and placed them at the feet of the expedition.

PLEADS GUILTY FOR HIS SON

Aged Indiana Father Was on Young Man's Bonds and So Saved $100.

Evansville, Ind.—Instead of Charles Hardisty answering the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill in the circuit court several days ago, his aged father appeared in his place and pleaded guilty to the charge of assault and battery and was fined $100 and costs.

Charley Hardisty had disappeared and the father was on his bond for $200 and by pleading guilty for his son he saved $100.

NOT GRATEFUL FOR THE FALL

Bump Saved Greedy Man's Life, and He Immediately Began Cussing His Rescuers.

The scene was at the redroom at the Waldorf and the time the close of the oyster season. One of the assistant managers was summoned there hurriedly.

"A man has just fallen over dead," said the bellboy who brought the word.

The assistant manager hurried in. A thick-set man lay back in a chair, his face blue. The hotel physician was sent for, and the body, still in the chair, was moved to a less public place.

The doctor hurried in and advised that the man be taken downstairs at once. He was smuggled around to a back stairway and the assistant manager and the waiter started to descend with him. He was heavy, and when they got half way the assistant manager stumbled, and he and the waiter and the man in the chair fell heels over head downstairs. The man fell out of the chair with a great bump on the steps. From him came a coughing sound, and those who were picking themselves up were startled to see three large oysters fly from his mouth.

Immediately the doctor's face took on a cheerful expression. He sent for instruments and extracted several more oysters from the man's assophagus, and the latter was soon completely revived. Then he proceeded to treat his rescuers to such a flow of language that they put their fingers into their ears.

"That's what you are apt to get in this business," said the assistant manager in telling the story recently. "If we hadn't stumbled that man would have choked to death. He had probably swallowed a lot of raw oysters so fast that they completely filled his assophagus and overflowed into his windpipe. Instead of thanking us for bringing him back to life he cussed us for letting him fall."