sailors.

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 errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouts and curses and the noise a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly exchange clothes, and he hurries out again. change citches, and he nurries of the Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help," and he runs out to find some one being assaulted by a half dozen men. He summons a police man but they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. finds a map which he endeavors to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudthe puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrust-ed to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton, Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal.

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

"We'll have to break down the door, I guess," said Dicky. "Something must have happened." And a resounding kick shook the panel. "Held on!" I cried. "What's wanted?

"Oh," said Dicky sareastically. "You've come to life again, have you?"

"Well, I'm not dead yet." Then strike a light and let us in. And take a look at that reminder you'll find wrapped around the rock I heaved through the transom. I thought it was open." And Dicky went off into another series of chuckles in appreciation of his mis-

take. "All right," I said. I was not entirely trustful, and after I had lighted the gas-jet I picked up the stone that lay among the fragments of glass, and unwrapped the paper. The sheet bore only the words:

"At Borton's, at midnight. Richmond."

This was the name of the agent of the Unknown, who had sent the other note. Dicky and his companion must then be protectors instead of enemies. I hastened to unlock the dose, and in walked my two visitors.

The first was a young man, tall, well-made, with a shrewd, good-humored countenance, and a ready, confident air about him. I had no trouble in picking him out as the amused Dicky. The other was a black-bearded giant, who followed stolidly in the wake of the younger man.

"You've led me a pretty chase," said Dicky. "If it hadn't been for Pork Chops here, I shouldn't have wine. found you till the cows come home." "Well, what's up now?" I asked.

Dicky with evident surprise. "But I could throw into my manner. you'd better be hurrying down to Borton's. The gang must be there by and then resumed his light-hearted, an oath. now."

might be, and where his place was, something that had come to his atand what connection he might have tention on our arrival. with the mystery, as Dicky took me by the arm and hurried me out into the darkness. The chill night air Dicky. served to nerve instead of depress my spirits, as the garrulous Dicky uncon- done," I responded dryly. sciously guided me to the meetingplace, joyously narrating some amusing adventure of the day, while the heavy retainer staiked in silence be- there's something to be done. But I arose from the crowd.

hind. Down near the foot of Jackson street, where the smell of bilge-water and the wash of the sewers grew stronger, and the masts of vessels could just be seen in the darkness outlined against, the sky, Dicky suddenly stopped and drew me into a the same instant, and the street was night the shape of a man approached there was something behind. with silent steps.

"Five-sixteen," creaked Dicky. The man gave a visible start. "Sixteen-five," he croaked in re-

"Any signs?" whispered Dicky. "Six men went upstairs across the

sailor-drunk act." "Sure they weren't sailors?" "Well, when six coves goes up the

same stairs trying the same dodge, ly clumsy, but his figure was lithe and all inside of ten minutes, I has a right sinuous. And his eyes! Once seen to my suspicions. And Darby Meeker they never could be forgotten. At ain't been to sea yet that I knows though he would hide his head under

in a whisper. And he drew a whistle I saw in my inner vision the man of under his breath. "What do you think the serpent glance who had chilled my of that, Wilton? I had no idea he was spirit when I had first put foot in the back from that wild-goose chase you city. It flashed on me in an instant

ly. "I dare say he isn't in good midst of his enemies to see what he

"You'll have to settle with him for that piece of business, said Dicky greet the new-comer with apparent inwith a chuckle.

I failed to see the amusing side of me a start of surprise. he prospect, I wished I knew what Mr. Meeker looked like.

the darkness without another word, near my own. and we hurried forward with due caution Just past the next corner was Borton, leering at me with no appara lighted room, and the sound of ent interest but in her errand.

voices broke the quiet. ed in. The room was large and dingy. "You're not the one they take you to interesting replies. He would write to the ceiling low. Tables were scattered be, but you're none the less in danger. a stateman saying that a party had Skinner; broad minded, big hearted, about the sanded floor. A bar took up What are you doing with his looks, applied to him for employment and and brilliant; and yet he died with the side of the room next the en- and in this place? Look out for that given the statesman as reference, all his talent and goodness unsustrance and a general air of disreputa- man you're with, and the other. Yes, "Was So-and-So ever in your employ pected."

bility filled the place. About the room, some at the tables, of the white; in a minute, sir."

Greek fishermen and two or three

Behind the bar sat a women whose appearance in that place almost startled me. She might have been nearing seventy, and a hard and evil life had left its marks on her bent frame and her gaunt face. Her leathery cheeks were lined deep, and a hawklike nose emphasized the unpleasant suggestions conveyed by her face and figure. But the most remarkable feature about her was ner eyes. There was no trace of age in them. Bright and keen as the eyes of a rat, they gave me an unpleasant thrill as I felt her gaze fixed upon me when I entered the door, arm in arm with Dicky. It was as though they had pierced me through, and had laid bare something I would have concealed. It was a relief to pass beyond her into a recessed part of the room where her gaze might waste itself on put in a safer place," he said, wagging the back of my head.

"Mother Borton's up late to-night," | Some imp put it into my brain to

seats opposite. I commanded my face chorus of shouts and oaths, mingled to give no sign of suspicion, but the with the crash of tables and the clink warning put me on the alert. I had of breaking glass and crockery, as come on the supposition that I was to the men in the room fought their way meet the band to which Henry Wil- to the door. ton belonged. Instead of being among friends, however, it seemed now that was among enemies.

"Oh, my God, I'm cut!" came in a

shrick out of the darkness and clamor; and there followed the flash of a pistol

My eyes had not been idle after

in an instant I had decided what to do.

the room, facing me. One led, as I

knew, to the kitchen; the other

opened, I reasoned, on a stair to the

Before the scream that accom-

panied the extinction of the lights had

the table, and, lifting with all my

might, had sent it crashing over with

my enemy under it. With one leap I

cleared the remaining table that lay

between me and the door. And with

the clamor behind me, I turned the

knob and bounded up the stairs, three

CHAPTER VII.

Mother Borton.

tinued. Yells and curses rose from

the maddened men. Three shots were

fired in quick succession, and a cry of

"Oh, my Lord!" penetrated through

the closed door with the sound of one

I lingered for a little. listening to

the tumult. I was in a strange and

dangerous position. Enemies were be-

hind me. There were friends, too,

but I knew no way to tell one from

the other, and my ignorance had near-

ly brought me to my death. I hesi-

tated to move, but I could not remain

in the open hall; and as the sounds of

disturbance from below subsided. I

felt my way along the wall and moved

I had progressed perhaps twenty

steps when a door, against which my

hand pressed, yielded at the touch and

swung slowly open. I strove to stop

it, for the first opening showed a dim

light within. But the panel gave no

hold for my fingers, and my efforts

to close the door only swung it open

the faster. I drew back a little into

the shadow, for I hesitated to dash

past the sight of any who might oc-

"Come in!" called a harsh voice.

to the eating-room with its known

dangers. A dash along the hall for

the front door meant the raising of

an alarm, and probably a builet as a

discourager of burglary. Should I es-

cape this, I could be certain of a warm

reception from the enemies on watch

outside. Prudence lay in facing the

one rather than risking the many. I

accepted the invitation and walked

"I was expecting you," said the

"Good evening," I returned gravely,

By the table before me sat Mother

Borton, contemplating me as calmly

as though this meeting were the most

commonplace thing in the world. A

candle furnished a dim, flickering

light that gave to her hard wicked

swallowing my amazement as best I

harsh voice composedly. "Good even

I hesitated. Behind, the road led

The noise of the struggle below con-

non in that confined place.

lodging-room above.

steps at a time.

sorely hurt.

cautiously forward.

cupy the room.

into the room.

ing.

"It's all right," said Dicky careless- and a report that boomed like a canly. "He's been sent." "That's lucky," said I with equal

unconcern. "We may need an extra the warning of Mother Borton, and hand before morning."

The new-comer could not repress a I had figured out what I conceived triumphant flash in the serpent eyes. to be the plan of the house, and "I'm the one for your job," he said thought I knew a way of escape. hoarsely, his face as impassive as a There were two doors at the rear of stone wall.

"What do you know about the job?" asked suspiciously.

"Only what I've been told," he an-

"And that is-" "That it's a job for silence, secrecy, died away, I had made a dive beneath "Spondulicks," said Dicky with a

laugh, as the other hesitated for the word.

"Just so," said the man. "And what else?" I continued, press-

ing him firmly. "Well, he admitted hoarsely, "I learned as how there was to be a change of place to-night, and I might be needed."

I looked at him inquiringly. Perhaps I was on the threshold of knowledge of this cursed business from the mouth of the enemy.

his head with affected gravity.

"I heard as how the boy was to be



said Dicky thoughtfully, as he ordered | try him with an unexpected bit of

"You can't blame her for thinking

Dicky shook his head for a second, extraordinary. The man started with bantering way. Yet I could see that

"You'll not want to attend to business till all the boys are here?" asked

"Not unless there's something to be

Dicky gave me a quick glance. "Of course," he said with a laugh that was not quite easy, "not unless

thought there was something." "You've got a fine mind for thinking, Dicky," I replied. "You'd better cultivate it.

"Well, they say there's nothing like society for that sort of cultivation." said Dicky, with another laugh. "They don't say what kind, but I've got a! He was at his ease in banter again, apparently deserted. Then out of the but it struck unpleasantly on me that

"Oh, here's a queer friend," he said suddenly, looking at the door. "I'd better speak to him on the matter of countersigns."

"By all means," I said, turning in

my chair to survey the new-comer. I saw the face for an instant. The man wore a sou'wester, and he had street. Every one of them did the drawn his thick, rough coat up as the collar. Cheek and chin I could see were covered by a thick blonde beard. His movements were apparenttheir glance, peard and sou'wester "Darby Mecker!" exclaimed Dicky dropped away before my fancy, and that this man was the same man dis-"It looks bad," I admitted cautious- guised, who has ventured into the might learn of their plans.

As I watched Dicky advance and quiry, a low, harsh voice behind gave

This is your wine. I think"—and a lean, wrinkled arm passed over my The guard had melted away into shoulder, and a wrinkled face came

I turned quickly. It was Mother

We pushed open the door and walk- the crone in a voice still lower. he rarely failed to clicit lengthy and sir," her voice rose. "A small bottle as private secretary?" he would write.

that this crowd needs watching," I tended to. The change was made yes-"Why, you ought to know," said suggested with as much of airiness as terday."

I could only wonder who Borton he was preplexed and anxious about in a low, smooth voice, far different

uncontrollable rage

pulsively, and smote the table with his

confusion. Men sprang from their

said the man with suppressed fury. his voice once again smooth and low. Where is the boy?"

doorway. Our retainer disappeared at pretty good stock to choose from." A feeling of horrible repulsion came tell her the truth?

The scream was repeated, and after an instant's silence there rose a

countenance a diabolic leer that struck

The effect of this announcement was

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed from the harsh tone he had used thus far. Then he leaped to his feet, with

"Tricked-by God!" he shouted im-

His outburst threw the room into chairs. Glasses and bottles fell with clinking crash. Oaths and shouts the floor below that I hastened to

"Damn you, I'll have it out of you!"

He smote the table again; and with that stroke the false beard fell from his chin and cheek, and exposed the malignant face, distorted with rage. over me, and I should have struck at that serpent's head but for a startling occurrence. As he spoke, a wild scream rose upon the air, and as it echoed through the room the lights

a chill to my blood. "Oh," I said coolly, "that's all at-

"Excuse me," I said, "I have lost my way, I fear." "Not at all," said Mother Borton. "You are in the right place." "I was afraid I had intruded," I said

> apologetically. "I expected you," she repeated. "Shut the door." I glanced about the room. There was no sign of another person to be

seen, and no other door. I obeyed "You might as well sit down," she said with some petulance. "There's nothing up here to hurt you." There was so much meaning in her tone of the things that would hurt me on

show my confidence in her, and drew up a chair to the table. "At your service," I said, leaning before her with as much an appearance of jaunty self-possession as I

could muster. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she asked grimly. What should I answer? Could

"Who are you?" she repeated impatiently, gazing on me. "You are not Wilton. Tell me. Who are you?" The face, hard as it was, seamed

with the record of a rough and evil life, as it appeared, had yet a kindly look as it was turned on me. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Ruses of Autograph Sharks.

ters from Noted Men.

No one is better posted in ruses to which collectors resort in order to secure autographs from living celebrities than a certain London dealer. There is not enough profit in their sale to encourage any number of pecple in this country to secure autographs for the purpose of disposing of them to the dealer, but writing to celebrities and selling their replies to this way he secured much excellent the dealer in question is a means of livelihood to no small number.

No one perhaps has outwitted in cleverness the methods of Gen. Cist, brought one of the highest prices of near the price that might reasonably any sale in the world. Cist was a skillful penman and a born letter "What are you doing here?" asked writer. He wrote in such a way that Cist was a recluse, a hermit. He was about it?" stout, rough-looking men, with a few new-coner came to the table and took days were passed in America in a Post.

room littered with books and papers Ingenious Methods Used to Elicit Let. of rarest value, secured through the most ingenious ruses.

The cleverest modern atograph collector whose methods became known to dealers was the late Lanjamin Austin, a resident of the United States. He organized a literary society in his imagination, to which he elected as honorary members al! the distinguished men and women of Europe and America. When not fied of their election they naturally replied, thanking him for the honor conferred. In material. Doubtless he made the collection with a view to its subsequent monetary value. After his death his widow sold it, but values had dewhose collection, sold after his death, creased and it did not bring anything

> She Told Him. "About the greatest man who ever

have been expected.

"How did you come to find out

JAP WORK AND WORKERS





he puts into his fingers! Plodding elephants, trumpeting elephants, elephants seeking for food or teasing a companion, each gives a different phase of the creature's habits and temper. As the tiny chisel travels over the precious surface, held in the right hand, but chiefly guided by the thumb of the left, the carver smiles at his own merry conceits, and forgets the days of toil wasted on a piece which in the end proved faulty, and had to be cast aside. He knows that Japan cannot do without him, for the skilled carvers are few, and their tasks very lengthy ones. The profession belongs to the Arts, and is not reckoned in the commercial output of the country, like ceramics and lacquer work. In almost all the other callings a whole family can be employed at the same time, even the little children helping in the primary processes; but the carver works alone, and probably requires much domestic waiting on A kind-hearted wayfarer once from his family, since he dare not paused to condole with a Dorset hed-

spoil his delicate touch by any rough-

Far at the other end of the artistic

social scale sits the potter bending over his work with a face of mournful intentness, his left hand mechanically spinning his jar in its rounded socket while the right shapes the brim to a smooth edge. Here is monotony indeed, for the white or red or black earthenware is very friable before the last baking and only lends itself to the simplest forms. The pure white is devoted exclusively to funefeal and religious uses, and has perhaps been adopted because such vessels must be of the most severe shapes and quite without ornament. The red or black clay is used for everything else-the red for holding water and grain, the black for cooking utensils. The deep rich glaze of the black and the soft earthiness of the red accord well with the brown house porch where so much of the work of life is done and where on bright days the few humble plants are brought out to grow in the sun. The potter always seems to be something of a philosopher; he will be poer to the end of his days, for though everyone needs his wares, the extreme care with which they are used makes them last for many years -I never have seen a shop devoted solely to them. Yet he is content to work on till his back is bent with long stooping and he comes to resemble one of those squat figures which the Japanese love to twist into vases or cigar mugs, the back of the neck befication of design when the work is ful hollow. Between him and the ing scooped out to provide the needpainter of delicate china a great gulf lies. It is, I think, only of late years, since the opening of so many industrial schools, that women have been employed on this work, which seems the ivory-carver; he needs it at every so appropriate for them, though deliturn. The man who sits, day after cacy of touch comes naturally to all day, evolving a whole procession of classes of Japanese, the long wrist

MRS. HUGH FRASER.

Touched by Vacation Fever

elephants out of one huge tusk has training required for their caligraphy

never seen more than one, and that proving of immense value in paint-

ger on the dullness and monotony of er labor.

his work. "Ah, well, sir." the rustic

replied, "it all brings night." The end

of his day was the one bright spot on

his horizon. The Japanese workman

takes a happier view of his fate, goes

on with his task as long as it is pos-

sible, and seems to leave it with re-

gret. When one lands in Japan one

receives the impression that bread-

winning is there counted among the

Whether the occupation be a rough

and laborious one, such as the cultiva-

tion of rice, or the pounding of the

grain under the huge beam-hammer,

which it takes two strong men to han-

dle, or the ornamentation of delicate

porcelain, or the still more strenuous

and minute work of ivory-carving.

both laborer and artist seem to bring

to it the unspoiled joy of the born

worker, with whom patience and hope

run hand in hand, to complete the

if they are content to apply them-

selves to one slow task day in and day

out, it is because they manage to be

always interested in it, seeing in

every stroke a prophecy of the fair

result. This holds most especially

with the craftsmen, who are really

artists, as the ivory-carvers are, and

as their ancestors for hundreds of

years have probably been. Not in one

or two generations can the unerring

eve, the firm but magically fine touch,

be developed. Ivory is a strange ma-

terial; the most perfect-looking tusk

may prove to have internal striations

and flaws which necessitate a modi-

already well advanced. The tiny

netsukes," of which collectors have

carried whole cargoes away, are

carved from the imperfect pieces

which could not otherwise be used.

Imagination is the special gift of

the moody captive at Alaska, in his ing.

life. Yet what variety, what entrain,

task as perfectly as possible.

pleasures of life.

Mr. Glimmerton Defines the Difference Between Two Familiar Words.

"I haven't looked it up in the dictionary," said Mr. Glimmerton, "but I tired of work.

"And it's a feeling of weariness that comes over me now. I feel good, first reading the literature and the timerate; and I sleep well and eat well; life looks pleasant to me, but I don't feel a bit like sawing wood. In fact the wood pile is repellant if not downright repulsive to me. What I want to get out and loaf.

"Not idly, you understand, I don't beckon me, and likewise the lakes and graph

streams and the seashore, and nature smiles all over; and I want to go away from here, and that's what I call being

"I suppose it's the summer vacation should say that the difference between microbe that has got in my blood; it tired and weary was something like always affects me that way, and now this: A man is tired when he has I'm positively downright weary, worked hard, and weary when he's though fortunately not too tired to work; and so it's back to the woodpile once more for me, to be content with tables till it's time for me to go."

> The Return from the Funeral. Near a cemetery a wine shop has

been discovered with an attractive and do, to be perfectly frank with you, is thoughtful advertisement. The public lived in this community was Dug to turn my back on the woodpile and house calls itself "At the Sign of the Return from the Funeral." The board underneath bears this considerate anwant to go to sleep; about what I'd nouncement: "Private rooms for perlike to do is go somewhere far from sons desirous of weeping alone." Still the woodpile and lie down where I lower are the consoling words: could hear the winds sigh and see the | "Wines and spirits of the best qualsome at the bar, were numbers of I understood her as Dicky and the estranged from his family. His last "I married his widow."-Houston | clouds go by and dream. The woods | ity."-Paris Letter to London Tele-



MISS JULIA MARLOWE

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna. I do so most heartily."--Julia Marlowe. Any remedy that benefits digestion strengthens the nerves.

The nerve centers require nutrition. If the digestion is impaired, the nerve centers become anemic, and nervous debility is the result.

Peruna is not a nervine nor z stimulant. It benefits the nerves by benefiting digestion.

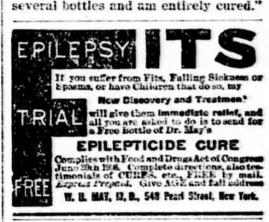
Peruna frees the stomach of catarrhal congestions and normal digestion is the result. In other words, Peruna goes to the bottom of the whole difficulty, when

the disagreeable symptoms disappear. Mrs. J. C. Jamison, Wallace, Cal., writes: "I was troubled with my stomach for six years. Was treated by three doctors. They said that I had nervous

dyspepsia. I was put on a liquid diet for three months. "I improved under the treatment,

but as soon as I stopped taking the medicine, I got bad again. "I saw a testimonial of a man whose case was similar to mine being cured

by Peruna, so I thought I would give it a trial. "I procured a bottle at once and commenced taking it. I have taken



The Villain's Escape.

In an amateur play a fugitive from justice was supposed to have escaped from his pursuers by concealing himself under the table. The table was small and the terrified fugitive somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed on the stage and fell over the legs of the man he was

searching for. Picking himself up and ludicrously rubbing his shins, he convulsed his audience by exclaiming in true dra-

matic style: "Ha! ha! The dastardly villain has

eluded us again."



meet with an accident. Victim-How did you know I owned an automobile?

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

is probably so called because there are no marriages there. Life is learning, suffering, loving;

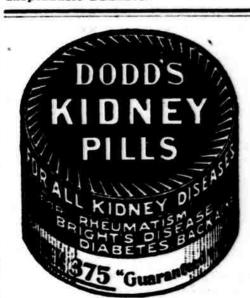
A cranky bachelor says that heaven

and the greatest of these is loving. You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

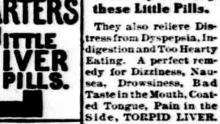
Many a patent leather shoe covers a big hole in a stocking.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

A dumb waiter out of order is an unspeakable nuisance.



Positively cured by these Little Pills.



They regulate the Boweis. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear **Fac-Simile Signature**