

Laura tried on three gowns, to the very great surprise of her maid. Usually her mistress told her in the morning what gown to wear, and then there were two fine looking young men about, and yet she was for letting the simplest gown of the three. She was hardly conscious that they would notice this dress, whereas the glancing eyes of the two gentlemen were fastened on her. Round her graceful throat she placed an Indian turquoise necklace; nothing in her hair, nothing on her fingers. She went downstairs perfectly content.

As she came into the hall she heard a voice. "One was in the music room, which was just off the library." She stopped to listen. Chopping with light touch and tender feeling. Which of the two wanderers was it? Quietly she moved along to the door and listened. "The first was a Frenchman. Nearly all educated Germans played. The music stopped for a moment, then resumed. Another melody followed, a melody she had heard from one end of France to the other. She

WILL JONES

"BETTER NOTHING LESS THAN A CHIEF, COULD HAVE OUT OF THE MORTAL TANK WAY."

He came and went, as a flash of lightning betrays the oncoming storm. The chimney! His heart missed a beat. He had forgotten the chimney. The reaction affected him like a blow. A heart twisted his mouth, that was the chimney to any other man? Only the of all men knew. And yet here

Breitmann four. So far as the admiral was concerned, he was very well pleased with the new secretary.

Fitzgerald was not asleep. He had an idea, and he smoked his yellow African gourd pipe till the same idea shaped itself into the form of a resolve. He had the pipe in his mouth, and he was logging for the night. The nights were yet chill and a fire was a comfort—and raised a window. He would like to hear some of that tapping in the night. He had a fire in his gourd, but he had ex-

[illegible]

He was found on an unknown street among the bushes few belongings. How often had he been smitten? Still, to quell all flimsy doubts, he rubbed his right thumb on the station lock and made a second impression. The daylight was a second impression. He was found on an unknown street among the bushes few belongings. How often had he been smitten? Still, to quell all flimsy doubts, he rubbed his right thumb on the station lock and made a second impression. The daylight was a second impression. He was found on an unknown street among the bushes few belongings. How often had he been smitten? Still, to quell all flimsy doubts, he rubbed his right thumb on the station lock and made a second impression. The daylight was a second impression.

dissemblingly of these two thumb prints  
He said nothing, but a queer little  
strangling sound came through his  
lips.

Who? Where? His heart beat so  
violently that he felt the veins in his throat  
swelled and threatened to burst. But  
he was no weakling. He summoned  
all his will. He must act and act at  
once, immediately. Fitzgerald? No.

arms no less vigorous than his own.  
And even in that lively moment he  
remembered that the sound in the  
chimney went on!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Certain Shot.  
The aged, wrinkled gamekeeper

who? He replaced the papers and the lock. A hidden menace. Questioned he would there the pleasant answer that the mark had been there when the diagram had been given to him. It was not possible that any one had discovered his hiding place. Had he not with his own hands contrived it. Alone and without aid, under that ac-

turned mannaed roof? Not one of his coventurers knew. They had advanced him funds on his word. His other documents they had seen. These had sufficed them. Still back it came with deadly insistence. Some of them digging at the bricks, some at the chimney. The draughts began to come. They waited long to begin to move. Mechanically he proceeded to dress for dinner. Since he was to sit at the

mannly table he must fit his dress and manner to the hour. He did not resist the sardonic smile as he put on his fresh patent leathers and his new dinner coat. He recalled Fitzgerald's half-concealed glances of pity the last time they had dined together.

In the room across the corridor Fitzgerald was busy with a similar occupation. The only real worry he had was

the doubt of his luggage arriving before he left. He had neither tennis clothes nor riding habit, and these two garments were here among the regular events of the day. The Duke both played and rode with his daughter. She was almost too charming. Had she been an ordinary society girl he would have stayed his welcome there bare perhaps; but, he repeated, she was not ordinary. She had evidently been to make money and buried it instead. To cover his action he made a large number of bronze knives and forks, which were eagerly bought by both royalists and Puritans as souvenirs. When the monarchy was restored to the throne the statue was dug up again and bought by the government to be placed in its present position, where it has remained since 1674.

brought up with few illusions. These  
 she possessed would always be hers.  
 "So much for suppositions and analy-  
 sis!" panted Fitzgerald, reknocking his  
 silk tie. "As for me, I go to the arctic,  
 cold, cold, but safe. I have never fallen  
 in love. I have enjoyed the society of  
 many women, and to some I've been  
 silly enough to write, but I have never  
 been maddled. I'm no fool. This is a  
 time

**He Ought to Get It.**  
 "On what grounds do you seek a di-  
 vorce from your wife?" asked the law-  
 yer.  
 "Simply because of a pun," replied  
 the long suffering husband. "You see,  
 she's a sculptress, and it gets on my  
 nerves to hear her remark twenty  
 times a day, 'Will you love me when  
 I mold?'—New York Tribune

the place where it would be most likely to happen. Let us best an orderly retreat. Now, my boy, you have given yourself due notice. Take care!"

He slipped his coat over his shoulders—and possibly, sturdy ones they were—and took a final look into the glass, not for vanity's sake. Sometimes a man's will show above the collar of his coat.

"H'm! I'll wager the trout are rising

**Control of Children.**  
Wife (reading)—After their separation he sent her a legal document giving her control of their child. Husband (with a sigh)—I wish I knew where we could get a document that would give us control of our child.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Also With Gloves.**

about this time." He imitated a cat which was supposed to land neatly in the corner. "Hai! Struck you, that time, you beauty!" All of which proved to himself conclusively that he was in normal condition. "I should get a wire tomorrow about Brettman. I hate to do anything that looks underhand, but he puzzles me. There was something about the chimney today. I don't know

what. This is no place for him, nor for me either," was the shrewd supplement.











