#### SYNOPSIS.

rook, her there, were entrusted to are of Laurance Denovan, a writer, sering near Port Annuadale. Miss ica consided to Donovan that she dher brother Henry, who, ruined by sk fathere, had constantly threatened another hiding place. Denorms met Hegarden at night. Duplicity as confessed by the young confessed by the young lady, t, discussed as a non, Helen at a the house. She met Regimald (in, who told her his love. Gilles confronted by Donovan, At the to affice Helen, unseen except by Donalipped a druft for her father hand of the Italian seller. A you resombling Miss. Helen Hollow observed above in a cance, who was thought to have been at her myle admitted giving Helen 2000. is fielden and Decouran met in it. She told him Gillespie was not her. He confessed his love for noran found Gillespie gagged and in a cakin, inhubited by the loss Italian and Holbrook. He release the Cillespie and Income lainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillengle and Romovan advicted have for Holen. Calling berself Rosalind a "voice" appealed to Domovan for Jely. She told him to go to the camemaker's home and see that no injury befell him. He went to Red Gate. At the came-maker's home, Domovan found the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other, in commitation. "Bresslind" appeared. Arthur averted a morder, Domovan returning, met Gillengie allone in the dead of out Gillespie alone in the d On investigation he found weak, the suiter, and Miss Helthe the content of the found floor the beautiful of the content of tate Rescalant for her. For a time the ruse admirabily. Aunt Pat eventually discovered in however. Arthur Hollman's had agreed to send up a rocket, if in dancer. Suddenly Benorus are the flore of the fire-works. He and G'liespie rushed to Arthur Hollman's cubin. Henry had struck his brother down. Arthur was revived.

## CHAPTER XXIV .- Continued.

I snatched out the sealed envelope and between his sobs: "With my hands." turned with it to Arthur Holbrook; ed he took it into his hands and turned it over quiety, though his

Tell me the truth, pentlemen!"and Miss Pat's voice thrilled now with

"Trickery, more trickery; those were stolen from Helen!" blurted Henry, his eyes on the envelope; but we were waiting for the cance-maker to speak, and Henry's words rang empti-

Arthur looked at his brother; then he faced his sister.

her father

opened. My lawyer told me that fa- agreed to come. ther had sworn to a statement about | As we talked on, Gillespie and I, ways," continued Gillespie, embar- him. rassed by the attention that was now, me that I was to open that packagebefore-before marrying into"-and he grew red and stammered helplessly. with his eyes on the floor-"before marrying into the Holbrook family. I gave up that packet"-and he hesi- him a fool." tated, coloring, and turning from Helen to Rosalind-"by mistake. But it's mine, and I demand it now,"

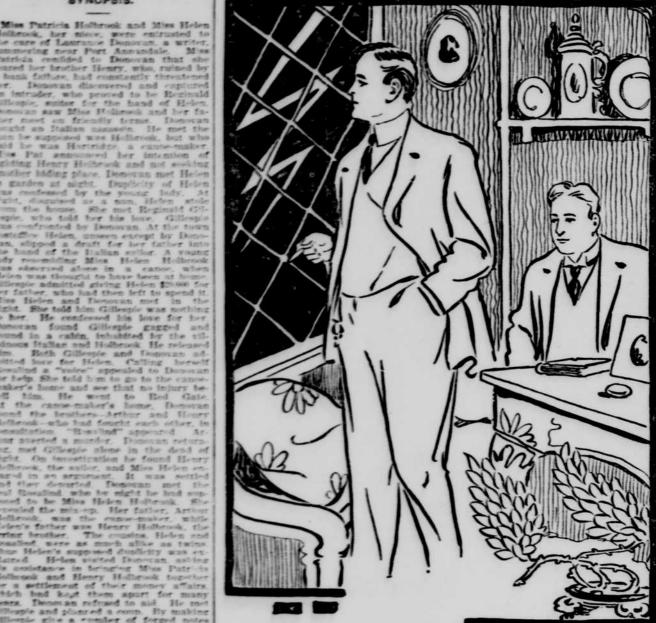
"I wish Aunt Pat to open the envelope," said Rosalind, very while.

Henry turned a look of appeal upon his brother; but Miss Pat took the envelope from Helen and tore it open; and we stood by as though we waited for death or watched earth fall upon a grave. She bent down to one of the candles nearest her and took out the like a ghost in the star dusk. He notes, which were wrapped in a sheet of legal cap. A red seal brightened in the light, and we heard the slight rattle of the paper in her tremulous fingers as she read. Suddenly a tear ashed upon the white sheet. When she had quite finished she gathered Gillespie's statement and the notes in her hand and turned and gave them when he came and stood beside me to Henry; but she did not speak to him or meet his eyes. She crossed to where Arthur stood beside me, his head bowed, and as she advanced he turned away; but her arms stole over his shoulders and she said "Arthur"

once, and again very softly. "I think," she said, turning toward as all with her sweet dignity, her brave air, that touched me as at first and always, beyond any words of mine to describe, but strong and beautiful ent." and sweet and thrilling through me now, like bugies blown at dawn; "I never did," he declared, mournfully. think that we do well, Arthur, to give

Henry his money." rose in the shop; and it seemed that want to speak to you about to-night. From the platform towers of the great he spoke of his brother as of one who Helen borrowed some money of you a bridge the picture sets to the best adwas afar off. We listened with pain- little while ago to meet one of her vantage. It begins with the sinking ful intentness to this man who had suf- father's demands. I expect a draft for sun. The murky view beyond the bay fered much and given much, and who that money by the morning mail, and I betcomes dull and dark. The torch in minated, looming grand and imposing still in his simple heart, asked no want you to accept it with my thanks, Liberty's hand suddenly gleams starpraise for what he had done. and hers. And the incident shall pass like in the night and the night an





"We Ought to Have Brought Henry Here To-Night."

"He was strong, and I was weal; as though it had never been." had help the strong. He had the gifts, Pat, and from the west marched a storm that I had not, and troops of friends; with banners of lightning. It was a and he had ambitions that in my splendid spectacle, and we went inweakness I was not capable of; so I doors only when the rain began to had not much to give. But what I wash across the terrace. We still had, Pat, I gave to him; I went to watched it from our windows after Gillespie and confessed; I took the we went upstairs, the lightning now blame; and I came here and worked blazing out blindingly, like sheets of "I will hear what you have to say, with my hands-with my hands-" flame from a furnace door, and again Arthur," said Miss Pat; and I knew And he extended them as though the cracking about the house like a flery that there was no arresting the tide. proof were asked; and kept repeating, whip.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## Daybreak.

At midnight Gillespie and I discussed the day's affairs on the terrace at Glenarm. There were long pauses in our talk. Such things as we had seen and heard that night, in the canoemaker's shop on the little creek, were in the silences my own reflections "Henry is not guilty," he said, Helen; but looking back, I would not and turn into the garden. I came upon He turned with a quick gesture and returned to St. Agatha's with her aunt, clasped behind her. She spoke first, catch the painter I saw that his face thrust the envelope into the flame of who would have it so; and we had as though to avoid any expression of one of the candles; but Helen sprang parted at the school door, Miss Pat sympathy, putting out her hand. forward and caucht away the blazing and Helen, Gillespie and I, with regarket and smothered the flame be straint heavy upon us all. Miss Pat hands a quaint touch akin to that im-We will keep the proof," she said from New York several days before, to I was struck afresh by the background body of Henry Holbrook. His wateret said Gillespie slowly speaking for Holbrook and Rosalind, and Henry, in dim ribbons, and lavender scented from the water and had died there. the first time. "It has never been who had broken down at the end, had chests of Valenciennes and silks in

the trouble with Holbrook Brothers there under the stars, he disclosed, and placed it with the notes. My fa- all unconsciously, new and surprising ther was a peculiar man in some traits, and I felt my heart warming to

"He's a good deal of a man, that riveted upon him. "His lawyer told Arthur Holbrook," he remarked after a long pause. "He's beyond me. The man who runs the enemy's lines to bring relief to the garrison, or the leader of a forlorn hope, is tame after this. I suppose the world would call

"Undoubtedly," I answered, "But he didn't do it for the world; he did it for himself. We can't applaud a sne can not rac thing like that in the usual phrases." "But she m "No." Gillespie added; "only get down on our knees and bow our heads in the dust before it."

He rose and paced the long terrace. In his boat-shoes and white flannels he glided noiselessly back and forth, paused at the western balustrade and looked off at St. Agatha's. Then he passed me and paused again, gazing lakeward through the wood as though turning from Helen to Rosalind; and I knew that it was with her, far over the water, in the little cottage at Red Gate, that his thoughts lingered. But and rested his hand on my shoulder I knew that he wished to speak of Helen and I took his hand, and spoke to him to make it easier.

"Well, old man!" "I was thinking of Helen," he said "So was I. Buttons."

"They are different, the two. They are very different."

"They are as like as God ever made two people; and yet they are differ-

"I think you understand Helen. I "You don't have to," I replied; and beyond which come the palaces more laughed, and rose and stood behind And now it was Arthur's voice that him. "And now there's something I genil land by slaves of Aladdin's lamp.

and I did for him what I could. And About one o'clock the wind freshwhat I gave, I gave freely, for it is not ened and the trees flung out their often in this world that the weak may arms like runners rushing before it;

> "We ought to have brought Henry something, or somebody's smashed here to-night," remarked Gillespie. her." "He's alone over there on the island with that dago and they're likely celebrating by getting drunk."

"The lightning's getting on your nerves; go to bed," I called back.

The storm left peace behind and I the canoe-maker's I might have spared I saw Miss Pat come out of the house he cried out in alarm. change it now if I could. Helen had her walking slowly with her hands to help me, and when he bent over to

Filmy lace at the wrists gave to her had, it seemed, summoned her lawyer parted by the cap on her white head. forgotten patterns.

"I am well, quite well, Larry!" "I am glad! I wished to be sure!" "Do not trouble about me. I am to and set her adrift to sink." glad of everything that has happenedglad and relieved. And I am grate-

ful to you." "I have served you ill enough. I I wanted to spare you, Miss Pat."

"I know that; and you tried to save Helen. She was blind and misguided. She had believed in her father and the last blow crushed her. Everything looks dark to her. She refuses to come over this morning; she thinks she can not face her uncle, her cousin

"But she must come," I said. "It will be easier to-day than at any later There's Gillespie, calling me now. He's going across the lake to meet Arthur and Rosalind. I shall

take the launch over to the island to bring Henry. We should all be back at Glenarm in an hour. Please tell Helen that we must have her, that no one should stay away."

Miss Pat looked at me oddly, and her fingers touched a stalk of hollyhock beside her as her eyes rested on mine.

"Larry," she said, "do not be sorry for Helen if pity is all you have for her."

I laughed and seized her hands. "Miss Pat, I could not feel pity for any one so skilled with the sword as she! It would be gratuitous! She put up a splendid fight, and it's to her credit that she stood by her father and resented my interference, as she had every right to to. She was not really against you, Miss Pat; it merely happened that you were in the way when she struck at me with the foil, don't you see?" "Not just that way, Larry,"-and

she continued to gaze at me with a sweet distress in her eyes; then, "Rosalind is very different," she added. "I have observed it! The ways in which they are utterly unlike are remarkable; but I mustn't keep Gillespie waiting. Good-by for a little while!" And some foreboding told me that sorrow had not vet done with her. Gillsepie shouted impatiently as I

ran toward him at the boathouse. "It's the Stiletto," he called, pointing to where the sloop lay, midway of the lake. "She's in a bad way."

"The storm blew her out," I suggested, but the sight of the boat, listing badly, as though water-logged, struck me ominously.

"We'd better pick her up," he said; and he was already dropping one of the canoes into the water. We paddled swiftly toward the sloop. The lake was still fretful from the storm's lashing, but the sky was without fleck of flaw. The earliest of the little steamers was crossing from the village, her whistle echoing and reechoing round the lake.

"The sloop's about done for," said Gillespie over his shoulder; and we drove our blades deeper. The Stiletto was floating stern-on and rolling loggily, but retaining still, I thought. something of the sinister air that she had worn on her strange business through those summer days. "She went to bed all right; see, her

sails are furled snug and everything's in shape. The storm drove her over here," said Gillespie. "She's struck

It seemed impossible that the storm unassisted had blown her from Battle Orchard across Lake Annandale; but we were now close upon her and seeking for means of getting aboard.

"She's a bit sloppy," observed Gilwas abroad early, eager to have the lespie, as we swung round and caught first shock of the morning's meetings hold. The water gurgled drunkenly over. Gillespie greeted me cheerily in the cuddy, and a broken lantern ratbeyond our poor range of words. And and I told him to follow when he was tled on the deck. I held fast as he ready. I went out and paced the walk climbed over, sending me off a little were not wholly happy. If Miss Pat between the house and St. Agatha's as he jumped aboard, and I was workand Rosalind had not followed me to and as I peered through the iron gate ing back again with the paddle when

As I came alongside he came back was white.

"We might have known it," he said. "It's the last and worst that could hap-

Face down across the cuddy lay the in a tone of triumph; and I knew then discuss the final settlement of her fahow completely she had believed in ther's estate; and he was expected the for her, and just now, beyond the in a fierce struggle. A knife thrust next morning. I had asked them all bright garden, it was a candle-lighted in the side told the story; he had I don't know what is in that pack- to Glenarm for breakfast; and Arthur garret, with trunks of old letters tied crawled to the cuddy roof to get away "It was the Italian," said Gillespie.

"They must have had a row last night after we left them, and it came to this. He chopped a hole in the Stilet-

I looked about for the steamer. which was backing away from the pler at Port Annandale, and signaled her with my handkerchief. And when I stumbled in the dark much of the time. faced Gillespie again he pointed silently toward the lower lake, where a canoe rode the bright water.

Rosalind and her father were on their way from Red Gate to Glenarm. Two blades flashed in the sun as the canoe came toward us. Gillespie's lips quivered and he tried to speak as he pointed to them; and then we both turned silently toward St. Agatha's, where the chapel tower rose above the green wood.

"Stay and do what is to be done." I said. "I will find Helen and tell her." THE END.



# Like Nothing Else on Earth

of Magnificence.

The sky line of New York is always changing. So, too, the night lights shift and grow in wonderful magnificence, creeping continually further upward toward the stars, until the lower city, grouped around the Singer tower, has become a veritable Chimborazo of glitter and glow. The little lamps that mark the dark wharves barely show. Above them the scant candles of the older city twinkle here and there, but not enough to mar the dark foreground goregous than any ever coaxed from

Night Lights of New York Are a Vision | twinkling in a kaleidoscope, the palaces begin to glitter in the gloom. There is no vision like it elsewhere in the world, yet only now and then does a bridge pedestrian pause in his hurried walk to give the spectacle a momentary glance. The usual New Yorker cares little for the splendor of his town.-N. Y. World.

When Tower Loomed. It was while Charlemange Tower was ambassador to Russia that a New York city newspaper "spread itself" upon a fete held at St. Petersburg. A

green copy-reader produced this re-

"As pleasing to the eye as was all tais decoration there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevska, of Charlemagne Tower, bruliantly illuagainst the winter sky."-Success and hers. And the incident shall pass like in the night and then, like the Magazine.

ville, Ind., Issues Book Which Stops Town Talk.

Evansville, Ind. - Owensville, town of 1,500 people, a few miles northeast of here, is said to be a gossipless village where people attend strictly to their own business and One Man, by Kindness, Accomplishes where "talking over the back fences"

is a thing of the past. This condition was brought about



W. W. Smith.

by W. W. Smith, who is called the statistician of the town. Smith has government positions that are neces- is all that is necessary." recently published a book entitled "The True Record of Owensville" in which is found births, deaths, marriages, accidents and the like for the past year. Up to the time the book was published the town people found a great many things to gossip about, but now instead of gossiping, they go to the book and find out what they want to know about anything that has happened in the town for the Mr. Smith has ascertained that five

per cent, of the population of Owensville are widows. Seventy-five goodlooking and marriageable widows live in the town and most of them own and manage their own homes and many of them are in good circumstances.

There is a "Widows' Row" in the town that is pointed out to all visitors who happen to go to Owensville. Smith's book on town events and the widows has enjoyed a wide circulation and Smith has given it out that he will publish such a book at least once

## ROOSEVELT CALLS COWBOY

Former President Asks Capt. Seth Bullock, Friend of Plains, to Meet Him.

Deadwood, S. D.-Captain Seth Bullock, who received a letter from Theodore Roosevelt asking him to join the ex-president in London about May 2, is United States marshal of South Dakota and has had a picturesque career. He has figured in many sensational encounters and never got the worst of it. At President Roosevelt's inauguration he led a company of



Black Hills "cow punchers" and has been a close friend of the ex-president since the early '80s.

Darwin's Religion. Darwin came of Unitarian stock and was never much of a believer in theological systems. In reply to a question that had been put to him in a letter he wrote over his own signature: "I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made." Upon the questions of God and the future life he was an out-and-out agnostic. claiming that they were matters that had never been settled and concerning which he had no right to make any statement. He never once denied the existence of a personal God or a future for men after death, but contented himself with saying, "I know nothing about them, one way or the

The Cormorant at Work. How a cormorant dives for sea trout and gets them is told by a replied: "We don't pay." gling in its bill; but in spite of the victim's desperate efforts to escape it was fishing operations."

Bill and Jim. Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia, at a dinner given him by the Boost club. said of a New York politician:

"But he is better than he appears to be. In that respect he resembles Bill and Jim Cox. "Bill and Jim Cox were brothers. They lived in Philadelphia. Their haven't resigned yet."-Ladies' Home mother, an aged Reading woman, used Journal.

to say of them: "'Oh, yes, William and James is doing very well. Will is an impostor and James is a malefactor.'

"As a matter of fact," the mayor concluded, "the two men were respectively an upholsterer and a manufacturer in rather a large way of trade." England."

# W. H. Smith, Statistician of Owens

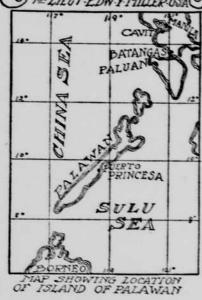
Illinois Soldier and Wife Idolized by Filipinos.

What a Regiment Could Not Do by Force, According to General Bell.

Washington.-A former Chicago boy, aided by his tactful wife, an liliippines. He lives with them as a said: brother and master combined, who regulars could not accomplish.

officers, knows little of the regiment sickness directly to the stomach. to which he is attached, and probably "Neither animals nor men can re-





sary but not strictly military in character, Maj. Gen. Bell said:

"Lieutenant Miller while a volun Co., Dayton, Ohio. teer officer commanded some troops in the island of Palawan, which is very isolated in the Philippine islands. far away from the balance and backward in civilization. While in command of troops there as a volunteer officer he acquired such an influence with the people and gained their confidence to such an extent that they simply left him there as governor. He is practically alone and he controls the people simply through the force of his personality and through their personal regard for him.

"He was subsequently appointed an officer in the regular army. He has never joined his regiment; he has never seen it.

"I have heard it insisted that he could not be replaced, certainly not by a company, probably not by a battalion and possibly not by a regiment

Maj. Gen. Bell is wrong in one respect-that is when he says that man, simply. "It was Mary's mother." Lieutenant Miller is alone in the island. He has a very efficient coworker and helper in the person of his wife, a little Illinois girl. He married her before he undertook his present work, which has extended over ten years, and much of his success he owes to her. She has entered into the work with the same interest and enthusiasm as her husband and if the natives of Palawan have greater love and admiration for anyone on earth than for Lieutenant Miller it is for Mrs. Miller.

The Moros and natives of Mindanao and Jolo had in previous wars found the Palawans easy prey and thought it about time to replenish their coffers at the Palawans' expense. Lieutenant Miller learned of this as a matter of course. The invaders were coming to visit, levy tribute, collect it and depart. The Palawans were willing to let matters take their course.

"Suppose we don't pay," he said; "what then?" He was informed of the probable consequences and forthwith

writer: "I had the cormorant under It was then that Lieut. Miller observation only for the space of five thought of his little company of Philminutes, and during that short period ippine scouts. He drew them togethit had captured four sea trout, all of er, a mere handful in comparison to considerable size. After being under the invaders, told the Palawans to water for a few seconds the bird trust in him and started out. The inwould reappear with a sea trout wrig- vading horde was routed and driven pell mell in all directions. News that there was a "fighting demon" on Padeftly swallowed, and after a few lawan island spread as fast as the gulps the cormorant would resume its | mouth-to-mouth process in these wilds could carry it.

> Led on by the Minister. "Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister in talking with one of the deacons

at a meeting. "No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. 'You've been preachin' on the subject o' resignation for two years an' ye

The Triumph of Democracy.

"Pa, what does verbum sap. mean?" "Oh, I dunno. It has something to do with maple sugar making, I guesa. Run out and play now, I want to read about the triumph of democracy in

# **MORE THAN TWO** THOUSAND PEOPLE SEE COOPER DAILY

During L. T. Cooper's recent stay in Boston, it is estimated that sixty-five thousand people talked with him and purchased his medicine. This is an

average of over two thousand a day. His success is so phenomenal as to cause universal comment both by the public and the press. There must be a reason for this. Here is the reason nois girl, is ruler over 34,000 semi- given in his own words by Mr. Cooper civilized and wild people in the Phil- when interviewed on the subject. He

"The immense numbers of people rules them by the sheer force of his who are calling on me here in Boston personality and accomplishes in many is not unusual. I have had the same ways what a host of the best trained experience for the past two years wherever I have gone. The reason is First Lieut. Edward Y. Miller, a simple one. It is because my medi-Twenty-ninth infantry, who is on de- cine puts the stomach in good conditached duty as governor of Palawan, tion. This does not sound unusual, Philippine islands, is the man. He is but it is in fact the key to health. not a West Pointer, he has spent com- The stomach is the very foundation of paratively little time with his brother life. I attribute 90 per cent. of all

would not have been heard of at this main well with a poor digestive aptime had not Maj. Gen. J. Franklin paratus. Few can be sick with a diges-Bell, chief of staff, arguing before the tion in perfect condition. As a matter house military committee for an in- of fact, most men and women today crease in the number of army officers, are half-sick. It is because too much brought the work of this officer to the | food and too little exercise have gradually forced the stomach into a half-Commenting on the fact that army sick condition. My medicine gets the officers are used for many particular stomach back where it was, and that

Among Poston people who are staunch believers in Mr. Cooper's theory, is Mr. Frank D. Brown, of 57 Bloomingdale street, Chelsea, Mass. He says:

"For five years I have sought relief for indigestion, stomach trouble and dyspepsia, spending nearly all my wages with doctors and obtaining no results. I had dull pains across my back, radiating to the shoulders. I had splitting headaches, which nothing seemed to cure. There was a gnawing and rumbling in my stomach and bowels. I was troubled with vertigo and dizziness, and at times almost overcome by drowsiness.

"I felt tired and worn out all the time, my sleep was not refreshing, and I would get up in the morning feeling as weary as when I went to bed. My appetite was variable-ravenous at times, then again nauseated at the sight of food. Sometimes my face was pale, at other times flushed. I was constipated and bilious, and had catarrhal affection in nose and throat. which caused me to hawk and spit a great deal, especially in the morning. I heard so much of the Cooper remedies that I decided to try them. After taking one bottle, a tapeworm 50 feet long passed from my system. I felt better almost immediately. All my troubles disappeared as if by magic, and my improvement was rapid. I now feel entirely well, and can honestly recommend Mr. Cooper's medicine to anyone who suffers as I did."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."-The Cooper Medicine

## PAPA'S POSITION SET FORTH

Explanation of Youthful Suitor That Doubtless Satisfied Father of His Adored One.

"Yes, sir," said the pale youthful suitor; "I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is fair as lilies, sweet as honeysuckle, tender as violet, charming-

"Is that Mary you are talking about?" asked papa. "Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I

know, this asking for your daughter's hand: but we thought it would be pleasant to you if it were observed." Mary's papa stiffened. "And may I inquire," he asked,

formality?" "You may, sir," replied the young -Philadelphia Inquirer.

"who suggested that asking my con-

sent to Mary's marriage was a mere

Was Taking No Chances.

Once upon a time a fond mother disapproved of her daughter marrying. This was the more awkward because the young lady had picked the young man out. Also he had wealth. And the mother, who was widowed, had not the wherewithal to furnish her daughter with the variety of frocks and things which her youthful heart craved. "I might not object to the man so much," said the mother one evening, "if you would only let me see him. But here is a man whom I have never set eyes on, and yet one whom you insist on taking for a husband. I don't understand such secrecy!" The daughter replied: "If I ever introduced him you'd insist on marrying him yourself."

An Improvement.

"Yes," said the man with the shaggy eyebrows, "we have a phonograph. We've got several Italian grand opera records, and last week I discovered a way to make their reproduction absolutely perfect." "Indeed?" asks the man with the

purple nose. "What is it?" "I rub a little garlic on the record before it is played."

The Appetite Calls for more Post **Toasties** 

Let a saucer of this delightful food served with cream tell why.

"The Memory Lingers" Pkgs. 10c, and 15c.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,

Battle Creek, Mich.