

A MODERN PARRHASIUS.

By FRANCIS LYNE.

(Copyright, 1897, by R. S. McClure Co.) It was my first visit to the Leonard's after they had removed from New York to Brankville, and my eccentric friend had been showing me an ingeniously contrived electrical apparatus by means of which he could, without leaving his desk, see and hear everything that went on in the sitting room below. Leonard is a man of his hobby, a study of life from models.

He was about this time that MacArthur of the newspaper asked me how I had managed to screw an interview out of Leonard; a direct question which I evaded by saying that the rising young author was a personal friend of mine.

He threatened more than once to desert him entirely, the time of waiting was not greatly prolonged. The chime of the hall clock was still echoing the double stroke of the half hour after 10 when he heard one of the apparitions go up to a room that was anything but creditable to the skill of a professional housebreaker.

Leonard's finger sought the button concealed with the bell in Helen's room while he waited breathlessly for a confirmation of the alarm. It did not tarry. There was a crash, as of some one falling over a chair, followed by a muttered imprecation, and Leonard pressed the bell push.

Now that the battle was fairly on he felt equal to anything, and he anticipated the next move of the enemy with nerves a-tingle. That, too, came quickly. Ten seconds after the crash the figure of a man appeared at the open door of the bedroom and Leonard saw that the intruder was carrying his shoes in his hand.

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THE BURGLAR RECLINED LAZILY IN THE EASY CHAIR.

under your feet is metallic, and it forms the electrodes of a battery for which the electric light plant of Brankville furnishes the power. By pressing the button under my finger I can—Ah, would you?

Made Him Homesick. The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, relates the Chicago Post, but his shoes were not padded and they made some noise.



PINNED TO THE PILLOW WAS A NOTE.

and was growing singularly nervous and distrustful, and it concerned itself vainly to discover the cause. The truth of this matter was that Leonard had taken his wife into his confidence, and her courage was not quite equal to her convictions.

It was one thing to be heroic by proxy in the person of one's puppets on paper, and quite another to face actual batteries of double-shotted guns, with flesh and blood enemies ready to jerk the lanyards when the proper moment arrives. Of this he was sure, and alone in an isolated house, awaiting the coming of a desperate criminal, who might be inconsiderate enough not to listen to explanations before putting the pistol on the running—which is much the same thing in the end.

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