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 re-markable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passen-gers 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 perbut 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 heard shouts and curses and the noise a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly ex-change clothes, and he hurries out again. 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. He 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 Dud-ley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrust-ed to him Dudley and the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him Dudley continues his disguise Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist In a stock brokerage deal. "Dicky" in a stock brokerage deal. "Dicky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Borton's. Mother Borton discovers that he is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and a free for all fight follows. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a con-

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.) "My name is Dudley-Giles Dudley."

"Where is Wilton?" "Dead."

to the tale I told.

"Dead? Did you kill him?" The half-kindly look disappeared from her eyes and the hard lines settled into an expression of malevolent repulsive-

"He was my best friend," I said sadly: and then I described the leading events of the tragedy I had witnessed. The old woman listened closely, and with hardly the movement of a muscle,

"And you think he left his job to you?" she said with a sneer.

can. To be frank with you, Mrs. Borton. I know nothing about his job. I'm going along on blind chance, and trying to keep a whole skin." The old woman looked at me in amazement.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed halfpityingly, half-admiringly. "You put your hands to a job you know nothing about, when Henry Wilton couldn't carry it with all his wits about him."

"I didn't do it," said I sullenly. "It has done itself. Everybody insists that I'm Wilton. If I'm to have my throat slit for him I might as well try to do his work. I wish to Heaven I knew what it was, though."

Mother Borton leaned her head on her hand, and gazed on me thoughtfully for a full minute.

"Young man." said she impressively, "take my advice. There's a train for the East in the mornin'. Just git on board, and never you stop short of Chicago."

"I'm not running away," said I bitterly. "I've got a score to settle with the man who killed Henry Wilton. When that score is settled, I'll go to Chicago or anywhere else. Until that's done, I stay where I can settle it."

Mother Borton caught up the candle and moved it back and forth before my face. In her eyes there was a gleam of savage pleasure.

"By God, he's in earnest!" she said to herself, with a strange laugh. "Tell me again of the man you saw in the alley."

I described Doddridge Knapp. "And you are going to get even with

him? she said with a chuckle that had no mirth in it. "Yes," said I shortly.

"Why, if you should touch him the people of the city would tear you to nieces." "I shall not touch him. I'm no as-

sassin!" I exclaimed indignantly. "The law shall take him, and I'll see him hanged as high as Haman."

Mother Borton gave a low, gurgling laugh.

"The law! oh, my liver-the law! How young you are, my boy! Oh, ho, oh ho!" And again she absorbed her mirthless laugh, and gave me an evil grin. Then she became grave again, and laid a claw on my sleeve. "Take my advice now, and git on the train." "Not I!" I returned stoutly.

"I'm doing it for your own good." she said, with as near an approach to a coaxing tone as she could command. It was long since she had used her voice for such a purpose and it grated. "For my sake I'd like to see you go on and wipe out the whole raft of 'em. But I know what'll happen to denly in wild-eyed alarm. ye, honey. I've took a fancy to ye. I don't know why. But there's a look on your face that carries me back for

forty years, and-don't try it, dearie." There were actually tears in the creature's eyes, and her hard, wicked face softened, and became almost tender and womanly.

"I can't give up." I said. "The work plained. is put on me. But can't you help me? "You keep out of the way of Tom never had or used surnames. They was an occasion upon which Queen Tell me what to do-where I stand. all right, I reckon." I'm all in the dark, but I must do my

work." It was the best appeal I could have

made. "You're right," she said. "I'm an old fool, and you've got the real sand. You're the first one except Henry Wilton that's trusted me in forty years, and you won't be sorry for it, my boy. You owe me one, now. Where would you have been to-night if I hadn't had the light doused on ye?"

"Oh, that was your doing, was it? I thought my time had come." "Oh, I was sure you'd know what to

do. It was your best chance." "Then will you help me now?"

The old crone considered, and her pery Dicky."

face grew sharp and cunning in its

"What can I do?"

"Tell me, in God's name, where stand. What is this dreadful mystery? Who is this boy? Why is he hidden and why do these people want to know where he is? Who is behind me and who threatens me with death?"

I burst out with these question passionately, almost frantically. This was the first time I had had chance to de- grimly. mand them of another human being. Mother Borton gave me a leer.

"I wish I could tell you, my dear, for you. See?" but I don't know."

"You mean you dare not tell me, said boldly. "You have done me a great service, but if I am to save my- fall where it would attract attention. self from the dangers that surround me I must know more. Can't you see that?"

"Yes," she nodded. "You're in a hard row of stumps, young man." "And you can help me."

"Well, I will," she said, suddenly myself, 'I'll save that young fellow.' an' I done it. And I'll do more. Mr. Wilton was a fine gentleman, an' I'd do something, if I could, to get even that laid him out on a slab."

She hesitated and looked around at the shadows thrown by the flickering candle. "Well?" I said impatiently.

is the boy, and where is he?" "Never you mind that young, fel "Why did he bring me here to-

"I hearn there's orders come to change the place—the boy's place, you I sprang from the bed and peered know. You was to tell 'em where the about me. new one was to be, I reckon, but Tom Terrill spoiled things. He's lightning, is Tcm Terrill. But I guess he got it all out of Dicky, though where Dicky got it the Lord only knows."

This was all that was to be had from Mother Borton. Either she knew no more, or she was sharp enough to hide a knowledge that might be dangerous, even fatal, to reveal. She was willing to serve me. and I was forced to let it pass that she knew no more.

"Well, I'd better be going then," said I at last. "It's nearly 4 o'clock, and everything seems to be quiet hereabouts. I'll find my way to my room.'

"You'll do no such thing," said Mother Borton. "They've not given up the chase yet. Your men have gone home, I reckon, but I'll bet the saloon that you'd have a surprise before you got to the corner."

"Not a pleasant prospect," said

"No. You must stay here. The room next to this one is just the thing

She drew me into the adjoining room, shading the candle as we passed through the ha. that no gleam might "You'll be safe here," she said. "Now do as I say. Go to sleep and git some rest. You ain't had much, I guess, since you got to San Fran-

The room was cheerless, but in the circumstances the advice appeared softening again. "I took a shine to good. I was probably safer here than you when you came in, an' I says to in the street, and I needed the rest.

"Good night," said my strange protectress. "You needn't git up till you git ready. This is a beautiful room-beautiful. I call it our bridal with those murderin' gutter-pickers chamber, though we don't get no brides down here. There won't be no sun to bother your eyes in the mornin', for that window don't open up outside. So there can't nobody git in unless he comes from inside the house. There, git to bed. Look out you don't set fire to nothing. And put



low. Let me tell you what I know., out the candle. Now good night, Then maybe well have time to go dearie." into things I don't know."

THE GANDLE

BACK AND FORTH BEFORE

It was of no use to urge her. bowed my assent to her terms.

"I'll name no names," she said. "My throat can be cut as quick as yours, and maybe quicker."

"The ones that has the boy means all right. They're rich. The ones as is looking for the boy is all wrong. They'll be rich if they gits him." "How?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mother Borton. "I'm tellin' you what Henry Wilton told me." This was maddening. I began to

suspect that she knew nothing after "Do you know where he is?" I asked. taking the questioning into my own

"No"-sullenly.

hands.

"Who is protecting him?"

"I don't know." "Who is trying to get him?"

Darby Meeker: but they ain't doing it for themselves." "Is Doddridge Knapp behind them?" The old woman looked at me sud-

"Its that snake-eyed Tom Terrill

that's leading the hunt, along with

"S-s-h!" she whispered. name no names."

"And is this all you know?" I asked in disappointment.

Mother Borton tried to remember some other point. "I don't see how it's going to keep

Terrill and his hounds, and you'll be signed their Christian names alone.

"Am I supposed to be the head man in this business?"

"Yes." "Who are my men?" "There's Wilson and Fitzhugh and Porter and Brown," and she named

ten or a dozen more. "And what is Dicky?" "It's a smart man as can put his it has always been a puzzle why the finger on Dicky Nahl," said Mother

Borton spitefully. "Nahl is his name?" "Yes. And I've seen him hobnob as do other peers. with Henry Wilton, and I've seen him thick as thieves with Tom Terrill, and which he's thickest with the devil are the rules which govern their sig- ous family of professional beggars

Mother Borton closed the door behind her, and left me to the shadows. final inch. I felt that I could not good wrench it gave way, and I found and rest my tired limbs, that I might | two rooms. Three steps brought me

Heedless of Mother Borton's warning I left the candle to burn to the and ceiling, finally dropping off to

CHAPTER VIII. In Which I Meet a Few Surprises. I awoke with the sense of threatened danger strong in my mind. For a

MY FACE and desolation lay heavy upon it.

There was nothing to be gained by cheapest kind, attached to door and sitting up, and the candle was past its casement by small screws. With a sleep, but I would lie down on the bed myself in a dark side-hall between

refresh myself for the demands of the to the main hall, and I recognized it day. I kicked off my boots, put my for the same through which I had felt

revolver under my hand and lay down. my way in the darkness of the night. I took my steps cautionsly down the stairs, following the way that led to socket, and watched the flickering the side entrance. The saloon and shadows chase each other over walls restaurane room I was anxious to

evade, for there would doubtless be a barkeeper and several loiterers about. It could not be avoided, however. As I neared the bottom of the stairs I saw that a door led from the hallway to the saloon, and that it was open. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



SURNAMES NOT USED BY KINGS

Only Christian Names Signed by Members of Royal Houses.

The origin of most royal houses was a knife from between my ribs," I com- similar throughout Europe, and kings and their families, speaking broadly. ers into strange happenings. There

person of royal birth should not use a surname, though there have been numbers of cases of dynasties, like our own Stuarts, like the Bernadotte dydubitably had inherited surnames. But rency. cadet members of our own royal house do not subscribe themselves as peers by their peerage designations,

Christian name and usually adds "R." | concert at a local hotel.

or "R. and I." Princes and princesses sign by their Christian names and sometimes, but not always, add the letter "P." When or why this is added or omitted is not known. But the habits of royalty lead oth-

Victoria after a "function" was asked So universally was this the case to sign a visitor's book. Her majesty that it became rigid etiquette that a write "Victoria R. and I." Princess Henry of Battenberg then wrote "Beatrice P." The turn of the local mayoress came next and she signed "Elizabeth." The surname was hastily nasty of Sweden or like the Bonaparte written in the following day, but too family, who unquestionably and in- late to prevent the story gaining cur-

Vienna's Beggars.

It has been proved that no fewer than 32,000 beggars are at present However, the fact is they do not, making a better living in Vienna but it has not been discovered what than ordinary workmen. One notorihimself couldn't tell. I call him Slip- natures. The sovereign signs by the recently gave a grand ball and a ONE WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

Southern Woman Suffers Torture Then memory returned in a flood, and Without Complaint.

moment I was unable to recall where was, or on what errand I had come.

A dim light struggled in from the

darkened window, but no cause for

apprehension could be seen. I was the

only creature that breathed the air of

I drew aside the curtain, and threw

up the window. It opened merely on

a light-well, and the blank walls be-

yond gave back the cheery reflection

of a patch of sunshine that fell at an

The fresher air that crept in from

the window cleared my mind, a dash

of water refreshed my bady and I was

ready once more to face whatever

I looked at my watch. It was 8

o'clock, and I had slept four hours in

this place. Truly I had been impru-

dent after my adventure below, but

had been right in trusting Mother

Borton. Then I began to realize that

I was outrageously hungry, and I re-

membered that I should be at the

office by 9 to receive the commands

of Doddridge Knapp, should he choose

I threw back the bolt, but when I

tried to swing the door open it re-

sisted my efforts. The key had been

missing when I closed it, but a sliding

bolt had fastened it securely. Now l

Here was a strange perdicament. I

had heard nothing of the noise of the

key before I lost myself in slumber.

Mother Borton must have turned it as

an additional precaution as I slept.

But how was I to get out? I hesitated

to make a noise that could attract at-

tention. It might bring some one less

kindly disposed than my hostess of the

night. But there was no other way.

I was trapped, and must take the risk

I rapped on the panel and listened.

No sound rewarded me. I rapped

again more vigorously, but only si-

lence followed. The house might

have been the grave for all the signs

There was something ominous about

t. To be locked, thus, in a dark room

of this house in which I had already

been attacked, was enough to shake

my spirit and resolution for the mo-

ment. What lay without the door, my

apprehension asked me. Was it part

of the plot to get the secret it was

supposed I held? Had Mother Borton

been murdered and the house seized?

Or had Mother Borton played me

false and was I now a prisoner to my

own party for my enforced imposture,

as one who knew too much to be left

was evidently folly to bring my jailers

about my ears, if jailers there were.

I abandoned my half-formed plan of

breaking down the door, and turned to

the window and the light-well. An-

other window faced on the same

space, not five feet away. If it were

but opened I might swing myself over

and through it; but it was closed, and

a curtain hid the unknown possibili-

ties and dangers of the interior. A

dozen feet above was the roof, with no

projection or foothold by wihch it

might be reached. Below, the light-

well ended in a tinned floor, about four

I swung myself down, and with two

steps was trying the other window. It

was unlocked. I raised the sash cau-

tiously, but its creaking protest

seemed to my excited ears to be loud

enough to wake any but the dead. I

stopped and listened after each squeak

of the frame. There was no sign of

Then I pushed aside the curtain

cautiously, and looked within. The

room appeared absolutely bare. Gain-

ing confidence at the sight, I threw

the curtain farther back, and with a

The room was, as I had thought,

bare and deserted. There was a musty

smell about it, as though it had not

been opened for a long time, and dust

There was, however, nothing here

to linger for, and I hastened to try the

door. It was locked. I stooped to ex-

amine the fastening. It was of the

bound climed in, revolver in hand.

feet from the window sill.

movement.

large and too little to be of us On a second and calmer thought it

of summoning assistance.

of life it gave back.

saw that the door was locked.

that bleak and dingy room.

angle from above.

might befall.

to send them.

Racked and torn with terrific pains nightly annoyed by kidney irregularities, Mrs. A. S.

Payne, of 801 Third ave, So., Columbus. Miss., suffered for years. She says: "The pains in my back, sides and loins were so terrible that I often smothered a scream. Every move

meant agony. My rest was broken by 'a troublesome weakness and the secretions seemed to burn like acid. I was in an awful condition and doctors did not seem to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills benefitted me from the first and soon made me a strong and

healthy woman." For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Placed.

Knicker-Was he among those who also spoke? Bocker-No; he was among those who said in part.-New York Sun.

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MIGHT YET BE PERSUADED.

on his shoulder.

"Since you can be no more than a sister to me," said the beartbroken roung man, "will you not give me one

kiss of farewell?" She assented, albeit coldly. And Mannering drew the girl to his

heart, he pressed his lips to hers with a nassionate fervor born of his de-Afterward her head sank gently up-

'Mr. Mannering." she breathed, this is all so—all so new to me—so strangely different from my expectations—perhaps, if you would give me time-time to reconsider-"

Milder Definition.

But, dear reader, let us draw a veil over the sacred scene.—Exchange.

At Emersn's dinner table one day there was mention of a woman well known as a lion hunter; and, in speaking of her, Mrs. Emerson used the word "snob." Mr. Emerson objected, the word was too harsh; he didn't like that ugly class of words beginning with "sn." His wife inquired how he would characterize the lady. "I should say"-very slowly-"she is a person having great sympathy with success."

Vindication.

"Some women pursue a man eve beyond the grave." "Yes?" "Yes. Maria Henpeck broke her

husband's will before he died, and now

she is employing lawyers to break it again."-Houston Post. Try Murine Eye Remedy For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50cts. The 48 Page Book, in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Read it. We will Mail all our Eye Books Free—Write us to-day. Ask your Druggist.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, good feeling, too.-Locke.

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Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gurus, reduces flammation, allays pain, cures wind collu. 25c a bot

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woman's organism. It quickly calls

attention to trouble by aching. It

tells, with other symptoms, such as

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the body, that a woman's feminine

organism needs immediate attention.

which speedily removes the cause,

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to a healthy, normal condition is

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Ave., Rockland, Me., says:

so well in my life."

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"I was troubled for a long time with

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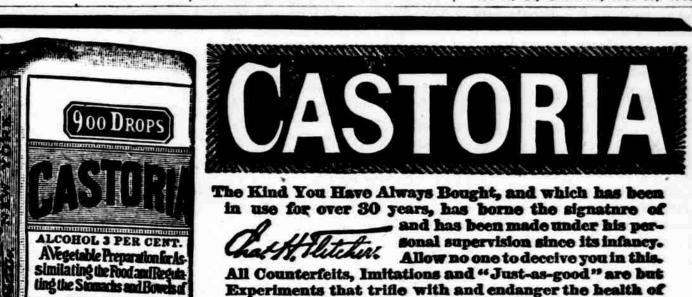
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If so, get it in Western Arkansas along the line of
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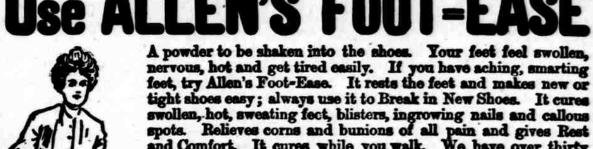


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