

SYNOPSIS.

Dudley arrived in San Francisco is friend and distant relative Wilton, whom he was to assist important, and mysterious task, accompanied Dudley on the at trip into the city. The reand commented on by passen-the ferry. They see a man with the sends a thrill through Wilton postpones an explanation strange errand Dudley is to peroccurrences cause him s one of no ordinary meaning caves Giles in their room, with on to await his return. Hardly than Giles is startled by "lielp." Dudley is summoned to his friend, Henry Wilton. And on dies without ever explaining the puzzling work he was to San Francisco. In order to secret mission his friend had to him, Dudley continues his and permits himself to be known Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for employed by Knapp to assist brokerage deal. Giles Dudley self closeted in a room with orton who makes a confidant He can learn nothing about the boy further than that it is mill and Darby Meeker who are m. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl playing both hands in the finds himself locked in a idley gets his first knowledge of who is Knapp's enemy on the udley visits the home of Knapp tricken by the beauty of Luella gliter. He learns the note was a He is provided with four guards Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter there is to be no trouble about as all expenses will be paid, the the guards being paid by one

CHAPTER XIV .-- Continued.

Yes, I suppose so," said I dryly. But the woman has done me service -saved my life, I may say-and I'm willing to forget the bad in her."

"That's not for me to say, sor: but there's quare things happens, no doubt.

"This note," I continued, "is write ten over her name. I don't know whether it came from her or not; but if she sent it I must see her. It may be a case of life or death for me." "An' if it didn't come from her?" asked the policeman shrewdly.

"Then," said I grimly, "it's likely to

The effect on the hag's features was marvelous. The black scowl lightened, the tight-drawn lips relaxed, and there was a sign of pleasure in the bright eyes that had flashed hatred with injured dignity. at the policeman. "Ah, it's you, is it?" she said sharp-

ly, but with a tone of kindness in her into the next house back and went greeting. "I didn't see ye. Now sit through on to the other street?" And down and find a table, and I'll be with she relapsed into her state of silent ye after a bit." merriment.

"We want a dinner, and a good one. I'm half-starved "

flashed over me. I had lost my sense "Are ye, honey?" said the woman of direction in the strange house, and with delight. "Then it's the best dinhad been deceived by the resemblance ner in town ye shall have. Here, Jim! of the ground plan of the two build-Put these gentlemen over there at the ings. corner table." "But what about the plot?" I asked.

"It's not the aristocracy of stoile ye get here," said Corson, lighting his What about it?" pipe after the coffee, "but it's prime eating."

I nodded in lazy contenment, and wrote me about." then started up in remembrance of the occasion of our being in this place searched my face with her keen as the shadow of Mother Borton fell glance. across the table.

"Oh," she said at last, "the one I "If you will go upstairs," she said wrote you about. I'd forgotten it."

"What plot?"

I felt foolish enough as the truth

"I got your note. It's very interesting.

"Why, I don't know. The one you

Mother Borton bent forward and

house the other night like a cop in I "Well, honey, you're having a run plain clothes? Didn't I go bail you of the cards," she said at last. "Be were safe? Do you want any better tween having the message trusted to word than mine?" she had begun ala fool boy, and having a cop for your most softly, but the voice grew highfriend, an' maybe gitting this note be er and harsher as she went on. fore you're expected to, you're setting "Why," I said, bewildered again, here genteel-like having agreeable

the house sneaked away from meconversation along with me, instead or, at least you left me alone in it." of being in company you mightn't like "How was that?" she asked grimly. so well-or maybe floating out toward And I described graphically my ex-Fort Point."

perience in the deserted building. "So you didn't write?" I said coolly As I proceeded with my tale an "I had an' idea of the kind. That's amused look replaced the harsh lines why my friend Corson is smoking his of suspicion on Mother Borton's face. pipe down stairs."

"Oh, my lud!" she cried with a Mother Borton gave me a pleased chuckle. "Oh, my lud! how very green look and nodded. I hoped I had made you are, my boy. Oh ho! ho ho!" And her regret the cruel insinuation in her then she laughed an inward, self-conapplication of the proverb to me as suming laugh that called up anything the favorite of fortune.

"L see," I said. "I was to be waybut the feeling of sympathetic mirth. "I'm glad it amuses you," I said laid on the road here and killed."

"Carried off, more likely. I don't "Oh. my liver! Don't you see it say as it wouldn't end in killin' ye yet? Don't you see that you climbed But, you see, you'd be of mighty smal. use in tellin' tales if you was dead; but you might be got to talk if they had ye in a quiet place."

"Good reasoning. But Henry Wilton was killed."

"Yes," admitted Mother Borton; "they thought he carried papers, and maybe they ain't got over the idea yit It's jest as well you're here instid of having a little passear with Tom Ter rill and Darby Meeker and their pals." "Well," said I, as cheerfully as J could under the depressing circum stances, "if they want to kill me, I don't see how I can keep them from

getting a chance sooner or later." Mother Barton looked anxious at

this, and shook her head. "You must call on your men," she said decidedly. "You must have guards."

"By the way," I said, "that reminds me. The men haven't been paid, ano they're looking to me for money." "Who's looking to you for money?" "Dicky Nahl-and the others, I sup

"Why, yes. He asked me for it." "And you gave it to him?" she asked sharply.

"No-o-that is, I gave him ten dol lars and told him he'd have to wait for the rest. I haven't got the money from the one that's doing the hiring yet, so I couldn't pay him."

and absorbed another inward laugh. "I reckon the money'll come all right," said Mother Borton, recovering from her mirth. "There's one more anxious than you to have 'em paid and if you ain't found out you'll have right away. Now for guards, take Trent-no, he's hurt. Take Brown and Porter and Barkhouse and Eitz hugh. They're wide-awake, and don't talk much. Take 'em two and two and never go without 'em, night ci day. You stop here to-night, and I'l git 'em for you to-morrow." I declined the proffered hospitality with thanks, and as a compromise agreed to call for my bodyguard in the early morning. Rejoining Corson,



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It was the last day of the term in one of our public kindergartens. The children were all seated around the tables thoroughly enjoying the treat of ice cream which the teacher siways

beaming faces of the children, the kindergartner noticed one child pick

She went up to him and said in a low tone of voice: "Freddie, put down your plate; it is not polite to pick it

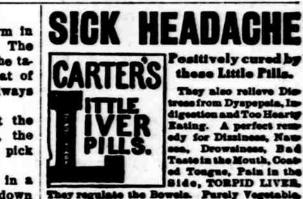
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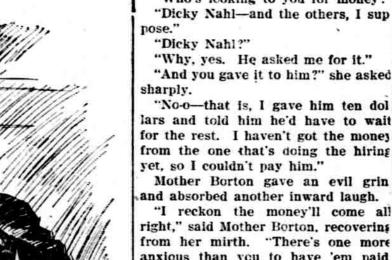
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case of death if I venture alone. "I'll tell you what, Mr. Wilton," said Corson after a pause. "If you'll wait a bit. I'll go with you-that is, if there isn't somebody else you'd like better to have by your side to-night. Tou don't look to have any of your friends about."

"Just the thing," I said heartily, There's no one I'd rather have. We'll go down as soon as we can get a bite to eat."

The have to wait a bit, sor, till my relief comes. He'll be along soon. As for getting a bite, you can't do better than wait till you get to Mother Borton's. It's a rough place, but it's got a name for good cooking."

I was bewildered.

"I guess there's not much to be got in the way of eating in the house. There was nothing left in it yesterday morning but the rats." I spoke with considerable emphasis.

"That's quare, now," he said, looking to see if there was a jest behind the words. "But 'twas all there when McPherson and I put a club to a drunk as was raising the Ould Nick in the place and smashing the bottles, not six hours ago. When we took him away in the ixpress wagon the ould woman was rowling out those long black curses in a way that would warm the heart of the foul fiend him-∃€if."

There was some fresh mystery about this. I held my tongue with the reflection that I had better let it straighten itself out than risk a stumthe by asking about things I ought to know.

Corson's relief soon appeared. "It's a nasty night," he said, buttoning up tis overcoat closely, as Corson gave tim a brief report of the situation on the beat.

"It's good for them as likes it dark," said Corson.

"It's just such a night as we had when Donaldson was murdered. Do you mind it?"

"Do I mind it? Am I likely to forgit it? Well, a pleasant time to you, me boy. Come along, sor. 'We'd better be moving. You won't mind stepping up to the hall with me, will ye, while

Certainly not." I said with a shiver,

The silence of the house of mystery cliceman by my side gave me con-



SHOW ME THE NOTE, SHE SAID, SHARPLY.

sourly. "You know the way. I guess | This was disheartening. How could your friend can spare you." "Is there anything that can't be told | thus capricious? before him?" I asked.

tone.

"Yes," said I gloomily; "I supposed "You'll be safer in my care than in you might know something about it." his," she said, with warning in her "Show me the note," she said sharp-

"Yes, yes, I know I am safe here, but how is it with my friend if I leave him here? We came together and held it up to the candle, and studied we'll go together." The crone nodded with a laugh that

ended in a snarl. "If the gang knew he was here there would be more fun than you saw the

and repeated the essentials of Corother night." "Don't worry about me, Mr. Wilton," said Corson with a grin. "I've stood her crowd off before, and I can do it again if the need comes. But I'd rather smoke a poipe in peace." "You can smoke in peace, but it's

not yourself you can thank for it,"

the plot that had brought me thither | effect until I used Cuticura. My face "She's like to be right," said the po liceman. "She knows the gang. Now if you'll take my advice, you'll let the rats have your room for this night | Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box and come along up to some foine ho of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two tel."

The advice appeared good, and fif and wrist. Sometimes I would go teen minutes later Corson was drink | nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I ing my health at the Lick House bar | went back to my old stand-by, that and calling on the powers of light and had never failed me-one set of Cutidarkness to watch over my safety as cura Remedies did the work. One I slept.

Whether due to his prayers or not my sleep was undisturbed, even by baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. dreams of Doddridge Knapp and hit Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chatcharming but scornful daughter; and tanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907." with the full tide of life and business

flowing through the street in the morning hours I found myself once more in Mother Borton's dingy eating room, ordering a breakfast. Mother Borton ignored my entrance

and, perched on a high stool behind the bar and cash-drawer, reminded me of the vulture guarding its prey. But at last she fluttered over to my table

and took a seat opposite. "Your men are here," she said shortly. And then, as I expressed my

thanks, she warmed up and gave me a description by which I should know in him who has learned how to live. each and led me to the room where as she said, they were "corralled."

"By the way," I said, halting out side the door, "they'll want some money, I suppose. Do you know how much?"

"They're paid," she said, and pushed open the door before I could express surprise or ask further questions. J surmised that she had paid them her self to save me from annoyance of possible danger, and my gratitude tc this strange creature rose still higher

Tillie-Why, that's Miss Gotrox. She has several millions in her own name Billie-So? My! Aren't her freckles licked it. becoming?

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash-Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his explained Mother Borton's theory or neck and nothing that I did for it took was nearly full of tetter or some simproached by other brands. ilar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. The girl who can't cook should look before leaping into the matrimonial fying pan. years after it broke out on my hands

set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another

Political Note.

"I think," said the old man, "Bill was cut out fer on o' these 'lectioneerin' fellers." "How so?" "Well, he can't git it out his head

that twice one ain't ten!"-Atlanta Constitution.

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When money begins to talk people sit up and take notice.



CARIERS ing his plate on the table. He then put his head down to the plate and Starch, like everything else, is be-



celthy germ-life and disagree which water, soop and tooth prepar





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son's story. Mother Borton's sharp, evil face was impassive during my recital. When it was done she muttered:

"Gimme a fool for luck." Then she appeared to consider for a minute or more. "Well?" said I inquiringly.

I depend on one whose memory was

I fumbled through my pockets until

I found it. Mother Borton clutched it,

I described the circumstances in

which it had come into my possession,

it for two or three minutes.

"Where did you get it?"