flectively. "Those sales were all

this afternoon like a runaway horse."

"Yes, yes," said the King of the

Street, studying his papers with drawn

brows. "That's all right. I'll have

I bowed as became one who had no

I opened my eyes wide in wonder.

"No?" said he, with something be-

tween a growl and a snarl. "Well,

maybe you don't understand that, eith-

er!" And he tossed me a bit of paper.

read. The slip bore the words:

said. "What does it mean?"

What's the limit?

I felt sure that I did not. My

"I have bought Crown Diamond.

know," growled Doddridge Knapp,

TO LIKE TO KNOW WHAT CALL YOU HAVE

"Well, you'll have to look some-

Doddridge Knapp bent forward and

looked for an instant as though he

would leap upon me. His eye was the

eye of a wild beast in anger. If I had

written that note I should have gone

through the window without stopping

in the face with an easy conscience.

ing his gaze, "I almost believe you."

"Well, well," he said at last, relax-

"There's no use going any further,

"I see you understand what I was

"Well, if I were to make a guess, I

should say it was the man who wrote

I tossed him in turn the note I had

received in the afternoon, bidding me

The King of the Street looked at it

carefully, and his brows drew lower

and lower as its import dawned on

him. The look of angry perplexity

"Where did you get this?"

of curses I expected to hear.

agreement with my employer.

I detailed the circumstances.

going to say," he said quietly. "But

if you didn't send that, who did?"

sell everything.

deepened on his face.

skull of yours, Wilton."

gamblers' trade.

from the same hand."

I left the office this noon."

Mr. Knapp, unless you believe me al-

a share of Crown Diamond."

with his eyes flashing and the yellow-1 see you. They have missed you late-

gray mustache standing out like bris- ly." And the Wolf motioned me to the

where else for him," I said firmly. "I My heart dropped back from my

never saw the note, and never bought throat, and I felt it throbbing in the

tles. The fangs of the Wolf were in door where the servant waited.

"I certainly don't understand,"

"Spying? I don't understand."

to wait a bit before going further."

Boards and on the Street."

idea of the plans ahead.

have to be spying on me?"

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 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 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 heard shouts and curses and the noise of a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly 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 lits friend, Henry Wilton, And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudhe reazing 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, "Dicky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Borton's, Mother Borton discovers that he is not wilton. The lights are turned out and a The lights are turned out and a for all fight follows. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nah is a traitor, playing both hands in the Giles finds himself locked in a room. He escapes through a window The supposed Wilton carries out his dead friend's work with Doddridge Knapp. He has his first experience as a capitalist in the Board Room of the Stock Exchange Dudley receives a fictitious note purporting to be from Knapp, the forgery of which he readily detects. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board.

CHAPTER XI.-Continued.

The call closed amid animation; but the excitement was nothing com pared to the scene that had followed the fall in the morning. Omega stood at eighty asked, and seventy-eight bid and the ship of the stock gamblers was again sailing on an even keel.

The session was over at last, and Wallbridge and Eppner handed me their memoranda of purchases.

"You couldn't pick Omega off the bushes this afternoon, Mr. Wilton," said Wallbridge, wiping his bald head vigorously. "There's fools at all times, and some of 'em were here and ready to drop what they had; but not many. I gathered in six hundred for you, but I had to fight for it."

I thanked the merry broker, and gave him a check for his balance.

Eppner had done better with a wider margin, but all told I had added but three thousand one hundred shares to my list. I wondered how much of this had been sold to me by my employer. Plainly, if Doddridge Knapp was needing Omega stock he would have to pay for it.

There was no one to be seen as reached Room 15. The connecting door was closed and locked, and no sound came from behind it. I turned to ar range the books, to keep from a bad habit of thinking over the inexplicable

An hour passed and no Doddridge Knapp. It was long past office hours Just as I was considering whether my duty to my employer constrained me wait longer, I caught sight of an en velope that had been slipped under the door. It was in cipher, but is yielded to the key with which Doddridge Knapp had provided me. I made it out to be this:

"Come to my house to night. Bring your contracts with you. Knapp." I was thrown into some perplexity

by this order. For a little I suspected a trap, but on second thought this seemed unlikely. The office furnished as convienient a place for homicidal diversions as he could wish, if these were in his intention, and possibly a visit to Doddridge Knapp in his own house would give me a better clue to his habits and purposes, and a better chance of bringing home to him his for explanations. As I had not written awful crime, than a month together on it I sat there coolly and looked him the Street.

The clocks were pointing past eight when I mounted the steps that led to Doddridge Knapp's door. I had something of trepidation, after all, as I rang the bell, for I was far from being sure that Doddridge Knapp was above carrying out his desperate purposes in his own house, and I wondered whether I should ever come out again, once I was behind those massive door. I had taken the precaution to find a smaller revolver, "suitable for an evening call," as I assured myself, but it did not look to be much of a protection in case the house held a dozen ruffians of the Terrill brand. How ever, I must risk it. I gave my name to the servant who opened the door. "This way," he said quietly, and in

a moment I was ushered into a small, plainly-furnished room; and at a desk covered with papers sat Doddridge Knapp, the picture of the Wolf in his

"Sit down, Wilton," said he with grim affability, giving his hand. "You won't mind if an old man doesn't get

I made some conventional reply.

"Sorry to disappoint you this after- by it," I said modestly. noon, and take up your evening," he be looked after in person." And the Wolf's fangs showed in a cruel smile. which assured me that the "little matter" had terminated unhappily for the other man.

be at his service at any time. "Yes, yes," he said; "but let's see your memoranda. Did you do well

"No-o," I returned apologetically. "Not so well as I wished."

He took the papers and looked over me?" them carefully.

of a snake. I gave chase to him, but couldn't overhaul him. He squirmed away in the crowd, I guess." "Why didn't you tell me?" he said

in a steady voice. "I didn't suppose it was worth coming back for, after I got into the street. And, besides, you were busy."

"Yes, yes, you were right: you are not to come-of course, of course." The King of the Street looked at me curiously, and then said smoothly:

"But this isn't business." And he plunged into the papers once more. "There were over nine thousand shares sold this afternoon, and I got only five thousand of them."

"I suppose Decker picked the others up." I said. The King of the Street did me the

right. Well, I was afraid you couldn't get above three thousand. I didn't get honor to look at me in amazement. "Decker!" he roared. "How did more than two thousand in the other you-" Then he paused and his voice dropped to its ordinary tone. "I reck-"That was the best I could do," I said modestly. "They averaged at on you're right. What gave you the

sixty-five. Omega got away from us idea?" I frankly detailed my conversation with Wallbridge. As I went on, I fancied that the bushy brows drew down and a little anxiety showed beneath them.

I had hardly finished my account when there was a knock at the door, and the servant appeared.

"And now," said Doddridge Knapp, "Mrs. Knapp's compliments, and she turning on me a keen and lowering gaze. "I'd like to know what call you would like to see Mr. Wilton when you are done," he said.

I could with difficulty repress an exmy throat. I was ready to face the Wolf in his den, but here was a different matter. I recalled that Mrs. Knapp was a more intimate acquaintance of Henry Wilton's than Doddridge Knapp ignorance grew into amazement as I had been, and I saw Niagara ahead of my skiff.

"Yes, yes; quite likely," said my employer, referring to my story of Wallbridge. "I heard something of the kind from my men. I'll know to-mor-"The man who wrote it ought to row for certain, I expect. I forgot to tell you that the ladies would want to

Was it the thrill of her touch, the glance of her eye, or the magnetism of her presence, that set my pulses beating to a new measure, and gave my spirit a breath from a new world? What ever the case, as I looked into the clear-cut face and the frank gray eyes of the woman before me, I was swept by a flood of emotion that was near overpowering my self-control.

"Luella wagered with me that you would make that excuse. I expected

"I am very sorry." I said, with a

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the young-

er woman, to whom my eyes had

turned as Mrs. Knapp spoke her name.

"How very unkind of you to say so.

when I have just won a pair of gloves

by it. Good evening to you!" And

It was with a strong effort that I

kept my self-possession, as for the

first time I clasped the hand of Luella

reflection of the bantering air she had

something more original."

she held out her hand.

assumed.

I mastered the emotion in a moment and took the seat to which she had waved me. I was puzzled a little at the tone in which she addressed me. There was

a suggestion of resentment in her man-

ner that grew on me as we talked. Can I describe her? Of what use to try? She was not beautiful, and "pretty" was too petty a word to apply to Luella Knapp. "Fine looking," if said clamation, and my heart climbed into with the proper emphasis, might give some idea of appearance, for she was tall in figure, with features that were impressive in their attractiveness.

> Through all the conversation the idea that Miss Knapp was regarding me with a hidden disapproval was growing on me. I decided that Henry had made some uncommon blunder on his last visit and that I was suffering the penalty for it. The admiration I felt for the young woman deepened with every sentence she spoke, and I was ready to do anything to restore the good opinion that Henry might have endangered, and in lieu of apology exerted myself to the utmost to be agreeable.

> I was unconscious of the flight of time until Mrs. Knapp turned from some other guests and walked toward

> "Come, Henry," she said pointedly, Luella is not to monopolize you all the time. Besides, there's Mr. Inman dying to speak to her."

> I promptly hated Mr. Inman with all my heart and felt not the slightest objection to his demise; but at her gesture of command I rose and accompanied Mrs. Knapp, as a young man with eye-glasses and a smirk came to congratulating myself over my cleverness in escaping the pitfalls that lined my way.

"Now I've a chance to speak to you at last," said Mrs. Knapp. "At your service," I bowed. "I owe

ou something." "Indeed?" Mrs. Knapp raised her

evebrows in surprise. "For your kind recommendation to

Mr. Knapp." "My recommendation? You have little the advantage of me." I was stricken with painful doubts,

and the cold sweat started upon me. Perhaps this was not Mrs. Knapp after "Oh, perhaps you didn't mean it,"

I said. "Indeed I did, if it

mendation. I'm afraid scious, though. Mr. Kn. consult me about his busic I was in doubt no longe. It was

the injured pride of the wife that spoke in the tone. "I'm none the less obliged," I said carelessly. "He assured me that he

acted on your words." "What on earth are you doing for Mr. Knapp?" she asked earnestly, dropping her half-bantering tone

There was a trace of apprehenson in "I'm afraid Mr. Knapp wouldn't think your recommendations were quite justified if I should tell you. Just get him in a corner and ask him."

"I suppose it is that dreadful stock market. "Oh, madam, let me say the chicken market. There is a wonderful oppor-

tunity just now for corner in fowls." "There are a good many to be plucked in the market that Mr. Knapp will look after," she said with a smile. But there was something of a worried look behind it. "Oh, you know, "Good evening," said the elder wom- | Henry, that I can't bear the market. an, holding out her hand. "You have have seen too much of the misery that neglected us for a long time." There has come from it.'

She shuddered as she looked about her, as though in fancy she saw her-"Yes," I replied, adjusting my man- | self turned from the palace into the er nicely to her, "I have been very street.

"Mr. Knapp is not a man to lose,"

"Mr. Knapp is a strong man," she said with a proud straigtening of her figure. "But the whirlpool can suck down the strongest swimmer." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Romance of Great Singer.

The anger that flashed in his eyes was more eloquent than the outbreak Paris opera than any other living which he has never left since. singer, left Paris the other day to be | While an opera singer in Paris M. "Um!" he said at last with a grim smile. "It's lucky, after all, that you recently, in his native town of Tour- an act of daring and cool-headedness had something besides cotton in that nay, in Belgium, in honor of the great which saved an express train from artist's jubilee.

TO BE SPYING CHON MEY

Here was a predicament. I was

missed and wanted—and by the ladies.

lowest recesses of my boot-heels as I

CHAPTER XII.

Luella Knapp.

Two women rose to greet me as

was something of reproach as well as

"Busy? How provoking of you to

say so! You should never be too busy

"That is why I am here," I inter-

rupted with my best bow. But she

to take the commands of the ladies."

continued without noting it:

rose and followed my guide.

entered the room.

civility in the voice.

"A fool might have been caught M. Jean Note's career has been a M. Note was standing on the platform | then we live and unlearn. singularly romantic one. He was born of the Paris suburban station of "There looks to be trouble ahead," at Tournay, and began life there as Colombes, when it was seen to the said. "but I found some business that he said. "There's a rascally gang in a weaver in a cloth factory. He was horror of the numerous passengers needed more immediate attention. the market these days." And the noted for his fine voice among his fel- waiting in the station that a train of There was a little matter that had to King of the Street sighed over the dis- low workmen. He left the factory to 18 vans loaded with dynamite had honesty that had corrupted the stock become a railway porter at the Tournay station, and soon became a signal- shunted out on the main line on which I smiled inwardly, but signified my man.

At the age of 21 he became a con- that moment. Ghent.

"Who was that?" The Wolf gave a Here he worked hard, and succeedstartled look. "Why didn't you tell ed in obtaining the first prize for press came hustling past. For this, "He was a well-made, quick, lithe de Lammermoor," at the Lille thea- from the French government.-Lon-"Thirty-one hundred," he said re- fellow, with an eye that reminded me | ter in 1885. He was then engaged for | don Mail.

M. Jean Note, the famous barytone | two years at the Antwerp theater, and of the Paris opera house, and who has for three years at Lyons, after which sung more often on the stage of the he went straight to the Paris opera.

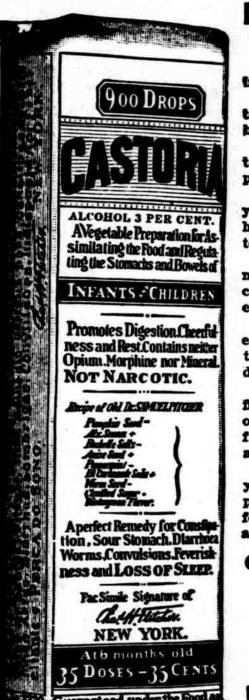
present at the fetes which were held Note greatly distinguished himself by total wreck. On September 27, 1897, the Cherbourg Express was due at

"Well, who wrote them?" he asked script in the Belgian army, and it was The stationmaster and porters lost I airily professed myself happy to almost fiercely. "They seem to come while undergoing his military service their heads. Note, recollecting that that his officers took an interest in he had been a signalman, lost not a "Maybe you'd better ask that fellow him, and subscribed a purse to send moment. He ran to the levers, pulled who had his eye at your keyhole when him to the Conservatoire of Music at them back, and sent the dynamite wagons on to a siding just as the exsinging. He made his debut in "Lucie M. Note received high distinction

Save the Babies.

NFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent, or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a ma-) jority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



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Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

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Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."



JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

Marriage Did Not Follow the Nineteen Year's Courtship.

In the amiable way of villagers, they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden

"'Tis all along o' these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other; they'd nobbut knowed each other for a matter o'

seven year." "Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener. "Long eno'! Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's coortin' he canna be too careful. Why, my coortship lasted

a matter o' 19 year!" "You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. 'And did you find your plan successful when you mar-

"Ye jump to conclusions!" said the old man, impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna' marry her!"-

VERY GOOD REASON.

Father-I told you not to go with that boy. Bobby-I had to, father, 'cause he

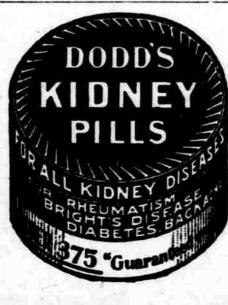
had hold of my hair! Case of Shocking Neglect. Friend-What has become of Celestine, your maid?

Mrs. Snoblotts-I had to discharge her. She had no consideration for Friend-Why, I always thought she took the most tender care of the pet. Mrs. Snoblotts-So did I till I found

without first sterlizing it. Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder eigar to get it. Your dealer of Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Being bitten by a toothless dog must be a soft snap.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces in flammation, allays pain, cures wind coile. 25c a bottle.



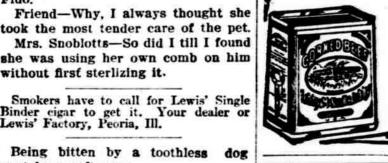
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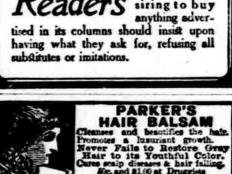
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